

# PROGRESS.

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## LOOKING AT THE VOTES.

THE REGARD OF MANY ALDERMEN FOR THE ELECTORS.

Leads to Certain Ends at the Council Board—Alderman Christie's First-test—The Appeals Committee and the new Power Granted to Them.

Thursday afternoon saw the last big business meeting of the board of aldermen before the civic elections. There may be other meetings—special and otherwise, but the reports of the year from the several departments are in and the estimates were presented.

Mayor Robertson was not there. He was in Montreal trying to see what he could do with the C. P. R. magnates in regard to that agreement about the new wharves on the West side. This is not the first trip he has made in this connection and it is to be hoped that something will be arrived at this time.

Meantime, in his absence, Deputy Mayor Robinson held down the chair of the chief High Constable George Stockford was within one of being in charge of the city's affairs again for the recorder was away too, and only the presence of the deputy saved him from the honor and attendant responsibility.

There were other visitors, to say nothing of the sixteenth member of the board, who is never absent. They were Mr. Dunlavy, representing the Furness line and Capt Fleming who was watching the interests of the Manhattan S. S. company, a new line being promoted by Mr. Newcombe of whom the council and the citizens have heard before. The new company wanted a suitable berth and, incidentally, offered to pay the charges in advance and to give such security as the city requires. No doubt they will get what will suit them even if it isn't quite what they want. There seems to be an impression in the council—at least some of the members have it—that the Dominion Atlantic S. S. company will want a berth near the old Bay of Fundy wharf since the Intercolonial railway is talking about the Long wharf and the property in that vicinity. At any rate all the aldermen were not anxious to settle the matter off hand and the chances are that Monday afternoon will see a special meeting of the board to consider the matter. Somebody wanted it referred to the Board of works which includes all the aldermen except the representatives at large which suggestion moved Ald at large Purdy to remark that the aldermen at large did not seem to count.

Alderman Christie is a persistent man and especially so in the interests of his friends. He has fathered the Cushing pulp mill project in the council and presented it with an influence that his colleagues do not appear to wish to antagonize. Perhaps the fact that the elections are so handy may have something to do with this feature of it. He is the chairman of the board of management as well as the board of works and as the former has control of the water and sewerage his "pull" cannot be disputed. He brought up the water supply for this pulp mill again and informed the council that Mr. Cushing had seen the board of management once more and wanted all the water he required for the manufacture of 20 tons of pulp per day of 24 hours. He did not propose to be tied down to 840,000 gallons a day or to take his contract from the city from year to year. He required that no limit should be placed upon the water supply and that he should have it for 25 years. This astounding proposition was recommended by the board of management and the council adopted their report and recommendations without much, if any dissent. Perhaps they were weary arguing the matter. But the alderman for Lansdowne was not weary and he promptly moved that the requisite notice be given to owners of land through which the new main would lie and that authority be given to issue one hundred and forty odd thousand dollars. And all the aldermen voted yea. "Pop goes the weasel!"

Mr. William Murdoch is an engineer in the employ of the city. He has charge of the water and sewerage system and gets \$1,800 a year for his services. According to a resolution passed by the tax reductionists when in power, he is supposed to give all his time for the city work. Perhaps he does, but, if so, he must think all his time is not enough for, he has intimated to the board of management that they must employ another engineer to overlook

the laying of the main from Spruce Lake to Carleton. Perhaps he meant that Mr. Hurd Peters could put in his spare time there as the building of wharves is about done. At any rate there was a sharp and not altogether pleasant or complimentary discussion of the matter when Chairman Christie communicated the fact to the council. Somebody pointed out that Mr. Murdoch had found time to oversee the construction of the power house at Silver Falls and still be at his regular work and they couldn't see what would prevent him from doing the same at Carleton. But nobody pointed out the fact or the reason

the appeal committee have power to act upon these appeals from taxes.

Alderman at large Purdy was not looking for votes and he began to protest in a vigorous fashion against such a precedent, but every argument he advanced was combatted, perhaps not in the best way, but still there were others who were bound that these men should have a vote on election. "Let them pay" said Mr. Purdy, "and if they have a just claim the city will refund the reduction." Alderman Macrae laughed at the idea of the city giving back anything. Alderman Christie insinuated that this was a vote catcher and

## ASPIRANTS FOR MAYOR.

ALDERMAN J. W. DANIEL AND MR. EDWARD SEARS.

What Both of These Gentlemen Look Like—Both Have Been in Civic Politics and Both Have Represented Queen's Ward—A Word About Each.

PROGRESS presents on this page excellent portraits of two good looking men, who are looking for votes and a seat in the mayor's chair. The chair is not big enough for both of them and there is a clause in the charter somewhat providing against dual representation. So the electors of the city of St.

John on the 19th day of April next will be obliged from a sense of civic duty to choose one of these gentlemen to preside over the deliberations of the aldermen for the next year—sign bonds and do such other work as come within the duties of a chief magistrate.

J. W. Daniel is an alderman of the city and represents Queens ward at present. He has been there for some years, off and on, and has made a diligent and careful member of the board. His associates in the council made him chairman of the treasury board, one of the most important offices in the council. It does not carry any remuneration in addition to the \$100 an alderman gets but it does mean a lot more work. No fault has been found with Dr. Daniel in the way he has fulfilled the duties of this position. His record as a citizen and as an alderman is excellent.

Mr. Edward Sears was one of the candidates for mayor last year and pulled a surprising vote. There were three others in the field, Mayor Robertson (who was re-elected), Mr. Charles MacLaughlin, and Mr. Thomas Hill. The fight was felt to be between Messrs Sears and Robertson and so it proved, but Mr. MacLaughlin had nearly 1000 votes and Mr. Hill two or three hundred. In spite of this Mr. Sears was only a few votes behind the present mayor. His friends count upon a far greater vote this year. Mr. Sears was in the council for years as a representative of Queen's ward and he was a critical alderman, devoting much of his time to civic affairs and doing all he could for the city.

The contest between these two gentlemen will be interesting and many predict a close one. Curiously enough both of them have represented Queens ward in the past. Now two ex-aldermen are striving for the same honor, Dr. W. W. White and James Seaton. Mr. Seaton has represented Victoria ward but with a business office in Queen's he has the right to represent it as any resident.

"Uncle" Dan Hunter Heard From. Mr. Connors of Black's Cove, Charlotte county, was in town a few days ago and in talking of many other things mentioned that there was a mineral spring near where he lived and he had heard that efforts were being made to form a company and erect a summer hotel at the spot. Mr. Connors described the spring, which appears to be genuine. He said it was owned by Dan Hunter and this information revived Progress's interest at once for

the story of "Andy" Hunter's rescue from a snow storm on the Shore Line by his "Uncle" Dan and his grateful promise in the morning to see that a company was promoted to buy out this same mineral spring and build a hotel was still fresh in the memory.

## MR. HANINGTON THOUGHT IT OVER

And the Clerk was not Suspended for Violation of Rules

Among the many stringent rules which hedge in the employees of the post office is one to the effect that no member of the staff of clerks shall leave the building during working hours without permission from the postmaster or the deputy postmaster. This rule is so well understood among the men that it very seldom happens there is a violation. Therefore when one of the clerks wanted a shave one day this week he applied for, and obtained a ten minutes leave of absence from acting deputy postmaster Ring. He went across the street to a barber shop, and had scarcely seated himself when the door opened and the scowling face of postmaster Hanington looked in, as if to see with his own eyes that one of his men had actually dared to cross the street without his august permission.

Mr. Ritchie—the erring clerk—had his shave and was back at his post within ten minutes from the time he left it. When noon hour came he did not go out with the others but remained to make up the moments he had lost.

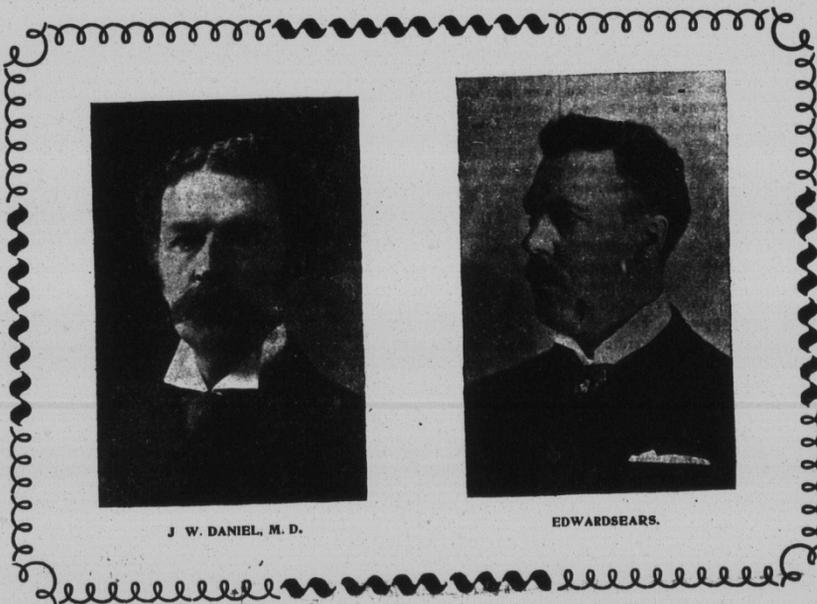
At the expiration of the time he emerged from his department with that self-satisfied feeling which comes from a consciousness of duties well done—and he had faithfully carried out the letter of the post office law; but he had reckoned without his boss, or rather without postmaster Hanington, in this case. This individual was laying in wait for the clerk in the hall, and his first words were a demand for an explanation of Mr. Ritchie's conduct. This the latter did not consider necessary, and none was forthcoming. A war of words followed and before it was ended Mr. Hanington, no doubt, wished he had tackled some one with a little less courage, for it is said he received some plain home talk, that he is not likely to forget soon. The upshot of it was that he threatened to suspend Mr. Ritchie, who was secure in the permission he had received from the deputy to go out, but of which Mr. Hanington did not know. "Suspend me," he said, "Oh I don't believe you will after all. You better think it over, you know, and let me know the result later on. If nothing but suspension will satisfy you, however, go ahead, though I really think you will regret it." And so on in a sarcastic vein which did not tend to mollify Mr. Hanington's anger. During the little interchange of courtesies, Mr. Ritchie volunteered the interesting information that if the clerks maintained the same espionage on the postmaster's actions that he did on theirs some strange surprises might be revealed—only Mr. Ritchie didn't put it quite that way. Whether postmaster Hanington has decided that discretion in this affair is the better part of valor, is not definitely known, but Mr. Ritchie still goes serenely about his duties and all talk of suspension has ceased.

## Handsome Bank Premises.

The changes made recently in the office of the Bank of Nova Scotia in this city are very attractive and much more convenient and pleasant for the staff. Under the management of Mr. T. B. Blair the business of the bank in this city has increased wonderfully—in fact to such an extent that additions have been made to the staff from time to time until the improvements which gave additional room were forced upon the management. Manager Blair is now to be found in front instead of, as formerly, in the rear room of the bank's premises. His office is splendidly finished, and so are the apartments of all the clerks. A Savings department has been added which will no doubt meet with much favor from the public.

## The Barbers and the Law.

These barbers who were on the vigilance committee of the new association had a pleasant task before them last Sunday. But either they or the police made three or four reports on Sunday shaving and while Progress is being printed the police magistrate is trying two of them. The others pleaded guilty and surrendered \$25 each. But it is said that after their reports were made Sunday it was harder to get a shave than it was other prohibited articles.



J. W. DANIEL, M. D.

EDWARD SEARS.

why the power house at Silver Falls is not in operation. No doubt Alderman Waring as one of the foremen in Allan's Foundry Works in Carleton could have given the aldermen some information upon this point. But when the salaries and work of the engineers was under discussion one alderman thought it queer that no public work could be carried on in the city without employing an outside engineer. "And sometimes they are quite expensive" said Ald. Macrae. "If I am correct, the city paid Mr. McKenzie something like \$350 for two or three days work" and he smiled at Chairman Christie of the public works as he made the remark.

"More like \$573" growled Alderman Christie.

This referred to the flitting but joyful visit of Engineer McKenzie of the Intercolonial, whose services the city supposed were graciously loaned by the department of railways to inquire into the cause of that famous landslide—or rather wharf slide—at Sand Point. He came and went and months passed without the city hearing anything about it. The fact was they did not expect to hear any thing but they made a mistake in Mr. McKenzie. He is evidently a Scotchman and has all the shrewdness of the race. His bill came in not only for his own services but for those of his assistants and for all their expenses and the sum total was between five and six hundred dollars. Legal opinions are high as a rule but sometimes engineers' opinions are higher. The council was stumped by the account and began to inquire who was responsible. Minister A. G. Blair had no knowledge of the affair he said and nobody in the railway department had any. So "for the honor of the city," as the mayor put it the account was paid and Mr. Mackenzie's services are things of the past. No wonder however that the council is afraid of engineers in general and particular.

As usual there were some dozen appeals about taxes and here is where the hearts of the aldermen began to soften; for is it not a near election day and is it not an extra vote for every man who has his taxes paid? So two or three aldermen began to talk at once and explain that if these appeals laid over till the next meeting of the council these gentlemen who wanted relief would not have the pleasure of voting on election day and so one moved and two or three seconded the motion simultaneously that

this brought forth loud protests and smiles from the silent aldermen. Alderman Hamm was pathetic in his support of the motion and Dr. Daniel cited a sort of a comparison when bills were called in at the end of the year. But still Alderman Purdy hung out against this "dangerous precedent" and this time he had the support of Deputy Mayor Robinson. But in spite of this he was the only man who kept his seat when a question was called on the vote for even Dr. Christie after his opposition to the motion stood up in the yeal line. Perhaps he had the tear of Dr. Smith before his eyes.

Then the council adjourned.

## HOW THEY ENJOY THEMSELVES.

The N. B. Visitors to Boston Got a Tip on Osteopathy.

Speaking about osteopathy, there was a very interesting little bit about this new science at Keith's theatre in Boston this week. A burnt cork comedian came out and in conversational style took his audience into his confidence about himself. He said he was a doctor down on milk street and he had the sand paper treatment. There were other ingredients but sandpaper was the chief ingredient. He also read some letters of recommendation which he had received. One boy was born with one leg and after using the sandpaper treatment for a while he got a leg fitted with a brogan shoe. He went to school and played football and was the best kicker in the school. There were some other startling things about this sandpaper treatment. The Lieutenant Governor, Premier Emmerson and others of the provincial legislature occupied boxes at the show and Messrs Emerson and Osman no doubt enjoyed the reference to the osteopathic or sandpaper treatment. They should have had the Milk Street doctor to cure the committee.

## They All had a Great Time.

A few of the gentlemen who have returned from Boston and the Sportsman's Fair have some little else but talk of the good time they had, of the efforts made to entertain them and the success of the Boston boys in that regard. There are a good many New Brunswickers in Boston and they must have been waiting to give the visitors such a reception that they would not forget it on the journey back. And they didn't—some of them haven't forgotten it yet. Those who were fortunate enough to be there Friday were shown the city in K. H.'s van at the invitation of Mr. McGinnis.

### GHOST OF BAY CHALEUR

HOW THE PHANTOM SHIP RIDES UPON ITS WATERS.

An Interesting Account of an Old Legend—Accompanied by a Poem Descriptive of the Days When Pirates Sailed and Plundered on the Ocean Blue.

During heavy easterly gales in the month of October a curious sight is often seen in the Bay Chaleur. Nearly every old inhabitant, and many middle aged and young persons living on the points of land on either sides of the Bay, as well as all or nearly all the fishermen, have seen the phenomenon, and nearly all of them agree on its appearance. It is seen generally shortly after darkness falls and looks exactly like two small square rigged vessels of old fashioned design locked together, both on fire, and being driven before the gale. Figures of men are seen sometimes, struggling in the rigging. The sea for a considerable distance around the ship is lit up by the fire, and they suddenly disappear in mid-bay, when nearly opposite New Carlisle. The Acadians tell a story handed down from the earliest settlers regarding the sight. It is that a French merchantman laden with supplies and ammunition for the St. Lawrence was chased by a pirate, during the chase a heavy easterly storm arose, and the Frenchman ran into the Bay of Chaleur followed by the pirate. Being crippled by a shot from the pirate ship, and seeing he could not escape, the brave Frenchman fired his ship just before the pirates boarded her, and then held his foe in fight so long that the pirates were unable to cast off their grapple in time to escape the fire, which presently reached the powder and both vessels were blown up.

There is no fake about the Phantom Ship—hundreds have vouched for the sight:

The Phantom Ship of the Bay Chaleur. Old Jean Derold was a pirate bold who hailed from black Algiers And the ships of France he hurried round Africa's sand swept shore. Till finding game was scarce at home he o'er the Atlantic steers, To Isle St. Pierre de Miquelon, a venture new to score.

A gallant ship sailed from Dieppe her name the "Floral," Her cargo partly cloths and silks, the beans and bellies to deck, Who held gay court and deep intrigue at growing Montreal, And partly snout and powder for the soldiers at Quebec.

As peace was now in order 'twixt England and France, No consort came across to guard the ships upon the seas, And so the gallant "Floral" along the waves did dance, With careless watch, and jolly crew, to fair and favoring breeze.

But as they crossed the Banks a storm from eastward blew—apace, And a rakish brig shot into view and followed in their wake, The Frenchman thought the stranger was daring him to race, So cracked on all the canvas the "Floral" could take.

The wind blew strong but on they raced till nearing Chaleur Bay, The stranger gaining knot by knot, came tearing on the gale, And as the afternoon began to show the close of day The ships were nearly close enough to answer to hail.

'Twas then the brig ran up a flag that made the Frenchman die, The "Jolly Roger" black as night was floating on the wind, And a round shot plunged into the rigging that made the splinters fly, You may be sure the race was soon of quits another kind.

Like pigeon scared by swooping hawk the "Floral" dashed on, And changed her course in order to take all the wind she dare, Her only hope was Gaspe's port, which if it could be won, The pirate dared not follow her across the Harbor bar.

But all too late, the frightened bird, was winged and crippled soon A round shot struck her mizzen and lumbered her with wreck, And ere they cleared the debris away the pirate brig swooped down, Her grapples soon were fastened, and the fiends swarmed on her deck.

