

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 616.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CALLS THEM "AMORINES."

"Taxpayer" Talks About Civic Politics and Says that Aldermen Christie and Millidge Have the Support of the P. A.'s or as He Calls Them—The "Amorines."

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—With the movement of the ice on the St. John river, the advent of spring millinery openings and at house cleaning—the latter that time of abomination and desolation to those of the male sex whose better half has that intermittent fever with greater or lesser severity—the mind of the taxpayer begins to brood upon the possibilities of making a change in our civic representation. Not that we would intentionally connect house cleaning with our much respected civic council, for some of them are of too antiquated and fossilized a type to admit of any beneficial influence of such a process. Far be it from such; but still, nevertheless, one's mind unconsciously, as it were, works around through some mysterious process of evolution, until a fixed determination seizes us that the common council should be housecleaned. If you will have the whole truth, it is time that the present board were housecleaned out of existence, and that a new body of live men, such as have no axes or pulp to grind at the expense of their fellow citizens, who are willing to do a turn at the arduous duty of attendance at committee meetings and listening to the requests of sick policemen as to whether they should receive whole pay during the time which they were incapacitated from duty, should be substituted in their place.

The policemen's lot is not a happy one under any circumstances, and we cannot but feel that the average policeman earns all that he receives, he is more liable to sickness and incapacity from the very nature of his employment, and the fact that he is obliged to face all weathers and work at night as well as day, makes him more deserving of our sympathy than almost any other class of the community which we can recall.

By all means give the policeman his full pay while absent through sickness contracted while in the discharge of or in consequence of his duty, and let the pay be granted on the certificate of the police surgeon and the chief of police, and do not let us have any such nonsense as we occasionally see. A policeman's pay should depend upon the faithful discharge of his duty, and not upon the fact that he is a Catholic or an A. P. A. man, and accordingly has a greater or lesser pull with the council.

Having reached the point where we determined to make a clean sweep of the council, we would state that we believe, without equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, that from the mayor down, a change is desirable.

Mayor Sears proved a most excellent official in many respects, and had the ring, which has run the council for some years past, not met him at the threshold of his official life with a fixed determination to do what they could to make the said life a burden, and have given him a fair trial, he might have accomplished more for the city's welfare, even than he has.

He has had two terms, however, and deserves a respite.

But "Peace with honor" was not desired within the common council chamber as we have found to our sorrow—and cost, particularly cable cost. The fact that Mayor Sears' cable was acknowledged by our Gracious Sovereign, while that of the ring was treated with the silent contempt it deserved, speaks more eloquently than we can describe.

At the present members of the council, there are one or two fairly good men who might be of value if they would come out manfully and ally themselves against the present ring. Let us "Scotch the snake" with the crusty head and the litigious tail, which now controls our every civic action.

Ald. White's suggestion to reconstruct the water and sewerage departments is a good one, but it has taken a long time to eve.

Ald. Allan is, we believe, a well meaning individual, though a trifle obstinate at times and a little addicted to marriage licenses, hospital commissionerships and such like.

Ald. McGoldrick, with all his peculiarities, has a good heart and if he also would come out openly and disclaim any connection with the ring with which his name

at least be given the best quarters, consistent with our financial ability, and the requirements of the service, that are obtainable.

One point we must earnestly advocate is the absolute necessity of having all committee meetings open to the public, and to the press through whom the public is usually represented. The present system is simply a farce. A caucus of the members of the ring is held in Dr. Christie's back office. And the important business of the city, involving perhaps our future weal or woe, discussed and disposed of without the public or the press having the

## BENT UPON REFORM.

Citizens Who Will Take a Hand in Civic Matters and are Anti Ring Rule—Anti Christie and Millidge and Anti Clique.

It is just ten days before the civic elections and the first token of interest in them was the somewhat imposing sign on Charlotte street indicating that a "civic reform" club proposes to take a hand in the contest. The concealment of previous years has

The contest for aldermanic positions may be keen enough before Tuesday week. There is opposition now in Lansdowne and Kings and on the West side. Nothing has developed in Duke's or Sydney though there is not much reason to doubt that any two citizens known at all could be elected to replace the present representatives. This seems a blunt statement but the honesty of it cannot be disputed. Ald. Waring represents Sidney ward and works in Lancaster. Before that he was out of the city for months in the woods of Mass. Cushing employed by them and before that he worked in Carleton. The people in that ward are easily satisfied.

Ald. Tufts has been in the council for some time and it must be said for him that he gives his efforts for the city with a cheerfulness that is refreshing. He is not sharp enough however for the men at present at the board. His objections to this or that scheme are not listened to as they should be. Dukes is an important ward and its representative should be listened to with respect and his opinion have as much weight as that of any other.

In Kings ward a canvas is being made against Ald. Allan because he is in Queens ward now instead of Kings. He moved his store from King to Charlotte street last May and though he is only a few yards distant from Kings ward now people are asked to vote against him on this ground. He has two stores in Carleton, one in Queens ward and is a school trustee and hospital commissioner. Yet to make sure that he would not be disqualified for Kings he rented an office in that ward when he moved to Queens. He hasn't any sign out to announce the fact but PROGRESS heard him say so months ago, before civic elections were spoken of and has no doubt that it is so. His opponent is Colonel John R. Armstrong, and he was in the same capacity last year.

In the four largest wards, Prince, Queens, Wellington and Victoria no opposition has developed.

The friends of Dr. Christie think he made a great mistake the other day when he talked about the exhibition as he did and engineered the postponement of the consideration of a grant. His remarks were not popular with the business people who look back to their cash receipts for September and wonder why they should vote for a man who wants to rob them of this additional trade.

The letter of "Taxpayer" in other columns of this issue may throw some light upon the matter. The correspondent seems to have a good many ideas about civic affairs and he expresses them in a blunt fashion. But the people like plain speaking and so PROGRESS prints it. Perhaps, where there is so much assertion there is some truth.

He is after two of the present aldermen, Christie and Millidge with a sharp stick, and apparently their movements toward re-election comes within his knowledge. He talks quite freely of the P. P. A. organization and hints that the aldermen named are among the latest converts. That seems, in his mind, to be an objection to the election of these gentlemen, but he fails to give his reasons for that conclusion. "Taxpayer" good words for the chairman of safety and his somewhat curious criticism of others at the board, will be read with interest and, perchance, approved by many.

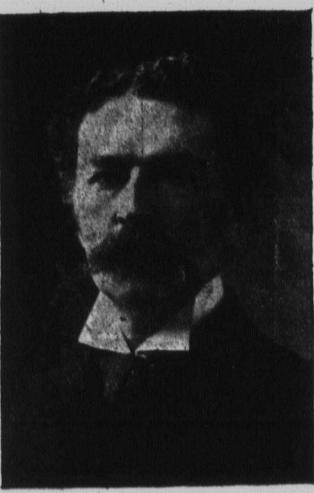
The introduction again of the catholic and protestant question is not welcome. We concede freedom of speech and action to every citizen and the protestant who wants to join the P. P. A.'s or the Amorines or Algerines or whatever they are called, has a perfect right to do so; as he has a catholic a perfect right to join the association, peculiar to the people of that religion. To array one organization against another however, is a different matter and does not lead to any good results. The independence of an alderman who goes to the council as the candidate of the association, peculiar to the people of that religion.

PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself.  
PAGE 2.—Char. K. Cameron's military opening.  
• "Betty"—a very cleverly written story of a famous summer resort.  
PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic—general miscellany.  
PAGE 4.—Editorial.  
Joya and Woes of Our Places.  
Poetry.  
Bright local items.  
PAGES 5, 6, 7, 8.—Social items from all over the three provinces, Halifax, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Woodstock, Digby, Wolfville, Calais, Harland, Parrsboro, Moncton, Annapolis, Bridgewater, Truro and smaller places.  
PAGE 9.—Live Local Topic Page with the following articles:  
A Mixture of Oddities.  
Coach drivers criticise the first St. John automobile.  
Driving is an accomplishment in this city.  
Look out for "bob" reel.  
Etc. etc.  
PAGES 10 and 11.—The third story of that fascinating tour week serial, "The Mystery of a Mountain Pass."  
PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page with another vigorous article from the text: "What is born of the flesh is sin." Other Sabbath day literature.  
PAGE 12.—The Prince of Wales visit to United States in 1890—a timely piece of reading.  
Anecdotes of famous people of the hour.  
PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir—of the inventive genius of the fashion maker, also Frills of Fashion. A woman's page.  
PAGE 14.—Sea Elephant Hunting—a choice narrative well told. General miscellany.  
PAGE 15.—Yankee Enchantment—an American fairy tale. Deaths, births and marriages from all over Lower Canada.

TWO OF THE CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR.



MAYOR SEARS.



DR. DANIEL.

8. Mrs. Jane Carlisle.  
9. D. J. McKeown.  
10. Mr. Augustus Sullivan.  
11. Nathaniel Newell.  
12. William Ellough.  
13. Chas. T. Lockhart.  
14. Mar. 17. Wm. Darro.  
15. Calvin Raymond.  
16. Rupert Colman.  
17. Mar. 5. Linda Lafford.  
18. Feb. 26. Job. E. Coffin.  
19. Mar. 12. William Turner.  
20. Mrs. Jane McMullen.  
21. Mar. 14. Lucinda J. Reid.  
22. Mar. 15. Maggie Davidson.  
23. Mar. 8. Mrs. Andrew Dale.  
24. Mar. 9. Mr. Roy Woodworth.  
25. Mar. 4. Severe D. Meany.  
26. Mar. 7. Capt. Benjamin Cordy.  
27. Mar. 10. Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Cordy.  
28. Mar. 12. Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Meany.  
29. Mar. 13. Ralph Infant of Mr. and Mrs. C. Co.  
30. Mar. 4. Mr. Thomas Gordon.  
31. Mar. 15. Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon.  
32. Mar. 12. Melvin Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Moore.  
33. Mar. 5. Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Donald.

RAILROADS.

DIAN  
ACIFIC

Holidays

will be sold for the Public

Atlantic fare for April 12th

3 h. good for return until April

ool Vacations

of schools and colleges, an  
extra school vacation rail  
the principal; sell round

Atlantic Division and on the  
Division, as far as and incide  
a way lowest fares ever,  
inclusive, good to return

Montreal at one way lowest  
one third from Montreal,  
inclusive, good to return

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

Atlantic R'y.

Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the  
service of this Mailway will

S. Prince Rupert.

IN AND DIGBY.

Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the  
service of this Mailway will

8. TRAINS

(Sunday excepted).

8. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.  
8. m., arr. Yarmouth 2.30 p. m.  
8. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m.  
8. m., arr. Halifax 4.30 p. m.  
8. m., Monday, Wednesday,  
Tuesday, arr. Digby 8.30 a. m.  
8. m., Monday, Wednesday,  
Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40

ince Arthur.

ND BOSTON SERVICE.

ad fastest steamer plying out  
Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday  
immediately on arrival of  
as from Halifax arriving in  
morning. Returning leaves  
Tuesday, and Friday at  
midnight on Dominion At-  
mers and Palace Car Express

obtained on application to

ions with trains at Digby.  
City Office, 114 Prince William  
office, a 4 from the Ferry on  
time-tables and all information

GIFKINS, superintendent,

Kennebunk, N. S.

onal Railway

nday, Oct. the 16th, 1899,  
daily, (Sunday excepted.)

LEAVE ST. JOHN

Faywash, Picton, 7.35

fax, New Glasgow and 7.45

Montreal, 7.45

Montreal, 7.45

be attached to the train pax  
and Montreal and Montreal  
will be attached to the train  
22.10 o'clock for Truro and

and sleeping cars on the  
express.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Montreal, 7.35

Montreal, 7.45

## Betty.

'Well, if you aren't a—'

The ready vocabulary of the average college 'man' failed him and he sank back limply on the hammock cushions as a small figure in a dripping white duck frock came running up the veranda steps and disappeared within the hall door.

'It ill becomes a senior to show curiosity,' said the lad in the hammock to himself 'but I fain would know what has gone amiss with my sweet sister. I sorely fear that she has been in the lake again! I will even go and see.' And a moment later he was pounding on her door, just at the top of the stairs.

'Betsey!' he called. She hated to be called Betsey, and he knew it. 'Oh I say Betsey!'

'Run away, Bobby, there's a good boy! came a voice from within. 'I'm busy!'

'But Betsey!' began he.

'But, Bobby!' mocked she.

'You—ah—you seem to be wet,' he suggested.

Betty dropped a shoe.

'I just came up to inquire if that's the latest thing in bathing-suits,' he said, changing his tack. 'I know that water is good for young ducks, but I didn't suppose it improved russet shoes.'

Betty dropped another shoe.

'Bob' was not used to being snubbed by this bit of fifteen-year-old girlhood. He meditated a minute and tacked again.

'Come, Betty, dear,' he wheedled, 'tell your own brother all about it! And say, Betty, I guess there's a box of caramels in my room, and if you will—What did you say?' He grinned wickedly as he heard her steps approaching the door.

'For a grave and reverend senior, I must show an astonishing amount of—of frivolyous curiosity,' she observed.

'Frivolyous good!' said he admiringly.

'Continue, Miss Jennings.'

'Caramels first!' said Miss Jennings.

'Suspicious child! I'll give them to you after supper. Tell me how you—'

'Now, get them now!' she insisted. And Robert got them.

'Why, it was nothing at all,' she began opening the door a crack to receive them. 'I went down to the landing to mail a letter, you know.—Have a caramel Bobby?—and there was not a soul in the post office or in the warehouse, for it was just between boats. I sat down on a box in the warehouse and waited for the post office girl to come back, so that I could buy some stamps. While I sat there that French nurse—she's with those lovely people at the hotel, you know—came through the warehouse with the dear little boy and went out on the wharf. A few minutes later she gave an awful scream. I ran out on the dock and found her pointing frantically at the water, crying, "Vite! Vite! Oh mon Dieu!" She had let that baby fall off the edge of the wharf, somehow! The water is frighteningly deep there, and the only person in sight was a man in a boat, and he was too far away. There was no time to lose, so you see I just had to—"Fall in after him? Exactly. I see. Good for you! Who pulled you out?'

'Oh, the man in the boat got there in time for that. He lifted the child into the boat and towed me into shallow water. It was almost impossible for me to swim in all my skirts, of course. A lot of people were on dock by that time, and I ran home as fast as I could. Now will you go and let me get off these wet things?'

Robert started downstairs. Then he called:

'Say, Betty, did the baby get wet, too?'

Betty was a patient wren, but she sometimes turned. Robert was only half way down the stairs when a well aimed duck skirt struck him squarely on the head, and unrolling, wrapped him in its dripping folds while a jeering voice called:

'Say, Bobby, how did you get wet, too?'

The six o'clock boat brought Mr. Jennings from his day in the town at the end of the lake, twelve miles away; and while the three had supper on the broad veranda Bob gave his father a dramatic account of the rescue.

'It was thrilling!' he said. 'A drama in one act. Scene, the wharf, with fair Keuka in background: French maid walking up and down, holding the hair of millions by the hand—the papa must have a few million, or he couldn't afford a silly French nurse. The child escapes and falls into forty fathoms of lake; nurse howls crescendo: enter Betty, centre; enter papa, left; centre; enter mamma, right; centre; enter the hotel, all points of compass—'

'They didn't at all!' Betty interrupted. 'Your imagination needs a curb, Robert! Don't pay any attention to him, father.'

I'll tell you all about it after supper.'

And when Hannah had taken the tea-things away, Betty perched on the arm of her father's chair and told him the story of the afternoon.

'Well, Bettilin,' said he, 'it paid to know home to swim, aside from the mere pleasure of it, didn't it?' and he stroked the curly head tenderly.

Then Betty crept into the hammock beside the big brother, who was her hero and her torment-in-chief, and 'silence fell on the little group as they watched the sunset light glow over lake and hill and vineyard and then fade softly, while katydids and crickets sang the day to sleep. As the dusk descended, lights began to flash out from the hotels and cottages on the farther shore, and flaring torches marked the merry camp over on "The Bluff," which at this point thrusts its steep sides into Keuka, dividing it into two branches.

Now and then sailboat glided by, looking ghostlike in the dusk; or a rowboat, betrayed by laugh and song; or a steam-launch, with breathless puff and fretful whistle. Sounds of a two-step came faintly from the hotel, and the moon came up across the lake, shooting shimmering beams over the water; but no one spoke.

The young man was seeing visions of the future, stretching beyond the student life which would end with another year. How he would work to help his father retrieve the losses of the last few years! He must look out for little Betty, too; and his arm tightened around her.

As for Betty, she was concerned neither with dreams nor with visions. When Bob was home her heart knew no past, no future, only a glad, satisfying present.

'Here comes some one!' exclaimed Bob, suddenly, as a boat grated on the beach. 'I tell you, Betty, it must be papa and mamma coming to thank you. The scene will be touching! They'll fall on your neck and kiss you and weep, and maybe—Why, Betty, where are you going? Here, hold on!' And he made a grab for her skirts as she sprang up and dashed into the house.

'So shy!' murmured he. 'Reminds me of me when I was young.' And he followed her.

The stranger, for Bob's guess was correct, had by this time crossed the broad slope of the lawn, and Mr. Jennings advanced to meet him as he came up the steps. He introduced himself as Mr. Eliot, and asked to see Miss Jennings.

'Be seated, please,' said his host, cordially. 'And I will find Betty. She was here a minute ago.' He went to find the runner, while Mr. Eliot seated himself by

one of the low parlor windows.

Luckless Betty! In her panic she had taken refuge in the parlor, forgetting the open window, through which the words of a lively discussion now reached the veranda.

'No, I don't want to go out!' a girlish voice was saying. 'I can't! O Bob, I

wouldn't want to be thanked for—for knowing how to swim! It's ridiculous!'

'But you'll have to see him, you know, Bettillin!' argued another voice. 'It would be rude not to. And it won't be so bad. You won't have to say much. I'll stand behind and prompt you, and—here's father!'

At this point Betty evidently submitted gracefully to superior force for she went calmly to the veranda, where she responded to her father's words of introduction like the true littlewoman she was, putting a shy hand to greet the dreaded stranger. If there was an amused twinkle in his eyes, she didn't see it.

The introductions over, she waited for him to say something of the afternoon, and with the inconsistency of womankind, she was a little disappointed because he didn't say it. Instead, he drew forward a chair for her and placed his own beside it. Then he sat down and began to talk as any chance caller might. The conversation turned naturally to the attractions of Keuka.

'It is a wonderfully beautiful lake,' Mr. Eliot remarked. 'We are "doing" the New York lakes, a party of us, and this is the prettiest we have found yet. In fact, I think I never saw a more beautiful sheet of water, except Lake Geneva. It ought to be more popular I should think.'

'It would be if it were better known,' said Bob, 'but we like it better as it is. The people who do come are old Keuka lovers, and come year after year. I think the lake must possess some magic property, like the fountain of Tivoli, for those who come once always come back.'

'Then I hope the spell may work in my case, for I want to try the fishing here next summer. Is that your catboat moored out here? I came near playing pirate and capturing her this morning; she's a little beauty, and the breeze was just right.'

'You might have had her as well as not. The Sigma is a nice boat—a regular bird. She's sate, too, and that's a consideration, for this lake is treacherous; the breeze has a way of dropping over the hills most unexpectedly. Won't you come out with me in the morning?'

'Thank you; we leave on the early boat, so I fear I must forego that pleasure till I come again. Do you ride?' he suddenly asked Betty, as he noticed a wheel leaning

against the rail.

'No,' she replied, 'or, that is, a little. That isn't my wheel. One of the girls left it the other day when it rained, and she had to drive home. I'm going to have one next year, it—' She paused. Surely, it would be ill-bred to tell a stranger that her father could not afford the wheel this summer, because the grapes all froze last fall, and Bob's college expenses swallowed up many little luxuries.

'The roads here are fine, I've noticed,' he said not seeming to observe her hesitation. 'But I must go, or Mrs. Eliot will have searching parties out for me. She wanted to come with me, but she is not strong and she had such a shock this afternoon that she—'

He arose and stood looking down at Betty, who got up quickly, thinking, with a return of shyness that it was coming now.

'Miss Betty,' he said, taking her hands, 'you must let me tell you how grateful we are for you—for knowing how to swim. Forgive me, but I overheard what you said in the house. Dear child, good-by! God bless you!' and bending down, he kissed her forehead.

Before Betty could think what to say, he was half-way to his boat, escorted by her father and Bob.

One bright morning two weeks later Betty was swaying back and forth in the hammock, eating harvest apples, and wondering why Bob didn't come to take her in the Sigma. Suddenly he appeared from the direction of the landing, and dropped down beside her, with 'Move along a little, can't you, and give us an apple? Thanks—nice girl!' and he gazed at her with mischievous eyes.

'Robert John, you know something?' she cried.

'Yes, I hope so,' he said merrily.

'When my papa sent me to Cornell, he—'

'Stop teasing, and tell me why you look so mysterious,' she interrupted.

'Guess?' said he, beginning on his third apple.

'A letter? Give it to me.'

'Nay, nary letter! Try again.'

'Caramels?'

'Greedy little girl! No, not caramels;

something much better. What'll you give me to tell?

But her quick eyes had seen a boat pulling in, and now two men were lifting from it what looked like a large, flat box, or crate.

'Not one thing!' she cried, jumping up and sending the few remaining apples rolling over the floor. 'Here it comes! O Bob, I shall—'

'Spin, I imagine,' said Bob. 'Bring it

up here, will you please?'—this last to the men who were crossing the lawn.

When the three men had hastily knocked the crates off, and a girl's wheel appeared, shining in new beauty, Betty was radiant.

'O Bob! Bob!' she cried. 'Is it really for me? Did father buy it?'

'Yes, it's for you,' said Bob. 'I don't ride this kind. And father didn't buy it—look here, you crazy child!' And he turned a card which was tied to the handle-bar, so that she could read: 'For Miss Betty Jennings, with the love of Howard [Knight] Zilot Jr.'

'Howard Junior must be the rescued infant,' remarked Bob. 'I tell you, though, Betty, you're in luck! It's the best wheel made. I'm proud to be your brother, Miss Jennings. Come to my arms!'

When he had freed himself from her ecstatic hug, he held her off at arm's length and said, with mock solemnity:

'Elizabeth, look me in the eye and don't fib. Did you—steady now!—did you push him in?'

**Pretty Hats and Bonnets.**

Chas. K. Cameron's Spring Opening Eye-Opening.

