

567 THE NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM

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THEY RUN THE MACHINE.

A TRIUMPHANT IN HALIFAX CITY POLITICS.

If They Agree in any Matter There Need be no Question as to the Result—A Government and an Opposition Party in the City Council.

HALIFAX, May 23.—"You know there are two or three aldermen in the city council who run the machine, and who are the people to pass any measure if it can be made to pass at all."

Such were the remarks of a citizen the other day who has had some experience. He was about right. It is not a difficult matter to put your finger upon those powerful city fathers, and if any of PROGRESS' readers are in want of information of this kind they can take what they find here as a safe pointer. The name that comes up first in this connection is that of Alderman Redden. His partner in power is Alderman Hamilton. The third man is Alderman McFatrie. These men form the "triumvirate" which governs the city. There is no doubt about it that almost anything these three men wish to see accomplished will materialize. If they see eye to eye on any matter, and they invariably do, there need be no fear of the result. Success, so far as action by the council is concerned, is pretty sure.

Alderman Redden is a liberal and Alderman Hamilton is a conservative. Politics are by no means everything even in the city council, but they count for a good deal, and when the other qualities are present all is likely to go well. The "triumvirate" have the other qualities requisite to make them powerful. They are good manipulators, and possess the faculty of making their fellow city fathers see a thing as they see it. This is not done by bursts of eloquence, or by fluently presented argument in their places within the council hall, but by an effective way they have of putting their heads together and planning they have learned that to rule they must sometimes obey, and they are ready "to obey" just as much as it is necessary to enable them to keep the reins of power. Richard Croker was no more a boss with Tammany, or Platt with New York republicans, than is Alderman Redden with the majority of our present city fathers—good men and true as they in many respects are. He is a man of "manipulative" and executive ability, and allied with a strong man like Alderman Hamilton, an intelligence and knowledge of civic matters, and who, while a better public speaker than Alderman Redden, is only second to him in the peculiar qualities specially prominent in that gentleman's civic character. Alderman McFatrie has a strong following in the North-end, and he is a good "junior" member of the "triumvirate."

These men certainly form the executive of the party in power in the city council. For there has now come to be, in fact though not in name, a "government party" party in the city council, and an "opposition." Dominion or provincial politics are not concerned. The "opposition," pure and simple, is not numerically strong, and even with the couple of "independents" would not have a majority of the eighteen.

It is quite safe to depend on this, that if you have a measure to pass the council, or some scheme to put through, for the best interests of the city—or yourself—or both, your wisest plan is to secure the advocacy of the "triumvirate." They are the men whose stamp of approval it is most necessary to secure. You may succeed without it, but it is almost sure to pass with it.

This statement of fact is not intended as anything but an assertion of what is believed to be the truth. The "triumvirate" are intelligent men, who through their power over their fellows have done and may yet do good work for the city of Halifax, to the best of their ability. But it will do no harm to keep an eye on them, as indeed citizens are pretty carefully doing.

THE LEADING POWER.

Alderman O'Donnell Has Become the Power Above the Governor.

HALIFAX, May 23.—The whirligig of time brings many changes. Who would have thought ten or fifteen years ago that the present chairman of the city prison committee would have been in the position today. Those familiar with the local history of Halifax during that period would have said that while perhaps nothing is impossible, yet that Alderman O'Donnell should ever have become the power above the governor of our civil corrective institution at Rockhead, was about the most improbable supposition that could be formulated. They would have laughed at the idea as absurdity itself, yet the improbable and the next to impossible has come to pass, and it is now Chairman O'Donnell of the city prison committee appointed to the committee by the Mayor and named chairman on motion of Ald. Redden and Geldert.

Since the old days, now long passed away, when the members of the city prison committee went out to Rockhead periodically

and regulated themselves with wines and cigars at the city's expense, some of the bills for which are unpaid till this day, the prison has been well and economically conducted by Governor Murray and Mrs. Murray. There is nothing to suggest as regards the management, which could hardly be better. The building itself is antiquated and not much like a modern prison, but, bad as it is, a new edifice is not required, nor asked for by anyone. Is it to be hoped that Chairman "Neddy" O'Donnell and Governor Murray will continue the good work, and no matter what people may say, there is little doubt but they will.

DOUBLE HIS SALARY.

How Mayor Keele Succeeded in Capturing This.

HALIFAX, May 23.—From time to time PROGRESS, alone of all the papers read by the people of Halifax, noted the fact that ex-Mayor Keele was drawing double the salary that formerly attached to the office of mayor. He succeeded in doing this by appropriating to himself the old board of works allowance of \$1,000. When it was stated that the ex-mayor drew his first \$500 on this extra account there was a mild sensation, for few knew the fact. The city council took the matter up and tried to pass a resolution that in future, no such warrants be drawn by his worship without the council's consent. A way was found to get round that resolution, and the mayor drew another \$250 nem. con. Finally when his year was up the mayor took the last round \$250, making the whole \$1,000. Mayor Keele was the first chief magistrate of Halifax who succeeded in capturing a salary of \$2,000, and the chances are he will be the last for a long time, as there was no \$1,000 for board of works inserted in this year's estimates or assessment. The tax-payers may take PROGRESS' various announcements of the payment of the \$1,000 in question as receipts for the money, for they will see or hear very little of any other.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS UNHAPPY.

They Have to Work from Nine in the Morning till Six at Night.

HALIFAX, May 23.—There is rejoicing in many quarters this week in Halifax because the customs appraisers' office is to be kept open for business, by order of the government, till 6 o'clock in the evening. An hour is added in the morning as well, for now instead of 10 o'clock, the hour for opening the office is to be 9. Nine to six—these are not bad hours for government clerks. True, the appraisers' staff have all along been in the habit of opening up at nine, though the official hour was ten, and the real difference to the appraisers will be the addition of those two hours in the afternoon. Messrs. Blackwood, Beckwith and O'Connor will doubtless be able to arrange the work to inconvenience themselves as little as possible. After 4 o'clock, it is understood, one appraiser and one packer will hold the fort for the delivery of goods, so that it will be only one week in three when these civil servants will feel the pinch of two hours' duty more than has hitherto pressed upon them.

Merchants who themselves have been in the habit of working hard every day from 8 or 9 to 6 o'clock often grumbled grimly "but these appraisers, who like all civil service employees, are the people's servants, should cast off the light cares of office at 4 o'clock, just at an hour perhaps, when they were most needed by the merchant. It is in response to this feeling, as well as to the demands of business, that the government has extended the hours for the delivery of goods.

The methods of the appraisers' office, or of the clerks there, have not made the establishment a popular one, and it is not surprising there is some jubilation that David Blackwood, R. M. Beckwith, and Frank O'Connor, customs appraisers at Halifax, have been given two hours more office duty per diem.

This Was in St. John.

A well known groceryman is a penman of no mean ability. His especial pride in this line is in the ornament he makes at the end of his letters. This ornament is made small by degrees and beautifully less. Lately an account was rendered by this gentleman to a liquor dealer. The customary ornament appeared at the bottom, which was extremely unfortunate as the liquor dealer has decided to have nothing more to do with the groceryman. The reason assigned for this was that at the end of the bill there was drawn a corkscrew.

Where he Drew the Line.

A young man went into a store to buy a hat. It suited him first rate. He looked inside the crown and saw that it was called the "Trilby" and he left the store sorrowful.

A Great Variety of New Designs in Wall Paper and Window Shades at McArthur's 90 King St.

HOW THE TABLES TURN.

AN OFFICIAL UPSET IN FAIRVILLE AND VICINITY.

All the Result of a Change in Representation—Mr. Ready and his Friends Overthrow the Three-Girls—Hannery Goes With the Others.

Lancaster has always been a constituency noted for keen municipal election contests. There has always been a crossing of swords there and a man must fight to win. This year the election was keener than ever, and it had quite a significance. What that was recent events have disclosed.

Of late there has been quite a wholesale redistribution of those offices that lie within the patronage of the Lancaster councillors, and it appears that the election was run on patronage lines. For two or three years there has been quite a split among Fairville people, the population being divided over their allegiance or otherwise to the leading business man of the community, Mr. James Ready.

In the municipal election of last year there was a division in these things and each party elected a man, Conn. Armstrong, a friend and supporter of Mr. Ready, and Conn. Catherwood, an opponent. The result was a dead-lock over matters, particularly in reference to highway expenditure and the appointment of the roadmaster.

Then legislation was obtained giving Lancaster three representatives and when this election came around both sides girded up their loins for a contest that should decide things. Conn. Catherwood headed a ticket of three and Conn. Armstrong irrevocably his forces at the head of a ticket.

The result was a victory for the Catherwood ticket. Conn. Barnhill, a leading merchant of Fairville, led the poll, and the other man was Conn. Evans, who stood 79 ahead of Conn. Armstrong. Mr. John C. Hatheway, who has a large farm out Mahogany road, and Squire Robinson, who needs no introduction, were the other defeated ones. It is significant that in that province, Pisarino, the Armstrong men tallied only 23 votes while the Catherwood men tallied 133.

This having been settled, the redistribution of the best offices began. The Lancaster councillors have the patronage of some fairly remunerative offices, such as collector of rates, police officer, road master, and assessors.

The first change was made at the first meeting of the new council. Two of the Ready men were then set aside. The council did not wish to do so but it was shown that it was a matter for the three Lancaster councillors to decide and they were unanimous on the point and so the others had to give way to their opinions. But it very nearly happened that the displacement was not made. The whole council voted on the matter and then incumbents were elected. The Lancaster representation did not seem to be aware that their brethren at the board had no right to vote. A good Samaritan who was there called Conn. Catherwood out and explained the position to him and on returning he appealed to the warden and had the vote annulled.

So now Mr. H. P. Allingham will collect the rates instead of Mr. Geo. T. Clark. Mr. Allingham is a popular young man and his father who was a resident of Georgetown was one of the most zealous orators in the province. People have nothing to say against Mr. Clark as a collector. It was considered that he fulfilled his duties faithfully. But he was not on the right side. Mr. Stephen Gallivan gives way to Mr. Daniel Malloy on the board of assessors. Mr. Gallivan's defect was that he was in Mr. Ready's employ. He was a good officer, however, and brought new life into the work of the board when he was appointed.

Since the council meeting two other changes have been made. The position of roadmaster brings in a fair salary and Mr. John Duff has filled it during the last year. The prize has been taken from him and has been bestowed upon Mr. Archibald McAulay.

Chief of all the positions, perhaps, was that of police officer. For several years Officer Robert Hennessy has filled the position, one that might very correctly be considered a difficult one to fill. It would be quite safe to say that better order is preserved in Fairville than when he commenced and that he has fulfilled his duties with a fair degree of satisfaction at least. He is not a large and powerful man, but he prides himself that he does not shrink at the call of duty.

His successor will be Mr. Geo. Moore, a sturdily-built young man. He has been in the bus business between Fairville and the head of Portland. He is a prominent oragan and has held office in the county lodge. He will assume his duties about the first of June.

The Ostrich and the Orstrage.

A pupil in one of the leading schools of the province of Nova Scotia recently handed in the following original treatise on the humming bird and the ostrich, of

which there are pictures in one of the royal readers. The humming bird is dislodged with slight notice, as befits its size, but full justice is done to the larger bird. The humming is the smallest in the world and the ostrich is the largest. (The ostrich exhibited in this sentence and the next is particularly praise-worthy.) It seems to be a very strong bird. There is a man on his back, and the bird is walking and running with big steps and still the man on his back." The following is another way by another member of the same class; and it had quite a significance. What that was recent events have disclosed.

It is valued for its beautiful white feathers. It is hunted by a man dressed in orange feathers like the bird. He follows till he gets near, then he shoots his poisoned arrow, and generally exceeds in catching his prey."

A WELL KNOWN COMMERCIAL MAN.

Stewart of St. Stephen Dies After a Long Illness.

Perhaps there was no commercial man in this province better known than C.



THE LATE C. FRED STEWART.

Stewart, who died in St. Stephen a few days ago. In this city he was a familiar figure and was known to merchants and to all those who moved in business circles. He was popular with young men and had many warm and close friends among them in this city. A member of the K. of P., his death was heard with unusual regret by his brothers in the order. Mr. Stewart had been in business for himself, but before his death represented an upper province concern. He caught cold last fall and a severe illness followed. Then when he began to improve, he suffered a relapse, which was so severe that he failed to rally from it. The engraving above represents him in a favorite attitude.

A Well Deserved Honor.

Some few days ago PROGRESS heard the name of Rev. G. O. Gates mentioned in connection with the degree of doctor of divinity from Acadia College. Various reasons were assigned why he should and probably would receive the honor at the convocation at Wolfville on Wednesday, May 23rd. He has been one of the most successful pastors in the maritime provinces and there is probably no more popular man in the Baptist ministry in the three provinces. He has one of the most important churches in the convention. It is the church where the convention first met fifty years ago and where they will meet again this summer in jubilee session. A doctor's degree would be very appropriate in recognition of this circumstance. Rev. Mr. Gates is going to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the closing exercises of the college this year and this may be considered a prelude to the granting of the degree.

A Long Time at One Stand.

Mr. James Manson proposes to move from his stand at the lower end of King street to Charlotte street sometime next week. He has been in the dry goods business for 36 years and has seen King and Prince William streets flourish and abound with retail dry goods stores. Now there is not one. Trade is going or has gone up town and Mr. Manson is the last to leave the old place. Speaking to PROGRESS, Mr. Manson said that he and Mrs. Manson had been 36 years in the dry goods and millinery business and he seemed to speak with some regret that now at the age of 67 years, the change in the business centre of the city should compel him to abandon the old stand and follow the trade. But he will have some consolation, no doubt, in his new location, PROGRESS imagines, when a hundred people are passing to and fro to one at the lower end and south end of King street. Mr. Manson has been a long time in the dry goods business and many of the older families have never found his store always availed themselves of Mrs. Manson's excellent taste in her own department—millinery.

THE SEASON IS OPENED.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPORT AND OF PICNICKING.

What was Going on In and out of the City Yesterday—Base Ball and Horse Racing—A Lowering Sky in the Morning Followed by a Fine Day.

When those who expected to enjoy the 24th in an old time fashion awoke yesterday morning to see the rain descending in a determined drizzle their spirits were quite as effectively dampened as the earth had been. How could baseball be played on slippery turf and how could horses trot in mud? More than this bicycles don't run easily when the wheels are clogged, but, worst of all, the thousands who had planned an outing in the country looked with rueful countenances upon the lowering sky and clouds. But the rain stopped; and perhaps never was any struggle for supremacy watched with keener interest than that between the clouds and the sun. One moment the sky would brighten with the effort of old Sol to send his rays upon the saturated earth; and then the banks of rain clouds would grow thick again and the spirits of the boys and the girls as well as of many older people would go down to zero. But gradually the fear of more rain vanished, though the sun would only take an occasional peep at the earth. The streets grew lively with people, thousands of lads and lassies poured forth to enjoy the mild warmth of the day and to separate in the different directions of their pleasure.

"Sam" Milligan was glad when the sun began to dry up the grass, so that the fields of his base ball teams would have a chance for their lives. He has worked hard to revive the game again and has risked much to bring the Colby team from Maine, but few of the old base ball players there are in the mix now. Only a few years ago, when Bell and White and Whitenect and Milligan were on the diamond the interest was unabated. Yesterday the attempt was made to revive the game with practically new people who, no doubt, have their friends and warm admirers just the same as the old players.

Then Dr. Pendleton, who has been associated with the turf in his own gentlemanly fashion for many years, who has never hesitated to give an entry or to trot a losing race in order to help out management and make more fun, had races at Moosepath. No other man could have secured such horses as Katrina, Pilot Jr. and Thordale Echo for the 24th of May—a date so early in the season that owners dislike to start good horses. Then there was a second race between known and unknown green horses. Of course PROGRESS, going to press at noon Friday, cannot give the result, but for its many readers and outside of St. John who are always interested in holiday proceedings, gives this idea of the day's doings.

The old Mechanic's Institute had company and so had the Opera house. The worth of the shows is not material upon the 24th as good houses are the rule, not the exception. Trilby was on—a return performance and a new show with lurid and sensational printing held the Institute. There were minor baseball games, and the bicycle people and their friends rushed off to St. Stephen by the Shore Line; the river boats carried many on their first trip up the St. John this year, while the train men ran an excursion to Fredericton.

So the holiday was spent and the season of excursions and sport and picnics opened.

LASSING A MOOSE.

The Five Weeks That the Hunter Spent Taking him Home.

Hunter Selick is one of the best known men in this province. This little man with the big fur cap and his happy family menagerie are warmly welcomed wherever they go. For many years Hunter Selick had been the possessor of two cow moose, but though he has tried many a time, it was not till recently that he was able to capture a bull moose. When he accomplished that feat, Hunter Selick felt proud indeed, and has felt proud ever since.

It was in the forest country lying between the head waters of the Tobique and Miramichi rivers that Selick caught his bull moose. For days his search was fruitless, until one day about thirty miles away from any settlement and in the depth of the forest, he sighted a magnificent specimen. The dogs were set on the moose, and drove it towards a tree. The hunter crept around, and suddenly threw his lasso around the beast's head, twisted the rope around a tree, and had his prize a prisoner.

It is much easier for a hunter to bring home a dead moose than a live one. The long days of waiting before it was safe to proceed taxed Hunter Selick's remarkable patience to the utmost. And after that, travelling was slow.

It took five weeks climbing over the bald hills, wading the morasses or fording the rivers which marked the thirty miles' distance between the scene of the capture and the first settlement. The plucky hunter at

times had to employ a catamaran to cross the streams with the moose swimming behind. But after the weary weeks Hunter Selick had the moose in the back yard of his Westmorland home.

SEND ALONG YOUR PORTRAITS.

"Progress" Offer Being Taken Advantage of By Hundreds of the People.

The bicycle and portrait crazes are upon the people today in full force. PROGRESS does not propose to enlarge upon the former, but to say a few words in respect to the different phases assumed by the enlarged portrait idea.

Only a short time ago—less than two years—a few people in this line introduced cheaper enlarged crayon portraits into the maritime provinces. The people thought that the enlargement of a photograph, for say ten or fifteen dollars, was a remarkable bargain, and the quantity of work that those concerns obtained was very large. Today the enlarged portrait is being done for \$2.50 or \$3.50 and in connection with other businesses as low as two dollars. Some months ago the idea was taken up by PROGRESS and the offer of enlarging portraits in connection with subscriptions made. Some hundreds of orders resulted from that, and photos are coming to this office day by day as a result of the advertisement printed upon the 15th page of this paper. Any one who is interested in having portraits enlarged, and indeed there are very few people who are not, can gain some idea of what is proposed by reading that announcement carefully. Until a short time ago PROGRESS made a change in the management of this department, and instead of having it conducted by a gentleman outside the premises, took it over itself, and secures the orders through its numerous agents in the town and country of the provinces. As a result of that it is able to offer both old and new subscribers a good portrait, since there is no longer the middleman to pay the agents who sell PROGRESS will in nearly every case be very glad to forward the portraits to this office for enlargement. Many of them will have samples of the work displayed in their windows in a short time, and the people generally will be enabled to obtain an idea of the character of the enlarged portrait.

The elegance of the frame is one of the features of this business. It is hard to realize that such a handsome frame can be placed about an enlarged crayon portrait for the sum of \$2.00. It must not be thought for a moment that the frame and portrait only cost two dollars. They cost more than that, but in order to obtain new subscriptions, newspapers are always willing to pay a certain sum. PROGRESS is a thorough believer in this, because subscribers once on our books usually continue to remain there for many years, and the amount paid for the securing of those subscriptions in the first place divided over the years that follow is very small indeed. As stated above there are few people who do not have photographs that they would wish to have enlarged and framed. Any of those forwarded to PROGRESS with a new subscription, or in fact, with the renewal of an old subscription will be executed in the best manner and to the satisfaction of the subscribers.

He Will Go Into Politics.

It is quite true that Mr. Geo. A. Davis has gone to Hawaii to enter political life and keep things humming in that distant isle. When last heard from he was in Vancouver, about to start across the Pacific to the goal of his ambitions. A number of his friends have heard from him, and it will be unnecessary to say that his letters are very striking and interesting. He appears to be very hopeful and turning his back to the past and sure of the future he intends to hew out a place for himself in the land of ex-Queen Lil. One of the reasons that sent Mr. Davis so far away was the fact that a class-mate of his at the law school in Boston is now attorney-general in Hawaii and he thinks he ought to have quite a pull with him for old acquaintance sake. With his energy and chic, Mr. Davis should succeed in his new field and all who knew him here, it would be safe to say, hope that he will.

The Coming Musical Event.

The Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific, Shore Line Central, and Dominion Atlantic railways will issue single first class return tickets at one fare to the respective points on the days of the Sousa concerts, and concert tickets may be obtained from the station masters, the International and Bay of Fundy S. S. Co., and also the Grand Lake boats will do likewise. Special excursions will run from Chatham, New-Castle, Sackville, Dorchester, Amherst, Truro, New Glasgow, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Windsor, Wolfville, and Kentville, as can be found out by inquiring of station masters. The interest in the concerts has wonderfully increased during the past few days and even at this early date a very large sale of tickets has taken place.

Go to McArthur, 90 King St. A. McArthur Designs in Wall Paper.

THE DAYS OF HER YOUTH

WERE PROPHECY OF THE GLORY OF THE QUEEN'S OLD AGE.

An Interesting Account of Victoria's Childhood and Matrimony—How She Became a Queen and How Well This Prodigy was Fulfilled.

They decked her courtly hair;—They retied a hundred curls;—And showed at her palace gates,—"A noble queen succeeds."

It is an old and familiar phrase that says: "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." and certain it is that a good beginning is half the battle of life. The revered sovereign whose natal day was celebrated yesterday had indeed a good beginning, but not in the same way which used to be considered the proper ending in the story-books of childhoods day. The "happy forever afterwards" meant a life full of sunshine and prosperity and this assuredly was not the good beginning which attended the youthful days of England's Queen.

The Duke of Kent was a poor man, deeply in debt, and the Duchess of Kent had not come on her marriage to a happy country. England could scarcely have been said to have recovered from the commercial blight of the long Napoleonic wars though the great national sufferings were thrust out of sight by the national victories; but the suffering and unhappiness were there nevertheless. Much was against the alien duchess; her sex, her age, the difficulty with which she spoke the language, the fact that she was a widow of the Duke of Leiningen to whom she was married in Coburg at the age of seventeen years in the first girlish flush of that brilliant beauty traces of which she retained until her death. It is not at all likely there was much of romance in her marriage with the middle-aged Duke of Kent, but it is universally admitted that their short married life was a happy one, and his death was sincerely mourned by the duchess.

The baby Victoria, who was afterwards to rule over the destinies of the mightiest of nations was not a year old when her father died, and from a very early age she was well acquainted with the domestic cares and jealous strife which bore so heavily on the expatriated widowhood of her mother. It is well known that the Regent who within a week of the death of the Duke of Kent succeeded George III. as king had lived at open enmity with his brother and now extended that dislike to his widow and child.

"The first gentlemen of Europe" was present at the baptism of the royal infant but only under stress of political policy and etiquette; and when she was a little prattling child of four, all unconscious of the great future in store for her, he condescended to entertain her at a garden party and to present her with a miniature of himself set in diamonds. Nevertheless he was bitterly jealous of the little princess and her mother. The Duke of Clarence was however very fond of his little niece and when he succeeded to the throne he expressed great dissatisfaction with the retired manner in which his heiress was being brought up; but in this no doubt the Duchess displayed much wisdom for although the court was presided over by Queen Adelaide it had certain elements which made it not quite a desirable place for the young princess. The Duke of Cumberland had a positive hatred for the simple and innocent girl whose existence was fatal to the pretensions of his worshipped son George.