The Captain of the "Floral," brave gentlemen and true, Had fired his ship and cargo dry as soon as hope was lost, And in the tempest and the fire the gallant merchant crew, Resolved to die as brave men can who fully count the cost.

They met the pirates at the side and firm in conflict grip, The merchantmen so desperate held their savage foe in check, Till all too late the pirates find the fire has reached their ship, Which is so firmly grappled to the "Floral's" burning wreck.

\* The Island of St. Pierre—Langley and Miquelon, in old times were called the Miquelon Isles—and were distinguished as "St. Pierre de Miquelon—Langley de Miquelon etc.—and were a rendezvous for smugglers—Freebooters etc. In fact it is said smuggling is done there yet.

The flames fanned by the tempest wrapped both vessels in their fold No boat could live a moment, no chance was there to flee. And now the fire at last has reached the powder in the hold, A crash—a roar, and darkness is o'er the raging sea.

### THE DEATH OF OSTEOPATHY.

Moncton People Will Have to Depend on Old Methods.

MONCTON, Mar. 23.—The much talked of Osteopathy bill which has been the occasion of so much strife and heartburning amongst all classes and which seems to have shaken the very foundations of society in Moncton, has received what is commonly termed a hoist for this session of the legislature at least, if not for all time. Whether the fault lay with the legislature or the friends of the osteopaths it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that in spite of all that has been said and done, the practice of that particular form of healing is no more legal in Moncton now than it was this time last year. Those who wish to be treated by Osteopathy will have to go abroad for it, and that the physicians of Moncton rejoice exceedingly over the turn affairs have taken. Of course it is not really a victory for either side as the bill was neither passed, nor rejected, but simply dropped; yet the result is the same, and for the present the Medical Society comes out on top. Whether Dr. Buckmaster's failure to appear in Fredericton and give any information regarding the science he practises, had anything to do with the apparent lukewarmness at the last moment, of some of those who professed to be most in favor of the bill, it is impossible to say, but there can be little doubt that his presence, and explanations regarding the methods of applying the science, would have materially aided the cause of his followers, while his absence had a very chilling effect on it.

The question whether osteopathy is to be, or not to be, has become such a burning one in Moncton, that it has already caused dissension in hitherto united families, strife between lifelong friends, and more general unpleasantness and hard feeling, than the late civic election. In fact it was almost made an issue of the civic contest, and a final issue too, the late mayor of the city taking advantage of the large gathering in the opera house after the result of the election had been announced, and the newly elected mayor and council had made their little speeches of gratitude to those who had raised them to the posts of honor which they hoped soon to occupy—to feel the pulse of the meeting with regard to the osteopathy question. The result was eminently satisfactory to the followers of Dr. Buckmaster for the roar of "ayes" was deafening when the "nays" were almost inaudible. An osteopathic enthusiast described it afterwards as the most conclusive proof that could be obtained of the desire of the representative Moncton citizen to have freedom in his choice as a physician as well as freedom of conscience in religious matters, and the right to exercise the glorious prerogative of absolute freedom, which is the birthright of every British subject and for which our forefathers fought and died.

It may have seemed that way, if one wanted to think so, but to the dispassionate bystander who was not interested in osteopathy, it sounded more as if the several hundred small boys who helped to swell the audience, were impressed with the idea that it was the custom for successful candidates to celebrate their victory by treating the crowd, and that the mayor had been deputed to find out whether the assembled multitude were in favor of that time honored custom or not. They probably thought that the mayor being a lawyer, and naturally wishing to be impressive on such an occasion had used the Latin word for treating, and hence their eager response. Many others amongst the audience had their minds entirely occupied with matters relating to the campaign which had just ended, and scarcely took time to understand the question clearly, else the response might not have been quite so unanimous.

It is asserted by some of the friends of the bill that it did not die a natural death, as many supposed, but that unfair means were resorted to, to prevent its passage, and they are still hopeful of ultimate success. In the meantime those of our citizens who are in need of medical attendance are fain to rely on the ministrations of regularly qualified physicians, and disordered bones will have to depend for relief upon ordinary surgical methods.

### A Crippled Shadow.

#### THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF JAS. DAVIS, OF VITTORIA.

Stricken With Rheumatism He Wanted to a Pain Stricken Shadow—Doctors and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Him—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health and Strength.

Proof upon proof accumulates that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest medical discovery of the 19th century, and the following story told in the grateful patient's own words again substantiates the claim that they cure when other medicines fail.

Knowing that I am a living monument of the wonderful curing properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I deem it my duty as a grateful man to give my testimony for the aid of such as are afflicted as I was. I am a resident of the village of Vittoria, Ont., and have lived in the town or neighborhood all my life and am therefore well known and what I say can be easily proved. Three years ago I was stricken with and partially paralyzed by rheumatism and after being under the care of two physicians I was given up to die. I wasted to a human skeleton; nothing more than a crippled shadow. I lost the use of my limbs entirely and food was given me by a spoon. Life was not worth living and such an existence was indeed miserable.

Thus I awaited the end to come—an end of human suffering too awful to depict. As a last resort I was persuaded by my friends to try medical treatment in the General Hospital in Toronto, and after spending several weeks there I came home disheartened and even worse than before. While writing in the pages of pain, discouraged and ready to die, I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and of the marvellous cures they effected. While doubting that they would cure me I was prevailed upon to take them. The effect was marvellous. For two long years I had not enjoyed a single night's rest and I then slept a sweet sleep which seemed like heaven to me. I revived, could eat and gradually grew stronger and as I gained strength my hope of living increased. I have taken forty-one boxes, which may seem a large quantity to some, but be it remembered I had taken many times their value in other medicines and had been declared incurable by doctors. The result is I am now able to undergo hard physical exercise. All my large circle of friends and acquaintances welcomed me back in their midst and life seems real again. The fact is beyond all question that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a last and only medicine proved successful in reaching the germs of my disease and saved me from a life of misery and pain. Again I say as a grateful man that I cannot too strongly recommend this remarkable medicine to all fellow beings who are afflicted with this terrible malady.

JAMES DAVIS, The above testimony is signed in presence of ERNEST WEBSTER MAYBEE.

John Francis O'Sullivan, died at Moncton. His relatives are wanted. Send 10 cents for Fortune Book. 600 valuable names of persons wanted.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

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FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. B., known as "Brown's Block" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

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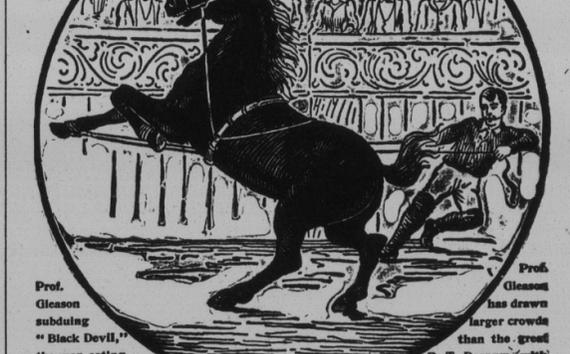
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**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Despite the fact that the recent engagement of the Jaxon Opera Co. was said to have been a financial failure, I notice that they are booked for a short season in the autumn. This will give satisfaction to the hundreds who heard them during their stay here in February.

The date of Professor Titus' concert has been fixed for April 12th and the interest which has ever attended these annual events is increased this year by the announcement that the name of Arthur B. Hitchcock, the great baritone will appear on the programme.

There is no need to eulogize Mr. Hitchcock. He has been heard in this city and the excellent impression he made is still pleasantly remembered. Mr. Hitchcock has won for himself an enviable reputation and his appearance next month will be hailed with much pleasure. Mr. Titus will also sing, and the Orpheus Quartette will I believe lend their aid. The concert will take place in the Mechanics Institute.

Tones and Under-tones.

Lillian Carlsmith has retired from 'The Bride Elect.'

Pol Plancon is studying German in order to sing Wagner roles.

Their devotion to the ladies is of occasional expense to musical people. Two years ago Jean de Reszke was tempted to join certain fair creatures in a skating contest, from which gallantry he contracted a cold that kept him out of three performances at the Metropolitan, and, in addition to doctor's bills, cost the tenor \$5000 in salary.

Paderewski's amiability in shaking hands with his admirers after a recital which exhausts his nerves has compelled him more than once to exchange the piano for paragonic. Jean Hofmann was doing first rate until some lovely matinee maids induced him to go a-biking the other day, during which romantic outing his wheel broke and precipitated genius to the ground with such rudeness that Hofmann is now invalided with a sprained wrist and ankle. Inasmuch as Josef's salary for a public recital is fixed at \$700 his accident is costly enough. But this misfortune denies to him also the greater pleasure and profit arising from playing in private houses. An artist who earns a reputation at the Metropolitan says the New York Press, makes most of his money in Fifth Avenue. Josef Hofmann ordinarily charges \$1200 for a musical evening at home, although at the Vanderbilt musicale next week he will receive \$1500. On these social occasions the artist generally gives three selections at 10 much each. Thus Mme. Melba charges \$1000 a song; Plancon \$200; Nordica \$500; Hofmann, \$400 every time he sits down at the piano, Paderewski, \$1000. Encores, if insisted upon, are charged pro rata, and the anxiety of a society hostess lest the enthusiasm of her guests should compel the artist into repetition is appalling. A couple of years ago Paderewski was engaged for three selections at a fashionable house, and the guests, knowing nothing of the cost of encores, insisted on two repeats. The pianist's bill for the evening was \$5000.

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**RED  
ROUGH  
HANDS**

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

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for Europe, and may possibly appear during the summer in a new opera which Mr. George Edwards intends to produce.

It is definitely settled that Jefferson D. Angelis will star next season in a new opera by Strange and Edwards. Lillian Russel has made her plans so far ahead that she has contracted with Manager George Bismuthal to appear, during the year 1900, in a comic opera in his projected American Theatre, Paris, during the World's Exposition.

Camille D'Arville will sing Francesca in the Berlin production of 'The Fencing Master.' If it is a success 'Robin Hood' and 'Rob Roy' will also be given. Miss D'Arville will figure prominently in both productions. So that after this season (provided the Germans take kindly to the operas), she may not be seen in this country for several years to come.

Sousa has arranged to present shortly before his departure for Europe a military, musical and patriotic spectacle, which will be called 'The Trooping of the Colors.' The presentation of this spectacle will employ the services of a chorus of several hundred voices, detachments of soldiers, sailors and marines, bagpipers, drum and fife corps and other auxiliaries, in addition to the full Sousa band of sixty musicians. In 'The Trooping of the Colors' the national airs of England, France and other friendly nations will be sung by the several soloists accompanying the organization, together with a large chorus. In each city in which 'The Trooping of the Colors' will be presented a large local chorus will be secured.

The scene of De Wolf Hopper's new opera, 'The Charlatan,' which is being written by Charles Klein and John Philip Sousa, is laid in northeastern Russia at the base of the Ural mountains, and the time of the opera is somewhere between that far off day when the Visigoths ran everything and everybody in sight, and the present day of Spanish-American agitation.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

May Irwin is not going London this season. She will conclude her present tour in June and then go to the Thousand Islands for a Summer's vacation. Next month she will try her new play, by Glen McDonough, in Chicago, Ill.

J. F. B. Beckwith, a son of the late Episcopal Bishop of Georgia, will go to New York on Sept. 1, to join the Ward-James-Rhea combination with which he will play the part of the King in 'Hamlet'.

Miss Maude Adams' two-hundredth appearance in 'The Little Minister' was made on March 19.

Mrs. Fiske will shortly produce a play by Marguerite Merrington. She will impersonate a cripple.

In a recent London production of 'Trilby,' the woman who played the title role sang 'Come Back to Erin.'

Minnie Seligman will next week begin a ten-weeks engagement in Chicago. Robert Drouet will be her leading man.

Jacob Litt, who has just acquired McVicker's theatre in Chicago, says, 'I believe that \$1 is enough to ask people to pay for the best theatrical productions.'

E. S. Willard, who has been playing at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, is stricken in that city with a severe case of typhoid fever. He has closed his American season.

A quartet consisting of Yease, Gerardy, Marteau and Lachaume, will tour America. Yease is to play next season in Australia, Japan, India and Egypt.

Jacob Litt has made arrangements for the translation of his immensely successful melodrama, 'In Old Kentucky,' into the German language for purposes of production in that tongue in certain American cities, and also in Germany.

A new drama on a biblical subject has been written by C. P. Flockton, a well-known British actor, now in this country, and it is said that it will receive its premier in America. The play is entitled 'Hagar and Ishmael.'

Grace Warner the daughter of Charles Warner, the celebrated English romantic actor is to be married in June to Franklyn McLeay, an American actor, who has made a success as Cassius in Beerbohm Tree's revival of 'Julius Caesar.'

Before Antonio Terry married Sybil Sanderson, after the lengthy engagement, he exacted three promises. She was to abjure her religion and profess the Catholic faith. She was to renounce all operative aspirations and she was to assume complete maternal responsibilities toward the precocious child of his first marriage, a girl of 17. This last condition aroused far more argument from the self-willed Sybil than even the breaking of her Opera Comique contract or the forsaking of the faith of her childhood.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Lotta Crabtree declares that she has no intention of ever returning to the stage. She is now in New York to see a Wall Street firm of brokers for leading her into losing ventures. Miss Crabtree bears the reputation of business shrewdness, and she is very wealthy. Only a week ago she made a cash purchase of a Boston hotel at \$314,000, and she already owned adjoining theatre property valued at \$400,000. It is estimated that her estate amounts to \$2,000,000, the result of judicious use of money earned by her as an actress.

Jerome Sykes, the operatic comedian, in a magazine article about first appearances, sets forth the fact that Ada Rehan's first appearance on the stage was due to the illness of a member of Oliver Dowd Byron's company in 1873. Byron is Miss Rehan's brother-in-law, and he was then, as now, playing 'Across the Continent.' Miss Rehan was travelling with her sister, and when one of the ladies of the company was suddenly taken ill was with difficulty induced to take her first plunge into the profession, which up to that time, she had no thought of adopting as her own.

'The Coreans' alias 'The Walking Delegate' will introduce a new prima donna when it opens at the Fifth Avenue theatre in New York.

Marie Dressler is ill so the 'Court and Court' company closes its season last week and she will go abroad to recuperate.

Julia Arthur comes to Boston, March 28.

It is said that the idea of 'The Adventure of Lady Ursula' was suggested to Anthony Hope by seeing Miss Virginia Harned at a dress rehearsal of 'Change Alley' at the Lyceum, New York. Mr. Hope was crossing the stage when he chanced to pass Miss Harned dressed in the boy's suit which she wore in the short-lived play. His admiration was supreme and 'The Adventure of Lady Ursula,' which will make Miss Harned a star, was the result.

Fay Templeton is not coming to this country until next season.

It is known that Miss Madge Lessing of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' is obliged in the course of the extravaganza to smoke a cigarette, and on account of this circum-

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stance she has been the recipient of all kinds of brands. Packages bearing Spanish labels are consigned to the gutter.

Joseph Jefferson is one of the most persistent anglers on the east coast of Florida. They say that he not only fishes for fish but actually catches them. He is well liked by kodak fiends because he never dodges them, but lets himself be 'taken' at all times, says an exchange.

Richard Mansfield in 'A Devil's Disciple' has had his best season as a star.

'The Heart of Maryland' company sail from New York for London March 30.

Mrs. Modjeska will rest this summer in Europe.

Wilton Luckaye, Nancy O'Neill, McKee Rankin and Rose Eytzinger are the leading members of a stock company which is to play an extended engagement at McVicker's theatre, Chicago. 'Trilby,' and dramatizations of 'Charles O'Malley' and 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' will be produced.

Mr. Charles Coghlan is noted as one of the greatest readers on the English speaking stage. His greatest merit is his meaning out of his lines than almost any other of his contemporaries and the technique of his art is profoundly admired not only by the playgoers and critics but also by his professional contemporaries themselves.

It is said that Joseph H. Worth was offered leading roles with Augustin Daly's company for next season, but refused because of his contemplated starring tour.

'His Honor the Mayor' is the title of W. H. Crane's newest play. It will be given at the Empire theatre, New York, this spring and May Robinson will be in the cast.

Sarah Bernhardt has almost recovered from the effects of her operation and will appear in Paris next month.

Nat. Goodwin has put away Clyde Fitch's 'Nathan Hale,' after its success in Chicago, because he wishes to have the scenery and costumes fresh when they are seen in New York next autumn.

A member of Augustin Daly's company of interesting lineage is Eric Scott. His father is Clement Scott, critic of the London Telegraph and recently immersed in hot water because of an ill advised interview about actresses, and his mother was a sister of the late George Du Maurier.

Beside 'Too Much Johnson,' William Gillette will probably present a new comedy while he is in London, which contains a part exactly suited to Ida Conquest, who was, for this reason, especially selected by Mr. Frohman as leading lady for the English trip. Mr. Gillette's present season in 'Secret Service' closes in Hartford, Conn., his home, this week.

Lent has closed all the theatres in Russia since the beginning of Alexander III's reign. A recent ukase now permits plays to be performed during the penitential season, with the exception of the first and last weeks. A distinction is made, however, between grand opera and serious dramas on the one hand and comic opera on the other, the latter being strictly forbidden unless given in a foreign language. Local authorities may prohibit any performance if they see fit.

Mrs. Bernard Beers will play Peg Woffington in 'Masks and Faces' at the Comedy Theatre, London, March 31.

During Holy Week no dramatic performance will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

Paris is to see 'The Geisha.'

Boston is to have an Eden Musee.

'Les Miserables' is to be revived in Paris.

A new London sketch is called 'The Blarney Stone.'

Belle Archer is to star in 'A Contented Woman.'

Madame Viarda's receipts of \$158 75 for a full week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre were grotesquely small, but not the smallest on record. There is a first class theatre in London where the gross receipts one night amounted to half a crown, and on another occasion fell as low as one shilling, while within the same week a performance was given to an audience that looked all right but didn't turn in a solitary penny.—New York Telegraph.

RAILROAD CARS AND DISEASE.

How Railroad Companies Assist in Preventing Spread of Disease.