The millinery opening of Chas. K. Cameron, the King street merchant was largely attended this week and in point of excellence and variety the display of headwear was far ahead of any previous seasons. It certainly was a pretty and animated scene with the ladies crowding around the different mirrors trying on hats, amid a perfect blaze of color, with the artificial light lending an additional charm to the picture. Numerous were the expressions of approval heard on all sides in admiration of the beautiful exhibition.

A month or so ago ribbons were considered of doubtful importance. Now it appears they will be among the most popular factors for trimming purposes of the season's requirement along with the filmy, gauzy chiffons, mousseline de soie, tulles, mullies, etc. In flowers roses, violets, cyclamen, lollage etc. predominated and Mr. Cameron's stock of fancy straws, sequins, necklins, laces, tuscan, chiffons etc. is complete.

Among the prettiest hats shown were the following:

A straw hat of rose-red green, trimmed with chiffon to match and caught up in front with chiffon and two large shaded plumes. Fastened with roses of same shade.

A medium-sized violet straw hat, turned slightly at the side front, with violet satin bows and lilacs. Rhinestone buckles.

Black and white hat, brim of black mouse straw, crown and trimming of black and white figured macchinis, black and white satin roses and black velvet rosettes.

A very pretty blue chiffon hat with a tucked rim, blue straw crown covered with roses of the same shade and large tobacco leaves of iridescent sequins. Pleated rosettes of black velvet at the back.

A tuscan straw with shantung crown—a very pretty model—with large sweep of net dotted with straw and lying on the leaf and under the brim a huge bunch of lilacs. The whole effect was strikingly handsome.

Among the bonnets shown was a dainty little creation with a foundation of lace, the front of sequins and very narrow white straw, black ospreys up the side with large white rosettes of macchinis. Ties of macchinis fastened in the ends with narrow black lace.

The display of turbans was large and pretty. One in particular, the snake turban was a novelty. It was made of snake trimmings with rosettes of black chiffon, black and white wings falling over the back.

Perhaps the most decided novelty in all Mr. Cameron's display was a khaki colored straw hat with chiffon and roses to match. Under the brim was a black velvet rosette and rhinestones.

**Absent-Mindedness.**

Miss Gambrel—'Isn't it funny? Lucy and I are always forgetting our ages.'

Visitor—'You ought to put them down.'

Miss Gambrel (absent-mindedly) —'Yes, we did cut them down several times, and probably that's the reason we are growing so forgetful.'

**French Justice.**

Police Prefect: 'There really isn't any evidence against him.'

Procureur General: 'Why did you arrest him?'

Prefect: 'Well—or—there isn't any evidence against anybody else.'

**Undoubtedly.**

Jasper—'What do you think Howell meant when he spoke about one of his characters being a "hen-minded" woman?'

Jumpuppe—'Oh, I guess he meant that she never thought about anything except her own set.'

**That Cutting Acid.**—That arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a favorite of indigestion and dyspepsia, and if neglected will develop into the chronic stage. Take one of Dr. Von Stein's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion.—\$2 in a box, 25 cents.



## Music and The Drama

**TONES AND VIBRATIONS.**

Thanking choir leaders and organists for past favors this department would respectfully request that an answer to the notices sent out today, regarding Easter, music be sent in not later than Tuesday afternoon of next week.

El Capitan has been taken on a tour by a company headed by John A. Warden.

Nellie Bergen is again singing Anne with De Wolf Hopper in "The Chasian."

Jerome Sykes will star next season in a new comic opera, "Foxy Quiller," for which Reginald de Koven will compose the music.

Hofrath Ernst Von Schuch, conductor of the Royal Opera House, Dresden is in New York, and will direct several concerts during his stay.

Christie McDonald the young Nova Scotian who has won fame in comic opera will sail for Europe at the close of the season as "Princess Chic."

Henry Wilshon has returned from Europe having arranged for the tour of Souza's band in Germany. Maud Powell has been added to the list of soloists mentioned last week in this department.

Jules Sterger will leave New York on April 25 for Europe, to sing in concerts. He will spend the summer in Vienna, returning to appear in America next season with Jerome Sykes in "Foxy Quiller."

Guelma Baker, a member of Mine Modjeska's Company made her debut in New York last week as a light opera prima donna. Her performance was altogether admirable. She sang with a powerful and sweet toned voice and her articulation, so say the critics, was particularly good. She gave to the role she sang an attractive wounessomeness that was most refreshing.

Cesar Frank's oratorio, "Les Beatitudes" was sung for the first time in New York last Sunday night by the German Liedkranz. The oratorio which is an esteemed one of the noblest works of its class of the century was listened to by a large audience. The soloist were Mrs. Seabury Ford, Marie Maurer, Clara Wiensien, Anton Van Rooy, George Hamlin, F. Berger, Girlynn Miles. The chorus and orchestra were conducted by Dr. Paul Kienholz. The production was under the direction of Victor Thrane.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The opera house has secured some excellent attractions for the spring, summer and autumn, as will be seen by the following list of engagements.

Valentino Stock Co., return engagement, April 16 to 28.

Town Topics, April 30 to May 2d.

Shea Stock Co., May 3 to 5.

Jesse Harcourt Co., band and orchestra May 7 to 12.

Side Tracked—May 14 to 16.

W. S. Harkins Summer Co., May 21st. to June 2.

Young Wife, June 7 to 9.

Paul Cazeneuve's Co., with Cyrano de Bergerac, 50 people, June 11 to 16.

Ray's Hot Old Time, June 18 to 20.

Bachelor's Honeymoon June 21 to 23.

W. S. Harkins return June 26 to July 7.

Van's Minstrels, July 9 and 10.

Gorton's Minstrels, Aug. 17 and 18.

Culhane, Chase and Weston, Aug. 28 and 29.

Kale's Devil's Auction, Sept., 10 to 15.

Alabama Troubadors, Oct. 3 and 4.

Evil Eye, Oct. 8 to 11.

Robinson Opera Co., Oct. 12 to 20.

Quo Vadis, Oct. 22 and 23.

Three Musketeers, Oct. 25 to 27.

W. S. Harkins, the veteran manager who is always warmly welcomed to this city made a brief stay here last week en route to Halifax and Sydney, C. B., with a whole lot of theatrical maps mapped out for the coming season. Mr. Harkins' coming engagement in St. John will be of especial brilliancy and the personnel of his company will include some well known people.

Frederick Ward will close his starring tour on May 5.

Marjorie Belyea will star next season in a new farce comedy.

"Shenandoah" closed its season on Thursday of this week.

The James-Kidder-Hanford Company

### SPECIALTIES

FOR—

### Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cost. If you require any article which is not to be had in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you price, all correspondence confidential. Send 25 cents for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. BOX 1142, Montreal.



### He ran a mile, Baby's Own Soap.

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

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

will revive King John in an elaborate manner next season.

Jennie O'Neill Potter is dying of cancer. She was famous at one time.

Harrison J. Wolfe will resume his tour on Easter Monday in a new play.

Bennett and Moulton, B. company, are playing Maine and Massachusetts.

Hamilton Harris has just finished a new costume play "A Son of Bohemia."

Frankie Carpenter is being well received in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Verner Clarges has joined Joseph Jefferson for the rest of the season.

Joseph Jefferson began his spring tour at Atlanta, Ga., on Monday, April 2.

Katherine Stagg is going to dramatize Morley Robert's novel "The Colossus".

Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," finished her Boston engagement last week.

Edmond Rosland is ill in Paris with congestion of the lungs. His condition was serious for a time.

Jessie Millward has been engaged for next season with the New York Empire Theatre Stock Company.

Sol Smith Russel, who is steadily improving in health is shortly to take a trip to Carlsbad for his health.

Charles Richman will continue next season as leading man with Annie Russel who will present R. Marshall's comedy "A Royal Family."

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall tried a new play called "A Son's Inheritance" in Brooklyn this week. Later they will present it in New York.

Madame Bernhardt is out against the theatre hat, and states that women will not be allowed to wear hats in her Paris theatre hereafter.

Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and supporting company will revisit New England and the eastern states before sailing for England on May 19.

The Valentine Stock company is getting a fair patronage in Halifax considering the season and a whole lot of other opposing circumstances.

Moreton Baker has been secured to stage the productions of "Ino Valdina" which will tour the west under the direction of Conrad & Jackson.

Henrietta Crosman's starring tour in "Revival of Bronson Hawards' 'One of Our Girls'" will begin on April 16, under management of Maurice Campbell.

William Faversham has renewed for two years his contract as leading man with the Empire Theatre Stock of New York, at the expiration of which time he will probably be starred.

Isabel Taliferro, now with "Children of the Ghetto" has been re-engaged by Liebler & Company for next season and will have a prominent role in Mr. Van Bibber, in which Robert Hillard is to star.

Edmund Rostand's "L'Aiglon," translated will be published in this country by R. H. Russell, simultaneously with its appearance in England, Mr. Russell having acquired the publication rights for America.

A gold statue of Maude Adams, said to be valued at \$187,000 was cast in New York last week to be shown at the Paris Fair. Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh was the sculptor and the statue will be called The American Girl.

Due says she will be in New York in Feb. 1901. She has quite given up

D'Annunzio's plays. D'Annunzio meanwhile has just finished his new novel "Fire" which will be published this month. He began writing it three years ago, but the book is much larger than first anticipated and is now a work of 700 pages.

The Liebler company are now making active preparations for a grand revival of Monte Cristo next season with James O'Neill as Edmond Dantes. It is said that the production will eclipse in magnificence anything of the sort heretofore attempted. It will be of so elaborate a nature that only very large stages can accommodate it. The season will open at the Boston theatre on Sept 24. Frederick Belleville has been engaged for Nortier and S. Miller Kent for Albert de Moncristi.

This is what that famous critic Chicot says of two people well known in this city, in reviewing a recent vaudeville performance in New York:

"The honors go to Williams and Tucker with their Skinny's Finish. Some of these days there will be a part written for Eva Williams that will serve to exploit her wonderful work as a child of the streets to the best advantage and there will be a new star in the theatrical firmament that will blaze on high."

Rosabel Morrison a daughter of Lewis Morrison is rapidly coming to the front as a promising emotional actress. She is at present on tour with Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" and has the leading part of Hannah Jacobs the Rabbi's Daughter. It was Miss Morrison who replaced Bianche Bates during the run of the play at the N. Y. Herald Square theatre; and during the engagement at the Adelphi theatre, London, she was warmly pressed by the press, and given great credit for a sweetness and purity of method rare in one so young, for she is yet safely in the twenties. Miss Morrison comes from sturdy stock. Her parents were Louis Morrison whom we all know, and Rose Wood an actress of great beauty and ability, and for a long time a New York favorite. Miss Morrison is a perfect type of blonde beauty, and the critics say she is on the high road to fame.

## SPRING HUMOURS

### Complete External and Internal Treatment

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fail. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Prop., Boston, U. S. A. "How to Cure Spring Humours," free.



meet his youthful acquaintance, who seemed to have been at work.

"Where have you been?" asked the clergyman.

"Sweeping the chimneys at the vicarage," was the boy's answer.

"How many chimneys are there, and how much do you get for each?" was the next question.

The sweep said there were twenty chimneys, and that he was paid a shilling apiece. The clergyman, after thinking a moment, looked at the sweep in apparent astonishment. "You have earned a great deal of money in a little time," he remarked solemnly, wondering, probably, what the silly fellow would reply.

"Yes," said the sweep, throwing his bag over his shoulder as he started away, "we who wear black coats get our money very easily!"

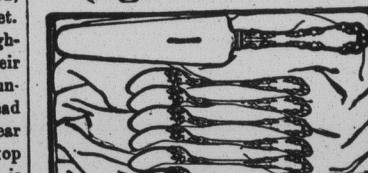
"Silver Plate that Wears."

### The Identifying Stamp

of the original and genuine "Rogers" Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., is "1847," the year this brand was first made. Full trade mark—

"1847"

### Rogers Bros."



One of the latest designs in this brand is the "Berkshire." The Ice Cream set is only one of many combinations we sell in this popular design.

### EVERY WEAK MAN

SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Scientific Methods of Keeping Men Healthy and Free from Disease, and from Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other and valuable medical information. Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with a complete history of every important medical cure. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health and vigor. E. NORTON, 29 & 30, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, ENGL. Established over 30 years.

I Have Been Appointed Agent

for St. John for the Celebrated . . . .

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### CALIFORNIA WATERS OF LIFE

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A True Solvent that Cures All Manner of Disease.

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It is a beautiful Water absolutely free of vegetable organic matter. Hundreds of testimonials furnished of the cures this celebrated water has made.

SEE THE WINDOW DISPLAY and ask for Free Sample of this Water of Life.

REMEMBER THE STORE.

Allan's White Pharmacy

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

"77"

Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific

"Seventy seven" breaks up Colds that hang on, Grip, Influenza, Cold in the Head (a perfect Specific), Catarrh, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pain in the Back and Chest, General Prostration and Fever.

"77" restores the checked circulation (indicated by a chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins and so breaks up the Cold.

"77" consists of a small vial of pleasant pellets, just fits the vest pocket; at drug stores or mailed on receipt of price, 25c.

Dr. Humphreys' Book of Diseases sent free. Be sure to get

Black Coats.

An English clergyman, rather pompous of manner, according to Spare Moments

was fond of chatting with a witty chimney sweep. Once, when the minister returned to

from his summer holidays, he happened to

HUMPHREYS'

## PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

**Progress** is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 H. Casterbridge street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), W. T. F. Fawcett, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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**Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p.m.**

## SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 7

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

## THE MAYORALTY CONTEST.

The civic elections will take place on the 17 instant and there are four candidates in the field for the mayoralty though as yet there is little opposition to the present board of aldermen.

**Major Edward SEARS, ex-Ald. J. V. DANIEL, Count DE BURY and James MOULSON** are in the field for the chieftaincy. The first named has been the chair for two years and is seeking third term. Ordinarily speaking, the people are not in favor of third term but the contention of Mr. SEARS's friends is that he had to fight his way to the seat every year that no concessions have been granted him and consequently he is entitled to run again. This is an offset to the argument that the mayor is inconsistent in office again. Whether it will be effective or not remains to be seen.

Dr. DANIEL was a good alderman and would, no doubt, make an excellent mayor. He has not, however, been an aggressive candidate. With his knowledge of civic affairs and observance of what has transpired since he was one of the council, it will occur to many people that he should be able to define some platform of improvement and reform. Instead of that we regret to note, that his card is much the same as those we have read year after year. Dr. DANIEL knows—or should know—that certain changes are needed in the city government. He should be courageous enough to express his opinion and tell the people what he wishes to give them. He should disown allegiance to the CHRISTIE element and emphasize the assertion that he will oppose the ring rule of extravagance and recklessness that have characterized much of the civic expenditure for years.

Mr. MOULSON and Count DE BURY have not been in the council of St. John. The former had some experience in the old city council of Portland but Mr. MOULSON is new to civic affairs. He is, however, a splendid chairman, a clever speaker and a gentleman of pleasant address. His personal friends will give him earnest support and, it may be, in the strife for victory place him well to the front. We do not think he will win but—who knows?

Major SEARS has been opposed by the CHRISTIE faction. From the first any suggestion of his has been opposed by the chairman of public works and his following. If the same law could be enforced in St. John as the legislature has just passed for Campbellton, EDWARD SEARS would not be in the chair today. The fact that the chairman of the board of works has been chairman of the board of management has made that alderman (CHRISTIE) a magnate that his colleagues in the council were very willing to conciliate. The independent man whom he could not subdue was Ald. WHITE and he has now persuaded his brother aldermen that the sum of \$150,000 annually for water and sewerage shall not be expended without the knowledge of the whole council and the presence of the press. After this, if the council approves of the committee's report, the affairs of the board of management will be open to the public through the press and the department spending the largest amount of money shall no longer be controlled, unobserved, by the small committee presided over by Chairman CHRISTIE. The management of the Spruce Lake extension has not been such as to impress the public with this committee's ideas of economy. The claims for land damages are still coming in. It

is reasonable to suppose that any business man would begin such a work without knowing exactly what the land damages and costs would be. Certainly not. And yet because Ald. CHRISTIE was committed to the CUSHING pulp mill, he rushed this project forward two years ahead of time in order that the gentlemen interested might be able to show people in England that the city of St. John was willing to stand in the gap and give them all the water they wanted at a nominal figure. The money has been spent. One hundred thousand dollars was spent for pipe two years ago and the interest has been climbing up since and as yet not one drop of water has been delivered to the people of Carleton. Mr. CHRISTIE may think this good management but it is management of the worst kind. He refuses to aid the exhibition, the tourist association or to give a small grant to the S. P. C. A. but he finds no fault with such senseless expenditure as we have noted.

The CUSHING Pulp mill is not nearly ready for operation yet. If the new pipe to Spruce lake had been started last fall or this spring, for that matter, it would have been ready as soon as the mill. As yet no attempt has been made to connect the main pipe with the mill yet the money of the people is lying idle in the trench from Carleton to Spruce Lake.

When a policeman asks for his pay when he is off duty on account of illness Alderman CHRISTIE objects. He says the policemen are well paid and half pay is enough for them when injured in the discharge of their duty or ill on account of exposure. Charitable to the well to do seems to be his motto. The hardships of the city employees do not appeal to him. He is the "father of the council" and, as

that time. The trouble was all caused by a drunken man, who when he sobered up went to work as usual, hardly knowing what he had done. The case however was not without its annoyances and inconveniences to the liverman.

## A Well-Equipped Establishment.

C. B. Pidgeon & Co., the Indianstown tailor's gents furnishers and footwear dealers have moved from their temporary quarters opposite the car sheds on Main Street to their brand new brick building at the old stand, corner Bridge street, where they are better fitted out than ever.

A modern store, an up-to-date stock, a large staff of clothes makers, which in all makes the best equipped men's furnishing house in North End.

## JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

## Another Rival for the Horse.

(Campbellton Events.)  
An unwilling calf is to be seen on our streets with a sled in tow, Joe LaCasse being the driver.

## Training for an Easter Record.

(Montreal Times.)  
A small young horse owned by Mr. George Ritchie Waterloo street on Friday laid an egg which measured 6½ x 8 inches.

## Everything Comes to Those Who Wait.

(Halifax Herald.)  
It is estimated that the embarkation of the three contingents from this port has left three quarters of a million dollars here.

## A Warm Blooded People, No Doubt.

(Quebec Cor. Queens Co. Gazette.)  
James Carpenter of Carpenterville, has been running a merry-go-round in this locality for the past week.

## Strange Use for a Tugboat.

(Bridgetown Monitor.)  
The tug Pinneau has been sold to Hugh Gillespie of Parrsboro, and will be taken there to be used for towing.

## THIS BEATS a Life Insurance Mortage.

(Nova Scotian Exchange)  
Perhaps the most remarkable piece of conveyancing done in Nova Scotia for many years, was when a few weeks ago Thos Beaumont, a Colchester man, gave a bill of sale of a wild cat for fifty dollars.

## Perhaps the Police Forbade It.

(Exchange)

ned

## The Just a Minute Girl.

When he went courting her she'd say:

"In just a minute!"

And then she'd stay:

"Upstairs and cry."

Her hair and pin it,

And fuss and priss,

And let

him sit,

While half an hour passed,

And come at last,

All radiant and gay,

Our hearts respond, their joy is such;

Love is a heavenly rest.

What need I say we will ne'er forget,

The heaven we both have known;

Its golden memories linger yet,

In the hapiness still our own.

Such blissful moments can never fade,

When true hearts find their quest,

In the vows of affection they fondly made,

Love is a heavenly rest.

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Love is a heavenly rest.

BAKING  
POWDER

and wholesome

THEM "AMORINES."

(Continued from First Page)

the policemen, the insurance  
and life, the bankers, theerry  
many others will all doubtless  
little say at the polls when the

not for the distillary policy pur-  
Christie as chairman, in fail-  
his board together last summer,  
too late in the year to accom-  
we should probably now be  
ion of a well ordered road on  
venue with a first class street car  
the bridge. Our hotel and  
men, and all those who have  
with the American tourist travel  
preciate this argument.

not close without a reference to  
e of Aids. Christie and Keast  
e exhibition association. The  
the latter gentleman made on  
at the Treasury board, that  
with whom he had talked were  
attributing to exhibitions, might  
more apt, had it been applied to  
and pulp mills. The formers  
on the same occasion when he  
he had always voted against  
s, that he was more opposed to it  
ever, that last years show was a  
and the attractions upon the  
uch as he regretted to see, was  
uragement to the exhibition as-  
which has done so much, year  
endeavour to make our annual  
success.

sions may only benefit hotels [and  
us, doctor, but we are of the  
that there are others.  
as have before stated, to see a  
ticket of useful and represen-  
the field, and can such be obtained  
others take much pleasure in pledg-  
hearty support and wishing them,  
during the coming contest.

TAXPAYER.

Sewell Street Resident Objects.

EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The  
of Sewell street are greatly an-  
the indecent conduct of five or  
ge students boarding on Sewell  
e have evidently come from the  
ods and think they can act just as  
se. Of late they have gone too  
should be stopped before measures  
to stop them as some of the  
feel disgusted with such indecent  
They cannot even approach  
windows for them.

as only to pass down Sewell street  
posite side to witness the actions  
who class themselves as gentle-  
college-students. They are sure-  
t credit to any college.

A RESIDENT.

N. H. SALVAGE DRIVER.

Contest for the Position on the  
Wagon.

Appointment of a new driver for the  
and Salvage Corps was a matter of

amount of interest at last Monday's

meeting. William Morrisey was

successful candidate; although another

man, George Eagles gave him

a close race with the ballots.

Brown gave up the job of driving

the horse only a few days after he

and immediately Captain Hamm

Morrisey on duty. This of course

gave Morrisey the fullest advantage to

for the night of the election. But the

was sharper than most people sup-  
posed it would be. On the first casting of

Morrisey received ten votes, Eagles

Duffy one. Another vote was

and Eagles received ten, Morrisey

a tie.

retirement of Brown and the election

of a new driver has not yet come before

the Board.

Fifty-nine Two Cent Stamps.

small parcel sent by a King street

firm to a lady in India on

ay took fifty-nine postage stamps.

apping of the packet was comple-

mented with the little pink squares,

there was hardly room for them all.

Too Possible:

ker—We had to discharge our pa-

use he mispronounced a word.'