Until the Queen was almost grown up the little household at Kensington was obliged to dwell in almost total seclusion and many sacrifices, which at the time seemed all in vain, were made by the duchess. Thus in the early days of her youth the Queen experienced something of the adversity which has "sweet uses" and without a doubt this had much to do with the formation of her character. Later in life she refers to her "sad childhood" and says her happiest days were those she and her mother spent with her indulgent uncle at Claremont, where there was at least a temporary forgetfulness of the troubles of home. Victoria's first knowledge of life did not give her the false idea that it was a bed of roses; she knew that thorns were there long before the first great sorrow of her womanhood came upon her.

The greatest possible care was exercised in the education of the young princess and the Baroness Lezzen, the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman was one of the best persons that could have been chosen to assist in this work.

The royal little girl was singularly destitute of playfellows of her own age and rank in life, but among her acquaintances was numbered a young Queen who by the exigencies of fortune had been driven into exile and had sought English shores. When the Princess Victoria was about ten years old George IV. gave a children's party at which two little girls were the centre of attraction. One was our own Victoria the other was afterwards Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, a good and pure woman in private life, but so incapable of receiving advice from those who knew her affairs best that she nearly cost the House of Braganza a crown. She wore a dress that sparkled at every turn with costly jewels, and her manner was as studied and courtly as that of some royal dame five times her age. Maria da Gloria was dark

and sallow, and it is related that once during the evening she accidentally tripped and this wounded her dignity so much that she did not dance again that evening. In characteristic and beautiful contrast was the childish English girl, with her simple white dress and unsophisticated manner. The two Queens, who were afterwards connected by marriage, met later in life and renewed their youthful acquaintance. Simplicity and exquisite taste marked the dress of the future Queen; in her dainty white muslin evening dresses, there was nothing to denote her rank, except the diamond combs which kept the flaxen hair in order. Her



THE FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

amusements were also of the simplest and commonest kind and such as children of all ranks usually find most fun in.

In 1830 when Victoria became by the accession of William, the nearest heir to the throne, a grant of ten thousand pounds was added to that already given to the Duchess of Kent upon the death of her husband. Parliament also paid a high tribute to the excellent qualities which the duchess had displayed in her daughter's education by appointing her regent in case the Princess should inherit the throne while a minor.

Two characteristic little stories are told of the queen's childhood and are given on the excellent authority of her former tutor, Davys, Bishop of Peterborough and also of her governess, Baroness Lezzen. The first illustrates the honorable features of straightforward and unswerving honesty of the woman and queen. One day she was trifling over her lessons when her mother entered and asked how the child was behaving.

"She was a little troublesome once Your Grace," replied the governess. "No, Lezzen, twice; don't you remember?" was the conscientious amendment of the small offender.

The scene of the other story is also laid in the sunny upper room used as a school room. It was when she discovered the genealogy paper which had been placed in her history; she pondered over it for some time, then her blue eyes took in its meaning and she said eagerly what she thought as to who came nearest the throne. Her next words were the touching pledge, "Lezzen, I will be good." A long and glorious reign tells how well that pledge was kept.

As she grew older her life at Kensington became more diversified and tours were made through her future kingdom in order that she might become thoroughly acquainted with her native country.

She was also permitted to meet the leaders in different fields of thought and action and these of course included, learned divines, statesmen, wise judges, famous generals, travellers, men of art and literature, though much caution had to be exercised in the favor shown.

Finally the frank, smiling child became the maiden of seventeen and already suitors were eager to establish themselves in favor for her hand, and throne. But the good uncle who had so long planned for her had not left this unattended. Very naturally his thoughts turned to a young relative of whom he was very fond. King William offered some opposition to this as he also had another suitor in view, but finally a visit from the young kinsman was arranged, and contrary to the way such pre-arranged matters usually turn out, Prince Albert and Princess Victoria fell in love though when he returned to his home there was no formal engagement and no correspondence was established.

The Princess came of age May 24.

RUPTURE. If afflicted with direct for full particulars and get relief. Our new Columbia Wire Hoop will cure you in a few months. CHAS. CURRIE, 134 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

1837—just fifty eight year, ago and within a month King William died. Everybody now how the Princess was awakened from her slumber at five o'clock on a bright June morning and donning a simple white wrapper came into the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister and the Lord Chamberlain who hailed her as Queen! Very touching was her request to the Archbishop, for his prayers. With her own hands she wrote affectionate words of sympathy to the widowed Queen, and though the address she put upon the letter "To the Queen of England" was under the circumstances



THE FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

wrong, she refused to change it saying that she did not wish to remind the Queen Adelaide that the title was no longer hers.

By her own wish the Queen went in alone to preside over her first council. Her uncles the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, both old men were first to do her homage and as they kissed her hand she blushed vividly and immediately rising kissed them on the cheek. The gathering that morning in the wide low room, included the most distinguished men in the kingdom but the slight, almost childish figure, in deep mourning robes, was the centre of attraction. All were eager to see how she would conduct herself at this trying moment, as if they would judge from those signs of what her future was to be; The men of different political opinion were unanimous in declaring that nothing could exceed her simplicity, her modesty and the total absence of self consciousness which she displayed or that trying occasion.

Most everybody is familiar with the romantic betrothal of the Queen and Prince Albert, and of the chief incidents in their married life. It is related that just before the marriage the Archbishop of Canterbury asked the Queen if she wished the word "obey" left out of the marriage service. "No," she replied. "I wished to be married as a woman, and not as a Queen."

In the hearts of her people is the Queen's best record and in future generations the late laureate's wish will be more than fulfilled:

May children of our children say, She wrought her people lasting good; Her court was pure; her life serene; God gave her grace; her land reposed; A thousand claims to reverence closed; In her as mother, wife and Queen.

THE EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE.

A SUFFERER FOR SEVERAL YEARS FROM ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

Food Distressed Him and It Began to Have a Weakening Effect on the Heart—Many Remedies Failed Before a Cure Was Found.

(From the Canso, N. S., Brazil.)

While newspaper men are called upon in their capacity as publishers to print from week to week words of praise spoken in favor of proprietary medicines, it is not often that the editor himself feels it his duty to say a good word on behalf of any of these preparations. And yet if a newspaper man has actually found benefit from the use of a proprietary medicine, why should he not make it known to his readers, and thus perhaps point out to some of them the road to renewed health. The editor of the Breeze believes it his duty to say a few words of praise in favor of a remedy that has proved an inestimable boon to him, and to say them without any solicitations on the part of the proprietors of the medicine, who, a matter of fact, had no reason to know that he was ailing or was using their medicine. For several years the editor of the Breeze had been subject to that distressing complaint, dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly troubled can know how much misery this trouble entails. He had but very little appetite, and what he did eat caused an unpleasant feeling of fullness, and made him feel languid and heavy, often causing intense pain in the stomach, only relieved upon the food which he has taken. He was also troubled with palpitation of the heart,

Effect of the French Treaty.

Wines at Half Price.



The Bordeaux Claret Company, established at Montreal in view of the French treaty, are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines, at \$3.00 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every well-to-do hotel and club are now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address:

Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal, Bordeaux Office: 17 Allée de Bostant.

brought on no doubt by dyspepsia. Numerous remedies alleged to cure dyspepsia were tried but without success, and the trouble was approaching a chronic state. At the suggestion of a friend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried and relief soon followed their use, and after a few boxes had been taken the editor was able to assert positively that he had been cured of his dyspepsia by this remedy that has proved so great a blessing to mankind. To any one troubled with this complaint he would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To newspaper men in particular they will be found just the thing to impart health and vigor to the whole system and enable them to pursue their work free from that tired, dependent feeling so prevalent among the craft. The editor of the Breeze firmly believes that what they have done for him they will do for others, and he gives them his hearty and unqualified endorsement.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

An Ivory Mat.

An ivory mat is the latest. Many people have never even heard of such a thing, and it is not to be wondered at, for these mats are exceedingly rare, and it is said by those who know that only three of these beautiful curiosities exist in the whole world. The one we now write about is the largest one made. It measures eight feet by four feet, and though made in a small hill state in the north of India, has an almost Greek design for its border. It was used only on state occasions, when the British sat on it sign important documents. The original cost of the mat is fabulous, for 6,400 pounds of ivory were used in its manufacture. The finest strips of ivory must have been taken off the tusks, as the mat is as durable as a woven stuff, and beautiful fine. It will be a luxury that only the rich can buy, for the price, I heard a little bird whisper, was a long one.

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or older ones fit and young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$600.00 per month and upwards, according to ability. Rev. T. S. LINSICOOT, Brantford, Can.

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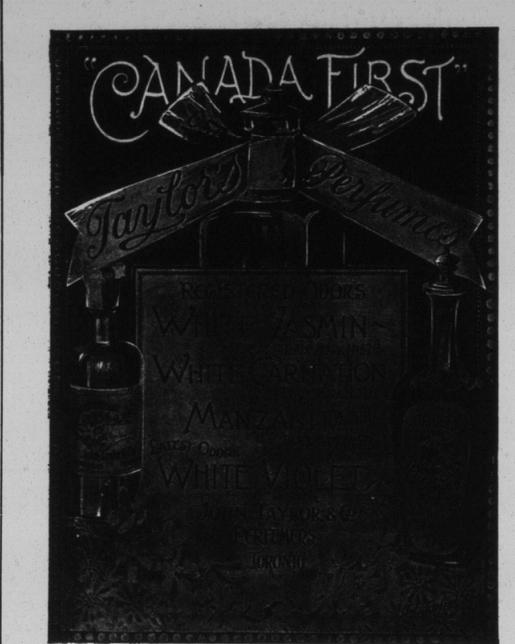
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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical event of the current week was the latest production by the amateurs of the comic opera "Doctor of Alcantara," last Tuesday evening.

The rehearsals by the St. John Oratorio Society, this week, of the choruses to be sung at the Sousa Band Concerts, was very satisfactory.

It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. L. W. Titus of this city has been engaged as soloist for the concert to be given at Acadia College, Wollville, on June 5th next.

Paris has a new prima donna in Mile Latargue, who recently won a brilliant success as Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello" at the grand opera.

Eugene D'Albert, the pianist, has been appointed Kapellmeister at Weimar, the position once held by Liszt.

Watkins Mills, the English baritone and who is said to be one of the best of his day, was singing in St. Paul, Minn., on the 16th and 17th inst.

A western writer, dealing with the concert of classical music as it is now known speaks of "the velocity of finger movement" exhibited by violinists in their selections and asks that some genius will "dare to break down the Chinese wall of pedantic orthodoxy and for once charm us with some sweet simple melody."

"Zygni" a new opera by De Vleeshouwen, recently produced at Antwerp met with only respectful attention.

George D. Boniface jr. has left the Camille D'Arville company.

Marion Manola will return to comic opera, and will appear in Cleveland, Ohio, in "Clover."

"Dorothy" is being given at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. It is not heard in that city since 1891.

DeKoven's new opera "Tzigane" which Lillian Russell has just brought out in New York is not likely to be a success.

"The Black Hussar" will follow "Dorothy," at the Castle Square theatre and manager Rose intends, for that production, to have on the stage a brass band mounted on horseback.

Charles Landle of the Robin Hood opera company is engaged for the season of summer opera at the Castle Square.

The London Musical Herald tells a queer story about "Jack" Wilson's tomb in the Little Cloisters at Westminster Abbey.

He was probably the first to sing "Sigh No More, Ladies," and he died at the age of 78, in 1673. The inscription on his tomb at the abbey was much obliterated, and under the direction of an antiquary

southern. Everybody is anxious to know something of the personality and talent of the lady soon to tread for the first time the boards of our historic Lyceum.

The Italian actress, Signora Duse, has been performing lately at the Parc Theatre, in Brussels. A few nights ago, and after the termination of the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Locandiera,"

W. S. Harkins opened his season in Halifax last Monday evening. The full list of his company with which he will shortly begin his season in this city, is as follows: William Courtleigh, W. A. Whitecar, George Barnum, E. J. Heron (comedian) C. J. Hallock, Joseph Brennan, Tom Wile—Ralph Beckett, artist, and Fred Hodgson, agent.

The young people comprising the Proseum club gave a matinee performance of "Won Back" last Saturday afternoon and intensified the favorable impression their previous performance had made.

Mr. Charles R. Fisher Clearly States His Side of the Case.

The following letter from Mr. Charles R. Fisher is self explanatory:

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have tentatively to reply to the various statements which have been made concerning my resignation as organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's, and which evidently came, either directly or indirectly, from some of the Elders of the church.

It should be clearly understood that there was, apart from myself, only the session who knew of my resignation at the time the press first appeared notifying that action.

When I left for England last summer, the session or its representatives said, "We want no change as we are perfectly satisfied and are quite willing to help all we can to firmly establish a voluntary choir from our congregation, also to aid in keeping it together when formed."

From what I can learn, and the following is the sum of what I have gathered from statements made at different times by one or another of the Session, there are those who expect for \$600—(1) A fully qualified professional organist to take charge of all the music connected with the church, train the choir and Sunday school, form and teach a congregational singing class, and give private instruction to such of the choir members as show special promise—(2) A paid quartette of sufficient shewiness to fill the church with people, and especially to attract those wealthy American visitors, who will materially add to the revenue of the church by their donations to the collection plate—(3) To provide the necessary music for the choir, and other incidental expenses—(4) To keep the organ in tune and repair.

Now the minister receives a stipend of \$2,500 in a straightforward manner, to enable him to carry on his share of the church work effectually, whilst the organist has his \$600 allotted him in such a way as to give cause for the carpenter and croaker—and St. Andrew's is far from free of this class of critic—to find fault and grumble continually. Until the session can be as just to the musician as to the minister, they must not expect anything permanent in the way of either choir or organist.

As to the statement made in the Telegraph, where it is said, "It seems the difficulty is owing to a difference between the choir committee and the organist on what are his duties." I can only say that on no occasion have I ever been asked to meet such a committee, therefore could never have had cause for disagreement with them.

Next comes the report of the morning of May 10th, making the simple announcement that last evening the session met and accepted my resignation. This looks harmless enough in itself, yet, when coupled with the former reports which alleged to give the reason for my tendering my resignation, contains much that is malignant; for in what other way could it be interpreted by the public at large, than that the former newspaper statements were

correct? Now I was asked to meet the session on the evening mentioned, and I thought it appeared impossible to agree upon any other subject—so no one had anything definite to propose upon which to agree—upon my tendering my resignation, the matter of using the press in the way it had been used, by unanimously condemning either side giving biased reports. Notwithstanding this, within twelve hours the public had the matter placed before them in such a way, as would seem to justify the former reports made concerning me.

The following, taken from my letter of resignation, will sum up the immediate cause for resigning.

"From the conversation I had with you last June, I fully thought something quite different was intended than that the choir was to be considered as rendering service to me, but rather to your church, and that it would be fostered as a valuable church organization. I, further, emphatically asserted that you could never hold together a voluntary choir upon such an unsatisfactory footing. It is a subject to the choir and a hindrance to the organist. As I had the choir hat, in a measure, already expressed myself upon the point, I need say nothing further."

This, the subject upon which I thought I was asked to confer with the session, was most carefully avoided, or turned aside whenever broached by me.

Why was this, when, only quite recently one of their members assured me that the earnest wish of the session was to establish a choir from the congregation? With an isolated exception, there was not the slightest expression made by anyone, which indicated that the session cared the least as to the personal of the choir, so long as they had no trouble in the matter. Their plea of having a settled policy already agreed to, their choir must tally to the ground, in the face of the indication and shirking of responsibility shown at that meeting.

Now members of the session are saying that I would make no proposition to them. Certainly not, when they secured this proposition to me twelve months since, and when they then acknowledged was the only practicable way of keeping the choir together. The manner in which the choir held together and worked enthusiastically showed that they were willing to do their part; if any dissatisfaction has taken place, it must be solely attributed to the plainly expressed statements of the session on the 1st March, when it repudiated any connection existing between themselves and the choir.

As one or another of the session have so freely complained of the instability and changeability of musical people, I feel compelled, in defence of all who are connected with that profession, to protest against such unbecoming remarks. The session really must not jump to the conclusion that musicians have no sense of character, just because they will not stay in a position in St. Andrew's church. They must forget that I know several personally, who left St. Andrew's church very dissatisfied, and yet are now most successfully filling important church appointments.

As the members of the session ever thought that their church is the only one in the city which is continually having changes made with regard to their organists and singers, and have they asked the reason why?

In connection with my resignation, I have all along felt that the matter was not, in the first instance, one of a public nature; but as it has been made so, I feel called upon to give my view from the organist's standpoint, as contrasted from that of the session. As all my personal relations with St. Andrew's session have been of a most cordial nature, I feel that the disagreement which led to my resignation resulted from no other cause, than that of their having no definite policy with regard to their service—music, formulated.

Your etc. CHARLES R. FISHER.

The Duchess of Hess. The Grand Duchess of Hess has commemorated the birth of her little daughter in a most useful and sensible manner. She has founded an institute which is to all female servants a reward for long and faithful service. In future all the domestic in Hess who remain twenty-five years in one situation will receive a beautiful gold cross with the inscription "For twenty-five years faithful service," and adorned with the monogram formed of the initials of the Grand Duchess.

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A Set of Twelve Dolls for Three 2-cent Stamps.

A CHILD'S LETTER. Dear Mr. Barbours I received the dolls you sent me, and thank you very much. I never saw such pretty ones before. One of them I have named Flay, after your threads because mama says they are the best in the world, and so are my dolls. I will send six cents more because my cousin wants a set too. Please send them right off, yours truly, Estelle Clark, Cape May.



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The complete set of Twelve Dolls (5 inches high), each lithographed in beautiful colors representing different characters, viz: 1. American, 2. Ireland, 3. Japan, 4. China, 5. Flower Girl, 6. Orange Blossom, 7. Grapes, 8. Little Buttercup, 9. Boy Sailor, 10. 15th Century, 11. 18th Century, 12. 18th Century. They are made of heavy, strong paper that will endure an immense amount of handling. The complete set will be sent to any address on receipt of Six Cents in Stamps.

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WHEN IN DOUBT TAKE B. B. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

PROGRESS is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Centre Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Advertisements are accepted in those localities which are easily reached. Programs will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 30 words) cost 25 cents each per week. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies, as shown by the daily circulation in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Business Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,649.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25

WORSE THAN THE SEWERS.

Perhaps there has never been a more telling exposure of the evils of foul air in places of assembly, than that recently made by Dr. WALTER T. SCHEELE, of New York, an eminent analytical chemist. He has tested specimens of air from DALY'S theatre, the Imperial music hall, the Tombs prison, a Bowery lodging-house, a Pullman sleeping car, a Sixth Avenue elevated railway car, and a large sewer. The air of the sewer contained more oxygen, and was therefore purer, than the air of any of the other places.

In the air of DALY'S Theatre were found both the feather and the lactic acid bacteria. As with fleas, as exemplified by Dean SWIFT, and later by LOWELL, so with bacteria. To quote SWIFT:

The flea, as naturalists say, Has other fleas which on him prey, And these have smaller yet to bite him, And so proceed a lullabum.

And the feather bacteria form feather beds for the lactic acid bacteria. On the lactic acid bacteria roost the tubercular bacilli and the diphtheritic bacilli.

A considerable quantity of dampness was present in the air of DALY'S theatre, and dampness is what microbes thrive on. The air of the Pullman car after a journey was found to bear a striking resemblance to that of the Bowery lodging-house, where the air was so poor as to make a healthy human being being sick by entering it.

These facts are startling, and are essentially of vital importance.

How common a case it is that a person has gone from some crowded place of entertainment and is straightway laid up with pneumonia or typhoid fever. His death attributed to exposure to "the night air," the perniciousness of night air being one of our great grandmother pet theories, instead of to the true cause—exposure to the foul air of the theatre or concert room. And doctors now agree—as far as it is possible for them to agree—that influenza is not due to cold rooms so much as to hot, close ones. And the close air is alarmingly prolific of headaches and nausea.

The principal places of amusement in St. John are not as well ventilated as they should be. The same is true of some of our churches. This analysis of Dr. SCHEELE should be a potent warning.

But it is not only places of amusement or places of worship or cars or sewers where the cheerful bacilli thrive in a vitiated atmosphere. Some homes are not free from the feather bacteria, or the lactic acid bacteria, or other insidious organisms.

This was the treatment of WILL CARLETON'S Doctor:

I opened the blinds; the day was bright; And God gave Mrs. ROGERS some light. I opened the window; the day was fair; And God gave Mrs. ROGERS some air.

And the Great Physician, assisted by a wise earthly one, cured Mrs. ROGERS.

Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the Jew who once humorously predicted that the day would come when ZANGWILL societies would be abroad in the land, recently paid a very pretty compliment to Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. He said that her late poems were among the most thoroughly optimistic ones he ever read. She looked pleased but a little surprised, as she replied to the effect that most of her friends deplored an opposite tendency in them. "Ah, no," he said, "You write of the pain of leaving this beautiful world which you picture so charmingly. Now, the pessimist declares that the world is not beautiful, and that he would be glad to leave it." Mrs. MOULTON smilingly thanked him, and said that Mr. ZANGWILL had helped her to know herself. But Mrs. MOULTON is not the only optimist who is accused of pessimism. The author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," a book of which little is heard nowadays, but which deserves to live, has told how her book was called by many of her correspondents exceedingly pessimistic. Yet there are never a much

more charmingly optimistic book than this same "Ships that Pass in the Night," telling us as it did, how healthy optimism gradually overcame morbid tendencies in the other direction.

The Educational Gazette tells the story of NARCISSEUS as it thinks it should be told to the youth of the country. The Gazette's story begins thus: "Once upon a time—a long, long time ago—in a country called Hellas, there lived a youth whose name was NARCISSEUS." All of which is very pretty, but surely "Hellas" is a word for older persons to understand—and even in a book for older persons it would be considered entitled to use the word as above. But the chief humor of the Educational Gazette's story lies in its ending, the first sentence of which is particularly humorous: "He had not really changed into a flower, of course, but the blossom was so like him that the people gave it his pretty name. And so, whenever you see the narcissus flower, I want you to remember this story I have told you, of the boy who loved his own image, so long ago, in a country called Hellas."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in speaking of the American eagle and other birds says: "When it comes to merit of the highest order the first of all birds beyond comparison is the hen. It adds to the wealth of the country every year in eggs alone \$135,000,000, or about the combined value of our output of iron and wool. The hen in England is a great institution, and yet that country imported \$22,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry last year. Nobody ever complains of an overproduction of eggs, and they are a cash article." "But," continues the Globe-Democrat, "no political economist ever considered the hen worthy of his consideration." Does the Globe-Democrat man never read political articles?

Pennsylvania does not seem to have read, marked, learned or inwardly digested LONGFELLOW'S beautiful poem, "The Birds of Killingworth." When that state in two years spent over \$100,000 in hawk and owl bounties she did worse than squander good money. She did mischief to the farming interests, which are supposed to be protected by such expenditure. An examination of the stomachs of these birds by the ornithologist of the United States department of agriculture has proved conclusively that 95 per cent. of their food was field mice, grasshoppers and crickets, which were infinitely more injurious to farm crops than the birds themselves. Even considering the chicken question, it was bad policy to get rid of these birds.

Great Britain and Japan should unite in the far East, thinks HENRY NORMAN. It is certain that in the event of a union of the power which has long been an acknowledged power and the one which is in its infancy as a power, one would command the sea, while the other would dominate the land. The British fleet would keep communication open, and Russia could scarcely maintain a force thousands of miles from her centre which could withstand the soldiers of the Mikado. The Czean Channel might become a Dardanelles, and the Sea of Japan another Black Sea.

Some Nova Scotia physicians are doing good work in bringing before the people the necessity of having scientific inspectors of meat and milk. The best authorities on the subject say that the development of consumption is very largely increased and propagated by infected animals. The milk and flesh of hundreds of diseased cattle are used, the evil effects of which are not taken into consideration by butchers and consumers. Some cattle are a menace to their species when living, and to man when living and dead.

Says the Dundas Banner: "The birds are calling to the flowers to brighten the dull earth with their beauty, the flowers are responding to the calls of the birds by exhaling sweet perfume to the sky, the sun is shedding its warmth upon both birds and flowers, and the dull earth, shaking off its winter chill, begins to live again in the warmth and the love of the summer sun." All of which shows that politics does not completely displace the poetry in Mr. PIRIE'S soul.