A great epidemic of contagious or infectious disease, like the yellow-fever epidemic which last season brought so much suffering and loss of life and money to New Orleans, must make many persons wonder what the officers of railroads do to prevent the spread of disease by the constant movement of trains back and forth. Obviously, a railroad car is well adapted to convey germs. The plush cushions, the hangings, the carving, and in the case of sleeping-cars, the bedding, all furnish good lodging-places for dust or any fine mater-

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ial which may be flying about in the air; and the common use of the tumbler or drinking cup is very efficient in spreading diseases.

A railroad surgeon has lately reported an instance—uncommon, let us hope—of the scattering of diphtheria through a wide region. A child having diphtheria was carried two hundred miles in an ordinary day car. The next day a number of school-teachers returning from a teacher's institute, travelled in the same car. Shortly afterward diphtheria broke out in the schools in four different places along the line of that railroad, and the evidence which the railroad surgeon was able to collect pointed to the spread of the disease by these teachers, who when examined, were found to have diphtheritic organisms in their throats, although they did not actually have diphtheria.

Perhaps the child had left infected saliva on the arms of the seats, or on the window ledges; or, what is more probable, the infection may have been conveyed through the drinking vessel on the car. In fact, the railroad companies take elaborate and costly measures to prevent the spread of disease. One method much resorted to is the use of formaldehyde gas.

When a car arrives at the cleaning yard all apertures are carefully closed, the toilet room doors are opened, and if it is a sleeping-car the berths are let down, and then formaldehyde gas is injected through a keyhole in an outside door. The car is kept closed for four or five hours, then opened and ventilated. Then the floors, water tanks, etc., are thoroughly scrubbed. Many parts are cleaned with a solution of formaldehyde gas in water. In other cases an antiseptic wash is used for the floor and woodwork, then a solution of formaldehyde is sprayed by the use of compressed air into the surface of the plush and into inaccessible places. In the case of sleeping-cars great care is taken to wash the linen after every trip, and to air the berths and mattresses.

In suburban service, however, the proper sanitary care of railroad cars is much more difficult, because it is impossible thoroughly to clean and disinfect them after every trip. They can only receive this care at considerable intervals, and meantime, harm is no doubt often done by the distribution of disease germs.

There are some precautions which travellers can easily take, and ought always to take, for themselves. If the journey is short they need not drink during the passage. If the journey is to be longer, every traveller should provide himself with a drinking-cup, or else abstain from drinking while on the car. It is expected to spend the night in a car, it is wise for him to carry his own soap and towels. Bad cases of ophthalmia have been traced to the toilet room of a sleeping car.

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BREAKS UP

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are severe; penetrating even to the vitals, so that at no time is "77" more needed to break up a Cold or check the Grip.

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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 26th

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PROGRESS PRIZE COMPETITION.

When Progress announced its prize competition, the publishers were on the qui vive of expectation to learn how the experiment would work, and what response the competition would meet with. But to say that the idea has made a hit would hardly express the reception the experiment has received at the hands of the public.

On Saturday last within three hours of Progress' appearance, answers began to pour into the office by the dozen every hour, and by every mail since, dozens upon dozens of answers have been coming in, until already several hundred have been received—and still they come.

As before stated the competition will remain open to all who wish to try for the money prize for two more issues including this week and next, but it should be distinctly remembered that no answers will be accepted after noon of April 6th.

In its issue of April 16th, Progress will take pleasure in announcing the names of the successful competitor or competitors. Should there be more than one correct answer, the prize will be equally divided.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

The crisis that exists between the United States and Spain may have assumed a much graver nature by the time the readers of Progress get this paper. At present with the all important report of the board that inquired into the cause of the destruction of the warship Maine, on its way to Washington, to the president of the United States, the situation is such that it does not appear probable that war can be avoided. And yet, more prudent counsel may prevail and succeed in postponing a disastrous conflict between two great nations of the eastern and western hemispheres. The opinion of the masses of people in the United States is largely influenced by those newspapers who have seized upon the present condition of affairs as an excuse for printing anything and everything that will profit themselves. They seem to care nothing for the effect a war may have upon the nation; the destruction of lives and property is nothing to them; they see only the bonanzas for themselves. The temper of representatives and able financiers have been sorely tried by the selfish efforts of these so called "yellow journals" to incite the people to demand war, but, so far, it has been held in admirable check. Whether the president and his cabinet will be able to quell the outburst of popular indignation should the Maine inquiry result adversely to Spain remains to be seen.

But the destruction of the battleship is not the only difference between the two nations. The prolongation of the war in Cuba, the awful condition of the Cubans and the cruelties practised towards them has aroused the indignation of the people in the limited States. They have already compelled the president to send relief to the starving and wretched people and noble men and women from the great republic are working night and day, to relieve the distress of the oppressed Cubans. But this cannot last forever and public opinion will compel the president to put an end to such methods of warfare as Spain has adopted. And just as surely as the United States interferes in the affairs of Cuba she will get into a conflict with the Spaniard. That is what the Latin people say and the government will not be able to preserve peace and retain the seats of office if they oppose them.

The public men of the United States do not propose to act in the dark in this

grave emergency. They have not depended upon newspaper reports for their conclusions but many of them have gone to Cuba and seen with their own eyes the distress and sufferings of the patient and patriotic Cubans. Perhaps the most notable of these visitors was Senator PROCTOR who spent some time upon the island and drew conclusions, which, when presented in a dispassionate way to the people from his place in the senate aroused a storm of indignation throughout the land and convinced many doubtful people that such persecution of innocent people should come to an end.

"Innocent people" may be a strange term to many of Progress readers but it must be remembered that all of the Cubans are not rebels. Their sympathies are no doubt with the insurgents but as they took no part in the war, molestation of them was not warranted. But under the stern decree of the cruel WYLER all these industrious and innocent people were forced to leave their homes and lands and enter the fortified towns, there to suffer and starve, and 200,000 of them have died in the horrors of such a life. In his description of the condition of the country Senator PROCTOR told how all the country people in the four western provinces, about 400,000 in number, remaining outside the fortified towns when Weyler's order was made were driven into these towns, and these are the reconcentrados. They were the peasantry, many of them farmers, some landowners, others renting lands and owning more or less stock, others working on estates and cultivating small patches, and even a small patch in that fruitful clime will support a family.

When WYLER's order was issued commanding all of them to go into fortified towns within eight days many, doubtless, did not learn of this command. Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. It was left largely to the guerrillas to drive in all that did not obey, and in many cases a torch was applied to their homes with such notice, and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerrillas. When they reached the town they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the fortifications and left to live if they could. Their huts are about ten by fifteen feet in size, and for want of space, are usually crowded together very closely. They have no floor but the ground, no furniture, and, after a year's wear, but little clothing except such stray substitutes as they can extemporize, and with large families or with more than one in this little space. The commonest sanitary provisions are impossible. Conditions are unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with toul earth, foul air, foul water and foul food, or none, what wonder that one-half have died, and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved. A form of dropsy is a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children are still walking about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen, and abdomen bloated to three times the natural size. The physicians say these cases are hopeless.

Deaths in the streets have not been uncommon. The people have been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters, and there have been cases where they had dropped dead inside the market, surrounded by food. These people were independent and self-supporting before WYLER's order. Is it any wonder that the English speaking people of the great republic near us are aroused as they have not been for decades. How long would England tolerate such a state of affairs near her threshold? The United States should have intervened long ago. The sooner some action is taken the better.

SURELY NOT IN OTTAWA.

There is a new feature in social life in Ottawa which has created more excitement among the elite of that city than all the scandals in government or opposition circles. It is curious how much importance is attached to little mistakes of ownership sometimes and how little importance attends the abstraction of thousands and tens of thousands of the public funds. There is not much doubt that there is a thief who has the entire in society in the capital. He or she does the work in such a manner that suspicion does not appear to attach to any person, but for any one of the charmed circle to forget the difference between meum and tuum—it is simply preposterous. According to one account the following is a typical case.

Some weeks ago Mrs. Conroy of 283 Daly Avenue, gave an "at home." Mrs. A. F. McIntyre was one of the guests. She had shortly before her arrival cashed a check for twenty dollars, one dollar of which she had spent. Her purse containing nineteen dollars was left in her muff. When she went to get it to go home she noticed that the purse

was lying outside the muff. She boarded a Rideau street car, and on opening it to pay her fare, excitedly exclaimed, "Why, my money is gone," and returned to Mrs. Conroy's. The room was searched thoroughly, but no trace of the missing nineteen dollars could be found. Mrs. Smith of Aylmer, was also a guest. At Mrs. Conroy's the same afternoon, when she arrived home she was six dollars short, which had been left in her cloak pocket. But perhaps the most surprised person was Mrs. Conroy, who the following morning ascertained that no less than sixteen dollars had been taken from one of the bureau drawers in the room where the guests had disrobed. Mrs. Conroy was at loss to know where the money had gone, and when she learned that two of her guests had also been robbed, naturally felt very much hurt. Not the slightest suspicion was placed on the servants, as they are old and trusted. Similar losses were reported by Miss Scott, daughter of the Secretary of State, and other ladies after social functions. Brushes, button hooks, silver bon-bon dishes and other articles also disappeared, often under circumstances that forbade the assumption that they could have been taken by servants.

To what a pass has morals in Ottawa arrived when the women as well as the men forget these nice and necessary distinctions of ownership. What an opportunity for Mr. SCOTT to moralize upon the effects of association with political boot-lickers!

No doubt there is a great deal of truth in the assertion that the present provincial liquor law is wonderful in its elasticity, but there should be some limit to even this feature of it. We will know in a few days just how the commission proposes to bring the licenses down to the proper number. Last year the excuse was set up that because a number of those who had been in the business were refused licenses they should be allowed three months in order to get rid of their stock in trade without loss to themselves. For this privilege they paid a license in proportion to the yearly fee. But the three months were extended to six and so on for the whole year. The commissioners took a liberty with the law which has been passed over without much if any comment. They should mark out a certain line of action this year and stick to it. Those who took out these provisional licenses will not require any longer time to get rid of their stock. They should either get a license for a year or get none at all. Besides it may fairly be argued that the commissioners have no right to deal out licenses on the installment plan. To make one man hand over \$300 before a certain date and permit another to pay \$75 for every three months is not strictly according to the prevalent idea of fair play.

A reader of PROGRESS in Halifax sends a letter to the editor of this paper which is virtually an account of the life of a young man in whom he is interested. But he neglects to send his name, and his references are so pointed that no newspaper could print his communication without some means of verifying it. What the writer of the letter asserts may be perfectly correct but the wisdom of giving it publication in the press may well be questioned. So far as we can see only private interests would be served by such a course and it is doubtful if even they would be much improved by giving such information to a score of people to every one who knows it. It may be argued that the exposure of the wrong doing of one person who sins against himself more than any other is in a sense of benefit to the public, but if that was a part of the duty of the press what a task it would be. We cannot return the letter to the writer since we have no address but if he will send an addressed envelope we will be glad to do so, with the suggestion, that if his interest in the young man is as sincere as he says it is, to forward the document to him directly. It might have the effect he desires.

It having come to the knowledge of PROGRESS that some party, or parties, have been representing themselves as agents of the paper with authority to collect and give receipts, this is to give notice that no one is authorized to receive money or give receipts either by contra account or otherwise, without the written authority of "The Progress Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.", and no receipts will be valid unless bearing the stamp of the company properly signed by either the manager or treasurer; or the company's properly authorized agent.

What Innocents Will do.

At a place in close proximity to Fred' erickton, the death occurred recently of an infant. All arrangements for its burial had been made, and the little one's remains placed in the casket. Just previous to the dinner hour the mother went into the room to have a look at her dead babe, when to her great distress, there was nothing there but the empty casket. The mother rushed from the room to the door to give the alarm, and there she discovered the other children innocently sliding down hill with the little one's remains wrapped up in their arms.

Spring Millinery.

Attention is directed to Charles K. Cameron's interesting announcement in his regular advertisement in this issue of PRO-

GRESS In it Mr. Cameron tells his patrons some pleasing news regarding his excellent stock of spring and summer millinery which includes all the latest novelties from foreign centres in the way of hats, toques, turbans and bonnets. All the prettiest and latest ribbons, feathers, ospreys and other dainty accompaniments of the millinery trade will also be found in abundance and at prices that will please the most economically inclined buyers.

Mr. Marr's Enterprise.

The Moncton papers devoted considerable space to H. G. Marr's spring millinery opening, which took place the beginning of the week and which was attended with all the eclat that it is possible to give such an affair. Watt's orchestra was in attendance and played the splendid programme which was printed in this paper last Saturday. The Times says of the Moncton opening, "Mr. Marr's stock of general millinery is without doubt larger, prettier and better assorted than ever shown by him in any previous season, and his openings in the past have been on a par with those of the larger establishments of Canadian cities. The display of hats is something elegant, while the beautiful assortment of ribbons and flowers is simply gorgeous. The ladies of Moncton will certainly avail themselves of the invitation to visit Mr. Marr's handsomely decorated show rooms to-day and even ng. It is said that Parisian milliners repeat themselves as little as possible. What chiefly strikes one at Mr. Marr's store is the great variety of of choice materials and trimmings. The annual spring opening of the St. John store will take place next week, beginning on Tuesday, and already elaborate preparations are being made for it. Mr. Marr has now the services of one of the best milliners in the Dominion and is in every way prepared to please his numerous patrons in this city.

Tuttles Elixir.

It is a conceded fact that Tuttles Elixir is the best family and horse Liniment on the market. Paddington & Merritt, agents, St. John, N. B.

We want to impress upon you that we only charge 25c per pair for curtains and blankets. Certainly let us do them. Ungars Laundry and Dye Works Telephone 68.

Dandruff, which causes so much itching of the scalp, can be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer, because it is a corrective tonic for the glands producing dandruff.



The April Number of the Delineator is called the Spring number, and it contains firms and supplements the spring styles given in March. The literary matter for this month ranges over a very interesting field. Dr. Murray's article on Headaches, treated in a popular way, but with a physician's knowledge, should be much appreciated. Mrs. Maynell's description of how children regard their toys will be a valuable lesson to parents. There is a practical article on Renovating the Farm House which will apply equally to any country house. For the housekeeper there is an excellent paper on House cleaning, while the second part of Almonds in the Kitchen gives many original and desirable recipes. Mrs. Jones discusses mourning customs, which in conjunction with the plate of mourning styles in the front of the book, makes this a good reference number. Entertainment for adults is provided in a literary detective bureau (2nd part), and the fiction for the month is by such a favorite writer as Ellen Olney Kirk. The comprehensive article on hair dressing is alone worth the subscription price. Order from the local agent for Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co., of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St. West Toronto, Ont. The subscription price of The Delineator is \$1.00 per year, single copies 15 cents.

Reading.

Colored people, as a class, are not distinguished for a provident spirit, but some of them can see through a millstone if there is a hole in it. Witness the following example from the Atlantic Constitution:

"I'm thinking of running for governor, John," said the citizen to one of his colored constituents, "and I want you to help me out."

The old man looked thoughtful and then said:

"All right, Marce Tom; but I wants ter ax you one leadin' question."

"Well, what is it?"

"How much is you gwine give me when you gits beat?"

Something for Puzzle Workers.

To sharpen up the wits of its readers, PROGRESS opens the following competition: What line or lines among the postical selections in Royal Reader No. 5 is illustrated by this picture?

The picture and coupon will appear for the last time on April 2nd and the result be announced on April 16th.

As many answers can be sent as one chooses, provided each one is on a properly filled out coupon, including the picture.

No answers received after noon on April 6th will be considered.

A prize of Ten Dollars will be given to the fortunate winner or should there be more correct guesses the money will be equally divided.

PROGRESS hopes that the prize will go to one or at most to two bright readers. Care has been taken to make the puzzle hard enough, but not too hard. Only experiment can tell how successfully the idea has been carried out.

Left does not... interfered with... seekers this year... tents and other... eloped past the... indeed. Among... Misses Vassie of... at which the lar... fully entertained... those who assist... Sidney Smith get... their great Miss... for home early... guest included... of the smart set... occasion. Mrs. Kirkwo... losses of the... form of a 1.1... Kothaway who... Mr. Harry... Eocla's pent Sa... Mrs. Fen Fra... non in m 3 to... the disagreeab... large number... receiving and... Bankuse was a... alle. The tabl... and yellow tulle... tion at an aff... musical program... talent in the... Gilbert, Mr... sang some... Furious and... bango and pu... also played of... Miss Minnie... evening, for... tions have be... be thoroughly... Mrs. John... with Mrs. F... Christmas an... Mr. W. H. B... a visit to Fre... A club of... the golf cl... the residence... and was very... funds will be... tions of the... in the club... who worked... wore rd and... with red. The candy... Mrs. Ronald... room was lo... and Mrs. J... des the stupe... and several... During the... ded to the pi... tions, songs... lady friends... After the... room, when... Robertson... ing of all ar... It is unde... her periors... will take p... Mrs. Wm... city for a d... Mrs. C... a day or tw... Mr. and... part of this... The Lieut... in the city... Sunday he... Mr. W. V... ed the Sp... week. Mr. and... for a trip... Mr. and... among rec... Miss Pa... quash after... Mr. John... with relat... Mr. and... many Et... Fair this... Mrs. M... James C... street. Mr. W... McNeill U... studies. Mr. H... among ol... Miss N... from Mon... Mr. G... in Pictou... Ham Gor... Colonel... day's... Mr. L... city rec... Lady... Stephen... Mr. F... here for... New Yo... Capt... Bell an... Ontario... Miss... this we... will tak... after be... Mrs... to Bost... Mr. J... visit to... Vancouver... present... Miss... time w... John th... he her



Lent does not seem to have very seriously interfered with the doing of social pleasure seekers this year, for so far there have been numerous teas and other pleasant gatherings that have helped pass the penitential season very pleasantly indeed.

Mrs. Kirkwood, (née Byard) was one of the losses of the week, her hospitality taking the form of a little tea for the Misses Robertson of Robesey who leave shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Fen Fraser was at home Wednesday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. Her friends, who despite the disagreeable state of the weather turned out in large numbers.

Mrs. Harry P. Graham of the Bank of Nova Scotia spent Sunday at his home in St. Stephen.