—For such a trifle'

ker—Yes. He said the dear de-

had gone to the undiscovered

from whence bourn no traveler re-



The death of social happenings is still on, but it will be but a little over a week now before all attempts at partial pity will be thrown away. This perhaps sounds trifling and no doubt it is, but the fact remains that the Lenten season is perhaps the only time in the fall twelve months that the populace as a whole are forced into a state of devoutness, although generally on a minimised scale. Without assuming the role of a cleric, I think we should all be more or less devout the year round and then the holy season stipulations could be borne more gracefully, and our worship in consequence more heartfelt. Items of interest in the social world are even fewer this week than last, at least as far as Fredericton is concerned, but look out for a pleasing budget of surprises next week— Easter greetings are in tape, and matrimonial marmures.

Mr. G. H. Fairweather is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Jones, Monday.

Mr. G. H. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes of Sussex are visiting friends here.

Miss Fairweather and Miss Grace Fairweather are guests at "The Knoll" Sussex.

Mrs. Purdy and Miss Purdy of Bear River, N. S., have returned home, after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Mr. W. P. King of Toronto went across the bay on Saturday.

Mr. J. T. Tins-Barnes of Sussex was in town on Saturday.

Mr. H. B. McDonald, who has been studying architecture in the office of R. C. John Dunn all winter left for his home in Chatham late this week. Mr. McDonald has already a large circle of friends in this city, and his absence will be quite noticeable. As violinist in orchestral music he will also be missed.

Mr. Percy Gladwin of Halifax has accepted the position of head ruler with the publishing firm of J. & A. McMillan, Prince William Street.

A very happy event in which a St. John young man figure conspicuously was solemnized in the Methodist church at Woodstock, Carleton county, last Wednesday afternoon. It was the marriage of Miss Katherine Baker, daughter of Mr. S. J. Baker of Woodstock to Mr. Hugh F. Murray, son of Mr. George Murray of Sydney Street in this city, the popular road representative of Redding & Co., Yarmouth, N. S., boot and shoe manufacturers.

In the presence of intimate friends and the relatives of both the bride and groom elect. Rev. Mr. Martel died the matrimonial knot, and immediately after the service Mr. and Mrs. Murray departed for Fredericton, New York and other American ports for their honeymoon. Mr. Murray's parents have only removed to St. John from Woodstock but a few months, still the groom is very well-known here, as he is throughout the vast territory covered by him in his business travels. The gifts received by the bridal pair were many and beautiful.

Two weddings took place in the city about the middle of the week. One was that of Miss Isabele Thompson to Fred A. Billard, a former St. John resident, but now residing at the Hub. The marriage took place in Queen Square Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon a very large assembly of people being present to witness it. The ceremony was at 3:45 o'clock, and was performed by Rev. E. W. Weddall pastor of the church. The bride wore a grey travelling suit and was unadorned. The edifice was prettily decorated with flowers, the choir sang hymns and organist Bullock played the wedding march. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Billard left for C. F. E. R. in Boston where Mr. W. M. Blizard is a journeyman in Potter & Wrightington's canning factory. The bride received many presents including remembrances from the several church associations. Miss Thompson was a teacher in the Centennial school building on Brussels street, and was much beloved by the pupils under her care, as well as among her sister teachers and co-workers.

The other marriage referred to took place at the residence of Mr. Francis L. Theobald of the ferry service, 143 Guilford street, Carleton, Thursday morning. Mr. Theobald's eldest daughter, Miss Isabel D., and Mr. Lyman King of Carlton for some months resident at Malden, Mass., were united in marriage by Rev. M. G. Higgins of the Baptist church. After the ceremony the young couple left on the International boat for Malden where they will reside. The bride had for some time been organist of the Carlton Baptist church and an active worker in the church societies. The choir presented her with a handsome marble clock and she also received many beautiful remembrances from friends.

Bishop Lovell was at the Royal Thursday on his way home to Yarmouth from Ottawa.

Rev. J. C. Morris formerly of this city has been invited to remain a fifth year at St. Andrews.

Mrs. W. Atkin and son Franklin of Sussex, are visiting Mrs. J. W. Sharp, 40 Coburg street.

J. H. Dooly left Wednesday evening for New York.

Rev. J. deBoys intends leaving for England on

a two months holiday trip immediately after Easter.

Miss Flora Smith of Kingston, Ont., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Magee.

Adam Lee of the Kingston, Ont., cotton mill, has received appointment as assistant supervisor of the spinning department of the cotton mill at Moncton, N. B.

The Portland Argus says: Thomas S. Simms, formerly of this city, now a large manufacturer of brushes and brooms in St. John, N. B., is spending a few days with friends in this city.

M. Dwyer of the Royal Wednesday at Halifax were at the Royal Wednesday for the purpose of meeting the remains of Mr. Dwyer's father, which were sent from New York to Halifax for interment. The body arrived at noon Wednesday.

George James Hunter of the C. P. R. general offices, Montreal, was in the city. Mr. Hunter will leave on the steamer Lake Superior on a visit to friends in Baddeck, Inverness.

Major Armstrong, returned from Fredericton Tuesday evening, when he has been inspecting the military stores.

A. J. Cyprus, M. P., of Digby was at the Royal Wednesday.

Superintendent Glasgow of the ferry service is confined to his house with a sprained ankle.

Next Tuesday evening in St. Stephen's church schoolroom Mrs. E. A. Smith will deliver her highly interesting talk on Switzerland, for the benefit of the Scotch Company Boys Brigade, in connection with that church. The lecture as was delivered some time ago in St. Andrews church, is highly interesting and instructive and with the aid of Prof. Frazee's stereoscopic views and Mrs. Smith's vivid descriptions the listener and onlooker is carried right through the beautiful Alpine land as if inairy house. The Scotch boys will certainly be interested.

Rev. Mr. Van de Bousche occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening last.

APRIL 6.—

All styles of society printing done in the most attractive and up to date form. Mail orders a specialty. Prompt attention given to all applications for quotations and with due economy.

Progress Job Print.

ST. ANDREWS,

APRIL 5.—Miss Short of St. Stephen, visited St. Andrews friends last week.

Miss Florence Howard intends making her home in Roxbury, Mass., for a time.

Major Howe, known to many St. Andrews people as "Joe," Howe, is now in command of the North West Mounted Police section of the Canadian contingent in South Africa, Col. Herchmer being on sick leave at the Cape.

James Green, son of the late Capt. Green, arrived here from the West on Thursday, after an absence of nearly twenty years. For nine years he was a member of the Mounted Police.

Late New South Wales papers contain notice of the appointment of John William James, Tasman, Blakelhurst, as a magistrate for the electorate of St. George, N. S. W. Mr. James was once a resident of St. Andrews and there are many who still entertain pleasant recollections of him.

Dr. Parker and family will shortly return from Halifax.

Irvin Ingalls, Mrs. Mark Daggett and Miss Mattie McDowell, of Grand Manan, registered at Kennedy's hotel on Monday.

Mrs. Eliza Robertson returned to St. John on Wednesday, after spending the winter with her son, Mr. W. A. Robertson.

Mr. John Nuttall arrived from Boston on Tuesday, and will remain a few days with his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn are concerned for the health of their little son George, who has been very poorly for some time.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookshop of G. S. Wall, T. H. Atkinson and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. T. Treat's.]

APRIL 5.—Fred and Kenneth Young expect to spend the Easter vacation in Boston.

Miss Lilian Taylor went to St. John on Thursday last to visit friends.

Mrs. W. W. Innes is quite ill, suffering from an attack of the grippe.

Miss Alice Graham was the hostess last week of a thimble party given in honor of Miss May Morris of St. Andrews.

Henry D. Pike is visiting relatives in Baltimore, Maryland.

Miss Vesta Moore is visiting friends in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Saunders have returned from Portland.

Mrs. J. G. Stevens entertained a few friends on Thursday evening.

Todd Murdoch is at home from Waterville to spend the Easter vacation.

Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Bertie Smith gave a five o'clock tea on Saturday afternoon for the pleasure of their guest, Miss Gertrude Nickerson.

Miss Florence Renne is from Rogers' hall to spend the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Franklin Eaton has returned from Providence.

Chas. A. Boardman has returned to Quebec after a visit of two weeks in Calais.

Verne Whitman left on Friday to spend the Easter Holidays in Norway, Me.

Mrs. C. M. Gove has returned to St. Andrews.

Mrs. A. L. Clapp has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit friends.

Mrs. Fred Waite entertained the Traveller's Whist Club on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Lillian Dexter, Jr., gave a very pleasant home to her residence on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. W. B. Ganong has returned from a visit in Boston.

Jas. L. Thompson, Jr., has been in Portland on a business trip.

Mrs. Hasan Grimmer spent Thursday and Friday in St. John.

Mrs. Mary Peabody and Mrs. Harriett Washburn have gone to Hartford, Conn., to visit Rev. Harry Peabody.

Mrs. W. B. Byles of Woodstock is visiting in town.

Mrs. Nedda Lingay has been the guest of Mrs. A. Durell during the past week.

Mrs. Durell Grimmer made a brief stay in town this week returning to St. Andrews on Tuesday.

The Misses Young attended military openings in St. John last week.

The friends of G. F. Webber will be pleased to learn that he now holds the position of second hand and his brother, Harry Webber, has a local fixer in the wine room of the Acorn Hotel at New Bedford, Mass.

Chas. Maxwell of Union Mills went to Sydney on Tuesday.

Mrs. McKenney of Parrsboro, N. S., is the guest of Mrs. Eliza De Wolfe.

Mrs. Wilbur of St. John spent a day or two here during the past week. She has rented a dwelling here and with Mr. Wilbur, will occupy it in May.

Miss Carrie P. Murchie is from Quincy, Mass., for a short holiday.

Mrs. W. A. Murdoch entertained the whist club of which she is a member on Friday evening.

Kelso Jones of St. John was in town this week on a business trip.

Mrs. Anna Eaton who attended Miss Wheeler's school, is at home for a short holiday.

Jas. L. Thompson, Jr., is in Boston for a few days this week.

The Popular whist club enjoyed a delightful meeting at the residence of Mrs. James Mitchell.

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

Clothes Re-solded, Gone; Spiken Perform-

ed, Dressed, 27, Waterloo.

Friday evening to a few friends in home of their friend Dr. L. A. Langstroth.

Mr. Rankin McKinnon is to be married this afternoon to Miss Minnie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickenson of Kingston.

## PROGRESS. SATURDAY APRIL 7 1900.

FOR ADDITION & L. SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



### HALIFAX NOTES.

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

MORGAN & CO. Barrington street  
DUNFORD & CO. George Street  
CANADA NEWS Co., Ltd. - Halifax  
J. E. FINDLAY. Brunswick street  
J. W. ALLEN. Dartmouth N. St.  
W. D. BRUNN. 100 Barrington St.  
Mrs. DE JAYNES. 131 Brunswick St.

APR. 5.—Debutantes like all other provincial cities just at present the Garrison City is in sackcloth and ashes, so to speak, on account of Lent. Gaieties have been suspended and the theatres seem to be the only amusement the people are indulging in, but they are doing this to the limit. Of the Valentine Co., playing here the "Recorder" says:

"The popularity of the Valentine company could not be better attested than by last evening, when they opened their second week to the largest audience of the engagement. The standard English comedy, "The School for Scandal," was the bill and the company scored another marked success the piece being well acted, beautifully costumed and handsomely staged."

The lady members of the company have become the biggest kind of favorites. Miss Bonstelle received a most hearty reception, and was also presented with a handsome bouquet, her Lady Trunk was in keeping with all her other impersonations,—of the very best. Ed. R. Mawson was received with applause on almost every entrance and exit; he was a splendid Charles and which ranked with his other splendid performances. Jack Webster was also remarkably good. Joseph Surice; he has a handsome manly appearance, and is besides a clever actor. Chas. Flemming has had no such opportunities heretofore as in Sir Peter, and gave a fine performance of the role. Misses Blanche, Messrs. Evans, Morrison and others contributed their share to the general success of the performance.

Mr. Mawson made a speech thanking the audience for their patronage, and announcing the School for Scandal again tonight, Parisian Romance on Wednesday and Thursday evenings and mentioned the company would return in October.

M. A. Beal, formerly of the Wonders A. C. who has been home to England on a trip, is in the city again on his way back to the West.

A. R. Cogswell and A. D. Johnston have returned from a trip through the provinces.

Richard Porter is taking a position with G. R. Anderson.

N. A. Rhodes and M. D. Price of Amherst are in the city.

Col. A. W. Anstruther-Duncan, half-pay has been appointed a Colonel on the Staff to command the Royal Artillery in the Cork District.

Mrs. F. G. Parker and Miss Grant left for Kentville Wednesday, where they will be the guests of friends.

Mrs. Fred De Wolfe, of Halifax, is visiting with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Schaefer, Truro, accompanied by her friend, Miss Parker.

V. L. Lugar, 1st officer of S. S. Faraday, is in the city.

J. J. Nash, editor Charlottetown Patriot, arrived in the city last evening. He is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. McKay, 22 Brunswick street.

J. J. Stewart, of the Halifax Herald, and Mrs. Stewart arrived at Ottawa yesterday to be the guests of Mrs. Sedgewick, wife of Judge Sedgewick; they go south to the Sulphur Springs.

E. L. Borden, Q. C. of Halifax, returned to N. S. and took his seat in the Commons yesterday.

Miss Carmichael and Miss McGregor of New Glasgow, are visiting the capital.

H. L. Chipman, Sup't. of the Plant Line, arrived there on Sunday night from Halifax; his mission is in regard to through traffic.

H. T. Jones has arrived home after an extended trip. Among other places he visited were the principal cities in North Carolina.

Mrs. Harry Esson has recovered from his recent illness.

Bishop Courtney returned from Southern California on Friday evening, Sunday morning he preached in St. Luke's cathedral. Before beginning his sermon he made a touching reference to the death of Capt. Clarkson. Last evening his Lordship confirmed a large class at St. Paul's. Next Sunday morning he will confirm at St. Luke's.

Mrs. S. B. Steele has returned to Montreal and will live with her mother there until the return of Colonel Steele from South Africa.

William Dixon of Windsor, is at the Halifax.

Lieut.-Col. Morris of the N. W. Mounted Police, is at the Hailey.

Mr. John F. Stairs left for England today.

Mrs. H. C. MacLeod and Master Norwood MacLeod are staying at the Waverley, prior to their departure for Toronto on the return of Mr. MacLeod from Europe.

Blordan Keith, who went to England to take a commission in the Royal Artillery; and G. W. C. Menley, representing Pickford & Black, were passengers by the Campania, which arrived at Queenstown, Friday.

Judge Henry's condition was slightly improved last night.

Mr. Wm. Boss, bather, has so greatly improved as to be convalescing.

Albert Clements, Campbell Road, is confined to his house through illness.

D. G. Leitch, assistant inspector of works of the Admiralty, is in the city, and paid an official visit to the Dockyard this morning.

F. Burnette, chief stoker at H. M. Dockyard, was called upon again yesterday to mourn the loss of a bright little infant girl, who passed away from pneumonia; this is the second child. Mr. Burnette has deceased within a fortnight.

BRIDGEPORT.

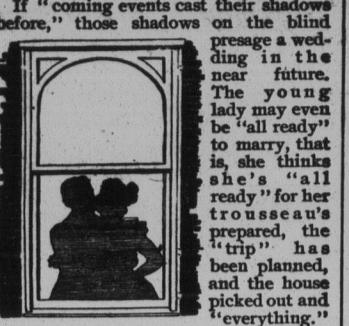
APRIL 6—Miss Annie Sunderland, milliner at Mr. Harvey's is in St. John to the spring openings.

Miss Alma Sabean, who has been visiting her par-

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refuse the money if it fails to cure.

Mr. W. Grove's signature on each box.



If coming events cast their shadows before, those shadows on the blind wedding in the near future. The young lady may even be "all ready" to marry, that is, she thinks she's "all ready" for her trouseau's prepared, the "trip" has been planned, and the house picked out and "everything."

When we see a young woman go out to meet fate that way it brings to mind the Frenchman's saying of the Charge of the Light Brigade. "It was magnificent but it was not w—" It is magnificent to see the young girl face the future so fearlessly, but it is not life. No young woman is ready for married life unless her physical condition is up to the standard of marriage, in the health of all the delicate womanly organs, and rarely is that the case.

Young women entering upon the state of marriage will find no friend so helpful as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, prevents the drains that ruin the health, and makes the ordeal of motherhood so easy that it is practically almost painless.

"At an early stage of married life," writes Mrs. Flora Arni, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo. "I was greatly bothered with painful periods, also a tendency to fainting which required a week and a half for work of any kind. I became so thin there was nothing left of me but skin and bone. My husband became alarmed and sent me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After I saw the wonderful effects of that one I got me two more, and after I used those up there was no more pain, and I began to gain in flesh very rapidly."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser answers every question. It is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. For the cloth edition go stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sabean of Centreville, has returned to resume the care of her school at Virginias, Annapolis Co.

Mr. Harry Hicks has secured a position with the Union Bank of Halifax, and entered upon his duties on Thursday last as clerk at the Lawrence town agency.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Crowe left to day on a trip to St. John.

Mr. Harry Hicks, of the Telephone Central, spent part of last week with friends in Kentville and Mid-division.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckwith were in St. John this week.

Miss Katherine Prat who has been spending several weeks with friends in Windsor, Kentville and Wolfville, returned home on Monday.

All styles of society printing done in the most reactive and up to date form. Mail orders a specialty. Prompt attention given to all applications for quotations and with due economy.

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YARMOUTH.

APRIL 5.—Hon. David McPherson, manager of the Y. S. S. Co., went to Halifax Friday last. He returned from his vacation on Wednesday.

Mr. Geo. J. Morton, who has been confined to his residence since Monday, is better.

Mr. F. H. Armstrong, general passenger agent A. A. B. arrived in town on Wednesday.

Mr. A. G. Gardner and F. K. Robbins, of the D. A. B. and Yarmouth S. S. Co., respectively, are doing considerable missionary work in the village along the line of the Coast Rail way.

Mr. H. T. Sutherland, one of the contractors for the Coast Rail way, is in town.

Mr. William Fraser, assistant superintendent of the D. A. Railway, arrived to Yarmouth by Saturday train and remained until Thursday morning, when he returned to Kentville.

Howard Gridley left by ship Boston Friday night, for Philadelphia where he has accepted a position.

Mrs. T. M. Lewis left yesterday morning by train to visit her daughter Mrs. Prestwood in Birwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard of Tugget Hill, were returning to Boston on Saturday evening to remain during the summer.

The death occurred at Hebron Wednesday morning of Mrs. Matilda Tracy, widow of Mr. George R. Tracy, and daughter of the late Nelson Corning, Esq., of Chepogue, who has been afflicted for some time with cancer, which resulted in her death. Mr. Tracy died in April 29, 1892. Mrs. Tracy was 69 years of age, and was the mother of five children, three of whom survive her. The funeral will take place on Thursday at 2 o'clock.

The remains of the late Mr. Harold Foote, son of the late Mr. James Foote, of Chepogue, who died in Haverhill, Mass., arrived here yesterday on steamer Boston on Saturday morning. The Boston also brought the remains of Elizabeth Dill, of Windsor, who died in Cambridge, Mass., of cancer, on the 27th March, aged 69 years and 4 months.

Wm. Law, Esq., M. P. P., accompanied by Mrs. Law, returned from Halifax on Saturday, and are stopping at the Grand. Mrs. Law will be at home to her friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week at the Grand.

The fine residence of the late W. C. Pitfield, on German street, St. John, N. B., has been purchased by Mr. L. G. Crosby, formerly of Yarmouth.

DIGBY.

APRIL 4.—Mr. W. B. Stewart is quite ill with grippe.

Maj. J. Daley was in Weymouth last week.

Mr. Chas. Turnbull left on Monday for Sydney.

Mr. Wm. Ambrose was in Digby on Wednesday.

Mr. George Lynch was a passenger to St. John on Monday.

Sheff Smith was a passenger to Tiverton on Monday.

Mrs. J. P. Thomas of Annapolis was in town last week.

Mr. Fred Van Tassel, of Mt. Pleasant left for Boston last week.

Miss Lilian Eldridge, of Sandy Cove, returned from Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. H. L. Dennis was a passenger on the west bound train on Wednesday.

Miss Edith Nichols was in Digby on Wednesday, en route from Boston to Halifax.

Mr. N. A. Rhodes of the firm of Rhodes, Curry & Co. of Amherst, was in town last week.

Mr. N. W. Hogg was a passenger to Annapolis on Friday, returning home Saturday afternoon.

Mr. C. W. Muise has returned from a business

trip to Tiverton and another places along Digby Neck.

Mrs. Nathaniel Westcott of Brighton is dangerously ill.

Miss Ruby Chisholm, who has been visiting her home at Windsor returned to Digby on Saturday.

Mr. Henry Haley of Yarmouth is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Burnham, First Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckwith arrived from St. John via Prince Edward on Wednesday and left by express for Bridgewater.

Mr. E. A. Rooney was a passenger to Bridgewater on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his late grandfather, Mr. Daniel E. Jordan.

Mr. Boistard Dakin, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Daniel Cooseboom, returned home on Wednesday from their Boston visit.

Mr. D. Morton, of Trout Cove, was a passenger to Bridgewater on Tuesday to attend the funeral of her father, the late Daniel E. Jordan.

Capt. J. H. Trask and family have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haines, who have left for San Francisco, California.

Messrs. H. H. and R. S. Snyder, of Marshalltown were passengers to Boston on Wednesday where they will reside during the summer.

The Misses Chisholm and Banks of J. F. Saunders' Millinery establishment were in St. John last week attending the military opening.

Miss Katherine McCormick, telephone operator at Weymouth, will assist at the Yarmouth concert, for a few weeks, while Miss Magee visits friends in Philadelphia.

TEUBRO.

[Teubro is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Felton, J. m. O'Brien and Co. Bros.]

APRIL 4.—Mr. D. T. Hanson and Miss Hansen gave an exceedingly pleasant evening to a number of their friends last Wednesday evening in honor of their guest, Mrs. Ralph Eaton from Kentville. Whilst occupied the first part of the evening and after an elaborate and most appetizing supper had been discussed, an impromptu dance was enjoyed until well into the small hours. Among those present beside the house party were Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Vernon, Miss Maud Archibald, Misses Thomas, Miss Ida Faulkner, Messrs. H. Fowler, E. Vernon, O. Oliver.

Mr. [Capt.] Mahon entertained a large party at his home on Monday evening last.

Mr. J. N. Allen, Halifax, spent a day or two last week with his sister, Mrs. Robert Dooley.

Mr. Mackay Wallace is visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Eville are domiciled in their new home, Mr. A. Ford's cottage on Queen street.

Mr. W. E. Bligh is visiting Halifax friends.

FRO.

A Much Maligned Beverage.