Prof. HENRY DRUMMOND is now a success as a new ladies' man, because in a recent address he said "woman had been put through a marvellous discipline during the long night of history to teach her the virtues of unselfishness, tenderness, patience, compassion and love, so that she might become the teacher of the world." Still there is the insinuation that woman had to have this marvellous discipline in order to teach her those virtues.

Some of the United States papers who swear by JINKS are exercised over the reported refusal of Great Britain to agree to last year's sealing regulations, but they are rather reserved about the default of the United States congress in the matter of damages. What a fickle divinity is that which philosophers call Point of View!

The Island Reporter of Sydney, C. B., has one subscriber whose subscription is paid to August 30th, 1901. No man appreciates a paper so much as when it

is paid for; this is an unerring law of human nature. That subscriber enjoys his Island Reporter.

MAX MULLER knows eighteen different languages to the extent of being able to speak or write in any one of them, and a considerable number less perfectly. And yet it is possible that Prof. MULLER might some day be in the predicament of the scholars who were wrecked on the island of Bollygaloo:

In spite of all their 'rarist' knowledge, And all the languages learned at college, They had to fall back upon one of the crew To converse in the language of Bollygaloo.

Lord ROSEBURY recently purchased a £20,000 necklace, made from jewels once belonging to the crown of France. Perhaps the necklace contains the amethyst that SIEUR DE MONTS found on Partridge Island in Nova Scotia, and presented to the French Queen.

The case of Little BUTTERCUP has a parallel in Indiana, where a woman and her daughter recently gave birth to a male infant on the same day. The children were left together, and now the perplexing question is, which is the uncle and which the nephew?

The author of "Joan's Financial School," whose popular work was unfavorably criticized in these columns last week, has admitted that his 'object in writing the book was to make a sensation, and incidentally to add good money to his private exchequer.'

The New York Advertiser pays the following unique tribute to "JOHN OLIVER HUBBIS," otherwise MRS. CRAGIE: "This author dresses up her moral in such a sparkling armor of wit that it is hard to tell it from the immoral."

It is pretty hard on President CLEVELAND that just because he recently ordered from a New York bookseller a few volumes of solid and instructive literature, the report should arise that he is going to write a book.

CY WARMAN, the author of "Sweet Marie," got enough out of his first love to pay for a trip to Europe, and now that he is there he forgets his Dulce MARIA, and apostrophizes the soul of SAPHIRO.

A New York court has decided that municipal corporations are responsible for any loss by fire which could have been prevented by a proper fire-extinguishing apparatus.

Marshal CAMPOS, of Cuba, has changed his plans, and now thinks that money to buy off the insurgents would be the most "potent sinews of war."

The men of Virginia want the tobacco plant as their floral emblem. But the women and the Virginia Anti-Tobacco society object.

Sad indeed was the oft repeated remark of the Duke of HAMILTON, who died last week. He said he had six palaces, but no Home.

The latest London sensation is the report that the radical LABOUCHERE has royal blood in him.

Cincinnati is envious of the City of Chicago, and has taken to calling undertakers morticians.

Send her victorious, happy and glorious.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Outing Number of the Delinquent is bright and breezy. There is a new bit of vocal music by the composer of "The Song that Reached My Heart." "The Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor have of late years been superceded in the magazines by real conversations of famous people, and in this number of the Delinquent Edith M. Thomas has a talk on woman as artists. Miss Thomas has the last word—which is a very pretty poem, telling how art was born, the material for which Miss Thomas got from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

It is pleasant to know that the work of Canadian writers—even of those who are not widely known in their own country—are being recognized by English publishers. During the past year, Messrs Richard Bentley and Son have taken up Miss Fitzgibbon's "A Veteran of 1812;" Sampson Low, Mayston & Co. are issuing Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles, or Notes of an Old Naturalist;" and T. Fisher Union has taken up McIlwraith's "Birds of Ontario."

Of Interest to Housekeepers.

Mr. S. C. Porter advertises in today's PROGRESS a repeat order of 230 pairs White Lace Curtains—direct from the manufacturers which he is offering at unusually low prices. Ladies should see his stock of curtains before making their selections.

Honeycombing a Mountain.

A continental engineering paper gives an account of a novel scheme for a railway for Mont Blanc. Instead of ascending the mountain in usual way, the line is intended to penetrate into the mountain by means of a tunnel four and a half miles long, terminating exactly under the highest point. Here a vertical shaft would be constructed, reaching to the summit, and the travellers would be carried up by the shafts. The dept of this shaft would be about a mile and three-quarters, and the ascent to the observatory now being built on Mount Blanc would be rendered easy at all times.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Still Waters. By the still waters of the silver stream By the bright willow branches bending low; He leadeth me to watch the oddest gleam, And hear them ever chattering as they flow, His voice is there, my father's voice of old, The waters near it murmur as they glide; He smiles upon them from the world above; And in his constant care they all abide.

So softly I swing ever in our isle, The calm still waters of redeeming grace; Sing with the broad majestic river as it rolls; Beneath the radiance of Immanuel's face. O golden waters of the life divine; Close to the heart of Him whose love is ours; The splendid light where all the margins shine, In God's great glory on the leaves and flowers.

By the still waters, O my own love true, How sweet to walk and there between us find That blessed hope which cometh ever new In the sweet language of the trustful mind. By the still waters of affection sweet, Remembrance leads us on the twilight gloom; Where in confiding faith we loved to meet, So dear to welcome and so fond to know. Goats Vine, May 1895. CYNTHIA GOLDS.

The Battle of the Spurs. Dere was twenty sports inside de shed alookin' at de fight; Bill Murphry, Snyder Brown and me took in de sight de night. Bill Murphry c'm up on de roof an' peeked down troo a crack; Den we and Snyder clum up too; now dis is a straight fact.

Sam Johnson's bastant rooster and Dick Duff's big red game Were fightin' in de sawdust ring, 'twas a howlin' lively main. Den both steel spurs was red with blood, dere dedders stuck out straight; When de little bastant made a spring for de big game weller-weight.

I daren't wink; I closed my eyes an' caught ahold of Jack, As de little bastant rooster lit right on de big ova's back. Bill Murphry's head got full of wheels an' up he tried to stan; An' as he did he put his foot on top of Snyder's stan. Den Snyder grabbed ahold of me as we tumbled off de stan;

De last I knowed was when de ground come up and lit me head. Dat's all I know; de next I knowed I'm all broke up in bed. Say, tell me, Doc, is both legs broke, an' say—is Snyder dead? You needn't be scared to tell—an I gain't lose of de fight!

But break it to me gently, Doc—de-ill de bastant lost de fight? W. P. McC.

Failure. Up the white walls the shadows steal apart; Fast slips the day, the day that promised fair. At morn I rose with flushed and eager face, And to the hillside turned to tell my share. But at the gate I paused to pull a rose, The bird where the red glances and gleam; And Lise and Leticia called me from the slope, Beneath the myrtles there to lounge and dream. And so with laugh an' jest the morning sped, Ere I could guess that it was afternoon. "Are you still here?" they said, "they said, 'Tomorrow toll; today it all too soon.'"

Tugs with my life; a youth that promised fair, The world's broad highway for my eager feet; But when the moon shone from the moonday glare, And old age laid me with no task complete!— Providence Journal.

Dawa. Low-singing waves upon a shadowed shore, Within the mead a scent of sleeping flowers, A wailing moon behind to tell my share, And darkness darker than it was before.

Gray stretch of ocean 'neath a sky of gray, With the pearted East a faint far light, A wail among the trees on the height; Below, the distant murmur of the bay.

Dim light that trembles o'er the sombre sea, Pale sky that flashes suddenly to rose, Then sudden bright the sun in his glory shows— And lo! a bird is singing from the sea!— Lydia M. Wood in Chambers' Journal.

Miss Murray Explains. To the Editor of PROGRESS:—I should like to give through the medium of your widely circulated paper, what I believe to be the correct view of the subject brought forward by "Astra" in your last issue, viz. the omission of the Lord's Prayer at the opening of the meeting of the Women's National Council. In the first place, the meetings have hitherto always been opened with silent prayer, so that there is no question of omission. The question to be decided at Toronto next week is, whether a change shall be made from silent prayer to a audible recitation of the Lord's Prayer. To us who are members of the Church of England the audible recitation seems more earnest and hearty, but to those not accustomed to liturgical worship the quiet habit of silent prayer appears more reverent and devout than the commingling of many voices in various tones. As a matter of fact this confusion of voices in audible prayer is beginning to be so much felt in our liturgical churches that in many of them it is superseded by monotonous or chanted prayers.

Under the lead of such women as Lady Aberdeen, Lady Tilley and Lady Ritchie, (Pres. of the Ottawa Council), women, whose deep religiousness is well known, there need be no fear that the interests of religion will be neglected by the women of Canada in the meetings either of their National or their Local Councils. FRANCIS L. MURRAY, Vice Pr. of the St. John Local Council.

Railway and Steamboat Arrangements.

The management of Sousa's band concerts have arranged the following excursions and dates with the transportation companies. Return tickets at first class fare will be issued from stations on the Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial, Shore Line, Central and Dominion Atlantic, and all connecting branches as follows:— To St. John, June 4 and 6 good to return up to and including June 6.

To Halifax, June 5 and 7 good to return up to and including June 7. Moncton, June 8 good to return same night only. Also by International, and Bay of Fundy, national steamers, and St. John.

Special excursions will run to St. John, from St. Bonaventure, and Fredericton. To Halifax, from Truro, New Glasgow, Windsor, and Kentville. To Moncton, from Newcastle, Chatham, Amherst, Sackville and Dorchester. All station must see can give information and supply tickets.

A Good Head for a Main.

Sub-Editor—"A correspondent sends up a full account of a cock fight, with photographs of the steel spurs used, the cock-pit, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described."

Great Editor—"Glorious! Get it in!" Sub-Editor (doubtfully)—"But this is a family paper."

Great Editor—"Y-e-s-I-know. Head it 'A Brutal Sport—Where Were the Politics?'"

A CLUB FOR THE JILTED.

UNIQUE SOCIETY RECENTLY ESTABLISHED.

The Club was Formed by a Very Wealthy Man Who was Jilted—Some of the Possible Reasons for This—A Scarcely Admirable Institution.

There are a good many different kinds of clubs in the world, especially since the custom of men's clubs has been introduced and some of them are odd enough both as to the objects for which they are organized, and the names given them, to awaken more than a passing interest. But by far the oldest organization of the kind which has come under my notice so far, is a club which flourishes in New York city, and which is supposed to be the only one of its kind in the world.

It bears the depressing title of the "Jilted Club" and is intended exclusively, in its name implies, for the use of those disappointed bachelors who have been disappointed in love, or in plainer words jilted. It is situated on 29th street, and is in no way different, as far as outward appearance goes, from any of the other houses on the street. It is rather unpretending for a club, but that may be from the frequenters' natural dislike to publishing their misfortunes; within, however none of the appointments of the most luxurious are clubs lacking and, a conspicuous feature is the neat monogram J. C. which is on the menus the servant's buttons, and the club note paper.

Here a limited number of men gather daily and nightly, to seek that consolation which is supposed to be found in the sympathy of those who suffer from a common sorrow.

The club is naturally rather select, as it is not every man whose vanity will permit him to confess that he has been jilted, but the members are all congenial, and seem to enjoy life in their own way, nursing in their hearts an implacable hatred for all womankind, and cherishing above all other emotions, the desire for vengeance against the whole female sex.

This singular institution, strange to say owes its existence to the whim of a woman, and like many other flourishing establishments it has grown to its present proportions from a very small, small beginning.

The man who founded it was not only very rich but young, and at the time we first hear of him he was engaged to a young lady who was also wealthy, well connected, and a belle of the upper circles of New York society. It may be that the lover was a trifle easy and confident in the manner of his wooing; he was accustomed to have his advances very favorably received by the damsels of his acquaintance because his good birth, good looks and excellent good fortune made him a most desirable parti, and never having known what defeat meant in love affairs, he perhaps took it for granted that there would not be much effort on his part required to retain the affections of the lady who had won so much of his well balanced heart, as he had to spare. Therefore he may have been careless of all these little lover like affections which mean so much to every woman and inclined to take his victory very easily.

Or the lady of his love may have been naturally fickle, but whatever the causes were, the result was most unforeseen, the young lady gave her too confident swain clearly to understand that he had failed to fulfil her expectations as a lover, in fact that he would not suit her at all, and look elsewhere for a partner. She returned all his presents, and his tepid love letters, and bade him a final but not a fond farewell.

Strange to say that the shock to his vanity and self esteem absolutely stunned him, and he left the presence of his lost love murmuring "jilted!" in a dazed manner as if he could scarcely comprehend the misfortune which had overtaken him.

Almost immediately he purchased the house on 29th street, with the idea of setting up bachelor's hall in it, but shortly afterwards he chanced to meet a friend who was smarting under the same bitter humiliation as he had just undergone himself, and as misery loves company, they decided, after comparing notes as to the worthlessness of womankind in general, to live together and take their revenge by making themselves as charming as possible to the other sex but never on any consideration to marry.

By-and-by they heard of another friend whose lady love had broken off with him, and they took him also to their sympathetic hearts, and strove to comfort him, and in the fulness of time he brought in yet another victim, who had been served the same way. And so the little community grew and was added to until its members were amazed to find what a number of men there were in the same plight, all nursing undying enmity against womankind and seeking vengeance for their wrongs.

So they formed themselves into a regularly organized club, gave it the name of the Jilted Club, and made it a condition on joining that the candidate must have been jilted at least once, that he must conform to the rules of entering society freely making himself as agreeable as possible to all the women he met there, and win as many feminine hearts as possible without losing his own.

Should he ever forget his wrongs, form a new attachment and become engaged again, he ceases at once to be a member,

and his name is ignominiously struck off the list of J. C's.

Such is this strange, and scarcely admirable institution which seems almost like a relic of the middle ages which has strayed by mistake into this matter of fact nineteenth century. ASTRA.

Why the Editor Hissed.

A lady well known in St. John society circles went to a church of England clergyman not long ago, and asked him what she would do for "Sunday reading." She had conscientious scruples on the subject, and was sorely puzzled as to what to read.

"Well," said the clergyman, "have you John Wesley's sermons in the house?"

"I have," said the lady.

"Do you take PROGRESS?"

"Yes."

"Well with John Wesley's sermons and the Sunday reading paper in PROGRESS," said the clergyman, "you have an abundance of good Sunday reading."

Was it possible that a man who gets out Sunday reading for PROGRESS heard this anecdote, he laid down his Police Gazette and blushed as pink as that paper pleased was he that his efforts towards the religious instruction of mankind were duly appreciated by the clergy.

Weapons Indians Fear.

"Indians sometimes face light firearms with great courage, but they fight shy of the attentions of any weapon that sends a large projectile," said Col. P. A. Blake, who has had wide experience on the Western plains. "The rush and scream of the heavy bullet frightens them, and they prefer to keep away from their range. To that not unreasonably prejudice is due the fact that the buffalo hunters of the early seventies, who in following their business were constantly exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians, were molested comparatively little by them. The long, heavy rifle, with its telescopic sights and the knowledge of the deadly certainty of the buffalo hunter's aim, almost invariably served to make the red man keep his distance, and set him temporarily free from the notion of scalp hunting."

"One buffalo hunter, by the name of Murdock, that I knew, was creeping upon a herd on the Staked Plain where he spied a band of Comanches riding toward him. He instantly levelled his gun upon them as a warning that they should not approach too near. Checking his warriors, the chief of the band pointed with his hand to a buffalo in the distant herd, then mentioned in the Indian sign language that the hunter should shoot it. Murdock fired as the chief indicated and the buffalo fell. The Indians gave a loud 'Hoo!' of approval, waved their hands, turned their ponies, and swept on past the hunter, leaving him to pursue his shooting of the buffalo unmolested."

Fishes That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which is the malta, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl, or walk, or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal it fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and is provided with a long upward snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the malta, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water; but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the scabbard, another peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

The Lunatic's Advice.

At a certain county asylum for lunatics there is a well-kept bowling-green for the amusement of such patients as are under forcible treatment. The officials also find time to take a part in the play, and the other day they chanced another local club to a friendly contest. The patients usually allowed from the green were in this instance delirious from play, but were delighted to walk about and look on, occasionally venturing remarks, critical, humorous or otherwise, as the special form of their affliction would dictate. Towards the close of the match a good deal depended on one shot, and as the deciding bowl was making its way to "tee," one of the local club bowlers became intensely interested, and was fanning the bowl furiously with his hat to help it towards the coveted position, shouting and dancing with excitement as well, when one of the patients, who had been perfectly silent up to time of this incident, tapped the local bowler on the shoulder, and said with a solemn head-shake:—"Don't go on like that, sir, or you may be kept here for life, like me!"

A Chinese Invitation.

On any special festive occasion a Chinese host sends out three separate invitations to his guests. The first is dispatched a couple of days before the banquet; the second on the day itself, to remind the friends that they are expected without fail; and the third, about an hour before sitting down to table, by way of showing how anxiously the visitors are expected.

Asbestos Clothing.

Asbestos clothing, which is not only incombustible but non-conducting, is now made in New York, and is recommended as a protective dress for firemen. Experiments show that with a proper respirator and an asbestos suit a fireman can enter a burning building with much less danger to his life than if he wore the ordinary uniform.

Welcome in Flats.

"The dumb piano" is a new invention on which young ladies can learn music without making any sound. It is simply automatic, all the keyboard is there, but emits no sound whatever. Young ladies without any ear for music can now play these pianos without disturbing their hearers.

THE CELEBRATED

WELCOME

SOAP

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Earnscliffe Gardens,

CONTAINING TRIED AND APPROVED LINES OF

Plum, Peach, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting.

PLUMS—3,000 young trees of best commercial varieties, chiefly on native stocks; 2,000 on yearling. Three years ago I planted a number of new varieties of Plums, obtained from a leading Orchardist in New York. Last year they began to fruit and I year gave me a full crop. I have selected four valuable varieties, the first ripening August 15th, the last October 15th. This fruit preserved in glass. I have a number of the trees for sale, along with Moore's Arctic and Lombard. I planted thirty bushels of Plums last autumn to secure native stocks.

PEACHES—1,000 trees. The first a only Peach Nursery in the province. Stocks bulid with choice varieties, tested on ground.

GRAPES—Vines in early varieties only.

PEARs—Three three years old. Some good ones, lead up kind.

APPLES—A specialty made: Gravenstein, Robison Pippin and Russets.

THE ABOVE STOCK IS GOOD. ALSO EXCELLENT SITUATION FOR BUILDING.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S.

Stower's

Lime Juice Cordial.

NO MUSTY FLAVOUR

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

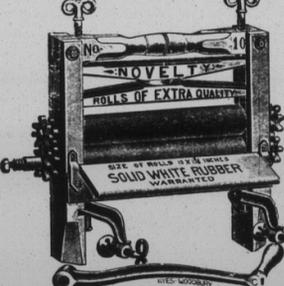
AS SUPPLIED TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, ALL THE PRINCIPAL HOSPITALS, OCEAN-STEAMERS, ETC., ETC.

CAREFULLY PREPARED FROM THE PUREST REFINED SUGAR AND THE PURE JUICE OF THE FRUIT. IT FORMS A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE, EMINENTLY HEALTHY, PURIFYING TO THE BLOOD, AND EXCELLENT FOR THE COMPLEXION.

DELICIOUS—HEALTHFUL—REFRESHING.

Wringers. Wringers.

IRON, \$2.30. Always in the Swim. WOOD, \$2.60.



This is not a special lot got up for a Cheap Sale, but FIRST-CLASS in every respect. Every one guaranteed.

Ask to see the Hydraulic Washer. Sales increasing daily. Every one warranted as represented, or money refunded. Two weeks' trial Free.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 33 KING STREET.

Call and see our line of Refrigerators.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St.

Now open, a repeat order of 230 pairs of

WHITE LACE CURTAINS.

SAME AS LAST LOT AT

40c. pr, 50c. pr, 65c. pr, 75c. pr, 90c. pr, \$1.00 pr, \$1.25 pr, \$1.50 pr, \$1.75 pr, \$2.00 pr, \$2.25 pr, and \$3.00 pr.

OUR CURTAINS

Were all purchased this season direct from the manufacturers. Every customer who has seen these curtains have acknowledged that they are the best value they have ever seen.

We would call attention to the importance of an early inspection, as naturally the choicest patterns go first!

S. C. PORTER, - - - St. John.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South-End

Professor Davidson was a guest at Dr. Walker's, Princess street, this week.

Mrs. W. Smith of Ottawa was a guest at Senator Lewis's lately; she went to Fredericton Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. G. R. Parsley and family intended going to the summer residence at Rothesay this week but were prevented as Mrs. Parsley and Miss Besse were both indisposed. They will go next week.

A riding party to Rothesay which was to have taken place last Sunday was declared off owing to the disagreeable state of the weather; among those who were to have gone were Miss Fellows' Miss Furlong, Miss Jones, Mr. Gerard, Mr. Geo. Hart, Mr. Jones; they intended taking tea at Rothesay and returning to town in the evening.

Miss Mad Robertson gave a very enjoyable picnic yesterday, to a number of her young friends; the party left the city at 8 a. m. and remained at Rothesay, until eleven, when they went up to Clifton and passed the day very pleasantly.

Mrs. Warren Winslow, of Chatham, is a guest at Dr. Travers this week. She intends taking a house at the Bay Shore for the summer.

The Misses Jones, daughters of Mr. Simon Jones gave a large reception from nine o'clock until twelve on Wednesday evening, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Murray Kaye. Some very pretty gowns were worn, and these together with the quantities of flowers and other decorations made the rooms exceedingly attractive. Ten young ladies all of whom were present assisted the Misses Jones in, attending to the guests; they were, Miss Fellows, Miss Blair, Miss Lottie Harrison, Miss Mabel Thompson, Miss Dever, Miss B. Adams. Among the invited guests were the following: Mrs. Isaac Barpe, Mrs. Sturges, Mrs. Hildan, Mrs. C. E. McLeod, Mrs. De Soyres, Mrs. Gardner, Taylor, Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Devoe, Mrs. Fenell, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Geo. Keator, Mrs. Murray Kaye, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Sturges, Rev. Mr. De Soyres, Rev. Dr. McKee, Dr. Travers, Dr. Murray McLaren, Dr. Walker, Mr. Warren, Col. Incker, Mr. M. Kaye and a very large number of others.

Mrs. Charles R. Harrison gave a large reception on Thursday afternoon in honor of Mr. Murray Kaye; only married ladies were invited.

Mrs. Stratton, of Lauriston, and Miss Mabel Smith, are to visit Mrs. R. Cameron Grant, at her summer home in Bridgetown, N. S., they will be absent about two weeks.

Mr. Geo. Jones and Mr. Peter Clinch who were to have gone to Boston to attend the races, were prevented by the accident to Mr. Stanley Willis, who is now much better.

Mrs. Gardner Taylor will enjoy a stay of six weeks in the country.

Mr. W. H. Thorne and a party of friends enjoyed a fishing excursion from Thursday to Saturday of this week.

Miss Barker gave a five o'clock tea last Wednesday afternoon, at which quite a large number were present and enjoyed themselves very much.

Rev. Mr. Marshall who has been confined to his residence for several days, is able to be out again.

Mr. Harrington, of the Post Office department, has been enjoying an outing this week; and several other members of the Sheldice River fishing club spent yesterday in fishing.

Miss Helen Smith went to Boston last week, for a short visit.

Invitations are out for quite a large dance party at Mrs. McKee's Waterloo street, next Monday night.

Mrs. O. B. Sharps, of Fredericton, who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cruikshank, Queen street returned home Thursday; she was accompanied by her brother Mr. Robert Cruikshank.

Miss Belle Hay, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hay, is home from Boston, visiting her parents.

Mr. T. E. G. Armstrong, of the Bank of British North America, who has been enjoying a vacation in Halifax, returned home last week.

Mr. John T. Fardon and family left Monday for Halifax where they will make their home in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Salom, of New York, were in the city for a short time last week.