Mrs. L. F. Randolph is expected from Butte, Montana in a few days and will spend the spring and summer with relatives in different parts of the province.

Mrs. Harry McDade of Galt, Ontario spent a day here with relatives on her way to Sydney C. B., to spend a month or two with her mother and sisters.

Messrs. E. H. McAlpine and John Keefe went to Ottawa the first of the week.

Mrs. J. E. Angovine spent part of this week in St. Stephen.

Mrs. Guslie Titus is expected the first of the week to spend a little while with Mrs. Victor Gowland of German street and other relatives.

Mrs. Charles King of Calais made a brief stay in the city this week.

Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur McLaughlin of Montreal were among recent arrivals in the city.

Mrs. Owen of this city is the guest of friends in Annapolis. She is at present visiting at the residence of M. Fenwick.

Mrs. Mont Mills of Guysboro spent Sunday last with north end relatives on his way to Boston where he will spend a week or two.

Miss Laura Porter of Lewiston is visiting west side friends for a week or two.

Mrs. R. P. Foster who has been visiting friends here for several weeks returned to Dorchester this week.

Miss Ina Brown went to Fredericton this week to take part in a concert given there by the King's Daughters.

Mrs. Beak who has been spending the winter with her sister Mrs. D. W. McCormick, left this week for her home in Victoria B. C.

Mrs. F. J. Patrick is spending a short time with her sister Mrs. Gibson of Marysville.

Mrs. Newcombe has returned to Andover after a pleasant stay here with her daughter.

Mr. W. R. Finson deputy customs inspector returned this week from a very enjoyable trip to Boston.

Miss Lily Fullerton of Annapolis arrived here this week and will spend the next two months with friends before going to California where she will make her home permanently.

Rev. E. D. Blackhall of Boston was among the week's arrivals in the city.

Miss Eva McNichol of King street east entertained a party of young friends last Monday evening, the occasion being the young lady's birthday. The evening was spent in crokinole and various other games and refreshments were served during the evening to the young people among whom were the following:

Miss Maggie Coyle, Miss Lillie Tait, Miss Gladys Stammers, Miss Annie Stammers, Miss Edith Young, Miss Jean Ledingham, Master Stanley Riley, Master Harry Young, Master Bobbie Ledingham, Master Alfred Murphy, Master Fred Cowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Williams gave a delightful little evening this week to a party of friends at which crokinole was the principal amusement though other games were played during the evening. Refreshments were served at midnight, and the evening at the pretty little home was an altogether enjoyable one to the guests, among whom were the following: Miss Maud Weddall, Miss Mildred Weddall, Miss Mabel Cowan, Miss Hattie Rankine, Miss Annie Rankine, Miss Martha Ferris, Miss Ada Miles, Miss Beattie Miles, Miss Sadie Lawson, Miss Edna Lawson, Mr. Edwin Colewell, Mr. William Hopper, Mr. Duncan Smith, Mr. Robert Campbell, Mr. Herb. Wetmore, Mr. Oliver Rand, Mr. Thos. Gunn, Mr. Jack Edwards, Mrs. Walter Golding, Miss Argie Munroe, Miss Jennie Kane, Miss Jennie McNally, Miss Nellie Williams, Miss Mabel Williams, Mr. Jack Sinclair, Mr. Arthur King, Mr. Joe Eritchard.

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A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed this week by a few of the friends of Manager Nairn of the Donaldson line, who gave a charmingly served luncheon on board the Keemun Wednesday, at which the following were guests, Mr. Blair and Mrs. Blair, Mr. W. H. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. J. McCafferty and Mrs. McCafferty, Misses Mary, Ada and Florrie Tapley and Mr. J. T. Knight. Mr. Nairn was among the passengers on the ship this week; he will return to Canada by the first boat of his line from Glasgow to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Allen of Fredericton spent a day or two here the beginning of the present week.

Mrs. D. W. Armstrong is entertaining Mr. Geo. Ayer of Sherbrooke, Que., for a few days.

Mrs. John Jackson wife of Captain Jackson was the recipient of warm congratulations from her friends upon the occasion of her 70th birthday this week. Quite a large party assembled at her residence on Courthouse street, Tuesday evening and were warmly welcomed by Capt. and Mrs. Jackson. The hours were delightfully spent in games, music, etc., not the least interesting feature of the affair being the presentation to Mrs. Jackson of a handsome easy chair accompanied with many good wishes.

Mrs. Maunsel arrived Wednesday from Fredericton for a few days stay with friends.

Mr. W. G. MacFarlane returned Wednesday evening from Boston where he spent several days.

Mr. J. W. Montgomery left Monday on a business trip to England, Scotland and Ireland. He went by way of New York taking an American liner to Southampton.

descendants are now spelled a little different from their ancestors. The "roll call" shows:

Stephen Golding, captain. John Bulyea, lieutenant. Thomas Golding, ensign.

Table with columns: Serjeants, Age, Corporals, Age. Lists names and ages of military personnel.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

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

MAR 25.—The Current News club met this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Vroom and enjoyed a very interesting meeting.

Mrs. William E. Cole invited the members of the Park society to bring their husbands and play whist at her residence last Thursday evening. The response to her invitation was a large one. After the game a collection was taken and quite a generous sum contributed which will greatly swell the funds of the Society.

The engagement of Mrs. A. E. Neil to Mr. Frank Field Fowler of Boston was announced during the past week, and has been most pleasantly discussed by their friends. Mrs. Neil has for a number of years been a leading society lady in the city. It is a general regret she will in the early future make her home in Boston.

Mrs. Edwin B. Todd gave a very pleasant and dainty dinner party to several lady friends on Thursday last week.

Miss Kate Grant gave a family tea party at her pleasant home on Union street on Friday evening. Colonel Ernest T. Lee of company E, accompanied by Lieutenants McCullough, Trimble and Lee left on Monday afternoon for Bangor where they will attend the military school.

Lady Tilley arrived here on Monday to spend a few days with her mother Mrs. Chipman of the Cedars.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Wetmore visited St. Andrews on Saturday.

Hon. George F. Hill has gone to Boston to attend the Sportsmen's exhibition.

Mrs. George J. Clarke's friends both at home and abroad will be glad to hear she is much better and recovering from her illness.

Mr. Harry P. Graham of the Bank of Nova Scotia in St. John spent Sunday in town with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham. Miss Florence Mitchell leaves next week for Halifax where she will remain for three months devoting herself to the study of music.

Mr. Richard Sawyer of Bangor has been spending a few days in Calais this week.

Mrs. D. W. Brown arrived from Rumford Falls, yesterday, being summoned home owing to the serious illness of her sister Miss Fannie Abbott.

Mrs. F. A. Stoddard is visiting relatives in St. Paul, Minn., and will probably remain for some time.

Mr. Charles McKenzie of Rumford Falls is the guest of his sister Mrs. David Maxwell.

Mr. Wilton Brown of Richibucto is in town this week registered at the Windsor.

Mr. W. S. Carter Inspector of schools is in town this week.

Miss Nellie Berryman is in St. John the guest of Mrs. D. W. McCormick.

Mrs. Harold Moran arrived here on Wednesday being summoned home to attend her mother Mrs. Andrew McWha who sustained severe injuries from the effects of a fall on Tuesday.

Dr. D. B. Myrshall was in town recently on a business trip.

Miss Carrie Washburn who has been visiting in Washington D. C., is now in Boston again.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric M. Murchie arrived home on Friday evening, after a very enjoyable visit of ten days spent in Calais and vicinity.

Mr. Thomas Main and Mr. Edward S. Stewart left yesterday for Vancouver. Mr. Main goes to seek relief for his failing health, while Mr. Stewart is looking for a place where with Mrs. Stewart they can make a new and future home.

Mr. Bradley Eaton has returned to his home in New York City.

Mrs. Frank Todd and Mrs. C. W. Young have returned from a short but delightful visit in Boston.

Mr. C. W. King visited Boston last week. Mr. Arthur Murchie left on Monday for New York City.

Advertisement for 'The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.' featuring 'Bicycles Cheap' and 'Welcome Soap Wrappers'. Includes a list of bicycle parts and prices.

Advertisement for 'Help For The Yukon' featuring 'The Welcome Soap Co.' and 'Welcome Soap Wrappers'. Includes a list of bicycle parts and prices.

Advertisement for 'MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA' featuring 'The Welcome Soap Co.' and 'Welcome Soap Wrappers'. Includes a list of bicycle parts and prices.

Advertisement for '4 FT. 6 IN. WIDE, \$15.00' featuring 'The Welcome Soap Co.' and 'Welcome Soap Wrappers'. Includes a list of bicycle parts and prices.

Advertisement for 'Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines' featuring 'The Welcome Soap Co.' and 'Welcome Soap Wrappers'. Includes a list of bicycle parts and prices.

Advertisement for 'PELEE ISLAND WINES' featuring 'The Welcome Soap Co.' and 'Welcome Soap Wrappers'. Includes a list of bicycle parts and prices.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DEFRAY... Brunswick street
MORRIS & CO... Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH... 111 Hollis street
LAMB & CO... George street
POWERS & DAVIS... Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO... Railway Depot
G. J. KLINE... Dartmouth St. S.
H. SILVER... Dartmouth St. S.
J. W. ALLEN... Dartmouth St. S.
Queen Bookstore... 10 Hollis St.

Last week began well with two teas and a dinner on Monday, and the same on Tuesday. The bright weather has made people much savier than they ordinarily are in Lent, and next week has already two parties fixed, one for Tuesday evening, and another for Thursday afternoon.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Wickwire gave a very pleasant dinner, for young people only, no married people being invited. Such youthful dinners have been very much in fashion in New York and Boston this winter, as ladies luncheons were found to pall, and some clever hostesses decided that dinners where young men were asked would be more successful.

General and Mrs. Montgomery-Moore had a small dinner on the same evening, and another on Wednesday.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Kennedy-Campbell gave a small musical tea, which was most enjoyable. Among the performers were Dr. Howard Slayter, who is here on a short visit to his parents and Mrs. Bor. Mrs. Campbell herself sang delightfully and the party was most successful.

There were two euchre parties last week brought up by some wave of fashion, and invitations are out for another on Tuesday next, they are an excellent form of entertainment, and have been unjustly out of date for some time.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Aust-White-Duncan gave the second "at home" of the series she had arranged. There were not so many people as last week on account of the very bad weather, but quite enough to be pleasant.

On Friday the "at home" was quite good at the rink and the subscribers to the private afternoon had what will be one of their last days. The Dartmouth rink has been much patronized of late, several parties having been held there this week. But for the most part people are tired of skating, and are looking forward to bicycling and other spring amusements.

The combination minstrel troupe of men and ladies had a great success last week and the most novel feature of the performance was Miss Mc-honey's fencing. It is a wonder how Halifax young ladies do not take to it, for there is no exercise which can compare with it in lending grace and alertness to the figure.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.

MAR. 23.—Miss Helen Purdy returned home on Friday after spending a month in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum.

Miss Helen Parker who has been visiting relatives in Halifax for several weeks has returned home.

Miss Bessie Harding has gone to Halifax.

Miss Jean L. y gave a very pleasant party on Saturday evening to a large number of her young friends the entertainment was varied and the charming "buds" spent a very merry evening.

Mrs. Thomas of Boston is the guest of her sister Mrs. E. J. Lash.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Pipe intend leaving Amherst this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. W. Sleep Chicago. Mr. Pipe purposes going to Vancouver B. C. before returning to town and if business prospects look promising will move there in the near future; this will be unwelcome news to their numerous friends in Amherst who would be little gratified to hear that his plans in that direction might "gang seine."

Miss Epps of Parrsboro is the guest of Miss Moore Douglas Street.

Mr. A. B. Ester has gone on a business trip to Boston and New York.

Miss Stannan who was the guest of Mrs. A. R. Dickey last week has returned to her home in Wallace.

Mrs. Peabody has gone to St. John and will probably remain until after Easter.

Mrs. John Hickman has been spending the past week in St. John with Mrs. Hickman who has been there since Christmas under medical treatment.

The Misses Greenfield gave a delightful afternoon tea on Wednesday last to a large number of guests the weather was delightfully fine and when that is assured those pleasant events are always successful.

Miss Beckett is the guest of her friend Miss Helen Pipes, Victoria street.

Miss Alice Page gave a pleasant evening last week to twenty or more guests at her home on Eddy street.

The ladies of Christ church who have the Easter entertainment in hand are progressing very well and promise to give a programme full of fun and novelty.

Miss Dapline Allen has been seriously ill during the week but is reported slightly better today.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Phalen entertained a few friends at six o'clock tea this evening.

Mr. Robinson of the Bank of Nova Scotia returned to Amherst week before last, accompanied by his bride from the "city by the sea;" it is somewhat late to mention the fact but such an important event is too auspicious to go unmentioned and unusual, especially when the bride is so sweetly pretty and the groom so popular. They are making their home at the residence of Mrs. A. D. Chapman, where Mrs. Robinson received her visitors on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. She wore an elegant gown of heavy white satin on trains, the stylish corsage was trimmed with chiffon partially veiling



FREE EXAMINATIONS

And Cut Prices continued for a short time longer.

- Solid Gold Frames, \$2 85
Best Gold Filled Frames, 1 50
Gold Filled Frames, 1 00
Nickel Frames, 25c
Alloy Frames, 45c
Best Lenses, per pair, 1 00

We are permanently located here but our cut prices and free examinations will only last a short time. A regular graduate makes all tests free for a short time longer.

OPEN TILL 9 O'CLOCK NIGHTS.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King Street, St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

the shimmering lustre of the rich fabric, and to the credit of St. John she is pronounced the most charming bride who has come to Amherst in a very long time. Miss G was Maid of Honour with Mrs. Robinson, and little Miss Chapman served chocolate and cake to a host of visitors.

Everything on the tapis last evening was put to flight by the shrill scream of the "siren" and from parlor and hall people rushed in confusion to see where the fire was located, there was much excitement when it became known that Messrs Rhodes & Curry's whole manufactory was threatened with destruction, but fortune favored our mechanic and the sturdy firemen worked so bravely that the loss is not nearly as serious as at first predicted. Mr. J. B. Barnhill of Two Rivers is in town today. Rev. F. E. Harris has returned from strip to Toronto and Ottawa.

TRURO.

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

MAR. 23.—The past week has been enlivened by several teas. Mrs. D. B. Cummings was the hostess of one of the functions last Friday afternoon at which there was present a goodly number of ladies, mostly married; what was played indistinguishably from four to six, and quantities of tea and accompanying good things consumed.

On the same afternoon Mrs. Arthur Archibald gave a tea at which were present the following ladies, Mrs. I. S. Johnson, Mrs. and Miss Betie, Mrs. D. G. McDonald, Mrs. Olive, Mrs. N. D. McCallum, Mrs. W. Cummings, Mrs. Yonston, Mrs. Fred Yonston, Miss Yonston, Miss Waddell, Mrs. Craig, Mrs. C. A. McLellan, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. L. L. Walker, Mrs. Archibald, Miss Archibald. Mrs. Archibald was assisted in dispensing her hospitalities by the Misses Archibald daily attired in white. The table was charmingly decorated with yellow jessies and yellow ribbons.

Mrs. B. H. Elphinstone gave a very pleasant evening to a number of friends at her charming home "Brookside" last Friday, quite a number of young people from town enjoyed Mrs. Elphinstone's hospitality.

Dr. and Mrs. McKay, gave a small dinner party last Thursday evening covers were laid for nine. Those present being the house party being Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Blair, Mrs. Fred Murray, Mrs. J. Miller, Mrs. Missbrook, Mr. O. A. Hornby, Mr. W. P. McKay.

Mrs. H. E. McLaurin, has returned from a short visit, with home friends at Great Village.

Mrs. Capt. Desmore, Millard, was in town, last week, a guest of her sister, Mrs. H. F. McKenzie.

Mrs. W. E. Elphinstone returned last week from a short visit with Halifax friends.

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PARRSBORO.

Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.

MAR. 23.—The Christian Endeavour social at the Manse on Tuesday evening was a pleasant affair. During the evening Rev. Mr. Munro of Oxford who had occupied St. James' pulpit on Sunday, gave an interesting address. Good things there were to eat in abundance and some good music as well.

The skating carnival on St. Patrick's night was rather poorly attended. Two previous carnivals in this winter seemed to have exhausted the interest in this sort of amusement for the season.

Mrs. McDougall spent a part of last week at Amherst.

Mr. H. P. Burton of Halifax has lately been here for a short visit.

Mrs. Alkison returned from Truro on Saturday accompanied by Dr. Alkison.

Dr. Tapscott who has been to Boston and Montreal arrived home on Friday, Mr. Andrew Allen who had been here during his absence, left on Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Harrison have been visiting friends in Halifax.

Rev. Dr. Walsh of Londonderry has been the guest this week of Rev. T. J. Butler.

Capt. Norbury is back from Halifax.

The Literary club met on Monday evening at the home of Miss Jenks one of the members. Thackeray's life and works were discussed.

WOODSTOCK.

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. Loane & Co.

MAR. 23.—One of the most enjoyable social events that has taken place in Woodstock for some time, was the At Home given by Mr. and Mrs. H. Paxton Baird on Friday evening at their charming new residence St. John street. A splendid orchestra from the band, played during the evening, in the upper hall, and added greatly to the enjoyment. Progress crochets was one form of amusement. Supper was served about half past eleven. Mrs. Baird received her guests in black satin brocade with pink chiffon trimmings. She was assisted by her niece Miss Herwin and Mrs. J. Baird. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hartly, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. Saderson Mr. and Mrs. G. Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Holyoke, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Carvill Dr. and Mrs. Rankin, Col. and Mrs. Baird, Dr. and Mrs. Hand, Dr. G. B. Manser, Mr. and Mrs. C. Comben, Mrs. E. J. Bailly, Mr. and Mrs. F. Shea, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Nicholson, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Beely, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, Mrs. Hume, Miss Hume, Mrs. Porter.

It is to be regretted deeply that our male quartette is broken up by the departure of Mr. Geo. Skinner the first tenor, last Wednesday. They have sung at all of the concerts in our own town and also in many of the surrounding towns where they have always won the highest praise. On Tuesday evening the quartette and a few of their friends were entertained at a farewell supper after a rink at Mayor Yonston's.