"Death in the tea-pot." Well cheap tea—steaming tea—was never so popular as it is now. Good tea is a whole drink, a whole tea, as it were, palatable drink; but they must be gone as for instance, Teley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

WOLFSVILLE.

APRIL 4.—President Trotter filled the pulpit of the Windsor baptist church on Sunday.

Dr. Lawrence was out again on Wednesday, after a severe illness of some weeks.

Mr. E. Blackader agent and lecturer of the Grand Division S. of T., who has been laboring since October in the western countries, arrived home on Saturday afternoon, last, for a few weeks vacation.

Dr. Keirist has again been appointed one of the examiners at Newton Theological Seminary, and left on Wednesday morning to assume his duties.

He expects to return on Monday next. As he is one of last year's examiners he was appointed this year.

The Athenaeum society arranged for a lecture which was given in College hall last Wednesday evening by Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, M. A., pastor of the Bloomsbury street baptist church, Toronto, on Anglo-Saxonism.

Mr. H. T. D. Chambers moved this week to the residence which he lately purchased on Highland avenue from Mr. J. E. Forsyth. The very desirable residence which he has just vacated, next the "cam-pus" is now for rent to us.

The Shakespearean recital to be given Friday evening in College hall by the young ladies of the university was a very pleasing entertainment. Misses Palmer and others were very fine, many of them being taken by the captain personally. Capt. Slocum left on Wednesday for Boston, where he is under contract to fulfil several engagements. It is his intention to visit Annapolis in the summer in his famous sloop Spray.

The Wolfville orchestra assisted.

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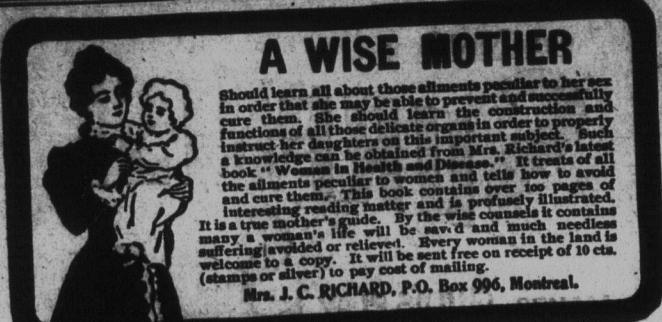
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**A WISE MOTHER**

should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and cure them. She should learn the construction and functions of the various organs in order to properly understand the disorders or this important subject. Such a knowledge can be obtained from Mrs. Richard's book "Women in Health and Disease". It treats of all the diseases to which women are subject. It treats of all interesting reading matter. By the wise counsels it contains suffering avoided or relieved. A few lines in the book is welcome to a copy, will be sent free on receipt of 10 cts. (stamps or airmail) to pay cost of mailing.

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

**CAMPBELLTON.**

APR. 4.—Hon. C. H. LaBlanc spent Monday in town.

Mrs. G. A. Fawcett and Miss Sadie spent Sunday in Eel River.

H. H. Gray left yesterday afternoon for a flying visit to Montreal.

Miss McNamee returned from Montreal and the west on Monday morning last.

Mrs. Russell and Miss McNamee attended the millinery opening in St. John.

Elsie Boudreau of Petit Roche, N. B., registered at the Royal Tuesday.

Geo. A. McNamee left Wednesday morning on a short business trip to St. John.

A. E. Wheeler of Edmundston and John Miles of Gloucester were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy.

W. A. Mott, M. F. P., who arrived in town Saturday night left for Fredericton again yesterday morning.

Mrs. Charles French left a few days ago for New Whatcom, Wash., where Mr. French preceded her a few months ago.

Geo. Wright and family of Eel River left for the state of Washington this week where they will make their home in future.

Dr. Ferguson of Dalhousie, John Dawson, Dawsonville and James Cook, Charlottetown, were in town Monday attending county Board of Health.

Miss Henderson who has been visiting at Toronto Bradford and other points in Ontario combining business with pleasure, returned a few days ago.

Harry and John Mersereau, sons of Inspector Mersereau, the former well known in Campbellton have been accepted for garrison duty at Halifax. Capt. Mersereau has not sailed with the Strathcona Horse as was announced.

**NEWCASTLE.**

APRIL 5.—Mrs. Strang, Chatham, spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. James Robinson, M. F., and Mr. Weldon Robinson, arrived in Millerton from Ottawa last Wednesday. The former returned to Ottawa on Saturday.

Miss Francis Fish entertained a number of her young friends on Saturday from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Mr. John Burchill, M. F. P., came over from Fredericton Friday. He returned to the capital on Tuesday.

Mr. A. Davidson returned last evening from a visit to Fredericton.

Mr. James Johnstone and Miss Johnstone, Chatham, were in town on Monday.

Dr. Ritchie, Chatham, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. James McCurdy, and Miss McCurdy of Truro are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McCurdy.

Among the Millerton folks who attended the patriotic concert in Chatham were: Mr. James

Progress Job Print.

APRIL 5.—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahon who have spent the winter in Montreal returned yesterday to their home at The Springs.

Mrs. J. Webster and Miss Webster of Pettingrove are the guest of Mrs. Hoy.

Miss Ian Keith has quite recovered from her illness of six days.

Mr. A. H. Robinson was in Moncton Saturday.

Mr. J. D. Chapman of St. Stephen was in town last week.

Mrs. Frank McCullough of Moncton visited friends here last week.

Mr. Fred Ryan and master Leslie Ryan of Sackville were here for a day or two early last week.

Dr. G. M. Pearson of Sussex was in town on Monday.

Mr. Alex. Kingland is quite ill and is now confined to his bed.

Mr. W. Hammon of Boston, returned last week.

Mr. W. Hammon, Jr., is expected to arrive this week.

Mr. Frank Faries of Sussex, was in town last Thursday.

Mr. A. McKnight of Sackville, spent Sunday at Mr. W. K. Killam's.

MAX.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**

Practically the third

but that does not despair,

In turn he steals to woman's grief,

Her beauty, and he thus gets square.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all such ills as her heir—the very most valuable cures being such as disease rooted in the system of the patient, and would relieve one ill, in turn, without creating another.

The Quinine Wine is about the best.

It is obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy

for many and grievous ills. By its great and

judicious use, the health is restored to the

organism, strength by the influence which

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It

relieves the drooping spirits of those who have

chronic debility, infirmity, and lack of

nerve, disposes to sound and reliable sleep,

—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which

helps to heal the body throughout the veins,

strengthening the healthy animal functions of the

system, thereby making a speedy recovery possible,

strengthening the heart, and giving life to the

organs, which naturally demand increased

substance—result, improved appetite, Northumbrian

Lyman of Toronto, have given to their

superior Quinine Wine the usual rate, and

approves nearest perfection of any in the market.

All druggists sell it.

Where are the principal hard coal deposits of the United States?—asked the instructor of the physi-

cal class.

"In the national banks!" exclaimed one of the pupils.

FELLOWSHIP BUDGERS LIVER.—The billions man is never satisfied with what he has, and always wants more and more, and so on ad infinitum. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Fresh Vegetable Oil. It is a good oil, and when used in cooking, has the effect of bile in the stomach they restore

ment to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Snaples—Those sly bairns are queer.

Mr. James McNeill, truckman, returned from Boston, much improved in health.

Miss Fannie Murray, teacher, left on Monday to take charge of her school at Harcourt.

Mr. Geo. W. Bleakney, of the L. C. B. track department, who has been very ill, is able to eat again.

Mr. H. A. Price, district passenger agent, I. C. R., Montreal, arrived in town Monday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Price, who will remain here for some time. Mrs. Price's many friends will regret to learn that she recently sustained a fall, fracturing two bones in her wrist.

Mr. Wm. Williams, formerly of the Peter McSweeney Co., of late working in St. John, has taken a position with the Brantford Carriage Co. at Truro.

Hon. C. H. LaBlanc was in the city Monday and went to Fredericton. He has been ill with a light attack of bronchitis for several days at his home in Dalhousie.

Rev. A. F. Burtt, of Shubenacadie, lectured to a fair audience in Trinity school room, St. John Monday evening on Jewish missions. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides and was highly interesting.

Miss Fannie Murray left on Monday for Harcourt Kent Co., to take charge of her school. The school has been closed for three months for repairs.

The Marion friends of Mr. Fred Walker will be glad to know that his health is so far recovered that he will be able to return to his duties in Vancouver in a few days.

Mr. C. T. Wilson of Amberst has started for Botwoodville, Nfld., to look after the interests of the Exploits Lumber Co. He expects to absent about four or five weeks.

Frank Melanson of the Joggins Mines has been appointed to a position in the I. C. R. shops at Moncton.

Miss George Bartlett, who has been taking a course in the hospital for trained nurses in Hartford, Conn., arrived home yesterday to spend a couple of months to recuperate after a tedious illness of typhoid fever.

Miss Bessie Jones left Monday night for Montreal to have another consultation with Dr. Butler as to her eyes. Miss Jones was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. S. Tritts.

CHATHAM.

APRIL 5.—The many friends of Mr. Fred Dyke are glad to see him in town again. He arrived from England Saturday night.

The patriotic concert which was given in the Masonic Hall Thursday and Friday evenings, in aid of the second contingent, was a great success in every respect. The hall was elaborately decorated for the occasion in a patriotic manner, and presented a beautiful appearance.

Miss Sude Creighton left for Lunenburg, N. S. last week. Her associate Sunday School and C. E. workers presented her with a beautiful gold bracelet, on the eve of her departure. Miss Creighton will be greatly missed among her young friends.

**WOODSTOCK.**

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

April 4.—Rev. W. C. Fowler, Kirkland, was in town on Monday.

H. Paxton Baird made a business trip to Boston last week.

Mrs. A. A. Gallagher attended the millinery fitting from crystaline in the face.

Mr. W. D. Cambell went to St. John last week to attend the wholesale meatmen's opening.

Conn. A. Bryson, of Parry, Victoria County, spent a couple of days in town last week.

Williamson Fisher who was taken suddenly ill on Sunday night, and suffered severely through Mon-

**CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Announcements underlined heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each line, additional lines, Five cents extra for each additional line.

WANTED Bicycle salesmen wanted in every

village and town in Canada. Good opportunity to add to their incomes. Excellent line, old established houses. Apply to St. John's, Vt., 176 Main Street.

LADY'S BICYCLE for \$22—an almost brand new Welland Vale Co. make, ridden only a half dozen times. Of the 1899 pattern and size. The Dunlop tires. Not damaged in the least. The steel cost \$40 cash. A bargain for somebody.

Communicate with "Dominion," care of Phoenix office.

## SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

on Thursday evening. The favors for choosing partners for the game were tiny silk Union Jacks with the names of the various British generals and besieged towns printed upon them. The prizes were won by Miss Irene Eaton and George Eaton. Mr. W. B. Genow and Miss Kate Washburn. After the game there was some music and dancing. Supper was served at twelve o'clock.

Ira L. Wainwright formerly with the bank of Nova Scotia in St. Stephen, is now attached to the head office staff in Toronto. His brother went with the first Canadian contingent to South Africa and is reported missing from Bloemfontein since March 1st.

Mrs. A. L. Tord gave a thimble party last Friday evening which was a most pleasant affair.

Miss Cora Maxwell is visiting Miss Braillard at Baddeck.

Mrs. J. W. Leeman and Mrs. McDermott returned on Saturday from Boston and New York where they attended leading social openings.

Miss Mable Marchie has gone to Boston for a visit of a week.

Miss Florence Sullivan has returned from a delightful visit with friends in Halifax.

Miss Frank Stoep is in St. Andrews visiting Mrs. G. D. Grimes.

Hal Boardman who is a student at Bowdoin college is at home for a brief vacation.

Mrs. Frank Woods gave a thimble party at her home yesterday afternoon for the pleasure of Miss Gertrude Nickerson.

## ST. GEORGE.

Armenia—Lent is slipping away and already we are looking forward to Easter. There has been very little going on socially. Society has been making up for its sins of omission and commission. Some have been steadily going to church Wednesday and Friday evening, while others have taken advantage of the weeks of quiet to stay at home and fashion for themselves articles of needlework with which to astonish the beholder later on.

Mrs. A. H. Baldwin and Mrs. Wallace have returned from St. John, where they have been attending the millinery openings.

Mrs. A. H. Lavers entertained at tea on Monday evening Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Miss Gillespie, Miss Russell and Dr. Alexander.

The friends of Mr. Fred McMaster and Mr. Guy Clinch will regret to hear of their serious illness with little if any hope of recovery. Mrs. Thomas Armstrong, etc., is also ill with lung trouble.

Miss Annie McVicar is on her way from Florida.

Miss Lizzie Dewar is contemplating a trip to Boston.

Mr. James O'Brien has returned from Fredericton.

Miss Seely and Miss Bessie O'Brien enjoyed a few days visit recently with Mr. Gilmour Stewart, Second Falls.

Rev. Mr. Lavers administered the rite of holy baptism to William McMaster on Sunday at the Sunday evening service. The right hand of fellowship was extended. Both services were very solemn and impressive.

Miss Bessie Stewart spent Sunday with friends in town.

## PARRSBORO.

(Progress is for sale at the Parrsboro Bookstore. Rev. H. K. and Mrs. McLean went to Truro on Wednesday to be present at the marriage of Mr. McLean's brother, Rev. J. Muuro to Miss Blanch Melson.

Mrs. C. H. Smith, Amherst, is here on account of the illness of her father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Gavin who have influenza. The larger half of the population is suffering from the same disease some very seriously.

Rev. and Mrs. McQuarie are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Everybody hailed with pleasure the arrival of the Evangeline on Monday to begin her trips for the season.

Miss Hattie Pettis has returned from an extended visit in Sussex.

Miss Maude Gillespie attended the millinery openings in Halifax.

Miss Winnie Cove, Springhill, is the guest of Mrs. Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman, Springhill, have been paying a visit to their son and his wife.

Rev. E. M. Dilley spent a short time here on his way to Wolfeville.

Dr. McDonald, Truro, has been in town introducing the lymph cure.

Miss Clara Kirkpatrick is spending some weeks in Halifax and Truro.

The boy choir which Mr. Charles Hillcoat is training will sing on Easter morning, their first appearance in church.

Mr. Lelecheur, St. John, is in Truro at the Grand Central.

Miss Annie Lavers left on Wednesday for Lowell Mass., where her sister Miss Alice Lavers is very ill.



## An Easter Package.

Easter Sunday, with Easter lilies white and pure, and the dainty dresses of women and children, will make you especially particular that on this day your linen shall be irreproachable.

## Let Us Launder It.

Costs no more to have your linen laundered our way than the ordinary way. Phone 214.

**AMERICAN LAUNDRY,**  
98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.  
**GODSON BROS.** - Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

*"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."*

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

**Impure Blood**—My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her. JOHN WILSON, Galt, Ont.

**Sarsaparilla**—Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me. SAMUEL E. DESAY, Annapolis, N. S.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

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

## MANY KIND OF OLIVES.

They are Imported from Spain and Bottled Here.

Most of the olives eaten in this country come from a territory of about a hundred miles in diameter, around the city of Seville, in Spain. They are imported in casks of 160 gallons each, the imitations, varying with the crop, ranging from 3,000 to 6,000 casks a year, and averaging about 4,000 casks.

Olives are sorted in Spain, according to sizes, and each big cask is filled with olives of approximately the same size. There are twelve trade sizes. Formerly the several sizes were described by names; now they are more commonly known in the trade by numerical designations, the names indicating the number of olives to the kilogramme. Thus, 75's means olives that will count from 70 to 80 to the kilogramme.

The olives are imported in brine. Formerly many olives were imported already packed in bottles, but almost all the olives sold in this country are now packed here. The work is done chiefly by women and girls. There are ingenious machines for pitting olives that are put up pinned, but no machine has yet been invented for putting the olive into the bottle with the symmetrical arrangement in which they are now so commonly seen. This work, the building of the wall of olives around the inside of the bottle, where it may be seen through the glass, is all done by hand the filler placing each olive in the bottle separately with tongs made for the purpose every olive and row being arranged with care and precision, so that the effect of the whole is attractive and pleasing. This is slow work for beginners, but experts come to fill bottles very rapidly, and perfectly as well, and with such deftness of touch on the tongs as not to bruise or mar the olives in the handling. The interior space having been packed to its capacity the bottle is filled with a specially prepared brine, to its capacity to be then corked, capped and labelled, the bottles being then packed in cases.

Olives are put up in a great variety of packages; a single packer in New York uses bottles in hundred different sizes and styles. Olives are put up in better shape in this country than anywhere else. The glass used in making the American bottles are more perfect in form, the olives are more handsomely packed in the bottles and the bottles are better labelled, the whole package, in fact, is better and more sightly in appearance.

Olives are packed nowadays in this country in other cities than New York, but the chief importations come to this port, and more olives are packed here than at any other point. From this city olives are distributed all over the country, and carry load lots of olives, either in bulk or in glass, are not uncommon shipments.

No Sport or, he Mi-took the Word.

**Farmer Greene**—"I daon't know what ther dence few make aout of our new colored neighbor, Peleg. I think he's pulm loony."

Peleg—"Haow's that?"

**Farmer Greene**—"Wa-al, tew be friendly like, sez I tew him this mornin'; 'Haow's craps, neighbor?' 'So-so, sez he, pullin' aot three little dices. 'Wud yo' laik to mingle de bones wid me dis mawmin?' Naow what dew yew think o' that?"

Some Works Required.

It is well not to overstep the line beyond which the exercise of faith becomes something like negligence.

"I tell you, brudders" exclaimed a young colored pastor, which was preaching a sermon on faith, "we haven't half enough of it! De Lord will watc'h over our uprisin' an' our downsettin' of we only go faith like a grain o' musta'd seed!" He

just hint to your

friends that if they must give you silver-plated spoons, forks or knives, the best kind to buy are those marked

Its Origin.

The world is mine! shouted Monte Cristo.

Thus was the first intimation of the Standard Oil Trust given to the universe.

Only two kinds.

She—I'd like to go to the theatre to night.

He—All right. Which would you rather see—a bad good play, or a good bad play?

A Test.

'Love,' cried the poet, 'love will conquer all things.'

—H'm! replied the misanthrope; 'did you ever try it on the grip?'

The Family Opinion.

Her Father—I think that young Dandy who's calling here is pretty small potatoes.

Her Little Brother—Guess that's why she's mashed on him.

## A pure hard Soap

## SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

ain't gwine to let no hahm come to us," he went on, fervently, "if we ju' ex'cise faith!"

"All de same, Bruddah Tint," spoke up the white-haired old patriarch upon whom rested the burden of looking after the temporal affairs of the church. "We're goin' to keep di' yester meetin'-house insured agin fire an' fightin'."

The Hero of Matlock.

Colonel Baden Powell, who, at the outbreak of the Transvaal war, asked to be placed in "a warm corner," has now held his "little corner" long enough to break all British siege records, including that of Lucknow. The place he has held so long, by the way, is pronounced Mat-kung, not Mat-king. In regard to the colonel himself, Dr. Haig Brown, his former headmaster at Charter House has this to say:

"I notice that the name is invariably mispronounced," said the doctor. "The 'a' in Baden is generally given the sound 'ah,' but it should have the usual sound of 'a,' as in 'Bathing Towel,' which was his nickname among the boys at school. The boy was essentially the father of the man; he was very active, lively full of fun and exceedingly popular with his schoolfellows."

The colonel's father was the late Professor Baden-Powell, and he is descended on his mother's side from a family which achieved distinction in the naval service. He was educated at Charter House, and at the age of nineteen he joined the 18th Hussars, serving as adjutant with his regiment in India, Afghanistan, in South Africa. Thus he made the acquaintance

to be resumed on more than one memorable occasion afterward. He was despatched to Cape Town again in 1887 as assistant military secretary to General Sir Henry Smith. He held his appointment for two years, and during that period he served in the Zululand operations, and came in for mention in the despatches—always an honor, but even more so in those days than now.

Then he was appointed Military Secretary to the Governor of Malta, who, though he had no power to do so, gave him the local and temporary rank of major. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was Commander-in-Chief at the time, and by his command Baden-Powell had to substitute two stars for the one crown on his shoulder cords. His next step made him the youngest colonel in the British army.

What's Wrong With Kansas?

An eastern travelling through Kansas recently heard a great many tall corn stories, and thought he would tell some of them in a home letter. This was how he did it:

"Most of the streets are paved the grains of corn being used for cobblestones, while the cobs are hollowed out and used for sewer pipe. The hunk when taken off whole and stood on end makes a nice tent for the children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feed man tell the driver to take a dozen grains of horse feed over to Jackson's livery stable. If it were not for soft, deep soil here I don't see how they ever would harvest the corn, as the stalks would grow up in the air as high as a methodist church steeple. However,

when the ears get too heavy, their weight presses the stock down in the ground on an average of ninety-two feet; this brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an axe."

The Opinion of a Home-Hunter.

"Oh, what a perfectly delightful, great big bedroom!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenpenny, the agent who was showing her a house with the view of renting it.

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied the agent, "but that is not a bedroom. It is a closet."

"A closet? Gracious! it's too small entirely for a closet."

The Part She Didn't Like.

The other day, a wee little woman who lives in a suburb saw and heard a donkey for the first time, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She talks about it continually after getting home. It was a "good donkey"; it was also a "beautiful donkey." In fact, the child went completely through her small store of adjectives. And when her

father came home at night he heard the adjectives all over again.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee.

"Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well, but I didn't like to hear him donk."

Disease Germs Flourish in Dirty Carpets.

Have yours cleaned and the colors restored by our famous renovating process. Also dusting done without injury to pile. Ungar's Laundry, Dying and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

## ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

St. John:

APRIL 2nd, 1900.  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—  
I shall be a Candidate for the Office of

## MAYOR.

at the Election to be held in this City on the 17th instant, and respectfully solicit your votes in support of my candidature. I desire to prove that I am worthy of the position and to see my influence towards having the various services of the City carried on with efficiency and economy, and believe that my former experience in business and life will aid me materially in accomplishing this object.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

In the election to be held on the 17th instant.

This civic year has been one of unusual interest and anxiety. I have endeavored to perform my duties faithfully, and the strictures I have met with in the Council have induced me to seek the honorable position of your chief magistrate, in the event of which I shall continue to do all in my power to promote the public welfare and advance the interest of St. John.

Yours faithfully,

EDW. SEARS.

## BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER"

1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design,

# PROGRESS.

Pages 9 to 16.

Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

## A MIXTURE OF OFFENSES.

Magistrate Ritchie Disposed of a Variety of Cases Last Monday.