Mr. Frank McCullough, of St. John, is filling the position of junior in the Merchants' Bank at Campbellton, N. S.

Mr. George W. Fride, Jr., of Philadelphia, was in the city for a short time the first of the week.

Rev. Mr. Mace, formerly of Carleton, was here last week to attend the funeral of his sister which occurred in Pennsylvania last week; the remains were brought home for interment and the funeral took place from Fairville on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Mace has in Manchester's millinery department for over twenty years and had many warm friends in this city.

Among the St. John people in Boston last week were Mr. and Mrs. George Cushing and Mr. J. S. Harding.

Mr. and Mrs. McCordock will go to Hampton for the summer.

Letters from Rome say that Bishop Sweeney, who was suffering from severe cold when he left here in April, is much improved; the bishop will be home about the middle of June.

Mr. Arthur C. Fairweather will be a passenger for England on the Parisian from Rimouski on her next trip.

Dr. B. R. McMonagle, formerly of Sussex, but now of San Francisco, was here on Wednesday and left the same evening for New York and Baltimore where he will spend a short time before returning to California.

Mr. G. W. Currie and daughter who have been spending the winter in Hampton, have come to St. John to live.

Mr. Herbert Schofield has been enjoying a holiday in Ottawa.

Mrs. Fleming, of Kingston, Ontario, is visiting her parents, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. Clarke.

Miss Grace Jones, daughter of Mr. Fred Jones, formerly of this city but now of Massachusetts, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stockton, Mount Pleasant.

Mrs. A. C. Jardine and Mrs. Wilson left last week for Halifax, having been called there by the serious illness of one of Mr. John Wilson's children.

Mr. Howard D. Troop's family removed to their summer residence at Rothesay yesterday.

Miss Tina Newton, of Boston, is in the city visiting friends; she will spend the next two weeks here.

Mrs. D. C. Dawson's funeral which took place on Monday afternoon was very largely attended; a large number of exceptionally beautiful floral tributes testified to the high esteem in which the deceased lady was held. The services at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. J. J. Teasdale.

Mrs. Vanwart, of Fredericton, was in the city for a short time recently and was greeted by many friends here.

Senator Dever went to Ottawa this week; he will be absent a short time.

Miss House, who was visiting friends here recently, left on Wednesday for Seattle, Washington.

Miss Schofield, who has been in England for some time past, leaves Liverpool next Saturday for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Kaye, of Boston, were guests in the city this week and had many calls from old friends during their stay at the Royal. They are both well known here.

Rev. A. Lucas and Miss Lucas, of Sussex, were at the Stanley for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McLeod, of Bitholthaco, were in the city this week, staying at the Royal.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick O. Lee and Miss Georgia Bond, daughter of the late Mr. James Bond, was announced to take place at six a. m. on Wednesday, June 12, in St. Paul's church.

Mr. George Lawrence left last week for Halifax, and will take a trip before he returns.

Miss Annie Racine has entered the St. John hospital and will take a course in training for a nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans spent Sunday at the Auburn house, the name by which Mrs. Frederickson's house on King street east is now known.

Mr. S. W. W. Woodstock, was here for a short time this week and was a guest at the Royal hotel.

Senator McClellan, of Riverdale, N. B., was in the city this week but returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. N. R. Kelly, of King street East, left this week for Centerville, Nova Scotia where she will spend the summer with friends.

Mr. C. H. MacIntosh, of St. John, spent Sunday in Fredericton.

Mr. S. W. Kaine, who has been enjoying a trip to Ottawa, returned to the city on Tuesday.

Mr. W. M. McLaughlin left Wednesday afternoon for a trip to Halifax.

Mrs. McLaren and Miss Besse Knight went to Sackville Wednesday to attend the closing exercises of the college.

Messrs. Yeo, Perry, Putnam and Colter, M. P. came from Ottawa on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Gordon S. McLeod left Wednesday evening for Northern Pennsylvania where he will likely make his future home. Mr. McLeod has always taken a deep interest in athletic matters, and the A. C. club will regret his departure; he was also a favorite in social circles; his many friends in this city will wish him good luck and success in his new home.

A large number attended the tableaux in the school room of St. John's (4-100) church on Wednesday evening. The tableaux were scenes from Hawaii, Evangeline, and the Courtship of Miles Standish. The costumes worn and the grouping of the various characters were very effective and pretty; the stage setting was very attractive, and everything passed off very well. Following were the tableaux presented:

Part I. Scenes from Hawaii: Babynood, The First Shot, The Arrow Maker and his Daughter, Hawaii's Warning, Hawaii's Prayer, Munchausen's Death.

Part II. Scenes from Evangeline: The Betrothal, The Parting, Gabriel Passes Evangeline in the Night, The Meeting, Gabriel's Death.

Part III. Scenes from the Courtship of Miles Standish: Miles Undertakes his Friends Ways, The Grand Doan, The Captain's Anger, His Departure, The Lovers, News of Miles Standish's Death, Miles Standish's Return, The Reconciliation.

During the evening, Miss Fellows and Mr. A. H. Lindsay gave solos which were nicely rendered and Mr. Percy Hamilton was thrown from his bicycle on Tuesday evening, and had his face scratched and one of his wrists slightly injured.

Mr. G. Osborne Grant, of British Guiana, arrived in the city Wednesday evening, en route from Halifax to Philadelphia. He is the guest of Mrs. P. A. Cruikshank, Leinster street, for a short time.

Mrs. E. A. Smith left Wednesday afternoon for Toronto to attend the convocation of the women's council. The other delegates went yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Geo. A. Harris, Moncton, Mr. Scott, Robinson, Fredericton, Mr. Robert Bell, Sackville, and Mr. W. E. Hill, of Philadelphia, were among the city's visitors this week.

Mr. Arthur D. Forrest was in Salisbury, for a short time last week.

Rev. Mr. Fullerton left this week, on a trip to St. John. He goes to see his father, who has been in poor health for a some time, and will probably remain two months.

Mrs. C. A. Major, of Halifax, and Mrs. John Berry, of Moncton, were guests in the city recently.

Mr. John D. Chapman, of St. Stephen, was here for a short time this week.

Mrs. L. P. Fisher, of Woodstock, was here for a brief visit this week.

Mr. J. W. Varner, of Montreal, was among the visitors here this week.

Mr. Geo. E. Savits, of Calais, is visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. L. O. Blackton, of St. John, is spending a few days in Muldoon with his mother, Mrs. Charles Blackton.

Mr. J. W. Fraser left on Wednesday for a trip to New York.

Mr. Roger Hunter returned home on Tuesday afternoon. His many friends in the city are sincerely glad to know that he has recovered his eye sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ball, who have been here for the past two months for the benefit of Mr. Ball's health, returned to their home in Woodstock last week.

Mr. Morley McLaughlin went to Chatham on Wednesday afternoon, for a short stay.

The concert under the auspices of the presbyterian congregation was given in Carleton, on Tuesday evening; it was very successful and the following programme was very much enjoyed: selection, Mendelssohn quartette; reading, Miss Armstrong; piano duet, Misses Carpenter and Brown; solo, Mrs. Reid; solo, B. Ritchie; violin solo, A. Watson; reading, W. W. Isaline; solo, Prof. Titus; solo, Miss Crawford's selection, Mendelssohn quartette; piano solo, Miss Carpenter; selection, orchestra.

Mr. J. A. S. Mott of St. John is visiting in Calais and St. Stephen.

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Campbell left yesterday to visit their friend, Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke of St. Stephen.

General Warner went to St. Stephen on Monday evening and while there was the guest of (Mrs. C. H. Clarke). He will try his luck at Salmon fishing in the St. Croix.

Mr. and Mrs. M. McBrearty have gone house-keeping on Parker street and are receiving wedding callers this week.

Mrs. McFadden of Sheldice has been visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. T. A. Knowles whose husband is practicing medicine in Barrow was in the city this week en route to New York on a visit to friends there who will go to join her husband.

Mr. James Holder, who has been in New York for medical treatment returned home this week greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Deas Creel and son of Fredericton are guests of Mrs. Geo. A. Riecker, High street; Mr. Creel returns home next Monday but Mrs. Creel will remain for three or four weeks.

Mrs. I. Holder of Main street is suffering from a severe attack of Grippe.

Mr. D. Gordon Finningham of Ottawa was here for a short time last week and was met by many old friends who were glad to see him. Mr. Finningham left Thursday night for Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Della Holder of Harrison street, who has been very ill lately, is recovering.

Capt. W. H. Smith R. N. H. of the Marine Department is in the city, staying at the New Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Turball who have spent the last two years on the continent, called for home this week; their friends here will be glad to welcome them back.

Mr. Alexander Wilson of the bank of Nova Scotia went to Halifax Thursday to spend the 24th with his parents.

Mr. Fred C. MacNeill who has been quite ill for the past week is much better.

Mr. W. D. Walbridge, of New York, and Mr. J. A. Mulholland, of Maryland, who in company with

Grand Maritime Festival.

... The world's famous ...

SOUSA'S BAND,

Mr. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor.

Assisted by

Miss Marie Barnard,

A Distinguished Soprano, a pupil of the renowned Marchesi.

..... and

Miss Currie Duke,

Indisputably America's greatest Violinist, a pupil of Joachim, the King of Violinists.

50 Musicians 50

St. Andrew's Rink, St. John.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVG'S.,

4th and 5th June,

WITH WEDNESDAY MATINEE.

On both evenings supplemented by a grand chorus of

150 Voices volunteered by the **St. John Oratorio Society**

by the **Mr. CHARLES R. FISHER**, Conductor.

Exhibition Building, Halifax,

THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVG'S;

6th and 7th June, with Friday Matinee.

ON BOTH EVENINGS SUPPLEMENTED BY A GRAND CHORUS OF 150 VOICES VOLUNTEERED BY THE **Orpheus Club of Halifax.**

—BY— **Mr. C. H. PORTER**, Conductor.

Saturday Afternoon, 8th June,

VICTORIA RINK - - MONCTON

Special Excursions from all points; inquire of Station Masters. Full particulars in all papers. For information or tickets write to S. A. Holstead, Moncton; J. L. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. T. H. Fenety, Fredericton, or Morley McLaughlin, Queen Hotel, Halifax, and 255 Gilmour St., St. John.

ADMISSION:

St. John and Halifax | WITH REVERSED SEATS \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. WITHOUT

MONCTON, \$1.00, 75c. and 50c. (having no chorus).

All-a-Samee

Cherouts 4

FOR

All Imported Tobacco. 10c

Better than most 5 Cent Cigars.

As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar.

It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when he 7 times come. Every smoker should try these Cherouts. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere.

Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

IMPERIAL SHADES.

MENZIE, TURNER & Co. Cheapest, Strongest, Best.

Shade Manufacturer to the Trade, Toronto.

Sold by all reliable dealers.

The New "Eudora" Cloth

FOR LADIES.

Have you seen the new "Eudora" cloth? It might have been thought that the best black dress goods in the world. And now they have brought out the new "Eudora." The Henriettas seemed perfection. But with the Priestleys it is ever onward. The "Eudora" has a softness, a richness, all its own. It has extra width and weight, it fits beautifully, and gives long service, while the glow upon its surface, gives it the character which ladies like.

ALWAYS ASK FOR PRIESTLEY'S DRESS GOODS

Its wrapped on "The Varished Board," and Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye a Finish Gents. you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works Elm Street, North East

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, V.C. AUSTRIAN, (Registered), CLARET.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and more palatable than medicine. I would not be without it in the home.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

Pelee Island Wine Merchants, 40 Union Street, St. John

E. G. SCOVIL. Telephone 423, St. John. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

BEEF... Beef... world over in

Montrea... Wash...

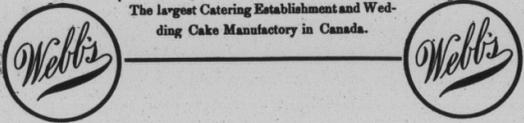
Sleepers... Wash...

Wash... Wash...

Webb's Wedding Cakes

bearing this name are made for people who want the best. For fifty years they have delighted Canadian brides and have been the chief ornament at fashionable weddings.

The Harry Webb Co., Ltd., Toronto. The Largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada.



Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was invented in 1830 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble-hearted Family Physician. His remedy is recommended by physicians everywhere.

For INTERNAL as well as EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly and leaves no bad effects.

It cures Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps and Pains.

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Good reports come from Mr. Davidson, and we expect to see him shortly in Newcastle again.

The greatest attraction of the season will be the entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Newcastle Literary Association.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the book stores of R. S. Dag...

MAY 22.—Miss Jessie C. Whitlock will this evening give a musical at her home; she will be assisted by her music pupils and it is expected to be a most enjoyable affair.

Mrs. L. U. Gove, of St. Andrews, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mrs. J. A. G. Limer has returned from a visit of two weeks in St. Andrews.

Mrs. McKeown and Mrs. Campbell, of St. John, are expected on Friday to visit Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Mrs. W. H. Todd left this morning for Halifax, where she will take passage for England to take part in the World's W. C. T. U. meeting in London in June.

The death of Mr. C. Fred Stewart on Saturday morning, although unexpected, was a great shock to his friends.

General Warner arrived from St. John on Monday evening, to remain a few days to try his luck at salmon fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Mrs. Hume Bates has been spending a few days in town with her family.

Miss Alice Caldwell was summoned home from New York city owing to the dangerous condition of her father's health.

Mr. L. A. Archibald and Mr. E. M. Robinson, who were in the city on Monday, were here to attend a meeting of the Y. M. C. C.

Mrs. O. S. Newham and her young daughter, Florence, have returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mr. Arthur I. Clarke, barrister, of New York city, spent a day or two in town, on Tuesday week.

Mr. Church McNeill has returned from St. John, where he spent the winter, and is much improved in health.

Mr. Edward Harris has arrived from Boston and will spend the summer in the vicinity of Calais.

Mr. W. W. Harris is in Calais and is warmly greeted by his friends.

Mr. E. B. Snow, who has spent the winter here, left on Thursday morning for St. Andrews.

The ladies of the Methodist church are this week actively preparing for one of their excellent suppers to be given in their vestry on the Queen's birthday.

Every one will be glad to hear that Miss Noe Clarke is improving greatly from her illness, and her friends hope for a speedy recovery as soon as warm days come in earnest.

Mrs. George E. Sands is visiting relatives in St. John.

Mrs. Howard Grimmer, of St. Andrews, has been spending a few days in town, on Tuesday week.

Mr. Frank Nelson, cashier of the Calais National Bank, has been visiting Boston during this week.

Mrs. Burns, of Boston, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. T. Butler.

Mr. Leo Blackett, of St. John, is spending a few days in Milltown with his mother, Mrs. Charles Blackett.

Rev. Father Huntington, of New York city, arrived on Monday evening, and on Tuesday began a series of services at St. Anne's church, Calais, to last a week.

several being received from a distance. The pall bearers were W. D. Carter, Fred Ferguson, Geo. Robertson, O. Black, Wm. Forbes and Frank Bayre.

Mrs. John Cochrane is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Fawcett, of Sackville, is in town visiting her sister Mrs. J. L. Allen; she came for the purpose of attending the funeral of Mr. A. Allen.

Mrs. Frank Allen, who was called home by the death of his brother, returned to Fredericton on Monday, where he is attending the U. W. B.

The Hine concert company will give an entertainment in the Temperance hall, on Saturday evening next.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod returned Tuesday afternoon from their wedding trip.

A little stranger was made welcome in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. V. McInerney last week.

Miss Sutton returned on Saturday from a pleasant trip to Montreal.

Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Mr. J. Martin Notary Public, King St., East, Toronto, writes and says: I was suffering from Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and torpid liver for years.

When baby was dead. When baby was dead, And the golden rays of sunlight crept In to the quiet room, across the bed...

When baby was dead. When baby was dead, And mother's tear-dimmed eyes reached down To kiss that face, the eyes, the head...

When baby was dead. When baby was dead, And mother's tear-dimmed eyes reached down To kiss that face, the eyes, the head...

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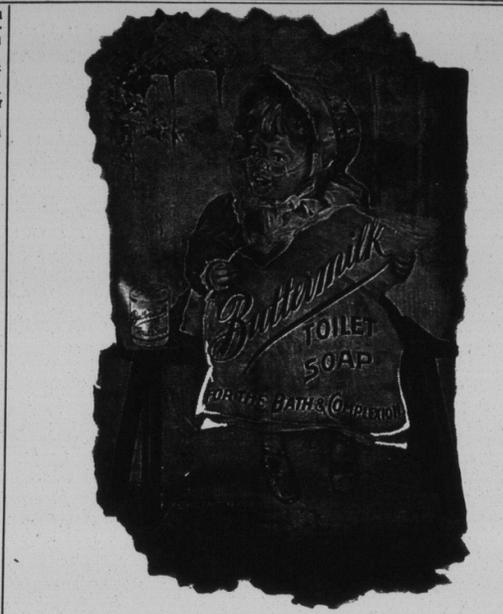
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Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., CHICAGO.

J. HUNTER WHITE, - Agent for New Brunswick.

THINGS OF VALUE. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said most truthfully: "The human race is divided into two classes: those who do ahead and do something, and those who sit and enquire why it wasn't done the other way."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—that would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other.

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FEARED THE LOSS OF VOICE.

REV. JOHN ROADHOUSE, Seeley's Bay, Ontario, Canada: "Allow me to tell of my high appreciation of the K. D. C. y-u kindly sent me last fall. The state of my stomach was affecting my throat at times I feared the loss of my voice but K. D. C. brought such relief that I fear not but believe it to be a Godsend. It is the best stomach medicine I have met with."

K. D. C. cleanses and heals the stomach, restoring it to healthy action.

THE PROMPT RELIEVER, THE POSITIVE CURE.

IS KDC KDC KDC



Ayer's Pills

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use."

For Stomach and Liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements. Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. They are easy to take, and

Are the Best all-round family medicine I have ever known."—MRS. MAY JOHNSON, 308 Rider Ave., New York City.

AYER'S PILLS Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

SPONGES!

TOILET, BATH and CARRIAGE SPONGES. FLOWER and GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST RECEIVED BY W. G. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST, 85 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. Telephone all orders 239.

Colonial House, Montreal.

We carry a complete stock of Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Manties, Millinery, Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes, Books and Stationery, China and Glassware, Silverware and Kitchen Utensils, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, Smal'wares, &c., &c., and have every facility for executing mail orders.

Samples sent on application.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lechebitch Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

STAINED GLASS Memorials Interior Decorations Castle & Son, 30 University St., Montreal.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY: 15 KEGS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEGS LAMB'S TONGUES, AT 19 and 23 KING SQUARE, J. D. TURNER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 1.)

Colonel Donville, has been enjoying a trip to Grand Lake...

Mr. J. Marvin Walker, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, at Westville, spent a short time here this week...

The service of song entitled the Kites of Siberia, given in Carleton street church, this week, was well attended...

Miss S. D. Scott and Miss Murray left last evening for Ottawa where they will attend the annual meeting of the Women's Council.

St. John—North End. Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, of Moncton, passed through the city en route for Boston this week.

His friends will regret to learn that for the past fortnight, Mr. J. Edwards has been confined to the house through illness.

On Wednesday, Miss Blanche Horton, of Yarmouth, returned home. During her stay in the city she was the guest of Mrs. Draper, Meckenburg street.

Miss Julia Purdy is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gale, of High street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Russell are spending their honeymoon in Nova Scotia, on their return they will board at Mrs. Vail's, Coburg street.

Miss Robin Crowley, of Fredericton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Archibald, of Timro, who has been visiting Mrs. Armstrong, has gone to Providence where she will visit Mrs. Lorezo Stevens.

Miss J. A. Borden, of Amherst, spent a few days last week with her brother, E. A. Borden, of Merchant's Bank, of Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. McFadden and her son Master Frank have gone to spend a few days with friends in St. John's.

Mrs. Moore, P. Du Chene, is also spending a short vacation in the foggy city.

Mrs. Ker's many friends will hear with deep regret, that she is soon to leave Shediac. After a short holiday spent in Nova Scotia with her parents, she will make her future home in Brantford Ont.

Mr. Geo. T. is in town, the guest of Mrs. Ingles. Mrs. Pointier, who attended her niece's wedding here last week, has rejoined her husband, Senator Pointier at Ottawa.

A very large number of citizens, are pleasantly anticipating the musical treat, to be afforded by the Boston Band, June 2nd, in Moncton.

Mr. Watty Wallace is in town making arrangements for the concert to be given by Mrs. and Miss Hesse, in Fair's hall, Thursday night. This concert is under the patronage of Knox church, and as the people of Shediac will rarely enjoy an evening of this kind, we may with certainty predict a crowded house.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred White have decided to reside in Moncton, where the former succeeds to the practice of Dr. Chandler, now absent. For several years Mrs. White has been organist in the Presbyterian church, and in very many ways, has been an active member in church and society. As their places will not easily be filled, it is with the greatest regret we bid our departing friends adieu.

Mr. J. Irving is in town after his trip North.

Among those who go to attend the closing exercises at St. Albans, are Messrs. Harper, White, Webster and Evans, and Messrs. White, Webster and McFarlane.

Miss L. C. Edgar, of the Primary department, of Grammar school, is resigning at the close of the term. During her stay here she has now given a number of lessons in music, and has made much progress. It is to be regretted, that the report card will be issued, during Mr. Wilson's absence, and that she will have to return to her home in a school where her labors are so highly appreciated.

HARCOURT. MAY 22.—Mr. James Michael Kennedy who has spent the past two years in Newfoundland, is visiting his friends hereabouts.

Mr. James Graham, of Bay du Vin, Northumberland county, was here for home on Monday.

Mr. Wm. Wheten, ex-M. P. P., is in town this evening.

Miss Sara Lord Ballou's entertainment last evening in the Town Hall was fairly attended, and appreciated accordingly.

Mrs. Philip Woods went to Coal Branch this afternoon to visit her mother, Mrs. McArthur, who is quite ill.

Mr. Andrew J. Woods left for Campbellton on Friday evening, to reside permanently.

Mr. James Horton, postmaster, of Kent Junction, was in town last evening.

Mrs. Mary Jane McEachern and Mr. Clarence Wray went to Moncton yesterday on a business trip.

Mr. J. Harry Wilson, of the C. N. R., went to Campbellton on Monday evening, and returned yesterday morning. During Mr. Wilson's absence Mr. Alphonse J. Ingram acted as assistant agent.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL. MAY 22.—Fishing appears to be the topic which is absorbing all sportive minds just now. Among those who have been indulging in this most attractive recreation are, Messrs. Wm. de Biols, Ritchie, E. MacCormack, C. MacCormack, Owen, Jost, Cameron, F. W. Harris, Alcorn, H. S. Miller and others.

Mrs. Lombard's many friends are pleased to see her out again after her very trying illness.

Mr. Geo. McLaughlin is spending a few days at home.

Mr. James Ritchie who has been the guest of his sister Mrs. F. C. Whitman, returned to his home in Halifax on Monday last.

Mr. J. M. Owen who has been enjoying a holiday trip to Bridge water and Lunenburg, returned home on Monday.

I regret to hear that Miss Savary was called to

Halifax on Saturday last, on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bishop have moved into their residence on St. George street, which is very much improved.

Invitations are out for an "At Home" on Thursday afternoon.

Dame rumor says we are to have more than one June wedding and that two of our prominent dry goods men are to be made happy.

Miss Annie Chipman, of Round Hill, was in town on Tuesday.

On Sunday last Rev. Mr. Warner, of Middleton, officiated in St. Luke's and St. Albans, Mr. How going to Middleton.

Mrs. F. W. Harris entertained the White club at its last meeting. Miss Leavitt won the ladies prize, and Mr. Geo. Hughes carried off the gentlemen's prize.

Miss Marguerite Malcolm was "at home" to her little friends on her arrival.

Mr. A. D. Hewitt, of Halifax, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Armand.

Mr. J. S. Whitman is spending a few days in the Hub.

Mr. C. Perkins who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Sweeney, of Yarmouth, returned on Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Sweeney and baby.