Prior to his departure for the west Mr. James Ferguson was entertained at supper by some of his friends at the Revere hotel. After justice was done to the good things supplied by host Doherty. A pleasant evening was spent with toasts, speeches and songs. Among those present were the following, Messrs. Ferguson, Craig, Dickson, Hamilton, and others.

We regret to say that Mrs. George Elliott is still on the sick list.

The week and a half of fine weather which we have had has played sad havoc with the ice both in the rink and harbor, the latter is nearly clear of ice and Tuesday evening being the last bad night will likely finish the skating season at the rink. Although it is expected that there will be a skating party given by the Hockey club.

Cycling is going to be all the go here this summer and some of the enthusiastic ones are trying it already despite the unsafe condition of the streets.

Mr. G. E. Chisholm agent of the Merchants' bank will move shortly into his beautiful new residence on Battery Hill.

Vapo-Cresolene. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized. Of this method of treatment, Cresolene is the most largely used, the most successful in its results, and the most convenient way of medicating the air passages. Descriptive booklet, with testimonials, free. For sale by all druggists, United States and Canada. VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall Street, New York. Leming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Miss Perley who spent several weeks with her aunt Mrs. J. F. Garden returned home on Saturday.

Miss A. Bull is visiting friends in Boston and vicinity.

Mr. Deppa Smith took advantage of the Sportsman's excursion to Boston for a brief visit to that city.

Mrs. Stevens Smith and Dr. R. E. Gwy Smith returned from Montreal this week.

Mrs. Smith of Halifax is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George A. Taylor.

The departure of Mr. George A. Taylor for Victoria, B. C. is a cause of genuine regret to the citizens of Woodstock. Mr. Taylor during his seven years residence in Woodstock as agent of the Merchants' Bank, has made many friends. He will be greatly missed in social, church, business and athletic circles. Mr. Taylor was presented with a Gladstone bag with silver top, suitably engraved by a number of gentlemen on the morning of his departure. Many good wishes accompany him to his new home. Mrs. Taylor and family will follow him to Victoria in a few weeks. A large number of friends gathered at the C. F. R. depot to wish Mr. Taylor bon voyage.

J. T. A. Dibbee, M. P. P. is spending a few days in Boston this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Connell entertained a number of friends most pleasantly at a tea party on Thursday evening.

Mr. A. F. Burchill of Halifax arrived Saturday to fill the position of Agent of the Merchants Bank here made vacant by Mr. Taylor's departure.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in Woodstock by a very good entertainment under the auspices of the A. O. H. in their hall which was artistically decorated for the occasion. The programme was varied, including songs, dramatic readings, music and addresses. Those taking part in the programme were: J. E. Shagreen, Rev. Fr. Chapman, Mayor Hay, F. E. Mescher, T. L. McCaffery, E. F. Waddleton, Miss M. Coen, Miss Hughes, Miss M. Bonier, Miss G. McRae, Miss Werner, Miss Maloney and Miss Brown.

Mrs. J. T. Garden returned from St. John last week.

The Misses Brown entertained a number of friends very pleasantly at a drive whist party on Thursday evening at their residence, Frenchbank.

Miss Leahy Watts gave a very pleasant tea party at her father's residence on Thursday.

Mrs. Newcombe returned to her home in Amherst Tuesday, having spent a few weeks in St. John and Woodstock with her daughter.

MONKSBUFFO.

MAR. 23.—An interesting musical service was held in the Methodist church on Sunday morning last special a rrice in which the ladies of the W. C. T. U. figured, and an excellent address on the life of the late Miss Frances E. Will was given by the pastor Rev. Wm. Lawson.

Mrs. W. Cathers and Walter Hall of St. John were in town last week.

Mrs. Robert Loggie of Chatham who spent some time in town a guest of her daughter Mrs. Robert Palmer, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Curran of Bathurst is in town guest of her sister Mr. Wm. McLeod.

Mrs. Simon McLeod, of Newcastle is in town today.

Mr. L. A. Buckley of Newcastle visited friends in town for the past week returning home today.

Mr. T. Tozer of the same place spent a few days in Kingston last week visiting his brother Dr. Tozer.

Mrs. John Irving returned home on Monday from a visit to Moacton.

Mr. Wilnot Brown left for St. John on Friday morning.

Mr. T. N. Vincent of St. John is in town this week.

ANDOVER.

MAR. 23.—Mrs. Newcombe who has been spending some time with her daughter in St. John returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Perley has returned from Fredericton.

Miss Sara Watson is visiting friends at Grand Falls.

Miss Kate Watson returned from Hulton a few days ago.

Mrs. Fraser of Grand Falls has been spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs. Perley.

Miss Sadler left for her home at Maple View on Monday.

Miss Edith Tibbitts and Miss Haley returned from Fredericton on Saturday.

Mr. Edmund Stevens left on Monday for British Columbia to remain for some time in his ever successful success in the IPRINGINA.



THE HORSE CAN'T... Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 PER BOTTLE IF NOT CURED OF COLIC OF ALL KINDS, COLIC, CURB, SPLINTS, CONTRACTED AND KNOTTED CORDS, AND SHOE BOILS. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

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

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

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

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents for Canada.

Spring Opening, 1898.

TUESDAY, Mar. 29th and Following Days.

- Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets.
London Pattern Hats and Bonnets.
New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets and Millinery Novelties.

No expense has been spared to make this, the most successful opening we have ever had. You are invited.

PARISIAN.

St John, N. B.

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use

Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

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

CROCKETT'S.... CATARRH CURE!

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

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 28 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

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

Choice cuts of Prime Ontario Beef, Lettuce, Celery, Poultry and Snowflake Potatoes.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



Many men fool with sickness just as a bear fools around a trap. A man doesn't like to own up that he is ill. He says "O, it amounts to nothing. I shall be all right to-morrow." But he isn't all right to-morrow; nor the next day. Pretty soon the trap snaps to; and he has some serious disease fastened on him.

The only sensible course is to keep away from the trap, and not allow sickness to get any hold on you. It is a frightful mistake to trifle with indigestion and bilious troubles in the belief that they will cure themselves. On the contrary they drag the whole system down with them.

When the appetite and digestion are irregular it shows that the machinery of the body is out of order and is not doing its proper work; the blood-circulation is poorly supplied and is being gradually debased by bilious poisons.

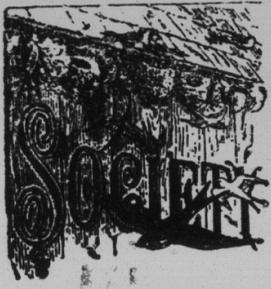
The proper alterative for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive functions and the liver; and enables the blood-making glands to supply an abundance of pure blood, rich with the nutritious vital elements which build up healthy flesh and enduring strength.

In all impoverished and run-down conditions the "Discovery" is far better than malt "extracts" or nauseating emulsions. It creates genuine permanent strength. It does not make flabby fat but solid muscle. It is a perfect tonic for corpulent people.

A full account of its properties and marvelous effects in many so-called "hopeless" cases, verified by the patients' own signatures, is given in Dr. Pierce's non-fiction case illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." This splendid volume will be sent free on receipt of 3 one-cent stamps to pay cost of postage and mailing only. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. For a cloth-bound copy send 50 stamps.

Having suffered for several years with indigestion, writes Samuel Walker, Bog of Parkersburg, Chester County, Pa.: "I concluded to try your valuable Golden Medical Discovery. After taking five bottles, I was entirely cured. I also suffered from bladder trouble, which was also cured by the 'Discovery.' I feel like a new man."





(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The Misses Backhouse gave another pleasant ladies tea on Tuesday evening, drive what was the...

Miss Constance Chandler left on Friday for a short visit to Falmouth, N. S. Mr. R. W. Hewson was down from Moncton on business last Thursday.

Miss Blanche Hamilton came from Moncton on Saturday, she returned on Tuesday. Mrs. Hamilton is still in Moncton, the air is more suited to her health as she is suffering from rheumatic affections; we are glad to hear she is much better from the change.

Miss M. B. Robinson spent Saturday and Sunday in Sackville with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Allison. Rev. J. C. Wiggins was in Dorchester on Tuesday. Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. John N. Hickman upon the birth of a little daughter.

We are glad to hear the favorable reports from the Rev. J. K. Campbell, the operation for cataract upon his eye promises to be quite successful, and we hope to see him back sooner than was expected. The accounts from Miss S. Foster are also most encouraging.

Miss McArthur left last week for Boston and New York. There are many cases of slight illness in the form of colds, we hope the spring weather we are having is not to be blamed for the trouble.

FREDERICKTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

March 23.—Last evening, Miss Phiney entertained the young folks whist club, with a few other friends when a pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Mrs. Mansfield, left today for St. John where she will visit for a few days. Miss Mary A. McLeod, sister of Mrs. H. H. P. is returned from Springfield on Monday, where she has been attending to her business and is now visiting Mrs. Pitt.

Since the closing of the legislature society has been rather quiet but for the several whist clubs which have all held pleasant meetings. The Misses Beverly have issued cards of invitation for two "At Home" for Thursday one for married ladies from four to six o'clock and another for the young members of society from eight to eleven of the same day.

Mrs. Widder, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. T. C. Allen at "The Poplars" has returned to her home in London Ont.

Mrs. G. N. Babbitt, entertained the G. S. Y. whist club on Tuesday evening.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. McClellan left on Saturday for their home in Albert Co.

Many of our gentlemen visitors are now in Boston that the Sportsmen's Exhibition is over. On Monday, Messrs. G. W. McClear, with Capt. McDonald, A. D. C., and Mr. R. B. Barker, private secretary, left for Boston.

Miss Anabel Hawley is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibbier.

His Worship Mayor Whitehead and Mrs. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Neil, Mr. Wesley Vanwart, Mr. F. R. Coleman, Mr. T. R. Everitt, Mr. J. D. Philney, Mr. Joseph Walker, and Dr. Mullin of St. Mary's are all in Boston attending the exhibition.

Miss Grace Porter is in Woodstock visiting her friend Miss Kate Saunders.

Mrs. Dever had the whist club at her house on Monday evening.

Speaker Burchill left for Boston on Monday afternoon and Mrs. Burchill went to their home in Nelson.

From or and Mr. Emmerson left for home on Saturday accompanied by Mrs. A. Scott, who will visit Mrs. Emma Scott at Dorchester till after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Osman with child as maid left for home in Albert Co., on Saturday.

Insist

Upon having just what you call for when you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is no substitute for Hood's. It is an insult to your intelligence to try to sell you something else. Remember that all efforts to induce you to buy an article you do not want, are based simply

Upon

the desire to secure more profit. The dealer or clerk who does this even nothing for your welfare. He simply wants your money. Do not permit yourself to be deceived. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And only Hood's. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to a paper. You know we want you to know it, and that here you will find the choice; and cheapest and most efficient pattern. Buy a whole till you have a good one, and you will want to buy from only one mill, and we are sure you will want to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

The Boston Fern

is an entirely new variety of the charming sword fern, it is by far more graceful than the variety, it is created a more in floral centre, and is at present enjoying the greatest popularity of any decorative plant. For the most complete catalogue of this fern, (usual price 25c.) and our book of "Canadian Plants for Canadian Homes" a most complete catalogue of Roses, Greenhouse Plants, Hardy Perennials, Ornamental Shrubs, Climbers, and Flowering Trees, in our hands. Let us convince you by this list of the high grade of our stock.

WEBSTER BROS., Hamilton Ont.

Attorney General and Mrs. White returned to their home in London on Monday.

Mrs. J. Fred Richards was called to Boston on Tuesday on account of the serious illness of her brother, Mr. Plummer in Boston.

Hon. Chas. A. O'Connell ex-U. S. Consul at Yarmouth N. S. left this morning for Boston, en route for his home in Manchester. CRICKET.

BUCKINGHAM.

March 23.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Irving and Miss Lou are visiting friends in Bickham.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto drove through here on Tuesday on his way south.

Mr. E. H. James spent Tuesday in Richibucto. A temperance meeting in connection with the Christian endeavor was held in the presbyterian church on Monday evening.

Mr. Jack Hutchinson visited friends in Kingston Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Cruise of Moncton was in town last week.

Mr. E. A. Irving drove to Richibucto on Tuesday.

Mr. Clarence Gross of Moncton was in town on Monday.

Mr. L. Murray of Quebec, Mass., is spending a few months with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Murray. VISITORS.

An Important Industry.

In the minds of most people the manufacture of paints and colors is not thought of as much importance, and this branch of business is little understood by the public generally.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, paint was made in a very crude way and consisted mainly of grinding white lead and colors in oil—the mixing, or preparing for use being done by the consumer.

Today it is different. This branch of business like all others has made rapid improvements. The best paint is now made ready for the brush. Paint for every purpose can be bought ready to put on.

This change has been brought about by the application of special machinery for the fine grinding and thorough mixing of the different pigments and ingredients. This with skilled labor produces paints better and cheaper than under the old method.

Much of the improvement and advancement in paint making is due to the Sherwin Williams Co., who are without doubt the largest manufacturers in the world. This company has an extensive plant—the largest of the kind in existence—at Cleveland, Ohio. It will give an idea of the extent of their premises when it is stated there floor space exceeds nine acres. Many thousands of gallons of paint ready to use is delivered out every day. Besides the Cleveland plant the Company have their own factories at Chicago and Montreal, Canada, also branch houses at New York and Boston.

The Sherwin-Williams Paints are used by the principal railways and steamship companies in the United States and Canada. There is scarcely a town or village in either country where the well known S. W. A. may not be obtained. Fifty travelers are constantly on the road, covering every point of the continent in the interests of the extensive business.

The business was built up from small beginnings and its great success is due largely to the fact that from the start the proprietors have never allowed more than one quality—the best they could make—to go under their label. The result is, wherever the Sherwin-Williams name is found in a package of paint it stands for the best that there is in paint.

A. Elizabeth Marbury, playwright and adaptor also of Sardou and other French dramatists for the American stage, has just been decorated by the French Government with the purple ribbon that indicates an officer of the French academy.

GREAT TIME IN BOSTON.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S BOBHOBBING WITH NEW ENGLANDERS.

How the People From the Province spent the Time at the Sportsmen's Fair—The speeches and the Reception of Canadians on Last Tuesday.

When they are not talking war in Boston and deciding how long it would take to knock the daylight out of Spain they talk about the Sportsmen's Exhibition. It is a great show and everything that pertains to sport of flood and field—the implements of the chase, hunting camps, Indian warriors in full plumage, an Indian encampment, lordly moose, caribou and deer, big trout, wild geese, aquatic sports, a photograph gallery showing sporting scenes, guides in picturesque garb,—may be found there.

Tuesday was New Brunswick day at the Fair and Boston was taken by storm and found it necessary to capitulate. New Brunswickers owned all the leading hotels and the Parker House, on Tremont street, where the Lieutenant Governor and party put up, was the hub of the hub on that day.

At the Fair there was an immense crowd and fully 20,000 people visited the show to do honor to the down east provinces, and fully 12,000 were there that night to witness the official celebration. The New Brunswick colony of Boston and suburbs was out in force, and on such handshaking and warm greetings as was exchanged. Visitors were meeting some one they knew the whole time, and New Brunswick and Greater New Brunswick (which is in Massachusetts) were one strand closer.

The big main hall was the scene of the ceremonies and it was as crowded as the Roman amphitheatre ever was in the days of Augustus. The whole floor space was one sea of animated faces and the galleries all around the vast auditorium were filled with spectators who stood in the aisles while the seats were filled. Then away up under the eaves was another tier of galleries where were crowded tonight for the first time since the fair opened. It was a tremendous throng, and they enjoyed themselves thoroughly and they applauded vociferously even though they could not hear the speeches, for knowing the orators to be from New Brunswick they concluded that they must be making very fine speeches.

The Indian camp was the background against which the distinguished hosts and their distinguished guests were silhouetted. In their immaculate black and fine linen sitting or standing in the foreground in Indian tents and their red ponies, campfires, forest, and distant mountain peaks and mountain gorges it was as the wedding of civilization with primitive nature.

The orchestra seats were not occupied for that was where the tank was and occupied would have had a rather damp seat. In the circle around the pit were people who were very fashionably dressed in decollete toilettes. They were swimmers in bathing suits waiting to participate in the races which were held later on in the tank. They remained looking very negligee on the edge of the tank.

It was whispered that Governor Walcott would be present and the visitors wanted to see him whom Boston claims to be the finest looking man in the United States but he did not come in with the cavalcade as he was attending a banquet of New England Governors. He came in later, however, and the general verdict was that Bostonians are justified in their feeling of pride in their governor has a face of strong, intellectual, finely chiseled, patrician caste.

Now that was talk and patriotism is rampant in Boston, the playing of the national anthem is in great vogue and the hand gave them all, "God Save the Queen," "Red, White and Blue," "Rols Britannia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." When the British national anthem was played, Capt. A. H. McDonald, A. D. C. to the Lieutenant Governor, came to attention, straight as a ramrod, eyes front and gravely related the hymn to his Queen. Then there was more applause.

Mayor Quincy introduced the speakers and Lieutenant Governor McClellan, Premier Emmerson, Dr. A. A. Stockton and Hon. L. J. Tweedie responded. It was hard work talking over the tank but the speakers spoke briefly and wittily. The premier desired to give his hearers a tip and that was that New Brunswick was not in Nova Scotia and he hoped that as a result of their visit they would brush up their geographies in this particular.

Dr. Stockton was patriotic and brought down the house by hoping that England and United States would fight together if occasion arose and that a time might come when the English speaking race were reunited.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Lazare's Bronco-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.



Does it Pay to Paint?

There is nothing that adds to the selling value or the renting value of a house like good paint—there is nothing that makes home more home-like than good paint.

It pays to paint. The better the paint, the better it pays.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

pays in the beginning because it goes so far—pays in the end because it lasts so long, and looks so well, as long as it lasts. There is no paint like it for beauty and durability, for economy and satisfaction.

Ask the dealer for it. If you would like to learn many points about painting, we'll send you an illustrated book free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT & COLOR MAKERS. 100 Canal St., Cleveland, Ohio. 27 Washington St., New York. 232 Stewart Ave., Chicago. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

Wanted at Once

A cool, live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply.