A variety of cases were introduced into the Police Court last Monday morning, in fact Monday morning is pretty nearly always sure to be interesting in Magistrate Ritchie's domain, but the first day of this week was particularly so. His Honor entered the judgement hall, those seating rose from their chairs deferentially and the machinery of justice was set in motion.

A drunk was called and tagging nervously at his hat pleaded guilty. The usual questions, "where did you get that liquor?" etc., were put to him, he being a Saturday night offender, and a fine of four dollars or ten days imposed.

Liquor lover number two straightforwardly acknowledged his guilt. A handsome fellow, whose confused actions and genuine blushes of shame told that he was somewhat of a stranger to the situation. He was fined eight dollars or twenty days in jail, and after a few minutes a friend handed over the required amount to the clerk and the prisoner was freed.

The next fellow on the prisoner's bench was a lad from the country. He had come in from Sussex, how or when he could not clearly recollect, but when the police found him he was in a perfectly helpless state of intoxication, so much so that he had to be carried to the place of incarceration. Walking up, as it were, in the presence of a city judge and without any friends about the Sussex lad was in a bad plight. He told that he got his liquor in the country, and was fined, or go to jail.

An old offender next faced the Magistrate. It was no new experience to him. Beside being drunk and violently resisting the officers who lugged him to the Water street lockup, he had badly bitten the thumb of one of them. For this show of blood thirstiness His Honor added to the penalty and said \$24 and 3 months jail. In defence the whiskey-throated jail frequenter said: "Shure they must be choked to death if we're harrad for Oi hav a sore throat now, yer Haner fer l."

A whole flock of Assyrians gathered about the Clerk next, like a miniature of the Croesus capture. They were there in answer to a summons about business licenses. The Chamberlain's receipts for taxes were presented, but it was explained after frantic efforts that they must get the proper papers from the Mayor's office. It finally turned out that most of the summed foreigners did their selling outside of city limits.

Then an Erin street householder had an Erin street grocerman up for threatening to break his neck, which was only a very late phase of a long-standing bad feeling between them. The householder had owed the grocery \$20.00 since Christmas and seemed loathe to pay it, while the man of sugar and soap was becoming wroth about it, and swore he'd sue for the amount. He said he had called several times for the money, but the debtor's wife had locked the door in his face. In reply to his threat of suing the account the householder said he would have the grocer arrested for insulting his wife on the street, the "insult" turning out to be a reminder "about that little matter." There was no denying that the grocer had threatened to break his neighbour's "head rest," in an excited moment and His Honor fined him two dollars, which was promptly paid.

Matters were just now about in full swing when a Chinaman all cut and bruised about the face shuffled into court looking for a whole heap of justices and redress to be served in a chunk.

The Mongolian had no sooner been ushered to a paw when the highly elated Erin street householder, who was about to leave for home, was arrested in full view of everybody by Constable McLeod, and hurried downstairs into the guardroom and thence to the jail. Chief Clarke saw the transaction and knew it to be wrong, as no man can be arrested in a Court of Justice, so after no little flurry of words and comment the prisoner for debt was ordered to court. His wife in the meantime had rushed breathlessly back and established her husband's claim to being illegally arrested but when His Honor offered the householder his liberty as far as his home on Erin street he refused it, saying he intended "swearing out" and might as well do so now as at another time. A compromise was arrived at with the Constable whereby he would pay a quarter a week until the small debt of two year's standing was eliminated. This was not the grocer's

## LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

### A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

#### Understand.

The Chinaman's case was put off until Tuesday, as was also the case against Mrs. McCutcheon for selling liquor in the old Central House on King Square, a place which of late bears no too good a name.

With the splitting of a few other peace fractures the Magistrate and Clerk sighed deeply, and retired to their offices.

#### SKEPTICAL COACH DRIVERS.

They Viewed St. John's First Horseless Carriage and Criticized.

Coachmen and liveried stable men are, if anything, more than average in the matter of mind-your-own-business and perhaps no class of citizen goes about his work with more of that spirit of concentration, which the how-to-succeed writers consider so necessary nowadays. But a veritable lightning shell burst in the St. John coachmen's camp early in the week—an automobile, or to be more explanatory a vehicle alongside of which the time honored and hill-tested horses cut no kind of a figure.

It was the anti-horseless of the machine that attracted the cabbies and liverymen, who viewed it at the National Cycle & Automobile Co's headquarters on King street Wednesday with all sorts of eyes, incredulous, wondering, suspicious and zealous. The inanimate steam car was critically scrutinized, sarcastically spoken of, its "finish" was quite within the range of the visitor's vision and dire things were predicted for it when it tackled several well-known hills about it is fit to eat.

#### Driving an Accomplishment in St. John.

"Do you know," said a well known city horseman to PROGRESS on Thursday, "that St. John has as many dangerous spots, from the standpoint of a horse driver, as any city in America, proportionately speaking. For instance, what more hurry-scurry corner and crossing would you want than the head of King street at any busy hour of the twenty-four, with the broad square a most tempting gambling-ground for a fractious steed. You have also to be very careful in the rush of teams and cars at the foot of King street, to say nothing of the car track traps. The transfer corner on Mill street makes you look about carefully before driving around it, for there is always a mixup of traffic of all kinds at this junction. From the standpoint for a pedestrian that short crossing between the Grand Union Hotel and the depot is a risky one, especially when coaches to the trains is heavy and the coachmen are thinking of everything else, but the people on the streets.

Yes sir, our own little city turns out some clever reinisters, that is horsemen and horsewomen, why?, because as I have just told you they are trained to keep a cool head on their shoulders and to be handy with the ribbons when they get into a tight place at any of the many places in town where the teaming tide runs swift, and people and cars interfere."

#### America's Hymn in the Philippines.

Dean Worcester, one of the best authorities on the Philippine Islands, told a story recently at a dinner party in Washington to show the feeling which the Filipinos entertained for the late General Lawton. A town had been taken, and as usual in Lawton's command, there was no burning or looting, and the head man of the town was greatly affected by the difference between the American occupation and a Spanish occupation some years before, when everything had been destroyed and the inhabitants massacred.

"I was sitting one evening with General

Lawton in his little house," said Mr. Worcester, "when a native band came to

surrender the officer. I called the leader in, and said that he ought to know the Star Spangled Banner, and whistled it over for

him a few times.

"Inside of an hour the band was back again, and playing the American air in good form. A native priest asked General

Lawton and myself to attend mass at the church on the following day. We were surprised to hear during the solemn music

the strains of America's native air. We

were afterward told by the priest that he

should always in memory of General Lawton, include the patriotic air in his sacred music at the church."

#### Harmless Germs.

In the abundant talk about bacteria,

during these later years there is cause for alarm to those in whom a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. If the air is swarming with bacilli, say they, where is safety?

How shall the human organism protect itself?

At first, the wind of science swept us into mad generalization. Germs were everywhere, and all germs were harmful;

therefore, the more food, clothing and

coins were sterilized, the better for us.

Then, when it was discovered that not

only the food we eat, the air we breathe,

but the surface and cavities of our bodies,

swarmed with bacteria, while we might be

enjoying robust health, it was decided that only certain forms of germ growth were harmful. These were labelled with great care and ingenuity, until it seemed as if every disease was at last provided with its specific cause; and as soon as that was done, a further advance in science made us aware that even a specific disease-germ has no power except under favorable conditions, where the body is disposed to that it at twelve thousand.

During a single season one hundred and forty-eight thousand postal cards, bearing the picture of the national Niederwald

Monument of Germany, were sent through the post. This beautifully situated memorial, erected to commemorate the success of the Fatherland in the Franco German war, is annually visited by a large number of patriots and foreign tourists. It is little wonder that they send a picture of it to their friends.

It is probably for the same reason that an equal number of Kyffhauser Monument cards go through the post. The old tower of the castle at Heidelberg figured on no less than thirty-six thousand cards in one season.

Not only does Germany print these attractive little souvenirs for her own use, but she exports large quantities of them. More than half the total number made go to other countries. South America, Australia, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Sweden, are the principal customers.

It is no wonder the post cards are in demand, for they are really attractive. The first order of things, when the picture on the card was of very crude workmanship, has passed way. Chambers Journal is responsible for the statement that many of the German cards are now, for finish and clearness of detail, superior to the illustrations of the best monthly magazines.

Topical post cards are in great request. The "Peace Conference" card, with photographs of half a dozen of the peace delegates has lately been a favorite.

So-called "art" post-cards are in vogue at present; abstract subjects handled in line or monochrome by clever artists. A fragile and costly novelty is a thin strip of wood, of regular post-card size, with a scene hand-painted in oils on the back.

The gallant Sikhs had thrown themselves into squares, and in this formation they for a long time resisted the desperate charges of the English cavalry just as stubbornly as the British infantry had resisted the French cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Again and again did the Sixteenth Lancers strive to break through the sullen masses of the Sikhs; again and again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter.

As the lancers got close enough to deliver their thrusts, their weapons would splinter like matchwood upon the stout shields of their swarthy foes. Suddenly an inspiration came to the troopers.

Without receiving any orders to that effect, but as if controlled by an unconscious impulse, they suddenly shifted their lances to the bridle hand and charged in once more. The Sikhs, entirely unprepared for this sudden and masterly maneuver, received in their bodies instead of

on their targets the deadly spear points of the horsemen.

Into and through the squares swept the Sixteenth, with lances as crimson as their tunics. Even so, it is recorded that the resistance was so desperate and sustained that the Sikh square had to be ridden through again and yet again ere they were finally destroyed and dispersed.

Long Names For Automobiles.

"What is the longest word in the language?" is an inquiry that frequently turns up in an editor's mail. If some other languages were in question, he would dread to see it; the answer would take too much space.

Thus in Berlin one Herr Thien, who has long been prominent in local transportation interests, has recently established a motor cab service. The pleasing German name for his vehicles is "automobilex amsterdroschen." It is said that despite the preposterous title, the new cabs are remarkably handsome and graceful.

But if the is anything in a name, the motor carriages introduced into some parts of Belgium should instantly become sway-backed and top-heavy. The Flemish word for automobile is "snelspardeloozoonderspoorwegpetrolrijtuig."

On!

Fish as carmen? What nonsense!

Really! Why, even the shad does!

A Casual Glance.

Mrs. Hymen—"Did you notice the gentleman who got off the car?"

Mrs. Ankash—"The brunet man in a brown suit and derby, wearing a polka-dot scarf and opal pin, chrysanthemum, patent leather, tan gloves, and smoking a cigarette? I didn't observe him closely. Did he speak to us?"

On!

Fish as carmen? What nonsense!

Really! Why, even the shad does!

at night he heard the ad-

in.

ed the donkey, darling,

taking the tiny lass on

I liked him. That is, I

ell, but I didn't like to.

burgh in Dirty Carpet-

ned and the colors. Re-

novating process.

without injury to pile.

Dying and Carpet-

3 to 24 Waterloo.

CARDS.

ors of the City of

APRIL 2nd, 1900.

TLEMEN.—

andidate for the Office of

AYOR.

held in this City on the 17th.

collect your votes and support me to make the services of the City carried on more economically and believe that my

Alermans will aid me

to do in all my power to

advocate and advance the interest

EDW. SEARS.

SWELL "FLYER"

new ideas, new design, 14 in.

Johnson Springers, 14 in.

made in every detail. Fitted

tires, \$3.00; with Dunlop tires,

\$3.50; with 22 and 24 in. tires,

\$3.50; black and maroon

bikes.

we will ship a

on receipt of \$1.00.

The guarantee of Express charges

and the balance due us

will chance to a good agent

You are your choice of cash

one of one or two wheels, ac-

re work done for us

Y USED, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Secure agency at once.

& SON, MONTREAL

ire For Men.

ch quickly cures sexual weakness,

impotency, premature discharge, etc.

Building, Detroit, Mich.

tip of this wonderful remedy to

weak man may cure himself of

work

aires.

ple reading advertisements of

ays, saying that money could be

realized, realize that the richest

commence life in a humble

to their fortune through stock ex-

changes.

so are thousands of others who

are here still can offer, which is

speculator the same opportunities

as to others in the past. The small

businesses sold in 10 shares

for \$100.

estimated as to how speculations are

information and market letter

application by letter to:

SKALLER & CO.

KERS & BROKERS,

ED STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG.

ADWAY, NEW YORK.

## The Mystery OF THE Mountain Pass

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS.

## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

POOR HERO!

I turned the dog out, without replying; then I came back, and walked straight up to Lady Gramont.

"I must apologize to you for Nero's strange behavior," I said. "I have never known him act like this before—except once."

She was white to the lips.

Everyone else, thought of course, it was the fear of being bitten that had caused her to turn so deadly pale; but I knew well it was a deeper fear.

She forced herself to give me a gracious answer, and even to smile faintly.

"Poor fellow! You must not scold him; it was probably only fun, she said. "But I am such a coward."

"I should not have thought you were a coward, Lady Gramont," I answered, in a slow distinct voice, and looking full into her face as I spoke. "On the contrary, I should have expected to find you exceptionally brave."

"Oh, no, indeed! I am not brave at all," she murmured, sinking into a chair, and shading her face with a feather firescreen. "I felt sure she afraid of betraying agitation and discomposure. Vera came up to me, and touched me lightly on the arm.

"When was the other time that your dog attacked anyone, Sir Douglas? You said you had never known him act like this but once."

I replied to Vera; but my eyes were on her mother all the time.

"It is nearly a year ago," I said, slowly.

"Last Christmas Eve, Nero flew at a woman as suddenly, and seemingly as unaccountably, as he flew at Lady Gramont just now."

"And did he hurt her?" questioned Vera.

"I am bound to say he did," I answered gravely. "He bit her so severely that I had to cauterize the wound. She will carry the mark of it to her grave."

"And you can keep such a dog a dog as that!" exclaimed Sir Harold. "Really, Douglas, I am surprised at you!"

Lady Gramont said nothing; only sat with her beautiful eyes cast down; her fingers toying restlessly with the feather screen; her face ashy pale.

That night Gwynne and I sat up to smoke a pipe together.

He sat opposite me; and I, looking on his fine, noble face, wondered how he would bear it if he had to be told that Beatrice Gramont was unworthy of his love. In my heart I half believed it would be his death blow; at any rate, it would kill all that was best in him.

He would never hold up his head again with that frank, proud movement, and look at me with eyes that spoke of measurable content, as he was looking at me now.

When a man loves for the first time in his life at forty three, his love is apt to enter into the very deepest recesses of his being—especially if he be a man of strong deep nature, and the woman whom he loves is passing fair.

Sir Harold so loved Beatrice Gramont, that I was sure he would far rather have died than have had to believe in her disloyalty. Should I tell him my suspicions?

I asked myself this as he sat opposite me tranquilly smoking a cigar; and I answered the question with an unfeeling "No!"

In the first place, it would be of no use.

He simply would not believe me.

That fanless similarity of voice, with nothing to support it except Nero's strange antagonism, would not have had a feather's weight with him.

He would be furious to think that anyone should dare to breathe a word against his worshipped Beatrice.

No; it was quite useless to speak at present, I decided.

I must have further proofs; I must watch and wait, and, perhaps, I should be able to discover whether Lady Gramont had, or had not the scar of a cauterized wound upon her arm.

Gwynne had seemed in deep thought for a minute or two, when suddenly he looked across at me and laughed.

"Well, old fellow!" I queried, not feeling at all in a laughing mood myself.

"I was thinking about you, Jack. To tell you the truth, I was thinking how odd it would be if ever I should be your papa-in-law. I should be sure, you know, in a way, if you were to marry Vera."

"I—marry Vera!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Whatever has made you think of such a thing as that?"

"I beg your pardon, if I've made a mistake, Jack; but, upon my honor, I really thought you were getting attached to the child."

"That's just it. I am attached—to the child. But then, one doesn't think of marrying children."

"Vera is sixteen on New Year's Day," said Gwynne, quietly puffing at his cigar. "Her mother was married before she was as old as that."

"Oh, nonsense, Hal!" I exclaimed, sharply, so sharply that he looked at me in surprise.

I could not have defined my feelings at that moment, but I knew that they were extremely unpleasant, if not absolutely painful ones.

I felt, for all the world, as though the meshes of a web were tightening round me

come from the direction of the stables, and the house of Sir Thomas's head groom was a little beyond them.

Nero was there.

Had Lady Gramont's nocturnal ramble had anything to do with him?

I turned her all over as I debated the question.

In less than five minutes I had got my clothes on, and was out of the house.

Come what might I felt I must know whether my dear old dog was safe.

The stables were not more than a hundred yards away, and Dixon's house was about as far again.

I tore along in the darkness at a rapid pace, feeling wildly excited, and yet with a curious sinking at my heart.

The snow was falling fast now—so fast that the prints of Lady Gramont's feet were quite covered up; but indeed even if they had remained, they would not have been discernible in the darkness.

I passed the stables.

All was quiet there—not a sound to disturb the stillness.

I hurried swiftly on to Dixon's house, hoping each moment to hear my faithful old Nero's bark.

But no; all continued silent—as silent as the grave.

At length Dixon's house came in sight.

Surely, there was something—a dark mass—lying just outside the gate.

I strained my eyes to see what it was, and that horrible sinking at my heart increased.

I fancied it was Nero, and I knew that, if he was alive, I could scarcely have approached him thus nearly, without his springing up to meet me.

Another moment, and I was close enough to see what that dark object was.

It was, indeed, Nero; but he was in the agonies of death.

Even as I sprang forward, and called him by his name, he breathed his last, turning his glazing eyes upon me, and making a faint, unavailing effort to kick my hand.

He had been poisoned—by whom I could not doubt.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHAT I SAW IN THE CORRIDOR.

For some time I knelt beside the lifeless body of my poor dog.

I rubbed his fast stiffening form in unavailing attempts to restore; and, when I had to own that all was over, I silently registered a vow that Beatrice Gramont should answer to me for this last foul deed.

It may seem unnatural, but my horror and indignation against her were aroused to a higher pitch by the death of my dog than they had been by the murder of a human being.

Then I had been willing to believe she was a wronged woman, and that, possibly, the fatal shot had been fired when she was maddened by her wrongs.

But the death of my poor Nero had been fully deliberate.

She had stolen out, by night, stealthily and of set purpose, to poison him, and for this, in my heart of hearts, I vowed to be revenged.

I would make her suffer, even though it were not publicly.

She should suffer all the tortures of suspense and dread, even though, in the end, I must needs spare her the rigours of the law—for Vera's sake.

"For Vera's sake! I set my teeth hard as I thought of this.

It seemed so horrible that she, that fiend in human form, should be Vera's mother. It made me wince, as if beneath some fierce, intolerable torture.

I do not know how long I knelt in the snow beside my poor Nero; but I do know that the slow heavy tears coursed down my face as I thought of all his wonderful wisdom and all his loving faithfulness.

A man finds so few truly faithful friends in his passage through the world, that he may surely spare the tribute of tears when he loses one, whether it be man or dog.

But at last I rose, and resolved what I would do.

My first impulse had been to knock up Dixon, but a little thought convinced me it would be wiser not to do so.

I would make no outcry about the dog's death; I would not have it known I myself had come out at midnight and found him dying.

It might place Beatrice Gramont too much on her guard.

If she chose to fancy I should ascribe the death to some hand other than hers, she

remembered that Lady Gramont had

thoughts all confused and chaotic. I undressed and got into bed; but I had not lain there more than five minutes when a tear darted into my mind which made me spring up as though I had been shot.

I remembered that Lady Gramont had

been to her own room, for I could hear the soft swish of her skirts as she went by my door.

Where had she been? and upon what errand?

There was some inscrutable mystery about this woman.

I could not fathom her.

I could not even guess what her past had been.

With thoughts all confused and chaotic, I undressed and got into bed; but I had not lain there more than five minutes when a tear darted into my mind which made me spring up as though I had been shot.

If she chose to fancy I should ascribe the death to some hand other than hers, she

remembered that Lady Gramont had

been to her own room, for I could hear the soft swish of her skirts as she went by my door.

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There is not a medicine in use which possesses the confidence of the public, and it is well known that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has stood the test of time, and has maintained its high standard and popularity from that day to this. It is a medicine that has been used and endorsed since 1810, to relieve or cure every form of pain and inflammation: is Safe, Soothing, Sure. Otherwise it could not have existed for almost a century.

J. S. JOHNSON, Esq.—Fifty years ago, your father, Dr. Johnson, left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For almost half a century I have used it, and it has always been a favorite with me, and I have found it to be a valuable remedy.

JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, January, 1891.

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JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford,

Sunday  
Reading.

The Roads of Old.

The roads of old, how fair they glistened,  
How long each winding way was deemed!

In days gone by how wondrous high  
Their little hills and houses seemed.

The morning road that led to school  
Was framed in dews, that clung as cool

To children's feet as waves that beat  
About the sunbeams in a pool;

The river road that crept beside  
The dreamy older-bordered tide,

Where fish at play on Saturday  
Left some young hopes ungratified;

The valley road that wandered through

Twine-val— and heard no wind that beat;  
The cow-bell's clank from either bank

Was all the noise it ever knew;

The village road that used to drop

Its daltons at the blacksmith shop,

And leaves some trace of rustic grace

To tempt the busiest eye to stop;

The woodland road whose winding slim

Were known to watchers straight and slim;

How slow it moved, as if it loved

Each listening leaf and arching limb;

The market road that felt the charm

Of lights on many a sleepy farm,

When whirling clock and crowing cock

Gave forth the marketman's alarm;

These all renew their older spell,

With rocky cliff and sunny dell,

They bordered childhood's country well.

And who near them used to dwell

Can tell the same old story tall,

That on them went young-eyed Constant.

They bordered childhood's country well.

—Ethelwyna Wetherald.

Heroes and Heretics.

Still lying where we laid you down

And left you, speaking low,

Adieu by the quiet that had grown

From tumult—long ago!

But now the stillness seems not strange;

"Tis hard to realize

There ever was stormy change

From dark to sunny skies.

You seem another breed of men,

Of heroes long extinct,

Who dwelt and died beyond our ken,

To ancient heroes linked.

But lo, the shock of far-off tray

Has loosed the seals of sight,

And shows me men will die to-day

For what they deem is right!

And those shall lie beneath the grass

While come and go the days,

And men will know that heroes pass

But herold stays.

—Edward N. Pomeroy.

A Study of the Parables.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh."

Schisms are social "growing pains."

Revolutions are the test of human progress

This is a parable of revolution.

\*\*

Nicodemus was a man, a pharisee, a

rule of the Jews; or, in terms of the

same time, a voter, a strictly orthodox

church member and practical politician.