Mr. H. A. West went to St. John on Tuesday last.

Mr. Arthur Whitman, of Halifax, is paying a flying visit home.

Miss Tibbitts is spending a few days in Windsor, S. M.

THE COPPER'S LITTLE JOKE. It afforded him Less Fun at his Wife's Expense Than he had Counted on.

A great deal of amusement was caused on a New York electric car the other afternoon by a waggish policeman, who selected his wife for his victim. The policeman had done duty at the ball park, and his wife had been to see the game. While the crowd was leaving the woman stood about the front of the park and waited for her husband to ride up town with her. He finally arrived, and the pair boarded a crowded car. Both were young and only recently arrived, and they enjoyed themselves hugely on the way.

The woman wore a handsome little gold watch evidently a present from her husband. While half the people in the car were looking, and while his wife was speaking to a woman acquaintance outside the car the policeman deftly took the watch from his wife's pocket and transferred it to his pistol pocket. When the car reached Eighteenth street the policeman remarked that it was a few minutes past six o'clock, and everybody in the car looked at the policeman's wife.

Of course she did what every one in the car expected she would. She felt for her watch. It seemed as if a sudden violet pain had attacked the woman's heart. Her face became pale and her eyes dilated. Her husband seemed greatly alarmed, and asked her what the matter was. She looked toward the crowd in the car like a frightened fawn. It was a full minute before she could speak. Then she whispered in her husband's ear loud enough for the intensely interested spectators to hear: "I have been touched; some one has stolen my watch." Her eyes began to grow dim, and before the policeman could answer a big tear rolled down her cheeks and fell into her husband's lap.

"Here is the watch; I was only joking with you," and the policeman felt back to his pocket. Then a look of dismay overspread his face. The watch had disappeared. He felt in first one pocket wrong side out. He worked rapidly toward the last and perspired a good deal. His wife looked on in open-mouthed astonishment. So did the other people in the car. All had smiled and looked out the windows of the car when the woman first discovered that her watch was gone, but when her husband failed to produce it, after having told her that he had taken it, the people sat upright and watched the hunt for the missing timepiece with great interest.

Finally a quiet-appearing young man, who sat in the rear of the car, arose and handed the watch to the policeman's wife. "I just wanted to teach your husband a lesson," he said.

And the crowd of passengers gave vent to a prolonged hearty laugh, and the policeman and his wife finally joined in the merriment, though they were a little slow to appreciate the joke.

For The Little People. Messrs. Thomas Simmel & Sons of Montreal are energetically pushing the sale of Barbou's Irish Flax Threads. Their handsome advertisement appears upon the third page of Progress today. In it they say that they will send to anyone, who forwards them three two cents stamps, a set of dolls, which are so pretty and attractive that no one will dispute for a moment that they are worth many times the cost and trouble. Progress has received a set of these dolls with the compliments of Messrs. Simmel & Son, and they are certainly very attractive, or, as the children would say, "very cute," and they cannot fail to afford much amusement and instruction to the little people who are so fortunate to send for them and get them.

As to the Great Dane. When Prince Bismarck lost his favorite Great Dane, Rischand, the young German emperor gave him another, and the news was cabled all over the world. Until then very few except those born in the Fatherland were aware that the dog was indigenous to that country. Credit is undoubtedly due to the Germans and Danes for the preservation of these dogs, and for bringing them to such a high degree of domestication. There is reason to believe that these descendants of the dogs used for hunting the wild boar by German noblemen are of the family of the "dogs of war" of the ancients, which were clad in armor and fought side by side with soldiers. A the siege of Corinth fifty of these terrible dogs were stationed at an important outpost, and on the enemy's landing they attacked and fought until only one was left alive. He fled and took the drunken garrison, and saved the city.

The Railway up Snowdon. The construction of a "toy" railway to the summit of Snowdon is making satisfactory progress. The severe weather during the early part of the year delayed operations for several months, the mountain being covered with deep snow. There are about 200 men engaged on the construction of the railway, and presently an additional number will be employed. The earthwork



Dr. H. F. Merrill.

No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Statement of a Well Known Doctor. "No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Dr. H. F. Merrill, Augusta, Me.

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills for Liver and Bowels.

Keep the Secret from your Wife. That you were in love with another girl before you met her for that leaves a ranking wound. Secrets are generally dangerous things, but in the case of Rigby the effects of a secret are wholly beneficial. You never see the old waterproof now. It is gone to the limbo of all despised, useless things. Most of the new substitutes, too, appear to have folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stolen away. Rigby Porous Waterproofs remain triumphantly in the field. The best tweed, the best waterproofing; the porosity of the cloth unimpaired. Results: a handsome overcoat for the spring; a perfect raincoat for the wet day. To the eye, a tweed overcoat; to the experience, a defier of the heaviest torrent. Rigby is what you will ask for.

Years ago there was a very queer old clergyman in the diocese of Canterbury, of whom a hundred anecdotes are told. On his going one day to order a wig, the barber, young in business, readily accepted, and a bowl of punch followed, to which the divine did not fail to do justice. After all was over, the barber was beginning to measure, but his customer shook his head. "No, no," he said, "you shan't make the wig." "Why not?" exclaimed the astonished host. "Have I done anything to offend you?" "Quite the contrary; you're such a good fellow that I haven't got the heart to take you in. I'll go to someone else. You know, if you'd made the wig, you'd never have been paid for it!"

A New Use for Diamonds. Novel diamonds are now being put to a novel and interesting use. A thin disc of steel, seven feet in diameter, has spaces at intervals of about one and one-half inches. These spaces are filled with pieces of steel, that exactly fit, and into these are set diamonds, fixed in countersunk screw heads. They are arranged in groups of eight, and are so placed that they do not follow one exactly after the other in the cut, but each line takes its own course. This kind of circular saw is used for cutting up blocks of stone, and so efficient is it that in less

than two and one half years one has cut out four hundred and twenty thousand square feet of stone, at a cost of a trifle less than one penny a square foot. In this time, however, it has been found necessary to renew twenty of the teeth, the average cost of which has been about eight shillings per tooth.

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An old countryman stood on the bank and watched his phenomenal success in wonderment. When he caught seven or eight and the men on the dam had caught nothing, the old fellow could not restrain himself any longer, but blurted out, "Well stranger, you beat the devil!" "Thank you," retorted the minister as he made another cast, "that's my profession."

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Bi = i = i = i = cy = cles.

TO INTRODUCE in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. I. read carefully the following offer.

There are TWO and only two SPECIAL GRADE Cycles. The CENTAUR, "KING OF SCORCHERS," is one of these.

We desire to introduce this bicycle through New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. I., with a view to opening up a large trade for 1896.



We therefore offer our wheels for 1895 direct to riders at agents prices. At these prices we will place up to 100 wheels, but not more.

This K. O. S. is the only English Cycle which has not been driven out of the United States by home competition; and already for 1895 more than 2000 more have been sold than for 1894. They sell at \$135.00 in the United States while the home goods sell at \$100.00. This proves their merit.

The CENTAUR CO. introduced light wheels in 1891 and have since always retained this lead. Their light weight wheels being far more durable than any other make. Total repairs under guarantee on 236 wheels for 1894 only \$49.50, including snags.

WHERE ONCE INTRODUCED IT TAKES THE LEAD. In addition to durability the K. O. S. has patent bearings, being most dust proof, oil retaining and having a locked adjustment. The GREATEST and MOST USEFUL IMPROVEMENT for 1895. Oil does not leak out, all over wheel. Dry bearings on side an impossibility. Oiling once a month (usual quantities) sufficient. Adjustment of bearings done before wheel goes into frame and is locked. Loose nuts cannot cause binding of bearings. Wheel can be removed from frame 100 times a day without adjustment being affected. Saves TIME, ANNOYANCE and EXPENSE. Has also all latest ordinary improvements.

We have also the Crawford Speed King, 24 lbs., at \$85.00 and the Fairy King, 25 lbs., at \$65.00. Excellent value durable and easy riding. Our offer applies to these wheels also.



E. C. HILL & Co., Sole Canadian Agents, 183 Yonge Street, Toronto.

References: Canadian Wheelman or Cycling.

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Mr. J. Alvide Chausse, Montreal, P. Q.

A Marvelous Medicine

Whenever Given a Fair Trial Hood's Proves its Merit.

The following letter is from Mr. J. Alvide Chausse, architect and surveyor, No. 153 Shaw Street, Montreal, Canada: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"

"Gentlemen:—I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for about six months and am glad to say that it has done me a great deal of good. Last May my weight was 152 pounds, but since

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla it has increased to 163. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a marvelous medicine and can very much pleased with it. J. ALVIDE CHAUSSE. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 25 1895.

THE MOTHER IN THE KITCHEN.

Mrs. Rover Thinks All Daughters Should Learn to Cook, and is Very Severe in Her Denunciation of Those who Don't Know How—A Bride's (Cooking) Experiences—Economics in the House—Mishaps and Blunders in the Kitchen.

"Give us this day our daily bread." What deep significance! How it links together our everyday thoughts with thoughts of God. Why, then, should any true woman not feel elevated by giving, or helping to give, our daily bread?

It is a well-known and a much-regretted fact that the usual course of woman's education does not include domestic science, this "loaf giving," which is so apt to be, after all, her allotment. To this omission we trace much of our discomfort and unhappiness. A mother, strange to say, allows her daughter to go through all the blunders that she herself made, and, perhaps, at the expense of husband, self and children.

Take for instance, the study of music, literature or art. Years must be given to rise above the average; then, perhaps, she plunges all at once into matrimony, a profession or place for which she has made no preparation whatever; in fact, she is prepared for one place, and accepts another.

The mother of such a one has not by any means performed her duty. Man must eat, and Savarin tells us "a man of culture only, knows how to eat." In training our daughters to be wives and mothers, let us not forget that higher education is necessary. Cookery, the foundation of health, is the art which has rendered the most important service to civilized society.

Every girl, at the end of her school days, should spend one year in the careful study of cookery, and should, with her own hands, be able to prepare all dishes necessary to a well-ordered house. She should acquaint herself with the better way of performing household duties, and should thoroughly understand the proper combinations of food. Taste is always benefited by sight and smell; consequently, cookery brings out all our finer senses. After this is all mastered, she is a woman, ready to enter "society." You there recognize her at once; she is distinguished by her good cheer, healthful countenance and easy manner. So unlike her poor unfortunate sisters, whose lack of training has induced bad health, bad complexions and long faces; thin and lanky and always tired; living upon what and scandal.

Now and then one finds a woman who thinks it beneath her dignity to enter her kitchen or to thoroughly train her servants. Among this class we note the wives of our smaller merchants; mothers of puny, nervous, badly behaved children, who prefer any place rather than staying at home. To such as these, our warning and advice is frequently overlooked; but let me tell you that these false notions are at the bottom of all our servants' trouble. Do not suppose for a moment that the kind, friendly, but rigid, guidance of an intelligent mistress does not lead to mutual benefit of both mistress and maid. If you do, you have never tried it. And before training others, first learn to perform the same duties yourself, and then, and not until then, should you undertake the care of a home.

The head-masters of all colleges, the superintendents of the large workshops, all started at the lower round of the ladder. The kitchen department of the house is, perhaps, more difficult to understand than any other. A woman can easily be taught to sweep and dust, which is the same thing over in the same way month after month; but to cook requires brains, and takes much ingenuity and thought. Many mothers think their daughters may learn, as they have, by experience which means blunders and blunders, and must be paid for in sadness. She will not, and she thinks she cannot, take the time to train them, forgetting that the time thus spent brings comfort and true happiness and makes women of her daughters. As mothers then, let us acquaint our daughters with the keys of the storeroom before those of the piano; put her in the kitchen at least two hours each day, giving her careful instructions how certain duties must be performed. Begin by teaching her marketing, next how to purchase dry materials, such as tea, coffee and sugar; acquaint her with each one of these articles that she may know, when an order has been given for Java coffee, that Java has been received. That, when selecting tea, the special kind for which she paid has been sent. Three months will be short enough time for this department. Next, teach her how to make certain simple dishes that will be the keystone to the meal. When quite perfect in the fundamental principles, such as broiling, roasting and baking; when a loaf of bread and cup of coffee can be well and quickly made, and she has learned the art of boiling a potato and rice, then should she be taught to prepare a meal.

not a sensible one, will rebel at the slightest command. The mother must watch carefully and closely the market-book; see that all leftovers are put to account; and that orders are executed with quietness and promptness. At the end of the year, after this training, the daughter will enjoy the duties that have been put upon her, and will probably relieve the mother entirely from housekeeping. A man who is fortunate enough to secure such a prize might say, as a friend did to me after six months of married life, when I asked him if he had gone to housekeeping: "Yes, our income was so small, I never dreamed of housekeeping; but my wife, who had managed her mother's kitchen, and had been taught to occupy the position of mistress of it, managed so well, that the expense of housekeeping was very much less than that of boarding. We live well and are able to lay up each week, a small amount." Of course, this was an accomplished woman, a college girl, who had spent a year in the management of her mother's house, taking in the meantime, two lessons per week in a training school of cookery, that she might learn the easy movements of her work, and the newest ideas.

Outside of the actual cooking, the daughters should be trained also in the management of servants. A fact to be remembered is that in a well-regulated house, where the mother is a gentlewoman and the mistress of her profession, servants remain year in and out until they become part and parcel of the establishment. By neglect of this management, we are, as a class, losing our dignity and character. The average American cook is at the head of the house, and she should be mistress, through her ignorance, in subjection to her.

A young woman—bright, as the world goes—a few weeks ago married a clergyman on a small salary. From the wedding trip, they went immediately to the dainty little house which had cost the groom his savings and much time. A cook or maid of all work was to have arrived the night before they returned; but—the same story—she did not appear. They arrived, however, and were obliged to remain in the house over night. The bride was at her own mercy for breakfast. The mother-in-law had kindly sent in the marketing the day before, so that the first breakfast might be a happy one, without annoyance. But "the things" sent in were uncooked, and who was to cook them, and how? The groom suggested that they both should go down to prepare the breakfast, and they did. The first thing they took from the refrigerator were the chops. She looked at her husband, and asked: "How are they cooked?" "Why, I don't know about that," he said. "Oh, dear," she said, "I thought all men knew how to cook." So, after much talk over them, and the table being arranged, which, of course, she could do to perfection, they decided that the chops should go into a pan and be covered with hot water. After boiling for fifteen minutes, she was obliged to lift them out, and they were not brown. The entire conversation at the breakfast table was a wondering why they were not browned after boiling so hard.

This is a true story, and was told to me by the bride, without a blush. I could not help wondering how her mother had so neglected her duty, and what a weight she must have upon her conscience. Why a girl so beautiful, with such an honest face, should take a position, and promise "before God" to fulfill it, without having in her heart the slightest idea of what was before her, I could not tell. Her mother, of course, was the one to blame, for she certainly knew that her daughter was taking a false oath, and such, under any other circumstances, would be a State's prison offence. Should her husband have told her, the next morning after their marriage, that he had studied in a divinity school but found that he was obliged to take another profession, of which he knew nothing, and could not thereby support her, she would have immediately called him a cruel monster, and with the feeling that she had been deceived, left him to return to her father's home, with a sense of justice on her side. On the other hand, he had just the same right to demand of her a knowledge of the profession which she had undertaken, and sworn to fulfill, and would have had the same right to rebel. When will mothers learn to educate their daughters for the profession they are to follow? and not allow them to suddenly leap into matrimony unprepared and untaught. As we must eat three times a day, no matter what our position may be in this world, the housewife is supposed to be able at least to sustain the laborer of the house by giving these three meals in a dainty, slightly and wholesome way. And what art or science

repays our labors more kindly than the successful application of Nature's laws? It removes the physical sufferings from our fillow creatures, and makes home all that the word implies.

SARAH TYSON ROBERTSON. A PAPER PRINTED ALFOAT. The New York the only War ship in the World that gets out a Newspaper.

The sailormen in the cruiser New York, which was Admiral Madsen's flagship, have a newspaper. They call it the Ocean Wave. They print it themselves, and they brag that their ship is the only war ship in the world that supports a newspaper. The Ocean Wave is issued weekly, and has six 6x8 inch pages. It is owned, edited, and controlled by the sailormen. It is set up aboard and printed aboard on a foot press. There are six men on the editorial staff. They are called editor, foreign correspondent, out-of-town correspondent, reporter, birth reporter, and gundeck reporter. The reporters gather the news of everything going on board ship. The editor discusses weighty naval problems, the foreign correspondent talks about other navies, and the out-of-town correspondent writes things about other places than aboard ship. The paper announces that it is printed in the interest of all good man-o'-war-men in the world, and that it is entered at the Post office of Neptunus Rex as strictly first-class mail matter. A part of the expenses of the paper are paid by advertising. The advertisements of several Brooklyn stores that cater to the trade of sailormen are printed. In addition to news, the paper prints a lot of original poetry written by the sailormen. Some of it is good; some of it isn't as good as some of the rest. The officers of the ship haven't anything to do with the management of the paper, and they haven't access to the advance proof.

TROUT TICKLING. A Connecticut Expert Who Catches the Shy Fish With his Hands.

Old Capt. Lew Nettleton, who lives not far from the junction of the Race Brook with the Wepawang River, has been accustomed for years to catch all the trout he eats with no other implements than his bare hands. Trout are very plenty in the Race, and the shallowness of the stream, combined with its overhanging banks, makes it an ideal place for trout tickling. To those who have angled with fly and bait for this cunning fish, talk about catching them in the hand may seem romance. Nevertheless it is an established fact.

Capt. Nettleton fishes only on cloudy or overcast days, when his shadow will not fall sharply upon the stream. Nor can he hope to tickle with any success when the stream is high. Low water is in his favor, for then the trout are hiding in pools and small basins under the banks. He does not first spy out his game, but simply trouts at random the favorite lure. Lying flat on the banks a yard or so back from the brook, he slowly works his way to the edge. Then he lowers one arm cautiously to the water and begins to grope under the bank among the roots and rocks. Very gently his hand moves, and the very lightest brush from the waving fin or tail of S. Fontinadie will tell him the game is near. At the first touch the fish generally moves away a few inches. When the fingers have gently rubbed its velvety sides a second or third time it grows calm and seems to enjoy the sensation. Continuing with a steady, soft tickling the captain slips his hand further and further toward the head of the foolish trout. In cases where the whole operation had been watched from the opposite bank it has been noticed that the fish seems to surrender to the soothing touch as under the influence of a spell, so that it will lean over upon the hand. When his hand is just back of the gills and the pectoral fins the captain closes on the fish with the suddenness and power of a rat trap. With one quick flit he sends his victim flying over on the opposite bank. So steadily are the old man's movements that he has been known to tickle four trout, one at a time, from a single pool.

In Scotland, the old man's native country, he says this trick is a very common one, and is called "guddling." The method pursued there is to wade barefooted up a shallow stream, and when the water is very low, the trout will flee before the wader and take refuge in secluded holes under rocks and stumps. Then the guddler proceeds to slip his hand under the rock or root and feel for trout, which, once under his magic touch, he quickly flings out onto dry land or into a basket. Scientists who admit the possibility of trout tickling, say that it is only during the spawning season that trout are susceptible to such manipulation. But as the New England brook trout do not spawn until late in July and August, and the captain catches them only during the open season, that is, from April 1 to July 1, the practice in his case does not seem to support the theory.

Little Tommy's Kite and the sparrows. Tommy Cruthers, the son of a well-known resident of Nashville, Tenn., was until this week the proud possessor of a kite which had been the envy of his playmates the whole flying season. Tommy's grandfather brought him the kite from Japan nearly a year ago, and the little fellow has been keeping it carefully housed since then, waiting for an opportunity to mount it. It attracted considerable attention on its first appearance, and has been the delight of the neighborhood ever since. In point of fact, the kite was a thing of beauty, representing a big brown bird with spread wings of gorgeous hue. This week while Tommy was flying his kite in stroke of plans of street and more than fifteen feet and went skimming along on it like a real live bird, now and then darting a little to right or left, but bearing straight on till it rested squarely over a neighboring barnyard. Then the fun began. The yard was full of fowls, clucking and scratching

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and nesting, and when one of the more alert cocks spied the big bird outspread overhead he sent the news of danger circle about the enclosure to the tune of double quick. In a moment the whole lot was in a commotion. Roosters crowed, hens cackled and quawked and gathered their broods around them, running hither and thither for safety. The poor things expected every minute to be their last, perhaps, and were not a little astonished when the hovering bird failed to swoop down upon them and scatter death and destruction in their camp. At this stage of the game, while the chickens were still uncertain as to their fate, reinforcements arrived in the shape of a flock of English sparrows. The spy little fellows were game from tip to tail, and stood not upon the order of their going either, but lit into that gorgeous Japanese kite like animated hailstones pelting a spread sail. It was fun to see the evident enjoyment those sparrows took in putting that kite to rout. They pecked and dabbed and tore and clawed the poor wings, literally ridding the kite before Tommy knew what was happening and could draw it in.

Pat's Pastime. A favorite after-dinner pastime of Mme. Patti's at Craig-y-Nos, when a party of young people are assembled there (the diva has a strong partiality for girls), is to place her husband at the fine orchestra. While he plays, the whole company, Patti at the head, march up and down the large hall blowing toy trumpets. The performance always elicits pearls of laughter.

A Freshing Feast. The Dean of Norwich recently performed no ordinary feat in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. He preached a masterly sermon on the relation of intellect to the Agency of Our Lord to a congregation of thirteen. It is easy for an eloquent man to address a vast congregation, but to address in choice language a lucid and learned audience of a handful of worshippers is in something as rare as it is enviable. Another Dean shortly before preached to an audience of three in the same place.

Preaching peers are not very common, although the church of England can point to the Earl of Stamford; and Lord Redstock was also at one time a great gun at mission services. The Earl of Selborne, too, was a well-known Sunday-school teacher, but a Nonconformist preaching peer is a much greater rarity; so the announcement that Lord Overton is to conduct services in the Presbyterian church at Nicos is exciting no little interest in that gay resort. Lord Overton is a well-known figure in pulpits of the free church of Scotland.

The Bachelor, Ocean Swell. The late Lord Alcester was known as the dandy of the naval service. His nickname was "The Swell of the Ocean." When in health he was smart and erect, although inclining to stoutness. His daily dressing was a tremendous business. No young man about town was more faultlessly attired than the old sailor, who persisted in wearing lavender kid gloves in the depth of winter, and was usually bedecked in luxuriously lured overcoats. He was a bachelor, and there is no heir to his title.

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Consumption.

DEAFNESS... Excelsior Ear Drum Co. Toronto, Ont. Mention this Paper.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

It was a very pleasant ball; and brilliant enough, in a quiet way, considering that the company were not exactly the highest elite of fashion.

She looked up, startled by the suddenness of the request. "Thank you, Mr. Forsyth; I think I am engaged."

"Believe me," he continued, "it will be to your interest—and his—if you listen to me. I am speaking to you as a friend."

"On my word," she cried, starting up, her fair bosom heaving. "It is not true, Gilbert Forsyth, and you know it."

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den incoherent vehemence, waving him off; "don't touch me—don't come near me! Our paths for the future lie far asunder. We must never meet again!"

"Because of this?" "Yes—no—I cannot tell you why. But for heaven's sake, as you value your own peace of mind and mine, go away and never see me again!"

"There is someone else?" "You, very coldly, "you can think what you like."

"Mary! Can you love me no longer?" he exclaimed, and the reproachful words cut like a knife to the very depths of her inmost soul.

"Love you!" she said, and heaven knows it was with a breaking heart that the poor girl told her pitiful lie; "love you? No!"

The tardy shadows of the short, warm summer night were beginning to fall around at last, with rapid, uneven steps, Gilbert Forsyth paced up and down in front of a certain public building. Every now and again he drew from his breast a letter.

"By Jove!" he muttered; "I have frightened her into submission pretty soon; you'd think I thought I should. She has decided to save him, then? How she must love him. I wish to heaven I was loved like that. Well, perhaps in time she may."