The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

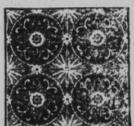
Progress begs to inform its patrons and the public generally that the "Progress" Job Printing Department is now in a position to turn out work of a very high order.

Our outfit is one of the most complete in the City.

A trial order will show what we can do.

Plaster and Paper may look well at first but it can't last.

That's why our Embossed Metallic Plates For Walls and Ceilings



are taking their place in all classes of buildings. You can choose from 150 designs, the price moderate, and the material is beautiful—durable—easily cleaned—and permanent. Think it over—decide on having the best at first—write us for full information.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

From SCHOOL-BOY of tender years to hardy KLONDIKE MINER, OXFORD CLOTH (Made only at Oxford.) is best for Clothing.

renders falsification on either side impossible. Records of elections were kept on tally-sticks until 1826, in the English House of Commons, and an overheated stove in which useless and discarded tallies were being burned in 1834, started a conflagration which destroyed both houses of Parliament.

John Kavanagh, a young Calitrician, went to the Klondike region, going aloft, and carrying with him in his outfit a Winchester rifle and a violin. Once in the digging he found himself about the only available musician there, and as a result there was little necessary for him to do with the pick and shovel at \$15 a day while waiting to hitch on a rich claim of his own, since the lucky miners gladly paid him \$30 to \$35 a night to play for them at their dances.

Queer System of Enumeration. The Indians of Guiana have a queer system of enumeration. They count by the hand and four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "band." Six is, therefore, a "band and first finger." Ten is "two bands," but twenty, instead of being "four bands" is a "man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, hand and first finger."

Colating Money in Alaska. John Kavanagh, a young Calitrician, went to the Klondike region, going aloft, and carrying with him in his outfit a Winchester rifle and a violin. Once in the digging he found himself about the only available musician there, and as a result there was little necessary for him to do with the pick and shovel at \$15 a day while waiting to hitch on a rich claim of his own, since the lucky miners gladly paid him \$30 to \$35 a night to play for them at their dances.

Every customer was provided with a tally-stick split through the greater part of its length, and with his name written on the handle. The split-off piece of wood was retained by the customer; the principal stick by the baker. When the customer desired a loaf or two, he came to the shop with his stick, it was placed in connection with the piece from which it had been originally taken and then with a knife a notch was cut at the point of contact at one side, so as to mark both pieces of wood. When one side had been thus scored off, the score was carried down the other junction. As soon as the account was paid, the tally-stick was thrust into the fire.

The visitor carried away a tally as a curiosity, but on showing it at home was surprised to learn that a farmer's wife in his own neighborhood kept her account for butter and milk on a notched stick. She did not, however, employ the checking system of the split-off piece—a system which simple and old-fashioned as it is,

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1898.

The Klondike's Wonders.

News Brought By An Experienced Miner From Dawson City.

The Winter Mild—Costly Lots and Log Cabins—Dawson City's Morals—Danger of Pestilence—Men Who Have Made Fortunes—The Outlook—Advice to Gold Hunters.

There has been many descriptions printed of the Klondike region but the best that Progress has seen was told by Charles E. Stillman to a New York Sun reporter. So many friends of Progress readers have gone to this region of gold that will be glad to read such an interesting and apparently unbiased account of life in that country. Mr. Stillman made a quick trip from the Klondike region to southeastern Alaska, having left Dawson City on Jan. 28, and arrived at Skagway on Feb. 16. He learned in Dawson City last January that Mrs. Stillman was ill at the family home, and leaving his mining property in charge of his brother, he started overland as fast as possible, with two guides and a train of dogs for the coast and thence for California. Mr. Stillman is one of the best known gold miners on the Pacific coast. He has been State Treasurer of Nevada, was superintendent under John W. Mackay of the Bonanza mines on the Comstock, and has been mining gold and silver since 1866. He went to the Klondike last July, as an expert representing a syndicate of Oregon miners, who bought three claims on Hunker Creek for \$100,000 cash down. He brought with him fifty pounds avoirdupois in gold dust, worth about \$13,000, and delivered it to the syndicate by which he is employed.

"That is about one third the gold we had got out from our mines up to the time I came away," says Mr. Stillman. "It will probably be \$80,000 for the year from our three placer claims, when we shall have finished sluicing the gravel next June." Mr. Stillman has been an object of interest among the army of gold hungry men coast and making ready for going to the Klondike region. His long experience in gold mining and his opportunities to observe the possibilities of the Klondike have made him the very sort of person that the thousands of Klondike wild men out there want to interview. In Seattle he was kept up all night at his hotel by crowds of men, who importuned him for information about the chances of fortune awaiting in the new gold region. Here in Los Angeles Mr. Stillman has been constantly surrounded by a crowd of men, who are planning to join the stampede to Alaska during the next sixty days.

"The present winter in Dawson City and that region has been somewhat milder than in former years," said Mr. Stillman. "The Indians say that the ice will begin to break up in the Yukon at the last of June this year. That will about a fortnight earlier than usual. There have been a few hours this season when the temperature at our diggings on Hunker Creek has been down to 63° below zero, and for four days at New Year's time the mercury never rose above 44° below zero. The winds, which blow there all winter long, blow very hard at that time. No California used to a perennially mild climate can even imagine what such winter means. The day I left Dawson City the mercury was at about 24° below zero, and the people regarded that as a pretty mild sort of day. The ice is a yard thick in the Yukon and on all the creeks in the Klondike region. The snow is about two feet on the level, and very deep in drifts caused by the everlasting blow from the north-east. There have been many ears and faces frozen among the people in and about Dawson City in the last few months. I have heard of about twenty people who have lost their lives by freezing, but there may be a lot more unfortunates who have died off on the banks of creeks miles from friends. Joaquin Miller, who is in Dawson City, thought he was going to lose one of his ears by freezing when I saw him a few days before I set out for California. I believe there has been a score of amputations of frozen legs and feet on the Klondike this season.

"How much of an area has been covered by gold miners' camps on the Klondike? Oh, about 100 miles square would cover it. The Canadian register of Mines at Dawson City told me six weeks ago that the mines furthest from Dawson were located about sixty miles away. When I got to the Klondike last August the furthest were not twenty miles from Dawson City. We old-time miners have long seen

in the west what man will do and the risks he will take to get gold at any hazard, but the way hundreds of men have gone tramping along the banks of creeks and across trackless snowy wastes miles from another human being, and in a way below-zero weather, to prospect and dig for gold-bearing gravel, bears any sort of comparison with the illustration of man's insatiable thirst for gold. Bonanza, Hunker, Eldorado, Too Much Gold, and Skookum Creeks were completely occupied by miners' claims from source to mouth, while all the tributary streams for miles round were well claimed. Since the last steamer went down the Yukon from Dawson City last September, the tenderfoot on the Klondike have been locating on dozens of tiny creeks further and further away from the original gold finds. There are now so many new creeks found and located upon that the average person there does not try to remember them any longer. That there will be another city like Dawson City in the Klondike is not doubted by any one up there. If the miners on the newly located claims and the miners who will go into the Klondike this coming season strike any degree of richness, a city that will outgrow Dawson seems likely. Dawson is too far away from the newer claims to be a base of supplies for the mining camps there. I know several rich real estate men who are now on their way to Skagway, and they are going to speculate in lots in new town sites in the mining region. If they are lucky they will make more money and do it quicker than the luckiest miners. Just think, in September, 1896, you could have bought a res in Dawson City for \$300 or \$300 each—perhaps less. To day lots there with a thirty-foot frontage bring \$3,000 and \$4,000 each. Some lots bring \$10,000 and \$15,000 each.

"The population of Dawson City, and the camps that line the creeks that twist away south, east and southeast from the Klondike and Yukon is as intelligent as any I have ever known in any mining camp in the West. Indeed, it is the most moral and ambitious mining population I have ever seen. A number of us professional miners up there, who have seen the gilded gambling palaces of Virginia City and have lived in the hot days of Bodie, Tombstone, Anaconda, and Creede, have remarked many times that the miners of the Klondike are another race of men from those we used to know in the States. To be sure, there is gambling and liberal drinking of the hardest of hard whiskey in Dawson City and Circle City, but the scenes are never comparable with what we used to witness every night when the Bonanzas were pouring out their golden wealth and Tombstone was making a dozen new millionaires.

The Klondike miners are not the typical, picturesque miners the world has been hearing about for half a century. It is my private opinion that the awful hardships one endures to get rich up there, the dangers that must be braved, and the privations suffered in getting to the new gold fields by any route, make men there sober and provident. Where men have these characteristics there is no chance taken in gambling. Then, too, the expense of getting to Klondike and the necessary expenditure of several hundred dollars for an outfit keep out of the Alaskan mining region a horde of hard-up, desperate characters similar to those that have made all the Western mining camps so notoriously bad. I doubt if Dawson City ever will be a hard, reckless, wide open town in the sense that Virginia City and Cripple Creek have been. It has a population of about 2,000 men and 120 women all winter, with about 4,500 more miners in the cabins along the creeks, and there have been few more orderly and earnest communities anywhere in the Union. The stories that I see published in some newspapers about the orgies and immorality at Dawson City are almost wholly the fiction of imaginative reporters. I never knew so many well-educated, thoughtful and promising men in any camp as there are at Dawson City today. Some are Harvard and Yale graduates. Two young women, wives of ambitious young miners, are from Vassar College, and a physician, who lives there in a log cabin, plastered with mud, was educated at Columbia College and at the University of Paris. I think he is contented. Anyhow, he ought to be for a year or two. He gets half an ounce of gold for each visit, and for simple surgical work his bill runs into ounces of gold very quickly. It seems to

me that he ought to clear up two or three pounds of gold every week in the ear.

"The stories of drinking and carousing at Dawson City are all boosh. In the first place, it costs too much to drink even in the Klondike region. A drink of the vilest concoction of molasses and alcohol costs about \$1. In the second place, the wealth is earned by such hard work and exposure that one does not like to throw his earnings over the bar with the recklessness that characterized the miners in the flash mining days of the West. Moreover one may readily see that a climate where the wind blows and moans twenty hours out of every twenty four, and where the mercury travels between two degrees above zero and forty below for five months in the year, is not conducive to conviviality and hilarity as the warm, balmy climate of Tombstone and Virginia City were.

"Another, and perhaps the most important reason for the earnestness and soberness of Dawson City this winter, is that the danger of starvation in that Arctic region has been looking the Klondikers in the face. The last steamer of the season, the Weare, arrived at Dawson in the last week of September, and it had been expected there would be two or three steamers up the Yukon by that time, each boat having heavy supplies on board. The Canadian police were frightened and warned the Klondikers of the danger of starvation. Free transportation was furnished people at Dawson City to Fort Yukon and Circle City. At the last named place provisions were plentiful. The going away of some 1,000 men from Dawson at the approach of winter was a great help toward checking the scourge of starvation. Very naturally, one who has any sense and the least fear of starvation in so hideously lonesome a place as the Klondike is not going to throw money away carelessly for whiskey and on games of chance.

"It will be wonderful if some mortal fever does not rage in Dawson next summer. If there was ever a community properly situated for the development of pestilence it is Dawson City. The town is located at the base of a mountain, on the northeast side of the mouth of the Klondike, on the Yukon River. At that point the Yukon is nearly half a mile wide. The mountains curtail the expansion of the town. The people now live almost as closely together as in a large city. Fancy what it will be next July, when 150,000 people shall have set foot on that narrow bench along the river.

There is no sewerage or drainage, no water supply from an uncontaminated source and no attention is paid to simple hygiene in that land of quick fortune making. Around the base of the mountain to the west is an area of several hundred acres of marsh land and one can see the malarial vapor rising like steam from an engine in a midsummer morning. Even in the warmest weather one can dig down through the heavy layer of moss and a foot or two in the spongy soil in Dawson City and find ice a half foot thick. Last summer the 1,200 people at Dawson City were more or less ill with malaria and there were a few deaths from fever. The mosquitoes rise during the months of June, July and August in swarms from the moss that abounds everywhere in the Klondike region, and they are so voracious that mules and dogs have run away and leaped madly over embankments many times to escape them.

Dawson City has been growing right along all winter. An occasional dip of the mercury to 42° to 50° below zero has had no effect on the building operations there. All winter long Front street—practically the only one in Dawson City—has resounded with the sound of chopping and hammering on new houses and stores. I think that this building improvements of the town six weeks ago, when I left Dawson City, comprised about 115 log cabins, three log churches—Catholic, Episcopal and Methodist—and 600 tents, that had been boarded up about the bottom to make them more agreeable to the occupants. The business part of the town consists of log and crude pine board buildings arranged in a straight line and close beside one another. In these structures are fifteen saloons, two barber shops, several butcher shops and half a dozen restaurants, two real estate offices and one hardware store.

The largest buildings in that region are two substantial storehouses built by the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Transportation Company. Each is two stories high, and covers about 8,000 square feet. To show how it costs to build up there, I have only to say that one of these storehouses, with a good concrete foundation cost exactly \$93,500 last September. The same structure could be built in the middle state for about \$4,000, and on the Pacific coast for \$4,500. Log cabins 20x24 feet cost from \$3,000 to \$4,500. The logs are hewn on three sides and the chinks are plugged with mud and moss. The roofs are constructed of three layers of pine boards, upon which moss a d earth

are packed to the depth of a foot. Earth is banked up about the walls of the cabin. That keeps out the cold. Some roofs have upon them earth and moss a yard thick. In summer the mosquitoes rise out of these roofs in swarms like the Egyptian locust plagues. Let me recite some of the current prices in Dawson City. Pine logs, \$2 50 and \$3 00 each; window glass, 50 cents a pound; meat, 75 cents a pound; carpenters who can do fairly good work get \$18 and \$20 a day this winter; common laborers get three-quarters of an ounce of gold a day—about \$12. A small loaf of wheat bread has cost 60 cents all winter in Dawson, and for a short time the price was 75 cents. I bought a pair of stogy boots last January for three ounces of gold, worth \$48, and I can buy similar boots here for \$3. No cigars or drinks are less than 50 cents each. Bartenders get from \$12 to 25 a day. By the way, a common courtesy in the saloons there is the one who calls his friends to gold dust to hand his pocket buckskin sack of gold dust across the bar to the bartender, and permit the latter to weigh out enough gold on the scales, which are found in every business place in that region, to pay the bill for the drinks.

"One of the greatest money makers in Dawson is a young man, Dan Flynn, who hails from Harrisburg, Pa. He is just 22, and he is a natural born business man. He has nothing to do with the mines, and never even saw one. He's all business. He happened to be at Dyea, on the coast of Alaska last June as a cigar agent, when the news came there of the Klondike gold discoveries. He quit his job and sent word to his firm in Chicago that he was going to Dawson City. He got there early and sold all the 10 cent cigars he had for \$1 50 each. He saw the money there was in town lots, and took written sixty day options on a dozen lots, paid \$500 down, and in less than twenty days he sold out and made \$20,000 cash. He knew that an army of gold seekers would soon be there, so he took options on more lots at greatly advanced prices. Besides, he bought springs of drinking water near Dawson City and hired Indians to peddle water at 25 cents a pail. Then he went into the bread business. He has now over 200 pounds of gold ready for shipment to San Francisco when navigation on the Yukon opens. He will sell tens of thousands of pails of water in Dawson at 25 cents each this coming summer. Flynn is easily worth \$100,000 now, and he may double it in another year. He has the Irish wit and is very popular in Dawson. He will soon open a bank there, backed by a San Francisco mill on side."

"Have there been any notably rich discoveries on the newly found creeks in the past few months?"

"Yes, some were made last November on Columbia Creek, a tiny stream which flows into the Eldorado Creek, about thirty five miles southeast from Dawson City. All Dawson City was excited, and with reason, last December, by the reports of rich finds on an extension of French Creek. There was wild excitement and December over the news that came of discoveries of gold that ran \$9 to the pan on Sulphur Creek. A company of three greenhorn Swedes, who joined the rush to the Klondike from Victoria, B. C., last August, have stumbled on a fortune on French Creek, where several experienced miners had prospected with indifferent results a month before. I have heard that these Swedes have three claims. They struck bed-rock eleven feet below the surface of the gravel. Gravel that ran \$5 to the pan has been very common with them. They are reported to have washed out by this slow and patient panning process \$2,000 worth of gold in three weeks. James W. Phelps, formerly a bookkeeper for Phil Armour in Chicago, dropped his work and went Klondikeward last August. He got a friendly tip from a man in Dawson City the very night he reached there. He located on Bear Creek. He

had a five-gallon coal oil can filled with dust in his cabin when I heard from him last, about Jan. 1, and he has a small mountain of gravel heaped up on his claim ready for sluicing when the spring thaw comes. He was very ill at one time from his hard work and poor food and came very near giving his life for his golden fortune. The very richest find that has become generally known in Dawson City this winter is one on Binder Creek. It was by Mack Binder, who has been chasing the elusive goddess of fortune for twenty or more years in Oregon and Idaho. He has been a perfect type of the poor, ragged, hopeful prospector ever since I first saw him about 1878. He went up to Dawson on the same craft with me, and it seemed pitiful that he should have so much hope on such slender foundation. He had about \$600 invested in his outfit. The old man prospected up and down several creeks and camped one night in an unnamed creek. He dug a prospect hole four feet deep there and got color from the first. At the bottom of the hole he got \$7 and \$8 to the pan. The old fellow went almost crazy at the thought that at last, after a lifetime of searching, he had found gold and was rich for life. He told me recently that he was sure he would clean up about \$90,000 by next July, and I have no doubt it will run over that figure. He has as rich a claim as there is in that locality. Binder is the only one of the 200 men on the craft in which he went up the Yukon that has struck it rich, so far as I know.

"Oh, yes, I believe all the claims on El Dorado, Bonanza, Bear Hunker, All Gold, Gold Bottom and the other creeks of which the American people heard such wonderful stories last summer and fall are still paying well. The greater number of the mines discovered and located in 1896 are yielding increased net returns now. The miners have improved processes of mining in the Klondike and the waste of gold dust has been largely checked. The famous claims Nos. 4, 5 and 6, owned by Clarence Berry of Fresno, Cal., on El Dorado Creek, yielded during the first year's operation \$130,000 in gold. Berry sold the stuff at the San Francisco mint last August. The same claim will yield \$200,000 in this, the second year of its operation. There are other mines that are doing proportionately well this year. A few have not done this season nearly so well as a year ago. No one dare predict how these placers will do in the third year of their operation.