He came to Jesus out of hours, not to lend

a hand but to borrow a yeast cake of truth

to "set" with a batch of lies and form an

anti-hypocrite league.

He began by saying:

"My dear sir, anybody must see that

you are all right in the abstract."

Your teaching justifies itself as "come from

God. Your radical utterances are exactly

what we need to stir up and educate public

sentiment. I agree with you in principles,

but of course not in practice. As a prac-

tical man I "take things as they are."

I am an expert in "method," a student of

the science of the second-worst, a Chris-

tian "half-loaf;" but I am willing to go

with you as far as I can. I will accept

your views and you accept my methods.

We must emphasize our agreements, not

our disagreements. I will embody your

teaching in a Sanhedrin resolution, and it

will go through at the next meeting easily

enough. Nobody will feel like fighting it,

because, as I say, it is "from God"; but

neither, of course, will anybody feel like

trying to express it in actual life. So,

naturally, we shall never mention it in our

union meetings. We must not throw mud

at the church! But on the other hand we

can and will strive together to combine

high ideals and low ideals the best we can

under the circumstances. It is plain God

is with you, but so are the scribes and

pharisees if you work it right. We are

the chosen people. God is our King; but

Caesar and these others must be reckoned

with; otherwise you waste your influence

and throw your strength away.

\*\*

Jesus answered: You recommend me to

teach men to push forward by backing

down myself. You advise me to teach

them to be born from below, not because

it is right, but because it is easy. Verily,

verily, I say unto you, except a man be

born from above, he cannot see the king-

dom of God." Better one apple for the

labor of an apple tree than a hundred

bushels of haws!

\*\*

Nicodemus replied: Your language is

too figurative. I perceive that you are

more of a poet than a statesman. This is

## PNEUMONIA

leaves the lungs weak and opens the door for the germs of Consumption. Don't wait until they get in, and you begin to cough. Close the door at once by healing the inflammation.

**Scott's Emulsion** makes the lungs germ-proof; it heals the inflammation and closes the doors. It builds up and strengthens the entire system with wonderful rapidity.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

A new use for the word 'born'; just what do you mean?

Jesus said: Simply this, that the Jewish people can never come into their own kingdom, individually or as a nation, by education or adaptation to evil conditions, but by regeneration, again and always.

An apple-blossom is a rebellion against a wooden basis. Not that it goes to war with the tree; it depends upon it, co-operates with it, but never involves backward into bark and leaves. It gets frozen and fails. That is the sun's fault. It runs up its colors next year. A drought withers it. That is the sun's fault, too, but it never dips its flag. Finally its year comes and the tree marches into the autumn a conqueror through its own up-persisting bloom that would not either compete or compromise, a new tree, born from above and henceforth known by its fruit.

So, the birth of a man is the forthcoming of a new life out of an old, a secession, a declaration of independence, an adoption of a new constitution. Until the new machinery gets under way and catches the rhythm of the mother-life, the old heart, the old will, the old nerves furnish the motive power. When the new creature cries the signal to cast off, the cord is cut, but, by the old life. The power is behind.

\*\*

These blossoming in plants and animals are the beginnings of liberty.

Meanwhile, from first to last, 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh,' born from below, delivered by the ancestor or left to perish, drawn by the spirit but as yet unchoosing what or whether. The finest monkeys ever made begot other monkeys; that is all. Not quite all! For in these improved monkeys by natural selection—liberty, the old will, the old nerves furnish the motive power. When the new creature cries the signal to cast off, the cord is cut, but, by the old life.

The point of Mr. Moody's anecdote seems to be that the young recruit was true to the conscience he had. He prayed 'as he was brought up to do,' and not to have done so would have been to him not to pray at all. The result showed that his course was the right one—as it certainly was the brave one.

Finally some tall young simian, accidentally walking upright with a club in his hand and his forehead toward the stars. Thought. The angel of liberty appeared and said: You do not have to be an ape. You ought to be and can be a man. I am sent to set it before you. Choose! And the next morning when the public sentiment of his species was swinging itself down by the tail, with nuts for breakfast and ambushing about on 'all fours' he stood erect upon his club feet, 'toeing out,' the best he could, and said: I am a man. Monkey, too, in his coarse hair and his club feet and thumbs—hands—his flesh, in short—but born from above, a man. Free-will had made a beginning. Slavery was doomed. The yoke of the past was cast off. The spirit had risen in rebellion. The fight was on to a finish.

\*\*

Then education, that had worked the ozone and the sea, and the stream and the forest from the first, became the accredited and conscious drill master of coming revolutions. Tools, weapons, architecture, came on. Greece came of it, with art, literature, science—nearly perfect, in the end. Rome followed with law, organization, civil service. Germany broke in from the north with industry, individualism and brute persistence, and then the swarm of German revolutions. But from the 'crank' up to the Renaissance, civilization got ahead by spiritual regeneration, however dimly apprehended.

\*\*

In the midst came Jesus explaining, expounding the Spirit. Speaking no ill of the flesh or the past but showing that man's true allegiance was to the Spirit and the future; saying: 'Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God.' That is to say, civilization is bound to fail, the Jewish theocracy is a farce, perfected individual character is impossible, unless men will go for progressive regeneration; never despising old forms lest we fail to fulfill all righteousness; nor neglecting education lest we fail to make 'body

as we grow and bloom, and come out, and rebel, and be separate, UPWARD, as the Spirit guides 'into all truth.'

The difference between Spirit and wood, or flesh, is choice. When the time of the apple bud comes, it has to bloom. When the flesh is hidden it must obey. But when a man is called of God to break camp and move to a new position, he may refuse. And in the case of a nation, equally, when education has a revolution organized, it may falter or compromise or surrender to the flesh. In which event the man or nation produces the abortion of an epoch and the flesh goes to its own place, corruption, grave worms, dust. Except a man being born from above, he can not realize the Kingdom of his Father.'

\*\*

The Recruit's Courage.

One of Mr. Moody's life illustrations concerns a young man who enlisted in the army and went into camp with fifteen new comrades. The first night, at bedtime, he knelt by his bunk and prayed. The other men who had spent the time between drill and 'tape' smoking and playing cards, jeered at him, and finally pelted him with every loose thing they could find to throw.

He persevered, and the same scene was repeated for several nights, till the persecution grew so violent that he asked the chaplain what he had better do.

'Well,' said the chaplain, after hearing the story, 'you are not at home now, and the other men have just as much right to do what they please in the barrack-room as you have. Since it makes them angry to see you pray, and the Lord will hear you just as well if you say your prayers in bed, perhaps it would be as well to do so and not provoke them.'

Some time passed before it occurred to the chaplain to inquire if his advice had been followed. The answer was:

'I followed it for two nights, and felt moaner than a whipped hound. The third night I got up and prayed on my knees just as I was brought up to do.'

'And what was the effect?'

'Why, three of the fellows have joined me now, and I am sure there are several more who would like to. In fact, there is a prayer meeting in our mess every evening.'

Questions of duty and expediency receive different answers from different persons, as they do from the young soldier and his chaplain. Men may be alike stanch in principle who are unlike in their ways of demonstrating it. Mr. Gladstone in London and Daniel in Babylon were both praying men, but both did not pray through open windows. Each had the conscience of his education, and felt the obligation of his place.

The point of Mr. Moody's anecdote seems to be that the young recruit was true to the conscience he had. He prayed 'as he was brought up to do,' and not to have done so would have been to him not to pray at all. The result showed that his course was the right one—as it certainly was the brave one.

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The society reporter of a daily

## The Prince of Wales.

Some Incidents Connected With His Visit to Washington Years Ago.

The report from London that the Prince of Wales will visit this country next summer in the course of a tour through Canada is in harmony with a long established belief that he has a great personal desire to come a second time to the United States. The Prince has always had a cordial feeling for this country, and has repeatedly spoken to Americans of the delightful visit he made to the States in 1860. That visit was made at the instance of President Buchanan, who through Queen Victoria, invited the young Prince to extend his tour through Canada to the United States. Both President Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, had met the Prince. Mr. Buchanan, having been United States Minister at the Court of St. James during the administration of President Pierce, and Miss Lane having lived in London with him. Queen Victoria, always kind to American girls at the American Legation, was particularly so to the beautiful Miss Lane from the time of her presentation at Court.

When the Prince's visit was decided upon Miss Lane made ready for it, and though it was summer time and Washington was not altogether as pleasant as could have been desired the Prince greatly enjoyed his visit, and he and his suite declared that their stay in the Executive mansion was the pleasantest part of their western trip. Lord Lyons was the British minister, and a more amiable party of people could not have been gathered together than the Prince and the young noblemen with him and the young hostess and her circle of friends. President Buchanan, who was a bachelor, delighted in the companionship of the young, and he heartily enjoyed playing host for the nation to the son of Queen Victoria. Apart from the high rank of the Prince, and aside from reasons of State, the president was glad to show friendship for the young man, of whose qualities and disposition he always spoke enthusiastically. This visit was the first an heir apparent of England had made to this country, and everything possible was done to make him feel the warmth and sincerity of the welcome accorded him. He rode and walked in and about Washington, visiting everything of interest, and making himself entirely at home everywhere. Full of life and fond of pleasure, he wanted to have a good time, and to help others to enjoy themselves. He was fond of outdoor sports, and every opportunity was given him to follow his wishes. In only one thing was he repressed, and this he laughingly protested against, while he graciously submitted. He loved dancing, and the presence of the Marine Band and the dimensions of the East Room combined to make it possible to enjoy this pastime in the White House. The President, while he approved of dancing as a pastime, and liked to look upon it as a spectacle, would not consent to shock the sense of propriety of the larger class of the American people and have dancing in the White House. Not even for the Prince of Wales would he break the precedent, set by Washington, and rigidly adhered to by every one of his successors. The Prince good naturedly acquiesced, and the young people did their dancing at the house of the British Minister.

The Prince remained at the White House for a week, and during his stay he went with the President and Miss Lane and a large party of guests to Mount Vernon to visit the tomb of Washington.

He won the hearts of the American people on that visit by the homage he paid to the memory of Washington. As the Presidential party approached the tomb, sarcophagus which contained the ashes of Washington came into view. Instantly the Prince uncovered, and as he reached the iron gateway he knelt down in silence and gazed into the interior. All stood about him in silence and with bowed, uncovered heads. The incident was a perfectly natural one, and the Prince impressed all who saw his conduct as a manly gentleman and one possessed of a generous and amiable character. When it became known in Washington that the Prince had journeyed to Mount Vernon to show reverence to the memory of Washington, the people followed him in the streets and cheered him whenever he appeared. Whether the fun-loving and happy youth had been tutored to the part he was to play as the President's guest, or whether he acted on the impulses of his heart, certain it is that he became popular with all sorts and conditions of people, and the whole nation was gratified to have him as its guest. And, incidentally, the people were pleased that their

President and his beautiful kinswoman did the honors so well.

On the Prince's return to England the Queen wrote a personal letter to the President, as did also the Prince. These two letters, which must prove interesting at this time, were printed in a sketch of Miss Lane, published in Laura C. Holloway-Langford's "Ladies of the White House," They are as follows.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 19, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND: Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanor and the feelings evinced by him have secured to him your esteem and the general good will of your countrymen. I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales's safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and delighted with all he has seen and experienced. He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and while as a mother, I am grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time, how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally, toward myself which his presence has called forth. I fully reciprocate toward your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity."

The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may fitly taken as the type of our present feeling and, I trust, of your future relations. The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane. Believe me always your good friend,

VICTORIA R."

And the Prince of Wales wrote for himself as follows.

"DEAR MR. BUCHANAN: Permit to request that you will accept the accompanying portrait as a slight mark of my grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House on the occasion of my tour in the United States. Believe me that the cordial welcome which was then vouchsafed to me by the American people and by you as their chief, can never be effaced from my memory. I venture to ask you at the same time to remember me kindly to Miss Lane, and believe me, dear Mr. Buchanan, Yours very truly,

ALBERT EDWARD."

The portrait referred to in this letter was a handsome one of himself, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon. This portrait, together with a set of engravings of the royal family, sent to Miss Lane, is now the property of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston. The Prince of Wales received every possible attention in every city through which he passed. Many New Yorkers remember the reception given him in New York, to which he came after his Washington visit.

### TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for this?"

"No," said Whitman, "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me fifty dollars a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street-cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on London bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a news-

paper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him and came back.

"O Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," said Murray, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for tomorrow. Birthday article. Nothing labored—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance, thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand."

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterward that the birthday of Christopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That saved my life."

Ol almsgiving, as of the giving of advice it may be said:

Its value depends upon  
The way in which it's done.

### IMPRESSIONS THAT LAST.

Dahlem, a German magazine, tells the following anecdote of Von Moltke, the greatest of Prussian generals, who was as famous for his stern reticence as for his skill in the art of war.

On one occasion, when a party of military men had been discussing his victorious campaigns in his presence, one of them turned to him and said:

"General, what was the supreme moment of your life? The one that left the deepest impression on you? Can you tell us?"

Von Moltke laughed. "Easily, gentlemen. There was one moment so terrible that it was like no other. I was a young, beardless officer, and I was sent with a message to General von Marwitz. I went with trepidation. He received me with a kindly nod, and said, 'Lay aside your cloak, sir.'

"Ha," I thought, 'he meets me as an equal!' I unbuckled my cloak and dropped it on a chair. He looked at it and then at me.

"In the anteroom, lieutenant, in the anteroom," he said gently.

"The horror and shame of that rebuke come upon me at night sometimes now, like death itself. No success I have ever had has repaid me for that mortification."

The Duke of Wellington was riding down Piccadilly one day after he had returned to England the nation's hero, to be rewarded by titles, palaces and every honor which a grateful country could devise. He beckoned to his companion.

"Do you see that little old man shoveling against the fence by the crowd on the sidewalk? That is my old master in the grammar school, and at sight of him I positively felt a quake of terror. The backs of my legs are shivering with goose-flesh!"

The man carries the boy with him through life, as in the century-old oak there is still something of the acorn from which he grew.

### THE PROPRIETIES IN CHINA.

There is everything in the point of view. In China, it is considered very unwomanly for a woman not to wear trousers, and highly indecorous for a man not to have skirts to his coat. It is no wonder that the Chinese look askance at the ordinary American or European who comes among them.

To the Chinese, says the author of "Intimate China," it seems very unfitting for a lady to go out unattended by a woman; and for a woman to stand firmly on her feet and walk on them like a man is shocking. Thus there are great difficulties for the traveller to get over.

The garment that seems most essential to the Chinese woman is a pair of trousers, and she thinks highly improper for a woman to indicate by a belt that she possesses a waist.

"Do you really eat with your waist girl in like that?" she asks of a foreign woman.

A man's dress, as we know it, is a still greater scandal in China; and to the Chinese the only explanation of it is that the poor fellow has not cloth enough to cover himself properly.

Nevertheless, nearly every foreigner, after spending much time among Orientals, admits that the dress he has grown accustomed to at home is lacking in grace and elegance.

### ALL NECESSARIES.

Bridget—"If ye place, mum, O'd loike me wages to-day, as O've to pay me farther's medical insurance, Bridget?"

Mistress—"What is medical insurance, Bridget?"

Bridget—"Tis the koind that if ye're sick does be sendin' yez med'cine an'a docther an' a bearce an' a grave an' everything yez do be needin'."

### CARIE BLANCHE.

She: "What did pa say?"

He: "I preferred to ask him by telephone. He said, 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right.'"

## Anecdotes of Prominent People.

The Masterly Silence of Mayor Van Wick—Chicago Was Slow—Dr. Dwight's Message.

Since his inaugural as the first Mayor of the Greater New York on January 1, 1898 Robert H. Van Wyk has not given an interview to a single newspaper reporter, has not answered an enquiry for publication, and has not attended a public function of a social character. It is true that he acted as Admiral Dewey's host when that officer was entertained by the city, but as the ceremonies did not include a dinner he was not forced to break his self-imposed rule. The Mayor's life is as regular as clockwork. His bachelor's home up town is systematically arranged as his office in City Hall, and he never allows anything to interfere with his method in either place. While a City Judge, the Mayor was prominent as a diner out and theatre-goer, but neither amusement apparently has any attraction for him now.

When he took office, the Mayor received the reporters of the city newspapers in a body.

"During the next four year," he said,

"I shall never speak to any of you for publication. You will all have an even chance, for I shall refuse interviews to everyone impartially. There is no use in coming to me with questions propounded by your editors, for I shall not answer them. But," he added, "anything that you may overhear in the Mayor's office is public property. If I talk on business to a man so that I can be overheard you are welcome to make use of it."

That was more than two years ago, and the mayor has held to his promise to the letter. Scores of reporters have been obliged to put certain questions to him or lose their places, but he has invariably listened to them courteously and turned away in silence. All of his public utterances take the form of comments or speeches in the proceedings of the various boards he is a member of, or in papers and pointed remarks, made in his high pitched voice, to visitors who call upon him during office hours and provoke him to speech.

Of all New York's mayors none has been busier than Judge Van Wyk. He is regularly in his office at ten and often earlier, and leaves for his luncheon with Colonel Ladd, his legal adviser, usual at one. After an hour's absence he returns and remains until the last vestige of business is cleared away. Most men have some peculiarity as to their dress. Mayor Van Wyk's runs to neckties. He always wears a flowing black tie such as artists used to affect.

### SLOW WORK IN CHICAGO.

When the Chicago anarchists were hanged great preparations were made by Amos J. Cummings, then editor of the New York Evening Sun, to get the news ahead of the other evening newspapers. A direct wire ran from the jail in Chicago to the Evening Sun office, and an alert operator was at each end of the wire. The form of the first page was made up and ready to print, with the single exception of a line giving the time of the hanging. That line was to be inserted as soon as the news flashed from Chicago. Then the form would be locked, turned over to the stereotypers who would make a matrix, stereotype the plates, rush them down to the presses, and in a minute or two more the papers would be in the hands of the newsboys on the street.

About ten o'clock in the morning, however, a boy rushed into the office with a copy of the evening newspaper containing an alleged account of the hanging of the anarchists.

Cummings grabbed the paper from the boy and rushed with it over to the operator.

"Look at that," he cried.

"They have not been hanged," answered the operator calmly. "I have this minute been talking over the wire to our man in the jail at Chicago and he tells me they haven't yet left their cells for the scaffold."

Then Cummings scanned the newspaper more closely and realized that it bad anticipated the news. He picked up a bit of copy paper and scribbled on it these words:

### 'Beware of Beggar Extras!'

"Here," he said to one of the office boys, "have a bulletin made of that and put it up in front of the office."

There for two hours Cummings and everyone else in the office waited for the news of the hanging. The suspense became almost unbearable, for all the time the rival paper was selling in the streets and the newsboys' cries came in through the windows. As the time dragged on Cummings became more and more nervous.

He gave a snort, a bound and a kick, and started for the sombre shadows of the forest; but he carried a two-ounce bullet behind his shoulder. How he escaped knocking that ornamental head piece of his against a tree was a wonder.

In the morning he was found dead. The bullet had done its work.

He hung around the operator and asked him a hundred times if he was sure everything was all right. His excitement was intense. At last, when the editor was so wrought up that it was not safe to speak to him, the instrument clicked and the operator yelled out:

"Mr. Cummings, the drop is falling!" Cummings, who had been walking to and fro, suddenly stopped stock-still. His form was rigid. His face worked and his eyes blazed. Then he reared out at the frightened operator:

"How long does it take a drop to fall in Chicago?"

A roar of laughter from the reporters in the office relieved the tension, the operator shouted the exact time of hanging, the foreman of the composing-room inserted the line in the form, and in five minutes the paper was out.

### DR. DWIGHT'S MESSAGE.

The thousands of Yale men who, not many months ago, read in their newspapers of the resignation of Dr. Timothy Dwight as President, have never even guessed that it was a kindly thought for them in the heart of the President that gave them the news with such cheerfulness.

It was in the New Haven office of the Associated Press, one of those nights when news is so dull that even the "flumy" curls up superciliously, and the telegraphers doze over their keys. The man in charge, it had been wished at all, was hoping that, as he had to stay up, something would happen to keep him awake. It was in this calm that the dear old President shuffled, with that walk of which is known to generations of Yale men. He looked about for a moment at the unfamiliar surroundings, and then, while the young man was standing rigidly at attention, he drew out a big leather pocket-book and took a slip of paper from it.

"I have a little notice here," he said in his precise way, "that I wish you would send out for me, so the boys can know about it."

As he spoke he handed the slip over. The young man took it mechanically. When his eye rested on the first sentence his hair went up. It was the president's resignation, information which the Press Association was only too glad to get and to telegraph over the country.

"Yes, yes, Mr. President," he said, his fingers itching to send out the biggest piece of news of the night. "Is there anything else, anything else we can do?" His words were overlapping in his eagerness.

"Nothing," said the famous old scholar, "but give me the bill for it."

The task was a long one, but it was explained to Doctor Dwight that far from their being any expense to him, the office was his debtor for the news.

He felt uncertain even as he left, though and intimated that if it wasn't as important as they thought, he stood ready to pay all charges.

He has never been called on to pay the bill.

### A RHINOCEROSE IN CAMP.

While trekking in South Africa, Parker Gilmore often outspanned on the open veld. It was a life of

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Dr. Dwight's Message

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A Rhinoceros in Camp.

trekking in South Africa, Parker  
often outspanned on the open  
was a life of discomfort and ad-  
which he vividly describes in his  
The Great Thirst Land.' Con-  
what would be commonly be-  
wild beasts not infrequently came  
camp, and even into the heart of  
fire.

night we had outspanned rather  
the 'boys' had built an enormous  
by the wagon, and between eat-  
about kept me awake. Toward  
this was still going on, when I  
several exclamation of terror. I  
out of the front of the wagon. The  
were flying helter-skelter everywhere,  
rhinoceros was trotting backward  
ward across the fire, tossing car-  
skins, cooking utensils and blankets  
each of them contained some-

blanket seemed particularly to take  
of the irate beast. At it went  
his horn well into it. But there  
ed to stick. The more he shook  
ad, the more tightly the blanket  
ed itself about it, entirely hiding the  
had done its work.

## Chat of the Boudoir.

All the inventive energies of the fashion  
makers seem to have been directed toward  
the skirts this season, with perhaps a  
chance touch to the sleeves; and certainly  
if all the variations in the skirt models  
shown among the new imported gowns are  
to be accepted as good style there will be  
unusual elasticity about smartness in dress.  
There are gathered skirts daintily shirred  
on three cords in blunt points around the  
hips, but shaped enough so that there is  
only a moderate amount of fulness to gather  
in; skirts not gored at all set in small  
box plait all around the hips, and caught  
down to a little above the knee; skirts  
quite plain around the hips with two al-  
most invisible side plait at each side meet-  
ing in the back; skirts with the box plait  
and no tucks at all, and tucked skirts with  
double or triple box plait at the back.