The best of the joke is, I really know so little of Reardon's complicity. I think I am right, though. I know enough to guess the rest, and my guesses are seldom wrong. It all depends on the general election. One government will thank me for the news, the other won't. But she does not think of that. In her mind crime is crime, poor, confiding soul. Well, I've parted her from him, anyway, with vindictive hatred in his tones; then, looking at his watch by the gaslight: "I wonder if she will come?"

Oh, yes; she is one of those strange beings who always keep their words and their promises—not like some of my friends in high places."

At that moment a pale-faced figure, clothed in black, came up out of the gloom and stood by his side.

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Many a saddle on our side is emptied before we check their fierce charge, and push them back till we have room to form. Each side has a light battery. The guns get to work almost as soon as the carbines.

The old farm house is the key of the battlefield. An old man and a mother and four children are in there, but what of it? This is war. No one gives them a thought. Shot and shell plow through the stream—bullets search out every nook. Now our right wing drives the enemy back with a cheer—now the enemy presses back our left and shouts in exultation.

It is a hot fight for thirty minutes—it is enough for the dead and wounded to number 150. The reverberation of the guns brings down a shower of blossoms at every discharge, and the black powder smoke floats up through the branches and smothered and drowns.

"Rally on the centre! Forward—trot—gallop—charge!" We have broken the enemy and sent him flying. We follow him for a mile or more, shooting and hacking, then the bugles blow the recall, and we cease the pursuit. There are dead men on the dusty highway, in the ditches, among the hay weeds and the thistles, and dead horses almost block the way at certain points. Yes, a hot little fight, and we are proud of our victory as we return to the old farm house.

We have our dead to bury and our wounded to look after, and it is only when an officer starts to enter the house to say that it must be turned into a shambles that the inmates are remembered. The officer cries out and starts back in horror. Under the peach tree growing close to the back door lies the body of the old gray-haired man, father and grandfather to the woman and the children. He must have been in flight when struck by a solid shot which cut him almost in two at the hips. He was carrying a child not more than two years old bugged to his breast. Her little arms were round his neck, and her face was hidden in his bosom. We unclasped the old man's arms and took her up. She was dead—dead without a wound. She had died of terror as he sank down with her, perhaps kissing her in his last breath.

And as we stood with uncovered heads the woman came out. Great Heaven! but how white her face—how ghastly the color of her lips—how red the blood which dripped from her wounded shoulder on the pink blossoms at her feet! She looked at her father and gasped for breath. She looked at her youngest born and her throat swelled up, and her eyes dilated until her look frightened us. "Dead, both dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"Poor woman!" replied the officer. "Go in," she hissed, pointing to the door; "go in and gaze upon the rest of your work!"

There they lay—the other three children—all killed and mangled by the same shell as it exploded in the kitchen. Flaxen hair and chubby hands and little blue sun bonnets contrast strangely with the red blood which stained the floor beside the mother who had prostrated herself on the bodies of those so dear to her. She could not weep and wail. She could only moan and crouch to them in the agony of her breaking heart.

"Poor woman, poor woman!" sighed one. She rose up slowly, looked from face to face as it to picture it on her memory and said: "Leave me! May the God of Heaven take vengeance upon you for this deed!"

And she called it a hot little fight, and we felt proud of a victory won over a superior force, and we—well, each and every trooper prayed Heaven to be merciful and pitiful to that poor woman, and over the graves of her dear ones a hundred rough fellows stood in a row, scattered peach-tree blossoms in atom-mist. We could do no more. War was impatient even as we did that.

An Empress As a Nurse. It looks as though the Dowager Empress of Russia may have to spend most of her time in nursing sick relatives, and that she will have to do it in a very unglorious way.

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BEST FOR WASH DAY. SURPRISE SOAP. BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

deuse by the aid of a dictionary. However, now they are married, they will probably attain perfection in each other's language.

In the West: O. R. Caller: "We are very rich, and we wish to marry our daughter to a count, a marquis, or a duke."

Clerk (with dignity): "You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency. You will find the matrimonial purchasing agency two doors to the left."

WHAT PEDDLER IS THIS? To people who live remote from shops the peddler is a useful man, with her goes about in a wagon or on foot with a pack on his back.

Yes, in England no village is so thick and shops so plentiful that the peddler's field is not what it used to be. So if these men want to keep on selling goods they will have to locate elsewhere.

There is one peddler, however, who will never stop going about. The day he does the community will suffer greater deprivation than if the local tradesmen should shut up shop at once, and never open again. Everybody buys from him, yet no human eye has ever seen him on his rounds.

Yes, in all seasons and weathers, he is a trouble to business. People can refuse to deal with other peddlers and no harm done (perhaps money saved), but when they refuse to deal with him they die. Yet he is no murderer.

Who is he? Who is he? you cry. Wait a bit till we introduce him. Ah, yes; he has wonderful power. Even when folks fail to treat him well, this fall 'il, worse than if a witch had cast the "evil eye" on them. And sooner or later every soul of us runs this risk.

Mr. Alexander McCreary, of Dam Head Crossing, near Moira, Co. Down, Ireland, was taken ill in June, 1890. It was nothing that he could account for. He simply felt weak, at first. There was a foul taste in his mouth, and when he sat down to his meals he couldn't eat a thing; that is, not with a relish. And when he failed to force himself to swallow something, it went against him, as if it were some nasty stuff from a d. ain. And that wasn't the worst of it; right away afterwards he had pain in his chest and stomach. Then his hands and feet grew cold and clammy, "as if," he says, "my blood had some malignant thing floating in it."

Soon Mr. McCreary found the kidney secretion scanty and hard to pass. His sleep was broken and unrefreshing. Thus he gradually weakened and wasted until he could hardly drag himself along. All unknowningly, yet all the same, he had offended the mysterious peddler.

Mrs. Sarah Williams, of Lower Rhoscommon, Llandrinin, near O. westry, fell ill in like manner in December, 1891. She, too, lost her appetite, and got into a queer, nervous condition. Indeed, she felt so irritable she couldn't bear the least noise, or any one near her. Then she found it difficult to breathe. At times she was so bad this way that she had to get up for breath, and was afraid she was about to die. When in bed she had to be propped up to keep from suffocating. As the weeks went by she lost strength more and more. She consulted a doctor, and spent pounds for physic without obtaining relief. For a month the lady suffered as we describe. Both she and Mr. McCreary got well again, but that is another part of the story. She, too, unwittingly and unintentionally, had offended the strange peddler.

"Who is he?" you shout. His name is Blood, and he travels through the country called human body incessantly from the hour of our birth to the hour of our death. He carries all things that are wanted by all parts; by the muscles, by the brain, by the skin, by the liver, by the kidneys, by the lungs, and by every other part, no matter how small or obscure. Any more than this he does. He carries away everything we are done with; everything that is worn out, and in the way. He gives new things for old, does this wonderful peddling, and asks nothing to boot. But he will not stand any interference with his business. When you compel him to distribute things not in his line, he doesn't refuse; he distributes them and makes you pay with your health, and often your life. You had better pull the ears of a hungry lion than offend this benevolent, kindly peddler.

How can you offend him? This way. Conduct yourself so as to contract the disease called indigestion and dyspepsia, which fills the stomach with poisons. These deadly poisons are loaded on to the Blood, which carries them to every part, just as he carries food. Only now he scatters pain, misery, suffering, death. Do you see?

That is what these two people—like millions more—did, and are all the time doing. They were saved at last by using Motac's Curative Syrup, which relieves the Blood of his terrible load, throws it from the body's windows, and saves health and life. The letters from which we quote are duly signed by the persons we have named.

When you think you have offended Peddler Blood, ask Mother Seigel to help you to a reconciliation. Then be more careful.

ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

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To Dye Or Not to Dye. Diamond Dyes are made for home use. Absolutely reliable. Any color.

Sunday Reading.

THIS WEEK'S SERMON

In One Preached to Soldiers by Prof. Clarke of Toronto.

And what shall I more say? For the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah—Judges 1, 22.

Of these men we may say, first of all, that they were soldiers and patriots, men who did faithful service to their country, fought its battles, and were ready to die in its defence. Such men have always stood high, and deservedly so, in the roll of human excellence. They were not the only patriots; there were other men who served their country with equal fidelity in other ways, sometimes without being held in remembrance by those whom they blessed. But these also were needed, and these did their part as men of war, and as such are celebrated throughout all time. This is the first thing we would observe here, but there is another. We are here reminded that the great triumphs are achieved in war as well as in peace by the power of faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith."

It was long ago remarked by a man of the world that Providence was always on the side of the strong battalions. But the statement involved a double error. In the first place, even in war the strongest battalions have not always won, and moreover there is an implied forgetfulness of the secret and source of their strength. The might of the soldier does not come from blood and muscles and training alone, but from mind and heart and character—from faith.

It was said of the great Arab leader, Mahomet, that he propagated his faith by the sword, and the allegation cannot be contradicted. But we have not thus reached the ultimate explanation of his success. It has been pertinently asked: How did he get his sword? He had to inspire faith in the men that followed him before they could be capable of the heroism and valor which conquered so large a portion of the world for the false prophet. In fact, the principle of their success was faith, no less than that of Abraham or Moses, although it was directed to an inferior object, and by that faith they subdued kingdoms, were made strong, and waxed valiant in fight.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of this principle as found among our own people, is one of the great crises of the British nation, the Puritan revolt, known as the great rebellion. It will be remembered that in the early part of the war the Cavaliers seemed likely to gain the upper hand, and Cromwell, who was a great soldier, as well as a great ruler, saw at once the disadvantages under which the Parliamentary party was suffering. "A set of tapsters and town apprentices," he said, "would never fight against men of honor." He saw clearly that in men of education and self-respect, there were elements of character which imparted a strength which could not be possessed by men of a different and lower stamp. In a certain true sense there was here the power of faith set against mere animal strength; and, however important the latter might be, the spiritual is still stronger, especially when it was backed up by the physical.

How did the great soldier propose to overcome this difficulty? He could not hope to do so by making up an army of the same materials, for the country gentlemen were mostly on the side of the King. But Cromwell knew of a principle still stronger than the sense of honor and the self-respect of the gentleman and the man of education—namely, the principle of faith in God. If he could get an army of men who believed that they had a vacation of God, that they were set to do work for Him in the world, an army of men fired with religious enthusiasm, fighting not merely for honor, but for God; then he might hope that such an army would be invincible. And thus he fashioned those famous Ironsides, who, with whatever deductions in the way of fanaticism and kindred evils, became the models of religious and self-devoted soldiers. Well might their great captain say of them, they were "a lovely company." In those ranks no blasphemy was tolerated or uttered there was no drunkenness and no disorder. And those who were set over them were not placed in command merely because they had a higher rank in society, but because they were men of great military ability. Can we wonder at the result? The might of that terrible army was proven on many a battlefield—at Marston Moor, at Naseby, at Dunbar, and at the "crowning mercy" of Worcester; and it was the might of faith.

Doubtless it would be pleasant for us if defence were unnecessary—if all men would live as brothers, were content with such things, and coveted nothing of their neighbors. But, unfortunately, no nation can find it safe to take for granted such a state of things. Men have not yet attained to such a state of reason and morality, and we have to deal with actual facts, and not with a theoretical state of things, however reasonable and desirable.

Nor will any doctrine of Christian non-resistance commend itself to our practical intelligence under such circumstances. It is well for those who find themselves constrained by their own interpretation of the

Sermon of the Mount to hold this doctrine, that their neighbors are of a different opinion. Nor can we who believe in the lawfulness of the sword be charged with disloyalty to the teaching of Christ when we have his own words: "If My Kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight," whilst St. Paul tells us, by implication, that the sword is a lawful weapon when he says of the ruler: "He beareth not the sword in vain." No wise ruler will lightly embroil his people in war. No nation which is guided by duty, prudence and charity will easily let loose such a desolating scourge upon itself or others. Yet there are occasions worse than war, as there are evils worse than death. It was a noble thought that was expressed by one who said, "I can die, but I cannot suffer dishonor." To live dishonored and disgraced is to be dead while we live; and there are few who are worthy of the name of men who would not rather fill a dishonored grave than live when self-respect was no longer possible to them. And it may as well be recognized at once that in a world like ours, and among creatures such as we are, readiness for war, at least, is a simple personal safety, our hard-won possessions, our civilization; we must be ready to defend ourselves; for this is the way to peace and tranquility. "Si vis pacem, para bellum." If you wish for peace, get ready for war.

Next to the principle of faith, and as its necessary outcome, is the principle of obedience. And this is so in every sphere of life. Faith is not a mere intellectual or a merely emotional quality. It is also a practical principle. It lays hold of our whole inner nature of thought, feeling and will, and the outcome of our lives is the test and evidence of its reality and power. Men show their faith by their works. By their fruits ye shall know them. And it is this true universally, it is especially and emphatically true of the soldier. With him obedience must be an instinct. Disobedience is mutiny, rebellion. There never has been a great army which has not been a highly disciplined one, and the relaxations of discipline have always been the prelude to disorganization and destruction. Nor does the loss of discipline bring satisfaction even to those who bring it about. Doubtless there is some germ of the spirit of disobedience in us all, but no one really approves or likes the disorder and chaos which result from rebellion.

Nor does such a theory reduce the soldier to a mere machine. A great army is a machine, and the more perfect it is, the more thoroughly will it move with precision and exactness, and every soldier is part of the machine. But it is a thinking machine, connecting the law by which it is bound, obeying rationally the commands emanating from the authority which has been recognized. The loftiest human example which this world has ever beheld was an example of perfect obedience. "I came down from heaven," said the Lord Jesus, "not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me." And in this respect all the great soldiers of the world from the leader of thousands to the private soldier, have been like him. Their motto has been to serve by obedience. When the American Civil War broke out and the State of Virginia declared for secession, Gen. Robert Lee, the greatest soldier who took part in that memorable conflict, is said to have had no strong feeling in favor of the southern movement; but his State required his sword and his sense of loyalty prompted him to give it. What more splendid example of obedience could be imagined than that which was given in an incident which will live in human memory as long as our language is spoken, the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava. It was a desperate charge—magnificent, as a French marshal declared, out not war. But this was no business of theirs.

There's not to make reply,
Their not to reason 'bout the while,
Their but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

But there is one more thing needed to make the perfect soldier, or rather, perhaps, we should say there is a result which will necessarily follow from the possession of these qualities, wise, strenuous, devoted labor. It is the daily life that fashions the man; it is the thoughtful, careful practice of any particular profession, business, trade or craft that makes the competent workman, and so it is the discipline and drill of mind and body that makes the good soldier. It is hardly needful to enumerate the methods and qualities which are required for this purpose. The good soldier must endure hardship, he must not be luxurious or self-indulgent, but moderate and temperate in all his ways. He must be regular, punctual, careful in his discharge of all his duties, never content to do any part of his work badly or indifferently. His motto must be excellence—the idea and the effort to excel—not to excel others. Of that he will hardly think, but only how he may so his own appointed work well, as well as it is possible for him.

Such a soldier will be a blessing in the world, to his comrades, to society, to his country. If he is called to draw the sword in its defence he will quit him like a man. But whether he dies on the battle field amid the clash of arms or in his own quiet house surrounded by his friends, he will be able to say: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the work which my Master gave me to do."

David McConaughy has made seven tours of visitation, occupying thirty-nine days, also going to Caylo to attend a convention at J. Hall. There has been a net gain of ten associations during the last year. These associations have: will have of their own, namely, Bamby, Lohore and Trichoor; building funds have been begun at three other points.

A MISSIONARY LESSON.

"He Shall Come Down Like Rain Upon the Grass."

It shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. What is the low upon the flower but God's gentle nurturing, and the falling rain but gentle drops of heaven's love urging vegetation forward to fresh beauty and renewed fertility? Pastures mown with the scythe or shorn by the teeth of the cattle, present, as it were, so many bleeding stems of grass; but when the rain falls it is balm to all these wounds, and it renews the verdure and beauty of the fields.

As this is intended as a missionary lesson, and we are to be encouraged by the sure promise of the coming universal reign of our blessed Lord, we may to advantage learn from it the beauty and effectiveness of Christian gentleness as applied to missionary efforts while doing our share to hasten the day when

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

My sister got her arm out of joint. The neighbors of the country place came in, and they tried to put that arm in its place, and they laid hold and they pulled mightily. They pulled until she was in anguish, but the bone did not go back to its place. After a while the surgeon came, and with one touch everything was adjusted. So we go out for Christian work, and for the lack of the gentleness of Christ, we make the wounds of the world worse, when some kind and gentle spirit comes along after us, and by one touch heals the torn ligaments, and the disturbing bones are rejoined. O! there is more power for good in a spirit of Christian gentleness than in all this high pretension of Christian work. The dew of one summer's night will accomplish more for the grainfield than fifty Caribbean whirlwinds.

"On Sunday afternoon with my Aunt Esther," said Mr. Beecher, "I did more good than in any Sunday in church with my father. He thundered over my head, and the sweetly instructed me down in my heart. The promise that she would read Joseph's history on Sunday was enough to draw a silver thread of obedience through the entire week; and if I was tempted to break my promise, I said, 'No, Aunt Esther is the one I would not do, all through the week for the sake of getting that sweet instruction on Sunday.'"

His enemies shall lick the dust. It is a dangerous thing to raise a sword against the Lord of Israel, who daily doth work from things, for "the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs; they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away." In the days of Julian, the Apatate, that mighty monarch, who set himself to overturn Christianity, there was an humble Christian who was asked one day by Julian's most celebrated orator what he meant which only a Roman could put on in those days: "What is the Galilean carpenter now doing?" The humble Christian raised his face and said, "I have been to see this great nation which I have beautified; it will water my soldiers' horses in the German Rhine, and my cavalry shall ride through the streets of Berlin." And behind him the Pope stood and said, "Do this, my best servant, and my temporal power shall be established again among the nations." And the Galilean carpenter was building another coffin, and in less than two months there lay in it the temporal power of the Pope; and a little later the prostrate form of Napoleon III. And ever since the Galilean carpenter has been building coffins for his enemies and wearing crowns of amaranth for his friends.

Children's Music.

Mr. W. L. Tomlins, of Chicago, has done some things in the way of musical training of children that are too significant to be generally known. This is not at all on his account, but on account of what he has so convincingly shown to be possible. Mr. Tomlins is a musician, says the Advance, and he is public estimator. His most distinguishing if not his best work has been among children. This work with children in Chicago has begun ten years ago. Two years later Christmas Nilson, who observed his work in the musical festival of that year, wrote him at the time: "I must send you a word of congratulation on the marvellous result you have attained with your excellent methods. The accompaniment of the singing, and the perfection of the ensemble, were revelations to me. I recognized at once the careful training the children had gone through. You are now doing a good deal for the future generation that Chicago. The whole nation ought to be proud of you; you deserve all our respect and admiration. May you live long to continue your noble work." Mr. Tomlins has continued this work to the present time. He has now in training a grand children's choir of more than a thousand voices to have prominent part in the dedication of the Columbian Fair. Since being in Chicago thousands of children from the public schools and the Sunday-schools have, under his magic yet altogether natural training,

developed surprising musical and even spiritual discernment and fervor and precision of expression. What Mr. Tomlins has in his large way, among the children of Chicago, is most instructive as to what may be done for those in our Sadav schools and in our churches. He has shown how, in every city, in every considerable village even, the children and youth, from all the churches and from no church and from all the schools, could be brought together, and trained under suitable leadership, for the noblest results.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"I will praise thee with my whole heart; I will worship towards thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving kindness and for thy truth."—Psalm 138: 1, 2.

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me."—7th ver.

"How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity and the scorners delight in their scorn, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you. I will make known my words unto you."—Proverbs 1: 22, 23.

"Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister; and call understanding thy kinswoman: that they may keep thee from the strange woman. . . . Let not thine heart decline to her ways, for many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell."—Proverbs 7: 4-28.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the loving God."—2 Timothy 6: 17.

"Elect . . . ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold. . . . But with the Precious Blood of Christ."—1 Peter 1: 1-18.

"Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the spirit which he has given us."—1 John 3: 24.

SATISFACTORY REPLIES.

A Marked Increase in the Sale of the New Specific Remedy.

Detroit, Mich., May 20.—City druggists here report a great number of enquiries with regard to the specific remedy for Bright's disease, diabetes and all forms of kidney complaint, known as Dodd's Kidney Pills. A practical investigation has shown that in every case the reply of druggists to the questions of their customers have highly laudatory of the remedy and that they have been able to cite many cases from their own personal knowledge where the most signal benefits have been derived from its use. The result has been a very marked increase in the number of sales made and several unusually large orders have been given.

Curious Tenure of a Vicar.

Among curious tenures, certainly rivaling the chopping of sagots by the London City town clerk, or the cracking of the whip in Caistor Church, is one performed at Colehill, in Warwickshire, on Easter Monday. The vicar holds his globe on condition that if the young men can catch a hare and bring it to him before ten o'clock, he is bound to give them a calf's head, a hundred eggs for their breakfast, and four pence in money. This tenure must have existed before the Game Laws, otherwise in addition to the eggs, a month or two in prison would have been the reward of the young men.

His Her Absent-Minded.

A learned gentleman told the boots at the hotel where he was staying to call him next morning at four, as he wanted to leave by the five o'clock steamer. The man did so, but by mistake hung up the uniform of a lieutenant who occupied the next room on the door of the professor's apartment. The latter did not notice the oversight until he was on board the vessel, when he exclaimed:—

"I declare if that stupid fellow hasn't wakened the lieutenant instead of me!"

Where Water is Valuable.

In Venice water is somewhat of a luxury, as the inhabitants have to depend upon the rains, and there is no company for supplying the city. The water for drinking and domestic use is collected in subterranean reservoirs, where it is said to be filtered. It is dished out at the public wells, which are opened one hour daily for that purpose, and then are carefully locked up.

Wasted on Him.

The wayworn man had fallen in the street in a very good swoon. The usual crowd gathered and the usual man who knows what to do shouted— "Stand back! And give him air." The wayworn man got up. "Air!" said he with fine scorn. "Air! When I ain't had nothin' but air for three days!"

SHOPPING IN BLOOMERS.

MR. LARSEN SEES NO MORE REASON FOR IT

Than for a Woman Appearing in a Parlor in a Bathing Suit—The Wheel-Woman Outdoing Dr. Mary Walker—Dr. Hale Closely Identified With Boston.

BOSTON, May 21.—The indications are said to be that this will be a very warm summer. We had a touch of it, or a fore-runner perhaps, for a few days last week, when the thermometer ran up to 85, which means considerable when people still have on their winter clothing. The set who made a change in their underwear, however, regretted it the next day when the thermometer went down to 26 and morning broke with white frost on the ground. But summer is here and when the warm weather sets in, the people who go down to Reed's Point wharf to see the sights will have plenty of company when the boats come in.

If many of Boston's women bicyclists go east this summer you will see sights indeed, for it seems hardly possible that bloomers, divided skirts and all that sort of thing have reached that point in the provinces where they are looked upon as a matter of course. You do not certainly have the extremes to which bicycling costumes are carried in this part of the world, for out in the parks and on the boulevard one sees some stunner, to say the least about them. I wish I knew as much about fashions and woman's hobbies in general as our brilliant and mutual friend Astra, so that I could tell you something worth while about Boston women bicyclists and the costumes they wear, but even then I fear the description would not give a right idea, unless it were accompanied by illustrations, for the wheel women must be seen to be appreciated.

The stories in the humorous papers about women who appropriate the wearing apparel of husbands and brothers to their own use contain as much truth as fiction, for what is called "the New Woman" is looming up in great style in this part of the world.

Present indications are that a time is soon coming when Dr. Mary Walker will be able to walk along the streets without attracting any attention on account of the clothing she wears. The wheel-woman is outdoing her.

Yet I suppose there never will be a time when the general public will get used to the eccentricities of woman. Take it here in Boston, for instance, where divided skirts and bloomers are almost as common as organ pipe skirts and high crowned sailor hats. Everybody seems to think it a duty to turn the head and watch the bicyclist go by. When she is on the wheel it is not so bad, but when a woman is walking along Washington street dressed like a Louisa she is pretty sure to attract the attention of everybody.