"It is generally conceded in Dawson City that Bonanza Creek is the richest in the whole Klondike region. It is no use for people to go prospecting there now. Every foot of the benches on either side of the creek from source to mouth has been taken up. This creek was where George Cornell, the Yankee squaw man, made the original Klondike gold discovery in August 1896. There are 116 claims on Bonanza Creek and an average of twelve men to each claim are employed there. The Canadian authorities at Dawson were recently figuring that \$800,000 in gold from Bonanza Creek was sent to the United States last summer and that \$4,000,000 will be sent from the creek in 1898.

Frank Cobb of Lowell, Mass., who was once a Harvard football man, and went to the Yukon in 1895, is still taking out gold on Bonanza Creek. It is rumored that he has 300 pounds of gold ready for shipment to San Francisco next summer. That's worth about \$77,000. He has put much capital in elaborate sluices and I would not be surprised to see him clean up \$50,000 or \$60,000 before August.

"What are the chances for an average man who knows nothing about mining and goes to the Klondike now?"

"They are not nearly so good as they were for the average man who came to

A DOCTOR'S DIRECTIONS.

They save a daughter from blindness.

When a father writes that yours "is the best medicine in the world," you can allow something for seeming extravagance in the statement if you know that the medicine so praised, cured a loved daughter of disease and restored to her eyesight nearly lost. The best medicine in the world for you is the medicine that cures you. There can't be anything better. No medicine can do more than cure. That is why John S. Goode, of Orrick, Mo., writes in these strong terms:

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world. My daughter had a relapse after the measles, due to taking cold. She was nearly blind, and was obliged to remain in a dark room all the time. The doctors could give her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles cured her completely."

"The thousands of testimonials to the value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla repeat over and over again, in one form or another the expression: 'The doctors gave her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles completely cured her.' It is a common experience to try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a last resort. It is

a common experience to have Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prescribed by a physician. It is a common experience to see a "complete cure" follow the use of a few bottles of this great blood purifying medicine.

Because it is a specific for all forms of blood disease. If a disease has its origin in bad or impure blood, Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, acting directly on the blood, removing its impurities and giving it vitalizing energy, will promptly eradicate the disease.

The great feature of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the radical cures that result from its use. Many medicines only suppress disease—they push the pimples down under the skin, they paint the complexion with subtle arsenical compounds, but the disease rages in the veins like a pent-up fire, and some day breaks out in a volcanic eruption that eats up the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla goes to the root. It makes the fountain clean and the waters are clean. It makes the root good and the fruit is good. It gives Nature the elements she needs to build up the broken-down constitution—not to brace it up with stimulants or patch it up on the surface. Send for Dr. Ayer's Carebook, and learn more about the cures effected by this remedy. It's sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

California in 1849 and 1850. We have never heard about the 200,000 young men who came poor to California in those days and went back home or stayed out here poorer than when they came. We have all heard of the few thousands—or, perhaps, the few hundreds—who got rich. The scant score of men who became multi-millionaires have been held up as shining examples by miners the world over for years. Well, the same will be true of the Klondike. The American people know already how Joe Ladue, Clarence Berry, Dave Ellmont and Peter Harney have leaped from poverty to fortune in less than a year and a half, but there's 4,000 men who have been in the Klondike region since last August and are as poor as ever and will never be any better off.

"I would not advise anyone to go to the Klondike. It is a big risk for any man. For the poor man who knows nothing about placer mining and has a family dependent on him it is almost criminal folly to put several hundred dollars into an Arctic mining outfit and go chasing off to Dawson City. It would be better for his pocket to put his outfit money on a gambling game at home. The chances of success are just about as good. Still, there will be a lot of new millionaires created by the Klondike gold, and you can no more stop the army of eager, restless men now at Seattle, Victoria, and San Francisco ready to sail to Alaska from taking slim chances in the race for fortune in the north than you could bale out the ocean.

"It is said that the stories of rapid fortune making in the Klondike region are nearly all exaggerated lies. I don't know what has been published in the last six months, but I have never seen the estimated quantity of gold in that region exaggerated. Why, there will be \$15,000,000 in gold brought out of the Klondike before navigation closes next fall. Some people at Dawson City believe it will be nearer \$20,000,000. You must remember that 200 of the original miners on the Klondike, who stuck it rich there along with Berry and the others that have brought gold back to civilization, have their hoard of the yellow dust still intact in their cabins. Many of them have now \$60,000 worth of gold on hand. A few have double that amount.

"I have lots of advice to offer men who are getting ready to go to the Klondike region for fortune or adventure. First of all, I want to impress on every man going to the Klondike the importance of an outfit of food and clothing good for one year, at least. A two years' outfit is safer and better. It is constructive suicide for one to go to the Klondike with less than one year's supply of food. If the men who are starting out so gaily from comfortable homes could only look ahead and see what fate awaits every one of them in the way of hardships and privations amid those frozen mountains and unspeakably depressing gorges and canons, they would not leave a thing undone to insure some greater degree of comfort and to protect their lives. If they could stand where I did a few weeks ago, on the summit of Chilkoot Pass, and look below, down through the bald and frozen gorge, upon the camp fire of several hundred haggard, gold-hungry men on their way to Dawson City, they would have some idea of what going to seek a fortune in mining in the Arctic Circle means. Used as I am to a hard life and grim things in life, that scene at Chilkoot Pass was very impressive. I saw the bodies of 3,000 horses that had rolled off the cliff and dashed on the rocks below. Some men have gone over there, too. I saw also troops of men wearily working their way in the face of a gale that seemed likely to topple over the very mountain peaks up to the rocks, tortuous trail to the top of the pass. Every man looked a picture of distress—probably I looked likewise. They all slept in snowbanks, ate frozen canned food, and risked a thousand mortal ailments from exposure.

"Let me advise the man who is bound to go to the Klondike to sail northward in a first class ship only. It is simply awful the way hundreds of old tubs and unworthy boats gathered from harbors up and down the Pacific coast from Chili to Vancouver, are being used for transporting the horde of gold hunters to Alaska this year. There will surely be some loss of life. One boat bound for St. Michael has already gone down this season off the Alaskan coast, near Sitka, and all on board have perished. I advise every man going to Alaska from the east to buy his steamer ticket only after he has seen and investigated the craft in which he will risk his life. The would-be Klondiker should also bill his goods just as near to Dawson City as he can. The losses of food and outfit on the trails to Dawson City in the past few months aggregate fully \$100,000. I advise the man on his way to the Klondike to go to some creek on the American side of that region—that is, unless he has special reasons for going to the Klondike to seek golden placers. I mean that if he intends merely to go as a tenderfoot to prospect for gold, he will now stand about as good a chance of finding riches on the American side of the line as on the Canadian, and he will not only avoid the impost duties of Canada, but he will save the rather expensive legal procedure of locating claims under the Canadian mining laws. Besides, we who have been in the Klondike region think the richest fields of gold this year, when the weather moderates, will be principally on the American side. There are several hundred men in Dawson and Circle City who have vainly sought gold in the Klondike for months,

and will begin vigorous prospecting on the American side in May. Some of them are crack prospectors, and you need not be surprised to hear of rich finds in our own Alaska before the summer is over.

"Finally, I wish to caution people against going for gold to the Copper River country in Alaska. There is positively no gold there."

**MYSTERY OF SHOE SIZES.**

Meaning of the Markings on the English and French shoe sticks.

Although every one has his feet measured for shoes, there are very few persons who know what the sizes marked upon the shoe stick mean. There are two shoe sticks in use in America and Europe. The stick used in the United States was originally English and is still used in England. The rest of Europe uses the French stick.

The sizes on the English shoe stick were derived from the length of a barley corn and they run three to the inch. The first mark on the stick, or size 1, is made arbitrarily, just  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches from the upright. Why this distance was fixed upon does not appear to be known. For some other reason which only can be guessed at, the graduated part of the stick is again divided into two sets of numbers. These numbers begin at 1 and run up to 13, and then they begin again at 1, and run up to 13. The first numbers from 1 to 5 are known as infant's sizes, those from 6 to 10 as children's, from 11 to 2 are misses' sizes from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 6  $\frac{1}{2}$  as women's, and from 7 to 13 as men's sizes.

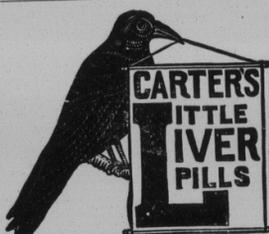
The French shoe stick is divided into a great many more sizes than the English, and the French shoemakers subdivide these again, as is done with the English sticks, into half sizes. There is no exact relationship between the markings on the two sticks, but the French size 15 corresponds to the English infants' 1, and their size 44 is the same as the English size 10 for men. A woman who wears a 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 by English measure would get a 34 or 35 by the French measure, and a man with a 7 foot by English measure would wear a 40 shoe in France. Over here the width of the shoe is designated by a letter, while the French use figures. The width A. A. is the French 0 0 0 B is the French 1 and E E is the French 5 width.

**READ THIS.**

Mr. F. X. Frechette, a merchant of Wolfestown, Wolfe county, having been a long time sick with chronic bronchitis and being hopeless of ever recovering because he had already taken so many different medicines without any relief. He was rich enough to have a good time and take pleasure in the same, but he had no desire to recover until the time that he was incurable and that he had only to prepare himself for the great change that everybody has to undergo.

However one day somebody urged him to try one medicine more which would certainly not fail to relieve him, if it did not cure him. He decided, as the drowning person who catches at the first straw, to take this advice, even if he had no confidence. Hardly had he used Dr. Ed. Morin's *Creso-Phates Wine* when he experienced great relief. The bad cough which weakened him, the pains in the stomach and in the sides, which made him suffer, disappeared altogether. His appetite and strength came back gradually and the hope of cure soon encouraged him a great deal. He continued the use of Dr. Ed. Morin's *Wine* for some time longer and obtained the best results. Mr. Frechette is perfectly well today. His confidence in *Morin's Creso Phates Wine* is so great that he recommends it to every person suffering from pulmonary diseases.

Living Progeny of Fish.  
A doubt that has troubled scientists for years—whether there exists a viviparous kind of fish, one that gives birth to its young in a living state—was definitely set-



**SICK HEADACHE**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

**Almost Prisoners During the Winter Months**

**Confinement in Badly Ventilated Rooms Has Helped to Poison the System and Implant Seeds of Disease.**

**Thousands Have Lost in Strength and Weight and Are Broken in Health.**

**PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND, THE BEST OF ALL SPRING MEDICINES, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORES NERVE FORCE AND LOST STRENGTH.**

Amongst the first good results that are apparent from using Paine's Celery Compound in the early spring season is a perfect regularity of the bowels, good appetite, sound, healthy sleep, and good digestion.

These benefits coming promptly with the use of Paine's Celery Compound naturally result in health-building and the establishment of a vigorous system that is capable of resisting sickness and contagious disease.

It should be remembered that spring weakness, nervousness, despondency, lan-

gour and that "tired feeling" prove that the matter in the nerves and spinal cord are not getting sufficient nourishment.

Paine's Celery Compound will quickly supply a fresh and abundant supply of nutriment for every tissue of the body; the great medicine is prepared for this purpose.

Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that has earned the complete confidence of medical men and the best people in every part of the civilized world.

This world-famous medicine is the only

one that can meet the needs of all who are weak and sick, and who have been confined in badly ventilated apartments during the long winter months. It quickly expels every trace of poison and disease, and gives a flow of rich, pure blood that insures perfect and true health.

If you value your life, beware of substitutes that are offered by some dealers. Paine's Celery Compound is what you need to cure you; take nothing else; it is a guaranteed spring life-giver and health-builder.

ted in the affirmative the other day, when the city hall fountain of the capital of Arizona territory was cleaned out. In turning the water out of the big cement basin, where a gold fish variety of the carp family has long resided itself for the edification of the Peoria nurse girl and the Maricopa County hobo, it was found that many of the fish had given birth to progeny fully formed and ready to dart in search of food at the moment of coming into their watery world. Others had given birth to tiny creatures that were globular in shape, except for the protruding eyes and a nascent tail fin that could scarcely be seen without a strong glass. From all the evidences, it was clear that the clean-up had been made during the breeding season, yet there was no sign of fish roe or eggs. Many specimens of the strange young fish were collected, and will be shipped to different experts, one lot going to the Smithsonian Institution.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Life-Saving Wit.**

An instance of extraordinary presence of mind on the part of a seven-year-old girl is reported by the St. Louis Globe Democrat. The girl's name is Agnes McCullough.

Her grandmother, a woman of seventy years, had shown signs of mental aberration for several weeks, but no one had thought of her as liable to commit violence. One morning, however, when Agnes and the old lady were alone in an upper room, the grandmother seized a butcher-knife which had been lying on the table, and ran for the child, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, partially dressed. The insane woman grabbed the girl by the hair and screamed:

"Now I'll kill you! You are none of my children!"

The little girl, with intuition remarkable for her years, realized that she was in the grasp of an insane person.

"Grandma, don't get the blood on the bed-clothes. Wait till I get a towel," she said.

The woman released her hold on the child's hair, and she ran down into the kitchen, where she told her mother. The two hurried to the police station, and an ambulance removed the old woman to the hospital.

**A LIVING DEATH.**

Shattered Nerves—Appetite Gone—Digestion Deranged—Discouraged to Death—South American Nerveine is Hope and Health in all Such Cases.

Mr. C. J. Curtis, of Sandwich West, Ont., testifies: "I had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left me very weak; no appetite, and my nervous system and general constitution very much shattered. I purchased five bottles of South American Nerveine, and when I had taken but three bottles I was as well as ever I was. I attribute my recovery—my regained strength and appetite—entirely to this great remedy. I can not recommend it too highly."

**Etiquette Between Gentlemen.**

At an assize court the late Justice Maule was engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge severely, addressing the official cul-

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

... CURING ...

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST.

EASY TO TAKE.

SURE TO CURE.

**KIDNEY CLOUDS.**

Bladder Troubles—Acute Urinary Disorders—Diabetes—Bright's Disease Dispelled by South American Kidney Cure—Relief in six Hours.

Kidney aching pains are legion. Have you dull, symptom, or stiffness in the loins, tenderness in the kidney region, headache and backache, visual disorders, dizziness, sluggish circulation, irregular heart, dropsical swellings, hot or dry skin, sediment in the urine. Any of these indicate kidney disease. Speedy relief for a fatal harvest. South American Kidney Cure is the one proved, tested and never-failing specific for kidney diseases in all forms at all stages. It has worked miracles.

**A Tame Wildcat.**

From the Kansas City Journal comes a pleasing account of a tame wildcat, the property of a Chicago gentleman: The cat, which is as large as a good-sized bull-dog, and, according to its proud owner, could whip an even dozen of those iron-jawed beasts in as many minutes, is as docile and gentle as a kitten. Trapper James Wilson, whose log cabin is situated in the wilds of the Minnesota woods surrounding Sturgeon Lake, captured the wildcat when it was so small that its eyes were hardly open. He trained it for thirteen months, feeding it with cooked beef, milk and bread, and today, in its new Chicago home, it plays about the office in amusing gentleness, stands gravely in the window gazing with wondering eyes out upon the street, with its multitude of horse- and wagon- or starts in its brisker moods on a wild career of leaping about the office. A jump of a seven-foot partition is not quite the limit of its endeavor, and a spring of ten or eleven feet from the top of a desk to a stack of boxes, on which it lands without causing the pile to topple over, is one of its prettiest feats.

**DELAY NO LONGER.**

Your health is getting worse every day, this cough threatens you with consumption. Throw it out without respect. Don't you stand this Bronchitis either, this Asthma or this Catarrh; they are dangerous guests. To get rid of them immediately take *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine*.

**An English Firm is manufacturing a lock**

which has the keyhole set in the edge of the outer doorknob to draw the bolt, which prevents the knob from turning.

**The City of Rest.**

I love was it founded and play; That home at the heart of the grasses, Where sleep never wares nor passes, But lies with God's peace in his breast— In love for the spent and the dying, In pity for sorrow and sighing, A home for the homeless, a city, A welcoming city of rest.

There never a trouble shall find them; There, under God's dew and man's weeping, The sick and the weary are sleeping, Nor hurried, nor worn, nor distressed, The earth folds them close, like a mother, And none is more dear than another, For food in his love has as good them, One home in the city of rest.

They sleep, but their eyes are not hidden, They joy in the daisies and clover, Yes, when the loved faces bend over, They smile knowing silence is best, They see nature's beauty and splendor, They hear all the bird music tender— Ah! I see it the windows and open, That looked from the city of rest.

The sweet at the last, when God calls us, To go to the city of slumber, Oh, I think of the infinite number, To whom that long succore is best! Release from the ache and the sorrow, No slaving to-day or to-morrow, Ah! I see it not dead; that betrays us, But peace in the city of rest!

Sunday Reading

The Coming of His Feet.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the amber glory of the day's retreat, In the midnight, robed in darkness, in the gleaming of the moon, I listen for the coming of His feet.

DICK'S SIGNATURE.

Little Dick Howell was a boy who often surprised people. They called him 'Lazy Dick,' because he loved to get into sunny corners and think, and he was not always ready for work such as little fellows can do.

'Yes, Dick, I have known other folks who felt so. Go to work and earn it.'

'How?' asked Dick, who really was in earnest, for he longed for a little express cart.

'Oh! weed the garden, said Mr. Howell growing absent-minded, as he often became. He remembered suddenly a business letter he must write, and so when Dick said, 'Will you give me a penny for every big weed?' his father said 'Yes.'

Well that night Dick amazed his father by presenting him with four hundred big weeds, and eagerly claimed four dollars.

Mr. Howell never broke his word to a child; he said he did not think what he was promising, because he knew there were too many weeds in his garden for such a bargain but he paid the money down, and Dick had the prettiest cart in town.