A very pretty model for thin gowns is  
the one which is double in effect. This is  
carried out very elegantly in black cluny  
lace over white chiffon and white taffeta  
silk. A deep flounce of the lace gath-  
es on the foundation at the knee and a frill  
of white cluny finishes this around the hem.  
The upper part of the skirt is also a deep  
flounce of black cluny edged with white  
lace, and gathered in at the waist line, fall-  
ing quite full and straight around, over the  
flounce below just far enough to conceal  
the upper edge. The effect is decidedly  
that of a double skirt generously gathered.  
In the other variation of the double skirt  
the upper and lower portions are cut sep-  
arately and joined together with groups of  
tucks and lace insertions. For example, the  
upper skirt nearly to the knee may be finely  
tucked all over up and down, and the lower  
half sewn on like a flounce, either tucked  
in groups a little way down from the top  
and left to flare, or folded in one inch wide  
side plait every nine inches all the way  
around. There are various modes of joining  
these two portions.

It is very evident that the skirts of  
dressy gowns, and especially thin ones, are  
to be very much trimmed with lace insertions  
inset in various forms, for instance,  
diamond squares of lace set in a little dis-  
tance apart or joining corners to form an  
edge. Embroidery on the material is ex-  
tremely elegant and expensive, too, but  
just the thing for the woman who need not  
count the cost of her summer outfit. This  
is effective in a white pique gown. Wide  
bands of the pique embroidered with cream  
silk in a very open pattern extend down  
either side of the front and back joining  
on the hips in a deep point, and a printed  
design is embroidered all around the hem.  
The bodice of the embroidered pique  
and the bodice underneath with sleeves to  
match is of fine white sheer lawn tucked  
in groups with narrow valenciennes in-  
sertions between. A pink silk slip is  
worn under this gown and the belt is of  
blue liberty satin softly draped around the  
figure.

A feature of skirt trimming for soft  
mousseline gowns is a succession of shirred  
tucks encircling the upper half of the skirt.  
They are about a half-inch in width, fully  
an inch and a half apart, and very slightly  
shirred to avoid a thick effect. Other thin  
skirts have a box plait at the back covered  
the entire length with a wide lace in-  
sertion, which also encircles the skirt in  
two or three rows, beginning at either  
side of the plait. A cluster of half-inch  
tucks meeting at the waist line in front and  
at the back, and spreading out fan shape  
to the knee, forms the trimming on the  
upper part of a nun's veiling skirt which is  
gathered very slightly over the hips. A  
deep flounce set on with a lace insertion is  
the finish. This sort of flounce which is  
sometimes shaped, and acutely plaited,  
and again straight and gathered on, is  
somewhat on the order of the old Spanish  
flounce, with a more graceful swing.

As the new materials are all so thin and  
sheer the elaborate skirts are extremely  
attractive. Fine tucks in every way that  
fancy can devise are a great feature of  
waists as well as skirts, and they are ar-  
ranged horizontally, vertically and in  
waved lines, singly and in groups.

USE THE GENUINE . . .  
**MURRAY &  
LANMAN'S**  
**Florida Water**

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"  
For the Handkerchief,  
Toilet and Bath.  
... REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

## One Dose

Tells the story. When your head  
aches, and you feel bilious, consti-  
pated, and out of tune, with your  
stomach sour and no appetite, just  
buy a package of

## Hood's Pills

And take a dose from 1 to 4 pills.  
You will be surprised at how easily  
they will do their work, cure your  
headache and biliousness, rouse the  
liver and make you feel happy again.  
25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Elbow sleeves, a distinctive element of  
the new thin gowns are finished with a frill  
of lace or chiffon falling rather wide at the  
back and narrowing to three inches at the  
inside of the arm. Transparent lace sleeves  
with a lace bolero or lace yoke are exceed-  
ingly pretty in the dressy gown of white  
silk veiling. The long transparent sleeves  
with a frill falling over the hand are quite  
as much in evidence, however, as the  
sleeve resolves itself into a question of  
what is most becoming. The tendency to  
enlarge the sleeve from the elbow down to  
the wrist is seen in the double sleeve, the  
upper part ending a little below the elbow  
and flaring a trifle, like the old-fashioned  
fliving sleeve. Below this is a sleeve of  
chiffon or lace gathered into a fancy cuff,  
reminding one of the days when under-  
sleeves were worn.

A striking point in the finish of the new  
gowns is the belt, which seems to admit of  
innumerable variations, some of which are  
exceedingly pretty for the slender figure,  
but the stout woman must shun them as  
she would the plague. Long lines not  
broken by any contrasting bands must be  
cultivated by the shovelled-waisted woman  
who cares to make the most of her figure.  
There are wide and narrow belts, draped  
and fitted belts, and belts made of alternate  
bands of black velvet ribbon and gold gal-  
loon an inch and a half wide. These are  
very effective in some gowns and the num-  
ber of bands used depends on the length  
of the waist. One band of gold galloon  
above a narrow draped belt of bias panne  
velvet is very good, and then there are  
medium wide draped belts of soft bias satin  
fastened at one side with a rosette bow.  
These are especially good style for thin  
gowns of mousseline, nun's veiling and  
Swiss muslin. A fitted and rather wide  
belt of white silk with a band of black vel-  
vet on either edge is a striking feature of a  
pale gray costume. The wide girdle-  
shaped belt is worn and also the Directoire  
scarf, which drapes around the waist and  
fastens with a soft knot and long ends at  
one side.

The collar bands are shaped much as they  
have been during the past season, rounding  
up a trifle just behind the ears and variously  
trimmed with folds, lace and piping of  
black and colored panne. All the little ac-  
cessories of dress, such as sashes, fichus,  
berthas, collar and belt effects are very im-  
portant features, since they furnish so many  
opportunities for variety in detail. A touch  
of black is very noticeable among the new  
gowns, and it is obtained in various ways,  
one of which is threading black velvet rib-  
bon through lace heading and forming a  
lattice design over a lace yoke and collar,  
or outlining the edges of lace insertion put  
on in different ways. For vests these bands  
are pretty in net or chiffon, arranged in  
net or chiffon, arranged in points down the  
front. White lawn and lace chemisettes  
are used in cloth gowns as well as the thin-  
ner fabrics, and a line of black velvet with  
another of colored panne worked into the  
color band adds much to the effect.

The combination of white tafta silk  
with white cloth is convincingly displayed  
among the reported models. The cloth ap-  
plied in bands, covered with heavy black  
stitching, stripes one entire costume in ver-  
tical lines rounding into wider bands where  
they join at the hem the bands arranged  
to form a scalloped edge on the bodice,  
and again straight and gathered on, is  
somewhat on the order of the old Spanish  
flounce, with a more graceful swing.

Dainty little waists of fine lawn bands,  
wrought with tuckings and embroidered  
beadings, and waists of fine thin silk with  
out lining are brought over by the import-  
ers in great variety, and the special feature  
of the latter is a combination of daintily  
tucked very sheer white organdie, which  
forms the lower part of the bodice, the vest  
reversed and collar. The silk of the upper  
part is shaped around the edge a little like  
a bolero, but nearly straight and sewn  
closely on to the muslin, which shows fully  
two or three inches above the narrow belt.  
The silk tucked in the narrowest possible  
waved lines an inch apart and running  
around, is very pretty, and the back is fit-  
ted with one seam down the middle. The  
muslin part is arranged with two little  
plaits directly in the centre. Another  
bodice which is very pretty is made enti-  
tly of alternate bands of white tafta silk  
in which there is one tuck, little more than  
a half inch wide, and narrow valenciennes  
insertions. The silk band is very little

wider than the tuck, making a very effect-  
ive stripe.

A blouse of glass silk elaborately tucked  
shows three narrow shoulder caps covered  
with rows of fine stitching below a trans-  
parent yoke of real cluny lace in deep  
cream, threaded with three bands of black  
velvet ribbon, fastened at one side with a  
tiny bow which has a small buckle in the  
centre. The blouse is cut in bolero form  
and worn with a wide Empire belt of black  
satin.

All the prophecies as to the popularity  
of cluny lace are verified again and again  
among the new dress models. It trimms  
the foulard gowns and the thinner gowns of  
nun's veiling and mousseline, former yokes in  
the silk blouses, and is everywhere in  
evidence. Another lace which is very  
much used is the heavy Arab in a strong  
overt color; but there is simply no limit to  
the kinds employed, and no description  
can do them justice. Pompadour Venetian  
is a very beautiful variety which comes in  
bands and all-over widths. It is almost  
more like an embroidery than lace, and  
very open in design. Russian lace, stud-  
ded garteringly with jewels, is used for a wide  
belt on one nun's veiling gown where the  
bodice is finely tucked to the waist line;  
where it is arranged over the tucks, con-  
fining them very closely, the effect is ex-  
ceedingly good.

First among the single illustrations is a  
rose crepe de chine, with cream lace in  
points around the hem of a skirt which is in  
almost straight breadth, as it is gored  
very little at the top, where it gathers in at  
the waist. The material is tucked in little  
squares several inches down before it is  
tucked, showing it a very pretty finish.  
The bodice has a lace bolero and transpar-  
ent elbow sleeves of lace. A model for  
dotted swiss shows bands of tucking with  
narrow lace insertion in either edge and a  
yoke of finely tucked organdie. Foulard  
trimmed with cream cluny forms another  
model, and still another in nun's veiling  
shows the skirt finely tucked above a  
plated lower flounce, and silk folds form a  
striped effect over the lace yoke. A pretty  
blouse of accordian-plaited muslin has a  
yoke of Luxeuil lace cut out to form its  
own edge, and runs through with black vel-  
vet ribbon. Another bodice of pink glass  
silk has a vest of white liberty satin striped  
across with bands of satin covered with  
pink stitching. The collar also of satin, is  
trimmed with lace insertion.

Long and three-quarter length coats ap-  
pear among the new wraps, made of silk  
as well as cloth, and stitching is the trim-  
ming. Here is one in cloth with stitched  
tucks and reverse collar of chine silk. The  
shoulder cap is of pale tan cloth tucked and  
trimmed with Russian lace.

## FRILES OF FASHION.

Capes made of lace net, applique guipure  
of silk or cloth, and plain silk embroidered  
with jet and finished with frills of chif-  
fon and long scarf ends which tie in front,  
are a decided feature of the new wraps  
shown in the department stores, despite  
the fact that foreign fashion budgets fur-  
nish a contradiction to the effect that capes  
are entirely out of the race. It is said that  
they are to be superseded by coats with  
flowing sleeves, but in any case both kinds  
of garments are set forth as new with  
equally good reasons. There is a cape or  
wrap, which for evening wear is quite  
novel, made of flowered white crepe de  
chine. Long straight breadths are shirred  
into shape around the shoulders, the shir-  
ring being fully twelve inches deep, and  
above this is a round hood-shaped collar  
outline the shoulders below a narrow  
yoke of tucked silk. Silk fringe finishes  
the edge which falls half way between the  
waist and the knee. Long coats with silk  
bands stitched on lace net in short diagonal  
lines, forming the entire upper portion

A novelty in dress trimming is beaded  
leather of a red brown tint. It comes in  
bands and rever-shaped pieces dotted quite  
closely all over between the two rows of  
stitching which finish the edge.

Silk skirts with silk jersey yoke tops  
which cling closely to the figure are one of  
the desirable novelties. And then there are  
China silk waists in all colors prettily  
trimmed with lace.

White gloves, except with black and  
white costumes, are not worn so much as  
the varied tints of fawn, biscuit, nickel  
gray, cream, lilac and a greenish gray.

## Burdock Blood Bitters,

## The Best Spring Medicine.

Removes all poisons and impurities from  
the system.

Gives strength and vitality in place of  
weakness and languor.

The most wonderful blood purifier,  
restorative and strengthener known to  
science.

Mr. Geo. Heriot, Baileysboro, Ont., says:

"Two years ago I was very poorly in the  
spring, had no appetite, felt weak and  
not able to work much and was tired  
all the time."

"I saw Burdock Blood Bitters highly  
recommended, so got a bottle."

"I started taking it, and inside of two  
months I was as well as ever I was in my life."

"I cheerfully recommend B. B. B. as a  
splendid blood purifier and spring medi-  
cine."

Recorder Goff is rarely of a testy temper  
but on occasions he can be stinging enough.

Recently in an argument before him, counseled

were using a map for the purpose

of illustration. One of them was dilating

upon it when the Recorder asked him what

he thought of it.

The Recorder's Eyes.

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PROGRESS SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

**THE SEA  
ELEPHANT HUNTER.**

A little man with a red face and fisted hair, with hands deep in his pockets, roams about one of the resorts in southern California, and he would attract little or no attention except by a particularly jolly smile which ripples over his weather-worn face on the very slightest provocation. The writer found him one evening at the end of the long pier looking out at the water with a contemplative expression, and, remarking upon the beauty of the night, the little man replied, "Yes, this is paradise to me," with a curious inflection which was rather puzzling until it was known that his mother was a Swede and his father an Irishman.

"How so? Why?" he continued, snifing the soft evening air that came in from the little bay, "because the best part of my life I spent at the end of the world, right where they jump off, at Inaccessible Island down on the edge of the Antarctic Ocean; there and at Kerguelen's Land. I was a sea elephant hunter, and I'm so glad to be in such a country as this after all my rovings that it seems like a regular paradise. I never believed that I would take up with such a life, but men are curious things and one day, when my ship made port at the Cape of Good Hope, I left her—no matter how—and shipped on board a whaler. They told me I would come back at the end of a year with perhaps \$2,000, and as that beat \$30 a month I shipped."

These sea elephant islands are in a region where it either snows or rains sleet all the time," continued the former sea elephant hunter, settling himself comfortably as though for a long talk, and where I spent two years was the most desolate place I ever saw. The two men told me that sometimes the sealers died of the horrors or went crazy, and I could well believe them. I was all volcanic rock with a tree on it, and covered with snow capped mountains and glaciers; and the only sounds we heard were the roaring of the wind and the crashing of icebergs as they broke off and drifted away. When we pulled into the harbor and the sealers came aboard I wondered how men could get so low in looks: but I was as bad in a short time—you couldn't help it. The only house, if you would call it that, was a hole in the ground, roofed over with wreckage and timbers that had washed ashore, and on which the men had piled big rocks to prevent the roof from blowing away and to protect it from being crushed by the ice and snow which in the form of avalanches sometimes came rushing down from the mountains. In this hut there was nothing but a table and some seats. The men bunked on the floor on skins of the sea lion and feathers of the penguin. Everything was covered with oil and grease.

"After leaving a load of stores the steamer sailed away and we did not see her again for a year. The stores did not last very long, and then we settled down to what was a regular diet—gulls and penguin and the meat of the sea elephant. I knew that I had been trapped, but I had the sense to say nothing about it as the schooner had sailed and I had signed for two years. The next day the life began. Raining or snowing, we were always routed out early in the morning. The second or third day I was sent by the boss to kill some penguins for breakfast, and I nearly lost my life in the hunt. A great part of the island seemed to be covered with these birds; they were so thick that it was hard to force your way through them as they pecked at you viciously on all sides. The penguin rookery was in a big mass of tussock grass that grew almost as high as my head, and the birds had laid it out in streets and lanes, and along them and in them they stood in groups and droves. The streets were slippery and undermined by other birds, and every few steps I broke through into these cellars and was also attacked by the birds that came out.

"To protect myself I laid around with the club I carried, and finally turned and tried to run out of the place as the birds came at me thicker and faster, and nearly crazed me with their pecking and the noise they made. I was bewildered, and only by chance found my way out of the bird city, into which I had gone further than I first intended, thinking to see how large the rookery was. When I reached camp, covered with blood, with my arms full of birds, the men met me with a roar, and I saw that a joke had been put upon me. I found later that they never entered the bird city, but killed the birds about and on the edge.

The men were called sealers, but sea elephants was the game. We were supposed to catch big animals, the males being from fifteen to nearly thirty feet long,

# The Rheumatic's Millennium.

**THE GREAT SOUTHERN AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE**  
ushers it in—the days of suffering from this relentless disease in all its phases need not be prolonged.

**THIS POWERFUL SPECIFIC** wins daily encomiums for its splendid work in dispelling pain. It gives perfect relief in 6 hours.

It drives out the causes—cleanses the system—paves the way and helps to perfect health.

Only those who have been its victims—whether for a shorter or a longer period—in its milder forms or in its more acute forms, can really have any correct conception of the excruciating agony that comes to the sufferer from Rheumatism.

Only those who have been its victims

in all its forms. It is not an experiment. It is compounded on the most scientific principles known in modern medical science. It is the concentrated essence of the best and most potent ingredients recognized as being the most searching and healing. The formula is the outcome of years of study on Rheumatism in all its forms; its causes and medicines that are calculated to give the quickest relief and are most promising of a permanent cure. That the highest results have been attained by South American Rheumatic Cure that have been attained by any remedy of modern times is attested by the splendid testimony, the thankful words, the encouragement and faith shown in it by the hundreds and hundreds who have over their own signatures told how it has healed those who have been bed-ridden for years—those who have through its use "thrown away the crutches"—those whose stiffened joints that were effected by every whim of the weather—those who have suffered the deathly pains and pangs that are in-

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of Rheumatism for seven years: confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself; have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in Rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I took the first dose, the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and today I am completely cured."

South American Nervine is a power in restoring wasted nerve force; cures nervous prostration, stomach troubles and general debility. It cleanses the system and builds up the waste places.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid Kidney specific; cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Bladder troubles and all Kidney disorders. Helps in four to six hours and heals permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

and weighing several tons. At one time, fifty or sixty years ago, they fairly covered the beaches, but they had been killed off so rapidly that they were confined to one part of the beach on a side that could not be approached by sea. So we had to travel over the glacier and mountains, rolling our barrels. When near the divide we could look down on the elephants that looked like great black slugs on the white sand. We crossed down without frightening them, getting between them and the water. Then at the word from the boss we made a rush on them. When they saw us they slowly lifted up their heads, inflating their curious trunks that made them look like elephants. Clumsily they tried to reach the water, but a sharp blow over the head laid them out. Once one caught a man by the coat and tossed him into the herd, where he thought he would be torn to pieces, as he fell on the back of an old bull, but he escaped after having the clothes literally torn off him. Sometimes forty or fifty of the animals would be killed in an hour; then the work of skinning them began, and the boiling down. I was soon reeking in oil and that was the condition of us all the time.

"In the course of the year I never saw a

**THE RICHES OF THE DESERT.**

Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron and Copper all found in the Mojave Sand.

The train was rushing over the white Mojave desert, a trail of sand and dust behind, an eternity of dust in the distance, a coming sandstorm high in the air. The thermometer was dancing a Highland fling, 120 degrees perhaps, anywhere you thought it might be, and the heat waves rose from the sands.

"I wouldn't care to own this land," remarked a tourist.

"Why?" asked a Californian.

"It's so absolutely worthless."

"There's just where you Eastern people are mistaken," said the native. "True this isn't the most beautiful part of California—I like Los Angeles better myself—but I can tell you, no one is going to give you the desert this year. Why, all it wants is water to convert it into the garden spot of the world."

"That's true of Hades," retorted the stranger, "but the trouble is you haven't the water, and you're not going to get it here."

"Wrong again," said the Californian.

"They are finding the finest kind of artesian water all over the desert. Some day you'll find this desert a banana orchard; and as for value, some of the most valuable mines in the State are on the desert. The land that water has been put on has been found to be very rich, and fruit ripens five or six weeks earlier here than anywhere else. The desert is rich in gold, silver, copper, lead and iron; you don't happen to see it from the cars, but it's there all right. Dozens of paying gold mines are being worked, on the desert. The richest and largest iron mine in the West is right in this place as this, and not far away. The iron lies around like sand, and is preferred in the fine work on the cruisers to all others. Over beyond here they raise trees, yuccas, that are ground up and sent to England where they print papers on it. Down at Ivanpanah—that's a town right out on the desert, a red hot place—they have started a copper mine; began this year, and it's panned out \$180,000 profit so far. I suppose you wouldn't refuse that. And if you want to bet I'll go you any amount that within a year there'll be a dozen copper mines at work on the desert. Why, the desert is just rolling in wealth all ready to be picked up. It's warm, I'll agree to that, but there are hotter places. When you come to silver mines, there are lots of them on the desert, at Barstow, and Calico. In the worst part of the desert in the hills over beyond Daggett, is the most valuable borax deposit in any land. About six hundred people are working at it, and they think they are in great luck. You can't touch the borax king who owns it, with a ten foot pole. He makes thousands out of it."

"If you want to see the greatest sight in America," continued the enthusiastic Californian, "in the way of a salt mine, go down to Salton on the desert. There they plough it out; and there are acres of salt, pure and white as snow. I know another desert landholder who gets a crop of bitumen; another gets phosphates; another asbestos. Another has a sulphur deposit;

still another takes out gypsum, all on the desert, and the great waste has just begun to be known. There's enough gold and silver and copper lying in that desert to make hundreds of men millionaires, and it's going to be found yet. And," added the Californian, "there's another side to it; it's hot, but it's the healthiest place on earth. People are living here now who would be dead in a few months anywhere else."

"Then look at the curiosities," he went on. "Take Salton, way down below the level of the sea. Ten years ago it was one of the wonders of the country. Salton is 350 feet lower than sea level—a curious sort of a place. All at once the men at the salt station heard that the Indians said the whole sink was full once and was going to fill up again, and they began to take to the mountains until not one was left. That there was something in what the Indians said anyone who has been there knows, as you can see the old water line and the old fish traps, made of rock, along the shore line. The white men didn't take much stock in the story, but one day they found water running into the desert from New River, and in a few weeks there was an inland sea on the Mojave desert that you couldn't see across, and it came down into Salton and threatened to ruin the salt works. There it staid for a month or two, one of the wonders of the country, and thousands visited it."

"Then," said the Californian, "there's the town of Indio on the desert that's many feet below the sea level; and a few miles from here it blows so hard that they're started a wind ground glass factory. All they do is to set the glass doors and the first sandstorm grinds it all right.

"Down at Palm Springs that's a palm tree forest that is a desert attraction. How the trees got there no one knows, but there are hundreds of them. Some of people live there. One man told that in summer he spent most of his time lying in irrigation ditch, it was that or roast and onions.