And why shouldn't she? Few women, however, have the assurance to do this, and such a sight is almost as uncommon as it is unusual. There is a right time for everything and everything is all right in its time, but there is no more reason why a woman should go shopping in bloomers, just yet, than there is for her appearing in a parlor in a bathing suit.

It will be some time, perhaps, before St. John girls are as far advanced as this, notwithstanding the fact that the dressmakers down there are said to be busy making bloomers for the summer campaign.

The benches are out and Boston common is as green and attractive a place as ever. The Sunday afternoon services have begun, and with an innovation which has startled the public. Last year Morrison I. Swift, the socialist, was the principal attraction, abusing everybody in authority and whooping things up for the unemployed.

Last Sunday Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the Unitarian divine and author of "The Man Without a Country," held forth beneath a poplar tree telling the story of the Garden of Eden.

This was the first of a series of such meetings and it is said that the speaker will be men of prominence. Yet when the band concerts begin they will have to take a back seat till the musical programme is finished.

Dr. Hale is one of the characters of Boston. There is nothing under the sun upon which he has not an opinion. He is the editor of half a dozen papers, appears at a good percentage of the public meetings and sends long letters to those he does not attend, writes magazine articles by the score, and still has time to write testimonials for a painless toothpulling process.

The subway is one of the Sunday sights on the common this summer. It is nothing but a hole in the ground at present, but people like to look into it and see the places where the bones of their ancestors were taken out. The public garden has also been dug up to some extent and the hole there is principally remarkable for the bad odor it is sending forth over an aristocratic neighborhood. R. G. LARSEN.

A Parisian Hair Thief. A flutter has been created among the maidens of Paris who wear their hair in a long plait. A girl of sixteen with her tresses thus arranged was waiting for a train-car, in front of one of the offices, when she suddenly gave vent to a shriek. A man standing behind her had tried to cut off the whole of her hair, and in the attempt had hurt her in the neck. This individual endeavored to escape, but he was prevented

by the people gathered round. No fewer than six pairs of scissors were found on the fellow when searched at the police station, as well as a long lock of hair, which he had already succeeded in abstracting from some fair victim.

JEFFERSON TO HARVARD MEN.

The Eminent Actor's Witty Talk in Cambridge Last Tuesday Evening.

"There is nothing that so stimulates an actor as a good round of applause. [Laughter and applause.] I did not say that to twit you into giving me another round of applause [renewed applause], but the value of applause upon this occasion acts doubly—it assures me I am welcome, and it gives me time to think of what I going to say next. [Laughter and applause.]

"I have prepared a few notes, as I should have considered it a meagre compliment to thrust upon such an audience only a few clumsy views. I trust that I may use these notes in such a manner as to interest you. If I had anything at all interesting to say, I don't want to be similarly situated as Mr. Lowell has said he was often—that some of the best after-dinner speeches he ever got off he made going home in his cab. [Great laughter.] I want to say my best things while I am here with you.

"My profession inculcates preparation. The word 'rehearsal' means it. It is important that an actor should be prepared, more so than he who follows any other art. The actor, unlike the painter, cannot in the strict sense have an exhibition before going on the stage, for he begins and it is in progress while being criticised. He cannot alter his work during the performance—cannot say to his audience, 'I have acted that part badly; let me stop, and I will act it over.'

Mr. Jefferson then gave a humorous account of how he and Mr. Florence carefully prepared themselves for the play of "The Rivals" in New York; how each was well prepared, even to the speeches to be made when the curtain should fall and the audience called them out.

"But we were not called out," quizzically remarked Mr. Jefferson. [Applause and laughter.]

"I am in a novel position here this evening," he continued, "for while many of the attributes of the actor and orator are the same, yet there is a point where they come to the forks of the road, shake hands, and part. The orator impresses his audience by what he says to it, whereas the actor is sometimes at his best when he shows how he is impressed by what is said to him. Therefore search within yourself for the attributes of the intended profession to see if you really possess those essentials to that profession you would follow. If you are impressionable, feel that surrounding circumstances affect you, then you have the histrionic attributes necessary for an actor. If you feel you are dogmatic, impressive, and dictatorial, not impressed by surroundings, I should not advise you to take to the stage.

"Oration and acting are qualities pervading all the arts, I find; as in music, the solo player is the orator, whereas the orchestra represents the dramatic quality. In literature the essayist is the orator, whereas the novelist has what I should term the dramatic quality.

"It is common with certain so-called men of genius to look with contempt upon art. This will not do. Art is the handmaid of genius, only asking respectful attention as payment for her services. But if you consent to act, first with her, because you think you can depend upon your genius, you may as well say good-bye to mere genius.

"Genius produces, but art reproduces; and it is in the art of acting that reproduction is the most important. Art as applied to acting is to enable the actor to produce the same effect night after night, even though he has played the part a thousand times. I contend a man cannot play the actor's part too often, if he does not lose interest in the part. That's the point. If interest be lost, if by repeated performance the actor becomes weary, he fails to rekindle the fire, the flame goes out, and the weary actor produces the weary audience."

To illustrate his point Mr. Jefferson told how Macready once told the venerable actor Colcock that when he was acting the part of Werner, he once asked Mrs. Warner, who acted the contrary character, how it was his speech that once aroused the audience now fell flat and unnoticed. "Is it," he said to her, "that it is an old story to the audience?"

"No," said Mrs. Warner. "It is because it is an old story to you."

"Then," continued Mr. Jefferson, "she went over the part with him, and said: 'Once you spoke like the character who committed that theft; now you speak like a man who has committed a great many thefts.'"

"That was a lesson to me," said Mr. Jefferson. "I don't say it is an easy matter to apply the thought intended, but I have tried to come as near it as possible—to act as if the ideas in the characters or parts I play had just struck me, had occurred for the first time. But it is the only way to get into that terribly sincere style that is the merit of the performance of the best actors."

[Great laughter.] "But since then I have altered my opinion." [Renewed laughter.] When he was in a stock company he had looked upon every star and manager as a tyrant, but when he became manager and a star he viewed the stars as superior beings. [Great laughter.]

"The starring system was invented about 300 years ago," said Mr. Jefferson, "by William Shakespeare. In every play of Shakespeare there is a central figure, usually taken by the star. In every play there must be one great light."

In concluding his lecture Mr. Jefferson related an amusing incident in Mrs. Gibbons dramatic life. Being asked which she considered the greater as Romeo, Garrick or Barry, that lady said Garrick was so ardent she thought he would leap down to the balcony, whereas Barry was so delightfully fascinating she feared she would leap down to him. [Laughter and applause.]

OVER THE DEAD CENTER.

A New York Incident of the Financial Squeeze of 1893.

As the season of stress and storm in the United States which began in '93 is passing away, the financiers who were in peril at that time are beginning to exchange confidences, and these anecdotes show how great the peril was, and how often it happened that great business and financial houses stood on the verge of a precipice leaning over, and were only saved by mutual forbearance, kindness and the stretching of business customs to meet the unusual emergency.

I heard of one of these anecdotes a day or two ago. Right in the midst of the panic of '93, a financier and a great power in the world of trade, whose name is known all over this country and Europe, went to a friend and said: "I am so near ruin as this, that while I have millions in securities, I have scarcely a thousand dollars in cash, and must have \$25,000 today, or I am done for."

He had thrown himself languidly into a chair, as though almost ready to give up the battle. He knew well enough what the announcement of his failure meant for the commercial world. It probably would have pulled down a score or more of important institutions, and very likely would have precipitated general disaster. He had been everywhere with securities in his pocket valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, pronounced good then, but he was told in every place, "Your securities are good, but we cannot lend money now."

His position was like that of the castaway upon the ocean with "water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink." His securities at their normal value were probably worth as much as \$10,000,000, perhaps more, but it was impossible for him to borrow \$10 upon them.

The friend to whom he went knew as well as he what his failure involved: knew that he was worth at least ten millions in securities, although he could not command the \$25,000 which stood between him and him and the protesting of his paper.

The friend said, "Well, I'll try to help you. What collateral have you got?" He took from his pocket securities which bore the panic would have commanded easily \$50,000, and said, "I can offer these."

"They are good," said the friend, "nothing better. Let me see what I can do."

He went out to a financial institution of which he had long been a customer, and he said to the officers: "I want to borrow \$25,000 on this collateral, which is worth \$50,000. I will guarantee the paper, provided I have recourse to the collateral in case it is not paid."

"But," said the bank officers, "we can't lend that. The collateral is good enough; but we can't even lend on Government bonds. Nobody is lending; everybody is trying to borrow."

"Well," said the friend, "then I will submit a proposition to you. If you will lend the money on this collateral it will earn 6 per cent. for you. If you will not lend it, then I will draw my own check upon this concern for \$25,000, and I will keep the collateral myself. Now it is for you to say whether for the \$25,000 that you've got to part with you will take security and 6 per cent. interest, or whether you will pay it out and get nothing for it, as you must do if I check it out."

Of course the officers, confronted with such an alternative, could only decide to loan the money, and it was the biggest loan that was made that day or perhaps for several days before or afterward—at least the biggest new loan.

The friend went back to the capitalist and said: "The \$25,000 is at your command." When the capitalist heard this he became a new man. All the energy characteristic of him returned. Said the friend, "I will carry me over the dead center, for I will oblige you to mature it will be possible to borrow money on such securities as I possess, and that proved to be the case."

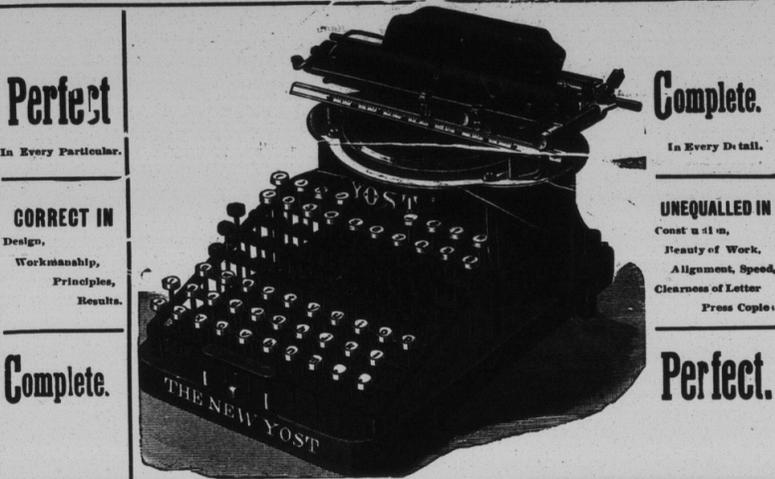
The capitalist is now one of the conspicuous influences inducing a return of prosperity. He is esteemed to be worth not

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4

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Perfect In Every Particular.

CORRECT IN Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results.

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far from twenty millions, and he can borrow upon his securities millions of money with perfect ease. He does not like to think of the day in '93 when \$25,000 stood between him and ruin.

A Woman Hater.

Probably the most confirmed woman-hater who ever lived was a wealthy old bachelor who had just died in Vienna, after his death a bundle of documents was discovered among his belongings, labelled "Attempts made by my family to put me under the yolk of matrimony." In this packet were sixty-two letters, the dates ranging from 1845 to 1893, a sufficient proof of the tenacity of his relations. So afraid was this strange man of even sitting near a woman, that whenever he went to the theatre he booked three seats, in order that he might have one on either side of him empty. When travelling in a railway carriage, he was always careful to smoke a large, foul-smelling pipe, to keep away intruders of the female sex. In his will he said: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred either to the right or left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two on either side occupied."

Carriers Must Salute.

Militarism has struck the Brooklyn Post-office. Postmaster Sullivan this week issued a new order that will create some talk. The order provides that letters carriers must salute their superiors whenever they meet them, by raising the right hand to the cap or helmet, just as in the army and police force.

"I have long been of the opinion," said the postmaster recently, "that something of this should be done. I notice when I meet the men in the street that some of them pay me no attention whatever. Some nod in a friendly fashion, and some lift their caps. Now, if there is anything I hate more than another it is to have a man lift his hat to another. He may salute a woman that way, of course, but between men I consider it unmanly. Therefore, I issued the order that the men should give the military salute. Of course, it is as incumbent upon me to return it as for the men to give it. That goes without saying."

A Writer's Work.

A rapid penman can write thirty-two words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty-eight minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 turns in each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men—newspaper writers, for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

HAPPY MEN AND WOMEN

Who Can Relish and Enjoy their Meals

INDIGESTION AND ITS TERRORS.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND RESTORES PERFECT DIGESTIVE VIGOR.

Nature's Great Medicine Will Give You a Healthy and Natural Appetite, Pure Blood, a Clear Head and Sound Sleep.

The most miserable mortals in our community are those who are weighed down by obtuse and cruel indigestion. The digestive organs are all out of gear, and the sufferer is tormented every hour of the day. The great distress experienced after eating: there is heaviness or weight in the pit of the stomach, almost continual headache, want of appetite, palpitation of the heart, sluggish and torpid bowels and constipation. The common cathartics and emetics of the day only aggravate the sufferer's troubles, and cause them to sink deeper in the mire of suffering and despondency. Nature's wondrous remedy, Paine's Celery Compound, is the only medicine now generally prescribed by the best physicians. It acts directly on the nerves, it cleanses the blood, and removes all obstructions and distressing matter from the digestive organs, and gives that perfect vigor of body that only the healthy can enjoy. After using Paine's Celery Compound, eating becomes a pleasure, sleep is natural and sound, and life is worth living.

Mrs. H. Cornack, of Halifax, N. S., who suffered for years, writes as follows:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years, I have suffered greatly from indigestion and palpitation of the heart. It was perfect misery for me to go up stairs or up a hill, as my breath was so short and weak; and eating a meal was something I dreaded, as I suffered such agony afterwards. I could only get relief from doctor's medicines and remedies. Last summer my heart troubled me so frequently that I became weak and miserable—so miserable that I felt life a burden. I had heard a great deal of Celery Compound but had no idea it would benefit me in any way. At last I was persuaded to try it, and by the time the first bottle was used I was greatly benefited. I have used five bottles of the Compound, and say with truth, that no other medicine has ever given me such wonderful results. The palpitation of the heart has not troubled me for some months; I can now eat a hearty meal, and do not experience any pain afterwards."

"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be too highly spoken of, and I trust all who suffer from the complaints which I have had, will use it without delay or fear, for I am certain they will receive great benefits, and will soon be convinced that Celery Compound is the surest, safest, and best of remedies."



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Is made direct from the finest and freshest roots, herbs, berries and flowers. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Refuse All Worthless Imitations and Substitutes.

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GEO. T. SLATER & SONS, MONTREAL.

See that Every Yard of the New and Ideal Interlining has this label on it.



Three Injunctions have already been granted by the Canadian Courts and many in the United States forbidding imitations from using cheap and inferior materials, heavy damages being allowed.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I was very much amused the other day at reading in an American paper that the wealthy American woman, "the American female sovereign," as the writer expressed it, had adopted for her own use, and as an irresponsible ornament like any other piece of jewelry, the different insignia used to denote the rank of the princesses and peeresses of England!

To those who understand the significance of these emblems, nothing is easier than to tell at a glance the position occupied by any lady in court or full dress and to assign her at once to the proper place in the order of precedence. For example every Englishman knows that a small close crown proclaims the wearer to be a princess of the blood royal, that a coronet of diamond strawberry leaves separated by large single pearls is only worn by duchesses, while other coronets of different shapes and designs indicate the countess, the baroness, and the daughter of an earl. The fact that the diadem is the badge of royalty is too generally known for the educated native of any country to make a mistake as to the rank of the wearer.

Therefore it will be easily seen that all such badges have their legitimate use, and are part of the necessary attributes of a monarchy. But it is scarcely necessary to draw attention to the utter absurdity of the aristocracy of a republican country, especially a country which makes a glory and a boast of its republicanism, assuming the insignia of royalty, and nobility. And yet this free-born American journalist tells us with perfect gravity, that the American female sovereign has quietly annexed for her own use the coronet which in Europe is only worn by the aristocracy, and it is no uncommon thing to see during the opera season in New York, the wife or daughter of a successful merchant or stockholder blazoning in the jewelled strawberry leaves, which would lead the average Englishman to suppose he was contemplating a duchess.

Verily such a sight is enough to make "the average Englishman" or the average Frenchman, Canadian, German, or Italian laugh himself weak. Imagine the daughter of a wealthy Canadian getting a jeweler to make her an exact imitation of the star of India and then hanging it around her alabaster neck and wearing it to parties! Why she would be simply laughed out of society! And yet she has just as much right to wear the star of India, the Victoria Cross, or the Order of the Golden Fleece, as the Americans had to wear strawberry leaves, or a coronet. Imagine the feelings of any foreigner who attended an opera in New York for the first time, and discovered a lady in one of the boxes blazoning with jewels, and wearing on her lovely head the small closed crown of a royal princess came to be at the opera in a foreign city without her rank in public. I think he would be still more surprised when he finally understood that the dazzling vision was simply as plain Miss Brown, daughter of Stockbroker Brown, of Fifth avenue; and he will probably find it very difficult to understand the American way of doing things. The writer I have quoted goes on to tell us airily that though they are a good deal worn, the duchess' strawberry leaves are not the latest fashion in the upper circles of the New York society. The small crown of royalty is more popular, and is worn rather far back on the head, and made in some exquisite designs of arabesque with large pendant jewels swinging loose between the divisions. He adds, with a touch that is essentially, though unconsciously American, that a lady who pays for her crowns out of her husband's profits in carpets, has just given an order for a very beautiful one made of straw colored diamonds, with five hanging fire opals swinging lightly every time she moves her head, and "shooting forth long rays of flame. Evidently the journalist is an ardent admirer of this fair dame, for he adds that she has a fondness for pale yellow gowns, is a glorious brunette, and when she gets her crown mounted on her dainty hair will be a sight most princesses of the blood would envy.

Whether he means to convey the idea that most princesses would be unable to afford the luxury of a crown of pale straw colored diamonds, and would therefore envy the New York lady the ornament itself, or whether she will look so lovely in her new headgear that the princesses would envy the crown its happy position; is a question which is left open, by the journalist's manner of expressing himself. Now I have a very great admiration and respect for Americans and things Americans do, but I do detest a snob almost as fervently as Thackeray did, and whether he takes the form of an English tuft hunter who would scramble eagerly for the stump of a cigar thrown away by the Prince of Wales, or an American millionaire decking his wife and daughters in the outward symbols of an monarchy he affects to despise—I loathe him all the same.

The daughters of the republic are beautiful and clever as all the world knows; so lovely that their charms have won for one at least the right to wear the strawberry

leaves and for several others the coronet of the peeresses, but surely there must be something lacking in the shape of common sense about women who would imitate the daw in the fable, and deck herself out in borrowed plumes, however glittering. How much better to be a lovely American girl than an imitation princess! And if the republican dame or matron is in search of some fitting emblem why does she not wear a diamond tomahawk upon her head, in token that she is a descendant of the princess Pocahontas, or a miniature representation of Bunker Hill monument? Something of that kind would be both suggestive, and patriotic, and much more appropriate, I am sure than either strawberry leaves, or crowns, which are decidedly out of place in a republican country.

I think the young girl of fourteen or fifteen, who is scarcely a child, and yet in no sense a woman, is really much harder to dress than either her grown up sister or the little maid of five or six who is the baby of the family. What suits the former is decidedly too old for her, and of course the style which suits "the baby" to perfection, is not to be thought of for her. But still she must be dressed, and well dressed to, or she will express her feelings on the question very forcibly, because she is beginning to have opinions of her own, and her woman's vanity is awakening very decidedly.

Fashion authorities assert that there is very little difference in cut between the dress of a girl of fifteen and that of her elders, since they are not both distinguished by the immense sleeves, wide skirts, blouse waists, and eon jackets; but of course there is a great difference in the simpler make up, and the absence of elaborate trimmings, gimps, passanteries, and embroideries. There is an attempt at a revival of the pretty old box plaited skirt in a very attractive model which is suitable for light bright wools, challies, or indeed French gingham and lawns, provided the trimming on the skirt is omitted.

This dress was of that peculiar brown which is known this summer as pomme de terre, and if it all resembles the color of an unskinned potato I am sure it would be far from pretty. But fortunately it does not, and is merely a light brown without any red at all in its composition. The material was challie, and scattered over the clear colored surface were circles slightly larger than a ten cent piece, which brightened it wonderfully. The skirt was laid in full box plaits from the waist, and trimmed about six inches from the hem with a border of black passanterie. The bodice was a fitted blouse full at the back and front, and fitted smoothly under the arms. Bretelles of black ribbon extended upward from the waist and were tied to the shoulders in bow knots, the belt was of the same and finished in front with a butterfly bow; the sleeves at the wrist with a narrow border of the passanterie.

Another pretty dress for a young girl is of tan cloth, made with a perfectly plain skirt hanging in full folds at the back, a zouave jacket with broad revers coming high up on the shoulder, full bishop sleeves gathered into a close cuff, and plain tight fitting vest of the cloth closely braided in diagonal lines with narrow black braid. The collar and cuffs are similarly braided, and the dress is finished with a folded belt of brown velvet.

A more dressy costume for a girl of fourteen is of navy blue cloth with vest of a yellow so light as to be a little more than cream, perhaps primrose color would describe it best. The skirt is of the plain blue cloth, gored in front and circular at the back. The bodice is plain, and tight fitting in front but shaped at the back with several very small plaits at the waist. The front is cut to simulate an Alsatian peasant's bodice which just meets at the waist and spreads wider open till it reaches half way to the chin, the edges are bordered with braiding in black braid, or narrow black passanterie, and the plain high vest over which it opens, is also braided in V shape to the point where the bodice ends. The sleeves show draped puffs to the elbow, and are plain and tight to the wrist where they are finished with braid like the vest. Any plain material such as crepon may be used for such a costume, but in case of only one material being used deep butter colored lace is employed as trimming.

A very jaunty little Eton costume is of blue serge. The skirts cut with a circular front and gored back, and made quite plainly. The jacket just escapes the waist line, has a smooth back a notched collar, and large leg of mutton sleeves, the revers are short, and broad, and below them to the waist are four rows of hussar braiding. The belt is of black silk with silver buckle. The skirt is unusually full for a young girl's costume and hangs in full godet folds at the back; it may developed either in cheviot, serge, or pique, and is suitable for any girl of from twelve to fifteen. It is worn over a stiff shirt waist, or a blouse of either plaid wool goods, lawn or cambric.

SOUDER'S MYSTERIOUS DOINGS.

Started for a Near-by City and Brought up in Far-off Cape Town.

About four months ago the city of Fort Wayne had one of these mysterious disappearances which occasionally startle a community. The principal actor in the occurrence was Dr. D. W. Souder, who, up to November, 1894, had been much in evidence as the Clerk of Allen county. After the expiration of his term of office Mr. Souder continued visible to his fellow citizens until the 15th of January, 1895, when he ceased to be seen. To use the appropriate phrase in describing such occurrences, "he disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up."

His friends, thinking he might have been detailed on some political secret service, telegraphed to Chairman Thomas Taggart and other prominent Democrats of this city, but they knew nothing about the missing man. If the family knew anything of the whereabouts they did not tell, and to all appearances they were deeply distressed. The suppositions held in the ground which had swallowed him up or down remained closed, and the mystery of the disappearance became dense and unathomable. If anybody in Fort Wayne had a string to the missing man they did not pull it, and he continued in a state of complete and total obscurity.

The first light thrown upon the mystery was a letter from Mr. Souder dated Cape Town, South Africa, March 18, 1895. It was addressed to a member of his family, and was as follows:

"You will be surprised to receive a letter from me in this far-away land, I don't know what to say. I can't tell you why I came here or how I got here. I did not want to run away. I can't tell you anything about it. About a month ago I found myself on a steamer coming to this place. Ah, how I felt! I can't tell the suffering I have had to endure. Such agony; it is terrible! I don't know what it is. I feel bad. I tried to write to you several times, but could not. I wish I could die. Oh, to think that I have run away, or got away, from my home and from you all, my dear ones. What shall I do? Perhaps you know what I let for; I don't remember."

As it is better to be alive in Cape Town, Africa, than the occupant of a hermetically sealed hole in the ground, this letter was good news to the wife's family and friends. The personal part of it assured them that he would return by the next steamer, and preparations were made to receive him. The reception has since taken place. On Thursday last Mr. Souder arrived in Detroit, having been employed from Detroit by a former employer of his, who is now Clerk of Allen county. When this gentleman met Mr. Souder at Detroit he obtained from him the story of his strange disappearance. He said:

"Jan. 15 last I bought a ticket to Indianapolis. I only went as far as Peru, and changed my course to Detroit. From Detroit I went to Montreal and then to Halifax. From Halifax I sailed Jan. 19 for Liverpool on the steamer Laurentian. I went to London, and then sailed for Cape Town, South Africa, on the steamer Dunder Castle, of the Castle line, Capt. Pierce. From Cape Town I went to Johannesburg, and then to Pretoria. From Pretoria I went to the Cape of Good Hope, and then to the South African republic. I went back again to Cape Town, and on March 20 last I sailed for London on the steamer Garth Castle of the Castle line, Capt. R. Rendell. I arrived in London April 11, and sailed from Liverpool for Boston April 18 on the Canada, Capt. G. H. G. T. Hewitson. I arrived April 27, and in Detroit today."

Persons who are fond of working out puzzles, or trying to make things consist, will find an interesting study in the comparison of Mr. Souder's Cape Town letter and this statement. The first represents him as absolutely ignorant how he got to Cape Town and suffering great agony of mind at the discovery that he was there at all. He "found himself on a steamer," and that was all he knew. The latter statement details every stage of the journey, even to the names of the steamers and their captains, dates of sailing, &c. If, as seems likely, Mr. Souder kept a diary of the journey, one cannot help wondering why he did not relieve his mental agony at Cape Town by referring to his diary. If he had any doubt as to who he was, why did he not consult the passenger lists in his possession and establish his identity? Or, if he did not have the information at that time, when, how and where did he obtain it?

In the light of these conflicting statements one is forced to think that the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Souder is more mysterious than ever.

The President was Offended. Those who are ordinarily the most careful in speech are sometimes led by excitement into the use of expressions which convey a meaning far different from that which was intended. The president of one of our leading colleges was annoyed one morning by the unseemly behavior of some of the students during the chapel services. Passing for a moment he turned toward the disturbing group and in a tone of great solemnity said:

"Young gentlemen, you evidently forget that by your conduct in that place you are not only showing disrespect to Almighty God, but also to me."

The Russet Shoe

That was to have died several seasons ago is more alive than ever. We have all Shapes and Shades in our stock and

Give to Each Purchaser a small package of Day & Martin's Russet Cream.

61 King Street, 212 Union Street.

Waterbury & Rising, Shoe Distributors.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R.I.P.A.N.S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Featherbone Skirt Bone

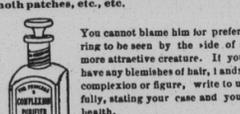
For Giving Style and Shape to Ladies Dresses. A light, pliable, elastic bone, made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to skirt or Dress. The only Skirt Bone that may be wet with out injury. The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material. For Sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

and that is an old ragged one and good enough for him."

Where the Prince was a Soldier. The Grenadier Guards is the only regiment which the Prince of Wales really served as a soldier. It was the first battalion of that most distinguished regiment that he served as a subaltern and learned his drill. He was stationed with them at the Carragh Camp, Kildare, in the year 1838, and made himself highly popular with all ranks of every corps stationed in that salubrious camp.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns"

to some other girl. Not if you are sweet, and good, and pretty, but if you are disfigured by superfluous hair, moles, blotches, pimples, eruptions, freckles, moth patches, etc., etc.



You cannot blame him for preferring to be seen by the side of a more attractive creature. If you have any blemishes of hair, lands complexion or figure, write to us fully, stating your case and your health. We cure ninety per cent. of all cases. Why not yours? Kindly enclose self-addressed and stamped envelope. Mention this paper. Address:

Misses MOOTE & HIGH, THE GERVAISE GRAHAM INSTITUTE, Toronto.

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Eye, Ear, Throat, at all forms of Catarrhal Diseases, Will be in Truro, April 10th.

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PATENTS, FOR INVENTIONS. Applications for Patents, Trade Marks and Designs, searches made, Defective Patents re-issued. Opinions on Infringement, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements of any subject. Assignments, licenses, contracts, etc. drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, arbitration conducted. Ottawa, New York 116 HANBURY A. BUDDEN, Montreal, (B.A., B.C.L., A. Can. Soc. C.E.) Cable address "Brevet." Advocates, Patent Attorney

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax; Express for Halifax; Express for Quebec and Montreal; Express for Sussex.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sussex; Express from Montreal and Quebec; Express from Moncton (daily); Express from Halifax; Accommodation from Moncton.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lévis, are lighted by electricity. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 10.30 o'clock. *All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. SEPTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th SEPT., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic Ry

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, 1st May, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express Trains Daily; Leave Yarmouth; Leave Halifax; Leave Kentville; Leave Annapolis.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: Leave Annapolis at 5.50 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p.m. Leave Halifax at 6.00 a.m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.50 p.m. Leave Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12.45 p.m. Arrive Annapolis, 6.30 p.m. Leave Annapolis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 6.30 a.m. Arrive Yarmouth, 11.10 a.m. Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, with the Canadian Pacific Railway; at Halifax, with the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Annapolis Valley Branch for Canby and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton; at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to F. H. Agents, at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to G. O. Office, 111 Prince William Street, St. John N. B. 528 Washington Street, Boston. W. R. Campbell, General Manager. R. Buchanan, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK

For Boston.



COMMENCING April 28th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lewis, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 a.m. (returning) returning will leave Boston each day at 8 a.m. and Portland at 5 p.m. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Eastport and St. Stephen. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LAECHLIN, Agent.

Complete. Every Dr. tall. QUALLED IN. City of Work. Argument, Speed. Press Couple. Perfect. ing Agents. EN Meals. ERRORS. ES PER. You a Pure. Beer. Shoes. & SONS, AL.

BILL OF FARE AT THE ZOO.

Thousands of Frogs are Consumed at a Banquet.

I have been initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen of a great West end, London hotel during the preparation of innumerable toothsome banquets...

Thousands of frogs must be consumed in the Zoo during the year. The snakes and the salamanders like nothing better...

Many favorite horses and their days in the Zoo. An aged carriage horse, a hack who had done his work, an animal that is incurably vicious...

You will notice that no mention is made of the frogs, ducks, rabbits, guinea pigs, cats and mice which find their way into the reptile house...

It is a sad case of a snake which has been allowed to be present at these banquets. Mr. Bartlett, the wisest of practical zoologists...

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Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

EPILEPSY Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure.

HUMPHREY'S Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared...

- 1- Typhoid, Cholera, Inflammation, etc. 2- Typhoid, Cholera, Inflammation, etc. 3- Typhoid, Cholera, Inflammation, etc.

MENTAL FATIGUE relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

SHILOH'S CURE. THE GREAT ONE DOSE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLERY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

SLUGGARD GAMBLING IN CHICAGO.

More Money Lost in These Machines Than in the Gambling Houses.

"What I Know About Gambling" was the subject of the sermon delivered by the Rev. John Rank at the Fullerton avenue Presbyterian church recently.

"The public has little idea of the amount of money taken from the pockets of the poor by these machines. If they could see the piles of letters which first called my attention to the evil, they would begin to understand."

"When I called on Chief Edmondson to ask him to serve twenty-four warrants on the proprietors of these places and have the machines smashed, he informed me that he didn't know the policy of the administration."

"The Ninth Cavalry was the first regiment to use the Hotchkiss mountain gun, said Capt. Day, of Washington."

"The gun outfit, always being in the rear, would generally find such places worn out as smooth as glass when they came up, and Humphrey's profligacy then was something terrible."

"A widow, under thirty, enjoying good health and a bright disposition, and possessing of a complete wardrobe of her late husband (fit, 4in. in height), a splendid set of furniture, and 900 marks in cash, desires to form the acquaintance of a gentleman with a view to matrimony."

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLER, French Village. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup. J. F. CURRIE, Cape Island.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it.

Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result.



SHARPS BALSAM OF GINGER AND ANISE. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

A. & J. HAY, Diamonds, Jewellery, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

Turkeys, CHICKENS, GEESE AND DUCKS. Dean's Sausages.

The Sun. The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor.

The Sunday Sun. The greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

WHISKY IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY.

He Can Keep His Own People Sober, but the King Khama of the Basutoland, South Africa, has long been known for his antipathy to liquor.

A short time ago Khama, who is getting well along in life, paid a visit to Cape Town and made his first acquaintance with a railroad, a steamship, the sea and other wonderful things.

"I rejoice greatly in your words, my friends, I have no difficulty in keeping liquor from my own people, but my difficulty is that the white people will have liquor, and I do not know how I am to succeed in carrying out the law."

"I assured him that my education had extended that far, and asked to whom he wished to write."

"To my breeder," said he. "And where is your brother?" "He has been penitentiary."

"How is that, when you are his brother, and your name is Robinson?" "Oh, dat's all right. Beto' do wah nigger been had only one name, same like de people see de Bible, an so dey tek dere massa name fur dere lass name."

"On the following day I asked George whether he had been the news to Robinson, and he replied: 'Oh, y' sah, I tell em den de way what you say. Fuss I say, 'Sambo, enty you got on breeder?' En he say, 'Yes.' Den I say, 'Enty ye breeder am den de penitentiary?' en he say, 'Yes,' again. Den I say, 'He dead?'"

In one of the Midland counties of England there is a religious house belonging to the Institute of Charity. The religious folk continue the good works of the medieval monasteries in dispensing food and clothing to all poor applicants.

An amusing story is told, which illustrates the intensity of feeling among the Japanese in regard to the Chinese war. In one of the Tokio theatres a play was being acted, in one scene of which a fight was represented between a Chinese general and some Japanese troops.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Gray's Red Syrup Spruce Gum. THE OLD STANDARD REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all Affections of the Lungs.

CURE FITS! Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address, H. C. ROY, 31-33, St. John Street, Toronto, Ont.

RECIPE-For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost. Adams' Root Beer Extract. One Bottle Fleischmann's Yeast. Half a Cake Sugar. Two Gallons. Two Gallons.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY. ZEPHRA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO, ONT.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. A much higher place in the estimation of his friends than when he was in his ordinary clothes.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 GERRARD STREET. (Let door south of King.)

CANCER. A Scientific Remedy where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment. Send for references. Doctor Esmond TUMOR, Hamilton, Me.

REMOVAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, 'New York, London and Paris.' Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 168 GERRARD STREET, ST. JOHN.

PALMORAL HOTEL, 109 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. A. L. SPENCER Prop.

DELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern in appointments. Heat with hot water and light by electricity.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. WARD, Proprietor. 11 sample rooms in connection. First-class Coast trains.

HOW TO RIDE BAREBACK.

SOME ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF CHAMPION FISH.

How Fish was Trained to be Riders—A First-Class Horse for the Business in Practically Invaluable—Fish's Midship White Doing a "Twister"

Charles W. Fish, the champion bare-back rider of the world, died at Chicago a few days ago.

Fish was probably the best known rider in the world, and held the championship for years, doing many remarkable feats which the younger men in the profession never excelled. He was born in Philadelphia in 1839. He came of good old stock. The following interview with him, published in Philadelphia in 1880, will be interesting at this time, especially to circus men and lovers of the tent show:

"What is necessary, Mr. Fish, to become a first-class performer?"

"Well, there are a good many things necessary. To climb to the top of the tree—or on the back of the horse, properly—a child's training, boy or girl, should begin at the age of 5 or 6, not later than 7 or 8 years anyhow. The first steps are to give the body that elasticity so essential, and this is done by practicing all kinds of tumbling on the ground. Somersaults, backward and forward, hand springs or flip-flops, in fact, all that tumblers do in a circus. When a boy becomes thoroughly proficient in this sort of thing, the next step is to put him on the back of a horse and teach him how to keep his balance. There are two ways of doing this to keep a juvenile from mastering it at the risk of a broken neck. One is by the 'mechanic,' a modern invention, by which the rider is held suspended in the air if he leaves the horse's back while going around the ring. The other is to have a rope attached to the boy's waist, which passes through a ring on the side of the pad, the end being held by the teacher. As soon as the boy begins to topple and is seen to be going, a strong pull on the rope brings him up against the side of the horse, and keeps him there until he can clamber back again. This is the better way. In the end it gives a youth more confidence in himself, and enables him to keep his balance much longer. That, I think so. I learned that way. The 'mechanic' is a recent invention, and those who learn by its aid lack that certainty and precision essential to first-class professional riding.

"I began riding when I was nine years old, at Spaulding & Rogers's old circus in Cincinnati, in 1848, but I've been all over the world since that. No, my family were not professional people. I yearned to become a rider the first time I ever saw a circus, like ninety-nine out of every hundred boys in America. Boys here are picked up anywhere and everywhere. It is different in Europe. Circuses there—and nearly every large city has one six or eight months in the year—give a permanency to their people, and parents have such a chance to train their children properly for the business. It is not so here.

"American male riders are the best in the world, but we look for the best lady riders in Europe. In Europe I have known Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Spaniards to be billed as the 'Great American Horseman.' Some of these men never saw this side of the Atlantic. The circus takes a much higher place in Europe than it does here, ranking next to grand opera. Its patrons are the officers, nobility and gentry, many of them having their private boxes or hiring reserved seats by the season. There is no reason why the riders there should be better than American riders from the fact that they are six months in a place at a time, and learn to know their ring thoroughly. That is a more important matter than it seems at first sight. A foot difference makes a very serious matter. The ring is usually 42 feet in diameter, and a rider counts on that. A single foot larger or smaller makes it necessary for the performers to strike a different angle, inclining more inward as the ring gets smaller, and more perpendicular as the dimensions are increased. Charles Reed and the Cookes—John Henry and Harry Welby—are the best American bareback riders that I know of in Europe at present. Yes, bareback riding is the most difficult of course. A pad rider generally rides four or five years' hard practice bareback before he can be trusted for a clean finished performance. You see, on pad riding a man doesn't have to take into account the horse's backbone or the curve of the back. It is perfectly level on a pad, and just so much easier. A great deal depends on the horse.

"Value? Well, a first-class horse is not for sale at any price. You see, a horse that becomes just what is wanted to such men as Robinson, Melville, or myself, cannot be replaced for any money. You've got to use a horse three or four years before you can depend upon him with absolute certainty. Reputation, living—its itself—depends upon a bareback rider having under him a horse on which he can positively depend to be just at the right place at the right time. The swerving of an inch, the quickening or slowing of the pace to the half length of a foot, may mean a broken arm, perhaps a broken neck. Realize the danger? Why, of course we do. I've had a horse stumble on me when I was half way up in a somersault, and before I got down I could realize that I was in danger of never getting up alive. It only cost me a fractured arm, however, which is all right now.

"The most critical moment in my life was when I was doing a 'twister' in 1875. James Robinson and myself were with Montgomery Queen's circus, on our way overland from San Francisco. We were billed as the rival champions, and at Muskegon, Mich., on the 16th of August, I first did the 'twister.' Now I'll tell you what it is. There are three banners held very close together. As I ride with my face to the first I jump, pirouette, and

count down again face forward; instantly up again—for it must be done in an instant—and half pirouette over the second, thus bringing my back to the horse's head, when I gain alight, then, quick as a flash, up and turning a somersault, twist my body around when in the air so as to reverse my position, and when I alight on my feet having my head in front—as the horse goes. I had practiced it on the ground for two years, but on a bare-back horse it's a very different affair. We were in Detroit and among the audience were J. M. French and a number of other prominent circus men. All were anxious to see the 'twister.' The ring was wet and in bad condition, and I had only about one third of the circle to work in. Three, four, five times I tried it and failed. The sixth time, with every nerve strung to its utmost tension, with my teeth firmly set and my hands clenched, I was determined to succeed. The audience rose almost on masses with excitement, and cries of 'Well done, anyhow; don't try it again,' maddened me. The first step was all right, so was the next; but as I left for the final spring the horse stumbled slightly. It was too late. I was up in the air and came down with terrific crash, head and shoulders, just dislocating my elbow. I didn't do the 'twister' just then.

GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT.

His Views as to the New Woman and Other Matters of Interest.

"I should like so much," I implored, "to hear how Mr. Gladstone passes his days just the programme of one of the days which telleth another." The Grand Old Man smiled. And it is something to have lived to, to have seen him smile. It is as though a rare porcelain lamp were suddenly illuminated with a clear radiance within, so white is the livid face, so brilliant the deep-set eyes.

"If you are really good enough to be interested in so small a thing," he said, "it is easily told, and in a few words. During our trip abroad the physician's orders were merciless. Breakfast was to be taken in bed, at the late hour of half past eight. All necessity for such a lazy habit of life has now passed away, however. We rise about half past seven, attend morning service at the village church, to which, as it is scarcely a mile away, we usually walk. After that we breakfast, although I am ashamed to say, I have sometimes of late felt the necessity for a cup of tea or coffee, which is kindly given me at the rectory if I require it. I do not know that I would recommend the habit, but I am myself very fond of reading a book as I dress in the morning. It was thus that I read a couple of months ago, the life of Prof. Owen, with extreme enjoyment and profit. I have found my pleasure in some attempts at literary labor, and therefore I can scarcely refer to it as work when I say that I spent some hours before luncheon in writing. I am at present engaged upon a new edition of Bishop Butler, who, to my mind, was one of the noblest men and wisest writers who ever blessed the earth with his influence. This work, if I must call it so, has brightened my few holidays for the past ten years. I have heard that another book on much the same lines will soon be ready for publication, probably before my own can possibly see the light, but I do not for this reason allow myself to be discouraged. I shall persevere until the end is reached.

"You sometimes read novels, do you not, Mr. Gladstone?" one of us asked.

"Yes, I allow myself some light reading usually each day, after dinner. I think the two, perhaps, which have seemed to me the most worthy of reflection during the past year have been 'Elder Waters and The Year of Jubilees.' Both seemed to me strong and able works, which ought to live, when many of their contemporaries are forgotten.

"It is wonderful that you find time to do so much," I said, amazed.

"Perhaps it is because he is so punctual, and expects everybody else to be so, smiled Mrs. Gladstone. "He is always ready for everything and does everything very quickly. For instance he can dress for dinner, quite fully, in less than five minutes. I cannot myself conceive how he does it, though I am not one to waste much time, or encourage others to waste it, on personal adornment.

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We want your name on our subscription list, and will make you the following offer:

"Progress," for one year, with PORTAIT AND FRAME

Will Only COST \$4.00, and these are the terms we will give you, Pay the Agent \$1.00 when he takes your order and when the Picture is delivered. We will have "Progress" delivered to you by our carriers, or by mail free of charge. \$3.00

Mr. D. L. ASPINWALL has no longer charge of this department, and all orders, and any communication should be addressed to PROGRESS. Send in your Photographs at once, accompanied by \$1.00, sent either by Post Office or Express Money Order.

PROGRESS' Great Offer.



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THAT ACHING HEAD

What Causes it and How Overcome. How often the remark "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressed feeling over the eyes to the persistent, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood by the Kidneys, and accumulating in the blood causes high and irregular pulse, headache, mental depression, nausea, Chase's K. & L. Pills tons and restore the Kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its wake. Mrs. G. Bird, Harrison, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto was taken very ill with Sick Head-ache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this

case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Head-ache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box. Of all dealers, or by addressing Edmondson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Women's Rights in Alaska.

Alaska is essentially a woman's country. He is 'boss' there without the shadow of a doubt. It there is a political meeting to be held the wife tells her husband to go and catch some fish or do up the chores; then she sees to it that two or three dogs are let where they can get at the supper dishes, and off she goes to pass upon the affairs of state, after having carefully locked the doors of the house. When she returns she knows that her good man will be patiently waiting for her and that the dogs will have the dishes cleaned. To the Alaskan mind this method of cleaning dishes saves a lot of bother, but it has its drawbacks to the average American, especially if one is urged by the lady of the house, who may happen to meet you on her way home, to take dinner with her. The man is absolutely ruled by the woman. For instance, a certain woman's husband desires to take a canoe and go fishing. You would naturally suppose that all there would be about it would be to have his lines

in order, jump into a canoe and paddle away. But he must first ask his wife for her permission, then get the consent of his mother-in-law and of all his wife's female relations within reach. That programme holds good in every case. The wife, too, is the financier of the family. She always carries the pocket-book, and the husband cannot spend one cent unless she knows just what it is for, and then she uses her own judgment, as one of them naively explained it to me, whether she gives him anything or not. More than that, after he has made a purchase—it is his bounden duty to report to the head of the house, and he does it without fail.

A Portrait of English Lady.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the only woman in the English peerage who can boast of having been tattooed. The operation was performed when travelling in India, and was suggested by noticing the process being done by a British soldier on a sailor. She had the artist brought before her, and asked for some designs. He suggested the symbol of eternity—a snake holding his tail in its mouth. Lady Churchill liked it, and the result, according to hearsay, is a beautifully executed snake coiled round the arm above the wrist. As a rule, a broad gold band covers it, but personal friends have seen it, and heard the story of the tattooing. I.E.G. A.T.E. ...

ISH ES SE. Brilliant. E THEM. not to two of. RD REMEDY DS, ASTHMA the Lungs. PROPRIETORS. TITS! Delicous Health. NESS. MAN, ed. Patters. hant Tailor, rest. KING. MOR. VAL. RISON, d Paris. d Throat. STON. VEYANCER. IC. DAWARNA, N. B. RNEY, Proprietor. J. SIME, Prop.

THE STORY OF A PHOTO

"Well, old fellow, I wish you joy," said Huntly Johnson, when his friend, Dick Beaufort, after the fashion of the newly-accepted lover, had finished a panegyric in praise of his lady-love.

on bravely for a few minutes; then she handed the note to Huntly Johnson, requesting him to give it to Mr. Beaufort, and, wishing him a good afternoon, left the house with a firm determination never to return to it.

possession of the House. On the speaker's return to the Chair, Mr. Austin was the only member of the House of Commons present and for several minutes literally addressed the Chair, for he had no other auditor. In the House of Lords Lord Rosebery said that in June 1884, he remembered a noble lord (Lehrin) addressing for four hours the noble and learned lord on the Wool-sack and the noble lord who had to reply.

terrified. Several times the earth and track seemed to rise up like a wave, and the train upon each occasion was brought to a standstill.

"Superior," or "the mineral state," would at once become one of the greatest states of the union, it is firmly believed by its advocates here.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Paste, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Frederickton, May 2, by Rev. William McDonald. James A. Foreman to Mary A. Jarvis of Stanley Black Cape, May 6, by Rev. G. F. Kincaid, B. A., Herbert Easter of Bass River to Jessie Anderson.

St. John, May 2, Joshua Ryder, 70. Elmville, May 8, Thomas Rock, 68. Pembroke, May 10, John Bentley, 81. Fox Brook, May 4, David Smith, 67.

DEAD. St. John, May 2, Joshua Ryder, 70. Elmville, May 8, Thomas Rock, 68. Pembroke, May 10, John Bentley, 81.

BORN. Riverside, May 7, to the wife of Mark Pearson, a son. Cheverie, May 6, to the wife of Henry Lake, a son.

MARRIED. Richbuck, May 14, W. H. McLeod, of St. John, to Jessie Lamb.

WARNING \$100 Reward. We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and pieces of inferior tobacco, representing them to be genuine.

T. & B. MYRTLE NAVY. The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

DEAFNESS. An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, sitting in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will do most good. Free. Circulars, Brochures and similar appliances entirely unexpended. Address: THE GOS. E. TUCKETT & SON CO. LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

CONSUMPTION. Valuable. Give names and addresses of all persons who have been cured of Consumption, Phthisis, Hemoptoe, etc., by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Free. Circulars, Brochures and similar appliances entirely unexpended. Address: THE GOS. E. TUCKETT & SON CO. LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

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