"Whiskey, you're the devil!"

says the Irishman, who nevertheless employs it to cast out the uglier devil, a cough or cold; how much more sensible to employ Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsom, which never fails. 25c. all druggists.

Ann Gould's Professor of Feudal Law.

Professor Isaac Franklin Russell dean of the woman's law class of the University of New York, is a wit as well as a jurist and scholar. On one occasion a young woman in one of his classes said,

"The old common law seems to be full of contradictions."

"It is," replied the Professor. "For example, fee-tail has no end, and a fee-male cannot have any possible relation to a woman."

On another occasion a student asked: "In the old days the law favored the oldest son nowadays, which of the family does the law favor?"

The Dean replied: "Why the survivor, of course."

Professor Russell was one of the counsel who drew up the marriage settlements of Anna Gould and the Count de Castellane. By an odd coincidence, a year before, the bride was a student in his class, and was one of the best informed of the women upon feudal law and legal status of royalty and nobility. Probably no French noblewoman is better acquainted with her own legal rights, duties and liabilities than the millionaire American Countess.

His Wish.

Jane—I wish I had a hundred dollars. Paul—I wish you; and that I had a hundred hammers to hit 'em with.

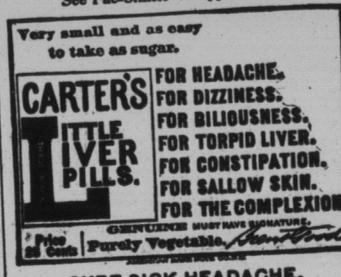
## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brentwood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



### LAXA LIVER PILLS

You can't be healthy if your bowels are constipated and your system clogged with poisonous material. There should be a natural movement every day, and the best way to secure it is to take Laxa-Liver Pills. The most obstinate cases yield to their action. They neither gripe, sicken nor weaken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

### CURE CONSTIPATION

Heals and soothes the lungs and cures Coughs and Colds of the worst kind after other remedies fail. Pleasant to take. Price 25c.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

breakfast-room, held Maltese terms of I. She was feminine most tendering me grizzly.

You are fond of For the life of avoided giving her It told. I saw her check. She could not She murmured or two, and passed with a hasty step.

Vera was at the She rose from h and came towards with the prettier.

"Oh, Sir Doug clearer eyes had. "Thank you," she was a curious

thought of the gun me and this sweet alarm. Where is La Thomas, impat gong sounded a hostess did not

Before anyone came flying

"Oh! please! upstairs at once addressing Sir T them were not

Everyone spr simultaneous alarm. Lady Gramor blance of compa pale.

I regarded her. She seemed, and un At any rate, to other end of the to turn her face

Sir Thomas room, all excited he was turned to them to examine

"I sincerely alone," he sa The ladies cas They flew room—all but She remains

"It is need marked, quite to Lady M to take charge gone, of course

"Yes, Be sorry!" cri future sister a beautiful sap I would not word. But a thing as

"Don't tr Lady Gramor means the o heart, I wen

I stood a simply lost What cou Gramont was to the house la

And yet to his host beautiful is only a lady might

"Oh, but thin things happen Mallory. pounds, let us anything, and I ar But even ations from the moderate.

The due been ente

The sen Grae or some or possibly the house

The br window he went to, yet, now fastened. Undow made his Sir Ha his inves rived he

I stood deepin Spar said; ar that, one the w so passi

I was Gramon ing and I d proo to tell

I sha to me. Eve seemed and it what

*CONTINUED FROM CENTER PAGE.*

breakfast-room, holding in her arms a tiny Maltese terrier of Lady Mallory's.

She was fondling it tenderly, pressing her lips to its little body, and calling it the most endearing name.

I thought of my poor Nero, and smiled grimly.

"You are fond of dogs, Lady Gramont?" I said, as I came up to her.

For the life of me, I could not have avoided giving her that home thrust.

It told.

I saw her cheek flush like a rose.

She could not look me in the face.

She murmured some inarticulate word or two, and passed into the breakfast-room with a hasty step.

Vera was at the table.

She rose from her place at sight of me, and came towards me, her hands extended with the prettiest, sweetest grace.

"Oh, Sir Douglas, I am so glad you are better!" she whispered, softly, raising her clear hazel eyes to mine.

There was a curious pain at my heart as I thought of the gulf which yawned between me and this sweet child.

"Where is Lady Mallory?" asked Sir Thomas, impatiently, as the breakfast-gong sounded a second time, and yet our hostess did not make her appearance.

Before anyone could answer him, a maid came flying into the room.

"Oh! please, my lady says will you go upstairs at once?" she panted, breathlessly addressing Sir Thomas. "My lady thinks there were burglars in the house last night!"

Everyone sprang to their feet, uttering simultaneous exclamations of dismay and alarm.

Lady Gramont alone retained any semblance of composure, and even she turned pale.

I regarded her intently.

She seemed, I thought, conscious of my scrutiny, and uneasy under it.

At any rate, she moved to quite the other end of the room, and took care not to turn her face in my direction.

Sir Thomas was hurrying out of the room, all excitement, when, at the door, he was met by Lady Mallory.

"My jewels are gone, Tom!" she said, making a brave effort not to seem too agitated, but looking very white.

Sir Thomas ripped off a hasty oath, then turned to his lady guests, and begged them to examine their jewel cases.

"I sincerely hope the loss is my wife's alone," he said, with a look of concern which testified to the sincerity of his hope.

The ladies needed no second bidding.

They flew upstairs to their jewel-cases—all but Lady Gramont.

She remained where she was.

"It is needless for me to go," she remarked, quite calmly. "My jewels were with Lady Mallory's. She kindly offered to take charge of them for me. If hers are gone, of course mine are gone, too."

"Yes, Beatrice, they are. Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Lady Mallory, taking her sister-in-law's hand, and speaking in a tone of affectionate concern. "Those beautiful sapphires that Harold gave you! I would not have had you lose them for the world. But who could have foreseen such a thing as this?"

"Don't trouble about me dear," returned Lady Gramont gently. "I fear I am by no means the only loser. I wish, with all my heart, I were."

I stood a silent listener and spectator, simply lost in amazement.

What could I think but that Beatrice Gramont was the confederate of thieves? that it was she who had admitted one into the house last night?

And yet she could stand there, talking to her hostess of the burglary, with her beautiful face quite unmoved, or expressing only a gentle concern, such as any lady might feel at the loss of her jewels.

"Oh, but it is so dreadful to have such things happen in one's house!" said Lady Mallory. "I would have given a thousand pounds to have prevented it. Come Beatrice, let us go upstairs, and see whether anything else is missing. Perhaps you and I are the only sufferers after all."

But even as she spoke, excited exclamations from the other guests convinced her that the depredators had not been thus moderate.

The chamber of every lady guest had been entered, and her jewel-case completely rifled.

Of course, the whole house was soon in a state of the wildest excitement.

The servants were summoned, and subjected to the severest cross-examinations.

Grave suspicion seemed to attach to one or some of them, insomuch as it was scarcely possible for the thief to have entered the house without help from inside.

The butler swore that every door and window had been securely fastened when he went his usual round at midnight; and yet, now, the scullery door was found unfastened.

Undoubtedly it was by this the thief had made his ingress.

Sir Harold assisted his brother-in-law in his investigations, and when the police arrived he was foremost in instructing them.

I stood by, and listened with an ever deepening sense of horror.

"Spare no pains to find the criminals," he said; and I shuddered when I reflected that, before long, he must needs be told that one, at least, of those criminals was the woman he so entirely believed in and so passionately worshipped.

I was only waiting to see where Beatrice Gramont went at half-past five in the evening, and on what errand.

I doubted not I should gain then all the proof I needed, and it would be my duty to tell him everything.

I shall pass over that uncomfortable and to me, most unhappy day.

Everybody was full of the robbery, and seemed unable to talk of anything else; and it was a theme on which I, knowing what I did, could not bear to speak.

## TEACHERS' TROUBLES.

How Teachers May Prevent the Breakdown of the Nervous System Which often Threatens.

The worry and work, the strain and anxiety of a teacher's life are such as to tell severely on the nervous system. Time and again teachers have had to give up good positions on account of run down health

and shattered nerves. To such we confidently recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and in doing so we are supported by the testimony of Mrs. Reilly, Colborne Street, Chatham, Ont., who made the following statement:— "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are beyond question, the best remedy for nervousness, and all exhausted conditions of the system I know of. My daughter, as a result of over study and close application to her duties as school teacher, became much run down and debilitated, and was very nervous. Two months ago she began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They acted quickly and effectively in her case, making her strong and building up her entire system."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Palpitation, Nervousness, Sleeplessness,

Anæmia, Female Troubles, After Effects of Grippe, Debility, or any condition arising from Disordered Nerves, Weak Heart or Watery Blood. Price 50c. a box.

I shunned Gwynne's society, for how could I look him in the face while I was concealing such a secret from him?

I shamed Vera's equally; and it may be imagined I did not throw myself into the way of Lady Gramont.

I just moped about in out-of-the-way corners, and was perhaps, as thoroughly uncomfortable as I had ever been in my life.

"A pretty Christmas it will be for us all!" I thought grimly. "Poor Gwynne will carry a broken heart, if ever man did in this world. Vera will have to know there is something wrong, even if she isn't told the whole truth, and I shall feel like the evil genius who has caused the misery and wretchedness. I wish to Heaven I'd never come here this Christmas, or still better, that I hadn't seen what I had seen last Christmas Day."

As the afternoon wore on, I watched Lady Gramont intently, and I fancied she showed some slight signs of agitation.

The color in her face was a trifle deeper than usual; her smile had lost something of its sweet brightness.

At half-past four Lady Mallory dispensed tea to her guests, and immediately after it the ladies always retired to their rooms, to dress for dinner, for we dined rather early at Deepdene.

Sir Thomas never liked to take his dinner later than six or half past.

I noticed that Lady Gramont was the first to retire.

I watched her up the staircase; then I too, beat a retreat, and hurrying up to my room, I put on a hat and an overcoat, and coming downstairs again, made my way outside the house, and stationed myself in a shrubbery, whence I could command a view of all the doors, save those which belonged to the servants.

It must be remembered that, although I knew the hour, I did not know the place of meeting; and, therefore, there was nothing for it but to watch for Lady Gramont to leave the house, and to follow her wherever she went.

It was bitterly cold as I stood there, among the leafless trees.

I remembered, with something like a shudder, that to-morrow would be Christmas Eve—the anniversary of the day when that poor unknown wretch had been murdered in the mountain pass.

For about twenty minutes I stood anxiously waiting.

But at length, my patience was rewarded.

One of the French windows of the library was opened, and Lady Gramont stepped out.

I saw her features distinctly in the moonlight.

I saw, too, that she was enveloped from head to foot in a long, dark cloak, and that she appeared to be carrying something both bulky and heavy in her arms.

She cast one swift anxious look around,

as though to assure herself she was not observed; then she crossed the lawn, and entered a long dark avenue of trees, which led, as I knew, into a small plantation that skirted the high road.

Noisily, but swiftly, I followed her, keeping at a distance—as I could well afford to do, for the ground was still covered with snow, and it was thus enabled to trace her by her footprints.

I have since wondered that, in view of

the fact of a burglary having been committed only the night before, we were not both of us—watched in our turn by detectives, or some such people.

Assuredly a watch ought to have been set upon every person in the house upon such an event.

But I suppose the truth was that

County Police, who had the case in charge

were a set of unmindful duffers, and the man from Scotland Yard, whom Sir Thomas had telephoned for, had not yet arrived.

At any rate, Lady Gramont went the whole length of the avenue, and I followed

her without our being interrupted by anyone.

I was quite certain she was carrying something bulky and heavy beneath her cloak, and it struck me it was most likely some of the stolen jewels.

She was taking them to her confidante, probably the night before.

When she got to the end of the avenue, she immediately entered the small plantation, I suppose of, and for a moment or two, I lost sight of her.

I had to stop to search for her footprints, and by the time I had found them, I heard sounds in their wake for a few steps. I heard sounds which convinced me I had run my quarry to earth and that it now behaved me to exercise the extreme caution.

I heard voices the rich sweet ones of Lady Gramont and the hoarse, deep tones of a man.

Another moment, and I saw both him and her distinctly.

They were standing beneath an old elm-tree, which had been struck with lightning in the autumn.

He was the same man whom I had seen in the corridor last night, and he was holding out his arms to relieve her of her burden.

Just at that critical moment, and before I could distinguish a word that passed between them, a most unlucky accident happened—an accident which, as after events proved, might easily have cost me my life.

I had, almost unconsciously, been resting my weight on the branch of a tree, as I leaned forward to look and to listen.

The branch was rotten.

I cracked, snapped, and I plunged forward, only saving myself with difficulty from falling on the ground.

The sound startled those two whom I was watching.

The man seized what I now saw was a well filled leather bag from Lady Gramont, and fled through the plantation with the speed of hunted hare.

Lady Gramont looked wildly first one way and then another, seemed about to follow the man, and, finally turned round, advanced a step or two in my direction, and, by so doing, all but fell into my arms, which I stretched out to intercept her passage.

For one moment we stood and gazed into one another's eyes in silence.

The moon shone full upon both.

We could see each other almost as distinctly as if it had been day.

She recovered her composure, or, at any rate, a fair semblance of it very quickly.

"Mr. Douglas!" she exclaimed. "Oh to you, too, though. You would be surprised to see me here."

Her beautiful face actually wore a smile as she said this.

I told myself she was preparing to throw dust in my eyes once more, and I steered myself against her.

I would let her know it was useless to seek to hoodwink me—to palm upon me any plausible falsehood accounting for her presence in the plantation at such an hour.

"No, Lady Gramont, I was not in the least surprised or startled," I answered, coldly.

"You will understand what I mean when I tell you I was a witness to your meeting with your friend in Sir Thomas's house last night; and that I came here purposely to discover what your business with him might be."

She turned deathly pale—so pale that for a moment, I feared she was about to faint.

She looked so beautiful, with her large, lustrous eyes fixed on mine, that I had much ado to keep my heart from relenting towards her; but the memory of Gwynne's wrong strengthened me, and I continued, as sternly as before.

"It is useless for you to seek to deceive me any further. I have proofs that you are in league with thieves; and, in my heart, I firmly believe you have the guilt of murder on your soul. Lady Gramont I recognise you as the woman who committed that murder in the mountain pass last Christmas Eve."

Whiter she could not go.

That was impossible; but the look of terror in her beautiful eyes grew deeper and deeper.

She opened her lips but no words came.

She was like one stricken dumb.

"Allow me to see what you have in your hand," I said, very coolly, seeing that, although her confederate had made off with the leather bag, she was still convulsively clutching at something underneath her cloak.

As I spoke, I drew forth her hands, she not attempting to resist me, only looking up at me with piteous, imploring eyes.

I could not repress a slight exclamation when the moonlight flashed upon a necklace and tiara of sapphires.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "This, I presume, is your share of the spoils."

"No, no!" she panted. "Oh, no, no!

They are my own—my very own! Sir Harold gave them to me. He did, indeed!"

Looking at the jewels again, I was forced to own she spoke the truth in this.

The sapphires had been Sir Harold's gift to her.

I had seen them before, and I recognised them.

Mr. Moore's Cold Pills.

Some years ago, in The Companion,

Mr. Holman D. Waldron told a thrilling story of a railroad employee's ride on the outside of a vestibuled train. Now the Cincinnati Enquirer details an equally unpleasant experience endured by a business man named Moore, while on his way home from Washington.

Just at daybreak the train made a brief stop about forty miles west of Hinton, West Virginia. Moore had been unable to sleep for several hours, and he arose, slipped on his trousers and shoes, and stepped out on the platform, to look around. Just then the train started slowly.

Moore left the day

## TALE OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

A Story of Schoolbooks, a Cheerful Grandmother and a Good, but Stupid Little Boy.

Sydney Puffer was the stupidest boy in the Malburn school. Now, some boys are stupid and don't know it. If you were to be led by their opinion of themselves you would say they were anything but stupid; but Syd knew he was stupid and wished every day that he could become less so. It is not the custom at the Malburn school for the boys to have any home studies. All their studying is done in the classroom, but Syd was so anxious to learn that he would take his geography and his speller home and would study and study until he fell asleep over the books.

And next day in class Miss Greene would say: "Wrong. Spell 'exasperate'. 'I-g-s-p-a-i-t'." Sydney would spell slowly and painstakingly, and then, like as not, Bob Addoms, who had not looked at his lesson, would spell both words as glibly as could be and poor Sydney would feel utterly disheartened.

Then would come the geography lesson. "Sydney, where is France?" "France is the capital of England."

"Yes, but where is it?" Miss Greene would continue. She really seemed to take pleasure in leading Sydney on.

"Is it in Ireland?" he would ask doubtfully.

"No, it isn't. What are its chief products?"

"Products?" would start Syd off. "Tar, pitch, turpentine and lumber," he would say with unusual speed, and amid the laughter of the class he would sit down and Bob would get up and bound France and tell her chief products and something about her form of government, and yet he had only dipped into his geography between classes.

But it was in reading that Sydney fared worst. He could not read the simplest words without stumbling along.

Once Miss Greene gave him this verse from Longfellow:

"The shades of night were falling fast  
When thou an All Pine village paced  
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice  
A banner with the strange device."

"Excellent!"

"Very excellent," said Miss Greene, "but I'm afraid not excellent enough for you to get an 'extra' in reading."

When Syd sat down he was in tears, but that did not cause the sniggers and smiles of his classmates to subside, nor did Miss Greene make any attempt to stop the scholars.

Little Syd felt humiliated and hardly knew what happened the rest of the day. He was kept in for an hour and had to read that verse out loud fifty times and then write it twenty five times.

It was late in the afternoon when he finally left the school and started for home. His way lay along the seashore, and he shuffled through the damp sand, half wishing that a big wave would come and bear him away to a land where there was no such thing as school.

"I wish I could learn. I don't want to grow up a dunce," he said to himself, "but everything is so hard, and Miss Greene doesn't think I can do anything, and then I can't. I read that verse all right to grandma, but she kept stroking my hair and that made the words look easier."

So he talked out loud to himself and shuffled along until his foot unaccustomed, or rather unaccustomed a bronze jar of a very curious shape. Little Syd had never read any fairy stories of course. Reading was too hard a thing for him to do more in it than he had to do. And his grandmother although a lovely old lady and devoted to her little grandson (the only one left of a large family of children and grandchildren) was no believer in fairy tales. "It's a waste of time," she had said to a caller who had asked her whether she had read "Alice in Wonderland" to Sydney. "It all seems very nonsensical to me. What is the use of filling the poor boy's brain with stories that are not only untrue but are silly? It isn't easy for him to learn, so I believe in reading only those things that do him good."

"Yes, the visitor had said, "but if you don't exercise his imagination you are going to give him a cheerless old age."

But grandma had laughed in her cheery way and had said: "Well, I'm old enough to know what I'm doing, and I've had enough to try me, but I find life pleasant and that without any fairy stories, either."

The caller had changed the subject. You see, therefore, that Sydney did not immediately wonder as an imaginative boy would have wondered what the jar was good for and whether it was one of the kind told about in the Arabian Nights.

But it is a peculiar thing about fairies and their ways that it doesn't make a bit of difference to them whether you believe in them or not. If they think that you need them they will come to you and force you to believe in them.

As soon as Sydney kicked the jar he stooped and picked it up and began rubbing the sand from it, and low and behold! a beautiful fairy came out of it and flew before him like a butterfly, talking as she flew.

"What do you want of me, my dear?" she said in the sweetest voice imaginable.

But Sydney only stared in amazement.

"You called me, my dear, and here I am.

I can do anything for you that you wish to

be done. Make you rich, make you wise, make you good."

Now, there are a number of boys in the Malburn school, who would have said: "Oh make me rich, but dear little Syd hardly ever thought of money. He did want to know something, so he said:

"I wish that I could learn easily. You see, he didn't even seek to know everything without study; he merely wanted to learn easily, and as he had asked so he received.

The fairy fluttered up to him and kissed him on each cheek, and he told me afterward that it was as if a warm snowflake had touched him, which was not a bad idea for a little like Sydney.

Then the fairy and the jar vanished, and Sydney walked home as happy as if he had never been bothered at school. He had his schoolbooks under his arm, for he had determined to have good lessons next day if it took him all night to learn them.

I think that he fancied his grandmother would not believe that he had met a fairy, so he said nothing to her about it, but fair or to test his new power he sat down at the centre table in the sitting room and began to study his history lesson. The boys had studies far beyond their ages in that school Sydney was only 10, and as you have seen he could hardly read, and yet he had history, geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and physiology.

Well, the history lesson for the next day was about the battle of Concord, and Sydney began to read it loud, as was his habit, and to his great astonishment he read it as glibly as Bob Addoms, and to his greater astonishment he remembered every word of it, and when he had shut the book up he found himself repeating the whole chapter, word for word, and with as much expression as Lorimer Halstead put into his recitation, and Lorimer was the star 'eloquentist' of the school.

Grandma came into the room just as he was finishing his recitation, and she was astonished enough. "Why, my boy, you are improving a great deal. I always said you had it in you. Your dear father was as smart as a steel trap and I knew I would inherit some of his smartness. That's an interesting part of history. My grandfather was at the battle of Concord. He was a cousin of Paul Revere's? Do you know about Paul Revere. There are some pretty verses about him by Longfellow, the poet in this book. See if you can read them to me."

She handed a volume of Longfellow's poems to the boy and he read 'Paul Revere's Ride' as easily as if he had known it by heart. Not only that, he shut the book up and recited it with appropriate gestures and his grandmother caught him in her arms and said: "Just like your father. He could recite so that people always wanted to repeat it immediately."

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And the superintendent who was quite a good draughtsman himself, said: "Miss Greene, I consider that may be remarkable that I am going to have the blackboard removed and sent to the Paris Exposition as a sample of American school work."

And the scholars rose to their feet and gave three cheers for Sydney quite un-

expected.

Now if you go the exposition next spring you ask them to show you Sydney Puffer's map of Africa.

But I don't much for its being there. It was drawn under fairy influences, and it may have been withdrawn under the same influence.

But this I do know. Sydney Puffer is now the best scholar in Malburn school. Miss Greene says it is awakened ambition his grandmother says it is his heritage from his father, and Sydney says it is the taint of Atria.

I wish that I could learn easily.

You see, he didn't even seek to know everything without study; he merely wanted to learn easily, and as he had asked so he received.

The fairy fluttered up to him and kissed him on each cheek, and he told me afterward that it was as if a warm snowflake had touched him, which was not a bad idea for a little like Sydney.

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