Not long after his father said: 'Dick, you and I ought to have made a written contract about those weeds. If we had, I should not have agreed to such terms as I made. A man thinks when he signs his name. If I had been dishonorable, too, I could have said I never agreed to pay you a weed and you could not have proved that I did. You must learn to write your name before I do any more business by contract with you. Then we can each sign our names.' And so Dick's father went on to tell him that solemn promises, not to be broken, were made in writing, and men who broke such promises were men whom nobody could trust.

Dick hated to read, and he could not write a letter, but after that he used to climb upon the woodshed roof with his dear little sister Nelly. She did her best to teach him, and the first word he ever wrote was Dick, and the next was Howell. Such funny business contracts as Dick made that year with his father, and such a pile of nickels as he earned! First five cents, for every week that he never forgot to shut a door and never alarmed it, ten cents for picking over a barrel of apples; and so on, up to a dollar and a half in three months.

Every time he signed a written contract to do what he agreed, or try his very best to do it. How proudly he used to sign 'Dick' with a big inky flourish!

When Dick was twelve years old he was asked to sign a temperance pledge. He took it to his father, who talked it all over with him, and proposed that they sign it together—a contract that neither would break. Dick did not know then, nor until years after, that his father was taking too much wine. They signed the pledge—Richard Howell, Senior; Richard Howell, Junior. And then Dick's father told him to kneel by his knee, and laying his hand on the boy's head, he prayed God to help them both to keep the promise they had made.

'You have signed your name a great many times, my boy, but never to a paper that meant so much as this.'

'Oh! I don't ever want to drink, father. It is easy to promise, and I shall never go back on my word,' said Dick, gaily.

Years went by. Dick grew up, and many and many a time he was tempted to take a glass of wine or beer. He never yielded, for he had signed his name and was on his honor. A few more years he had seen the course of drunkenness, and was so glad of that boyish pledge—so glad of a

father who made him feel the sacredness of a promise.—Temperance Banner.

God Honored Him.

A parishioner once told his pastor that thirty years before he heard a certain preacher, and he remembered that the sermon held his attention, but the text he recalled perfectly. 'Buy the truth and sell it not,' were the words about which the minister spoke in all fervor and faithfulness. Because he thus honored God's word, God honored him in leading that soul to Christ, after the lapse of all those years, by means of that text driven home and clinched by his argument and appeal.

The real epochs in our religious life are marked by a text of scripture that opens our eyes to truth as we never had seen it, and opens our hearts to truth as we never had felt it. A preacher who sticks to his text with the aim of thus making an epoch in some life, may hope that his text will stick to his hearers. For a sermon is the prayerful effort of a man spiritually endowed, thoroughly educated, experienced, with leisure for study, to make people realize what God means by a passage in his word. Thus does one prepare a discourse when he feels that the eye of Jesus is upon him, and thus does he preach when he realizes that Jesus is in a pew before him. There is danger to the bible in the so-called higher criticism we are told. But there is a more subtle and surely not less serious danger to the world of God.

When the World will be Free.

The world will be free whenever every individual recognizes the mutual debt between himself and the world of simple justice. The world owes no man a living, it owes no man a competence, it owes no man wealth, it owes no man life, liberty nor the chance to pursue happiness. It owes man more than the sum of all of them. It owes man only justice. And the civilization or the government that willfully or blindly ignores that solemn obligation plots its destruction. A man owes the world just what the world owes him, justice. Governments, societies, organized reformers nor schools can ever settle or adjust these conditions between individuals by the inculcation of the moral principle alone. They can do that by making every man awake to the sense of his relation to man as a brother, not as a grasping, as a helper, not as an oppressor. When that time comes, when justice is universal, the universal ideal, when justice throbs at the heart of civilization through its religions and through its laws the world will be free.

The Christian Faith.

It is thought that the Christian faith will be displaced—will be outgrown. Many of its forms have been, its systems, its defensible theology. But because its ethical ideals are the highest the spirit and essence of Christianity will abide. Its history is a history of extraordinary expansion. It has shown the power of adapting itself to the most diverse forms of thought, and it will go on sloughing the ideas associated with it in days of darkness and superstition and will spread undivided in the world and operate unimpeded by its own divine vitality. It contains the potency of moral, ethical and spiritual development, and as one said, 'will assimilate and absorb in the future all the best forces that enter our civilization, and yet will not lose its essential spiritual character.'

Lessons on Time.

Born in time man is nevertheless the heir of eternity. The soul, immortal in its source, shall never die. Possessed of immortality man shall see the consummation of all things and live when the fashions of this world have passed away, so that we may say, when time ends, our being has only begun. We enter upon an existence compared with which time is as a grain of sand to a globe.

The Consecrated Life.

A good many Christians dedicate their service to their pastor and when he goes they go. When medicine stands in a bottle, the good qualities go to the bottom.

leaving worthless water at the top. To be useful it must be mixed. The consecrated life means that the good, noble purposes, resolutions, promises and God given abilities of my life shall not lie dormant, but be so mingled with my thoughts and actions as to bring to the world the healing balm of Christ's atoning sacrifice.

Blessed Are the Merciful.

A little story poem tells of an eager throng of you're setting out in a race. One among them exalted all the others in courage, strength and grace and gave early promises of winning. The way was long and hard, and the goal far away, but still this favorite held his place in the lead.

But, ah, what fell! I see he stops To raise a fallen child, To place it out of danger's way, With kiss and warning mild. A fainting comer he claims his care, Once more he turns aside, Then stays his strong young steps to be A feeble woman's guide.

And so, wherever du y calls Or sorrow of distress, He leaves his chosen path to aid, To comfort and to bless.

So at last, when the race is over, and the victors are crowned, some with fame's laurels, some with love's flowers, some with gold circlets on their brows, all unknown, unheeded, with empty hands and uncrowned head stands this, the real winner of the race. Earth had no crown for him, but on his face shines heaven's serene and holy light.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Religion of the Future.

The religion of the future must lead and inspire men. It must offer to all classes and nations the loftier ideals of true godliness and justice, one which will commend itself to head, hand and heart, and one that will cement all classes of men together, teaching them that they are children of one and the same Father. It will not be a thing of dead forms and ceremonials, but a power, inspiring men with the grandest hopes for the life that now is and of that which is to come. By it the brotherhood of man will become a reality and the fatherhood of God a sublime thought, lifting men up to noble purpose and Christlike life.

The Church's Call to Laborers.

The church is constantly calling. She calls in the very vestment she wears. She voices admonition, hope, sacrifice and the promise of eternal reward through them. Although the eternal reward through them. Although the church may call at the eleventh hour the reward given to the faithful laborer is the penny of the same value as that which is earned by the toiler called in the early morning or to work through the hours of the noonday heat, God in rewarding the good and faithful servant does not regard time, but sincerity and earnestness of purpose.

Christlike Spirit.

The same spirit which ought to be in the church more than it should be in politics, industry, in everything where men band themselves together for the doing of any good thing. The devil is willing that the spirit of Christ should be in the churches if he could lock it up there and keep it out of the daily relations of life. Only where the spirit of Christ rules may men come together without strife and avarice. It may be said that unselfishness is not practical in the business world, but Christ was eminently practical, and his life was the model of unselfishness.

Path of True Happiness.

Resolutions will not serve in a case that test requires execution. That which will serve is the ideal life from above the sun lived out in the earth by Jesus Christ, the seed of a higher life and a provided salvation, rightly bringing into use this life under the sun, but giving comfort to passing birthdays and new years and an onward movement to a realm where 'stars are but the diamond dust of my divine abode, the pavement of those heavenly courts where I shall reign with God.'

Spiritual Contentment.

The contented, happy spirit is that which keeps in harmony with God. The man who never loses his hold upon God

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"



This is a title which Miss Canada didn't seem to care for, but it exactly fits our wash-lady who uss

Eclipse Soap

and turns out snowy-white goods.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Bad Blood Will Out.

Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as

B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

"I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled."



will never be wholly overcome or borne down by the sorest trials and reverses of this life. One reason of this is that the man whose nature is in this state of true harmony with the heavenly and divine can never be really selfish. He has the God life infused into him. He loves humanity. He learns more and more to live for others.

New View of God.

The newer conception of God is making us trust him as men in the past never did. In nature we see that God is active and true to his promise, 'I will never leave thee or forsake thee.' We see that the power working on through events of human life is making for righteousness. We know that God is a mortal being. Put then, thy trust in him.

His Mother's Song.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun The men had marched all day; And now beside a rippling stream Upon the grass they lay.

Tired of games and idle jests, As swept the hours along, They called to one who mused apart, "Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said; "The only songs I know Are those my mother used to sing For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried, "There's none but true men here; To every mother's son of us A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice Amid unvoiced calm. "Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause?"— The very stream was stilled, And hearts that never throbbed with fear With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said, As to his feet he rose, "Thanks to you all, my friends; good night, God grant us sweet repose."

The Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara is a very large country, some parts of which are very high. In the central and southern parts are mountains and tablelands ranging from five hundred to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The lowest part of the country is in its northern part, and there is a large tract filled with salt lagoons, which is from fifty to one hundred feet below the sea level. This tract was no doubt in remote times a part of the Mediterranean Sea, to which it was joined

by the Gulf of Gabes. The deposits on the coast in the lapse of time made the arm of the sea an inland lake, which being fed by no inlets, in the natural course of things was dried up by evaporation. Another tract, also below sea level is in the eastern half of the Sahara, south of the tableland of Barca. This last low country was also probably once a part of the Mediterranean, joining it west of the modern delta of the Nile, at the head of the Gulf of Sirtis Major.

One more child perfectly cured by the MORIN'S WINE CRESO-PHATES.

A happy mother who wants to testify in favor of Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine of Cresosote and Hypophosphites called Morin's Creso-Phates Wine

Mrs. St. Pierre, of the parish of Chateau Richer in Montmorency County, says that her son Antoine became very sick last fall with an acute bronchitis. "Our poor child," says she, changed very quickly, having no sleep, no appetite and complaining of great pains. His father and I were desperate to see our child in so bad a state.

Every person who came to see him was convinced that he would not live until the winter.

We tried every known medicine without any benefit. He was getting weaker. One day we decided to have him try Morin's Creso-Phates Wine so well recommended by such large numbers of testimonials published weekly in so many newspapers. We did not regret this trial which gives us the greatest satisfaction.

We bought three 50 cent bottles; the first bottle gave him relief which we did not expect the second gave him the strength and courage to fight against his terrible disease and the third cured him completely. We shall never forget the wonderful effects of this wine and how our child whom we despaired of was cured.

We advise every person suffering from Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat disease, Asthma, Grippe, Consumption, to use without delay this wonderful medicine.

Mrs. ST. PIERRE, Chateau Richer, Montmorency.

Defiance.

He—If I should kiss you, what would you do? She (started)—I—I never measure an emergency until it arises.

He—If this emergency arose now, how would you meet it? She (courageously)—Face to face.

Here's a Little Nut to Crack.

Just a grain of corn! The principle upon which Putman's Painless Corn Extractor acts is entirely new. It removes the corn layer by layer, without any pain whatever. It never fails either. Try it.

The Count—"I had been told, madame, your daughter had so bad temper." The Mamma—"Ah, yes, count, but you know she loses her temper so easily." The Count—"Ah how lovely."

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults." "How did it work?" "We haven't spoken for nine years."



Special Combination in LEATHER DRESSINGS

Brown, Tan and Russet. does more than cleanse and polish the shoe. It is in reality a food for leather. It fills the leather with oil so necessary to its durability, keeps it soft and pliable and neutralizes the effect of perspiration so deadly to the life of a shoe. The polish imparts a brilliant, even and durable gloss.

25 cents at all shoe stores. L. H. PACKARD & CO., MONTREAL

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful, a granular chocolate with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal

Notches on The Stick

In the year 1794 the Terror was at its height in Paris; but the fever-madness—the bloody thirst, was beginning to wear itself away.

The sons of genius exercise a fascination upon us, when they shine like stars out of an unclouded sky; but when, involved in a midnight of storm and sorrow, we see their faces between rifts of the driving cloud, they draw us apart from the ordinary ways of men.

A poet he should have been, by the conjunction of all appropriate planets. With a Cypriote Greek, of noble birth and enthusiastic spirit for a mother, (Mademoiselle Santi-Homaka), who nursed him from his cradle in the love of letters; sired by a cultivated Languedocian gentleman, in the diplomatic service of France at Constantinople; born under Oriental skies and amid scenes long loved and praised by poets; nursed on classicism, till his was the instinct of perfection in literary form, and drinking in the Greek Anthology with mother's milk,—it is no marvel that his should have been, the gift and passion of song, and that it should have been his ambition to enlarge the domain of lyric and idyllic poetry.

Quickly the shadows began to fall. As Milton hastened from Italy at the outbreak of civil strife in England, deeming his country's van the patriot's place; so from the land of Milton, at the first tocsin of the Revolution, came Andre Chenier.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. V. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

crowd huddled in the Concoergerie prison. There was no hope of release.

"When we think of Andre Chenier," writes Katharine Hillard, "We see a youthful figure among a crowd of fellow-prisoners, the light of genius in his eyes, the dark shadow of impending death already enveloping him and climbing slowly upwards, as the midday of the Highland second sight rises higher as death draws near. The pathetic character of his fate touches the heart, and disposes us to judge the poems he wrote with that bias of personal interest which is so apt to warp the verdict of the critical mind." Yes, we see him there with his friends about him,—the Trudiner, "the charming young Duchesse of Fleury," Madame Pourrat, and her daughters, the Countess Hocquart and Madame Laurant Leconteaux, to whom under the name of Fanny, he addressed some of the most charming of his verses. Yes, we see him there, with his strongly marked features, as Laoretelle described him nearly half a century later; "his athletic though not lofty stature, his dark complexion, his glowing eyes, enforcing and illuminating his words,—Demosthenes, as well as Pindar, the object of his study." We see him talking, while "the most decided and the most eloquently expressed opinions" come freely from his lips. We see him writing verses on stray bits of paper, that were smuggled out to the publishers, with soiled linen that went to the laundry,—graceful stanzas of gallantry and compliment, or words of burning passion in protest against tyranny, and the excesses of the time; or splendid odes, like that on his friend David's picture of the deputies taking their famous oath at Versailles, in the Hall of the Jeu de Paume.

The following pathetic piece was written in Lazare, inspired by the tender regrets of the young and beautiful Duchesse of Fleury:

The Young Captive. "The corn in peace fills out its golden ear; Thro' the long summer days the flowers without a fear Drink in the strength of noon. And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure, Though at this present hour some trouble I endure, I would not die so soon.

"No, let the stork call upon Death as kind! For me, I weep and hop; before the bitter wind I bend like some little palm. If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet; Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?

What sea is ever calm? And still within my breast nestles illusion bright; In vain these prison walls shut out the noonday light; Fair Hope has lent me wings. So from the fowler's net again set free to fly, More swift, more joyous thro' the summer sky, Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down, In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown, Nor fall remorse destroy. My welcome shines from every morning face, And to those downcast souls my presence in this place Almost restores their joy. "The voyage of life is but begun for me, And of the landmarks I must pass, I see So few behind me stand. At life's long banquet now before me set, My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet Still brimming in my hand. "I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown; Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown, I would round out my year. A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast, I have but seen the fires of morning's host; Would eve might find me here!

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

"O Death, canst thou not wait? Depart from me and go To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair and woe, And shame, perchance have wrung. For me the woods still offer verdant ways, The Loves their kisses, and the Muses praise? I could not die so young!"

Thou, captive too, and sad, my lyre nose the less, Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress, Youth in a prison cell; And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too, I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days, Those rhymes shall make some lover of my lays. Feels the maid I have sung Grace sit upon her brow, and all shall share, Who see her charms, her grief and her despair, Thy too "must die so young!"

On the morning of the 25th July, 1794, he was brought to the tribunal, and, with twenty-five other victims, underwent the mockery of a trial. I will not sully my page with the lying slanders that were trumped against him. He was speedily condemned, and the sentence was executed on the evening of that day at the Barriere de Vincennes. It is said that as he descended the steps of the prison he remarked to his brother-poet Roucher, stroking his forehead at the first word of the second sentence,—"J'enirien fait pour la posterite, Pourtant j'avais quelques choses la." With him in the tumbrel, beside Roucher, were Truick, and the Counts de Montalembert and de Crequi. According to one account, the two poets beguiled the fateful journey with recitations of the Andromaque; but another declares that, while Roucher declaimed and was "noisily wild," "Chenier was mute and thoughtful." Soon, alas! their hearts were still and their voices silent. So perished in his strong ambitious manhood, Andre-Marie de Chenier, in the thirty-second year of his age. Ah, why could Fate not have delayed her footsteps! In three days the head of monstrous Robespierre fell from the same scaffold, and the Reign of Terror was at an end.

The latest accepted pronunciation of the great Polish novelist's name is Hynek Shain-kay vetch. So says Mr. Everard J. Appleton, a critic in The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune; and he further advises us speedily to the dentist to secure the filling of our teeth, since we are soon to be deluged with "a Polish craze," and the unpronounceable will be flying all abroad. He also advises the public on a matter of vital interest, as follows:

FOR SALE—Ten tons of original poetry on the Maine. Most of it fiery enough to start the kindling wood without the use of matches. Original owners may recover same by applying to the undersigned, within a week. After that, bargain days in Maine poetry will be announced.

WANTED—A recipe for turning the thoughts of the Little Folks of the Millies into other channels.

A correspondent in the West commends the Portland Transcript: "The Transcript is an old and reliable paper, fair, accurate, and judicial. It stands high all over the country, is ably edited, and pure in tone." To this we can give our cordial assent. We have known it under the management of the late Edward Ellwell, and of Samuel T. Pickard,—both accomplished literary gentlemen,—as well as under its present able editor, a nephew, we understand, of the last named; and during all these years we have esteemed it foremost in rank among the journals of Maine, for purity, tastefulness, and instructiveness. It aims to be interesting without sensationalism, and succeeds in that, as far as may be possible in the present time. Many well-known names have been associated with it, and it represents the varied talent of several of the New England States, and especially of that in which it exists, and to which it is in a particular way devoted.

A literary friend and generous lover of books, who has no mean poetic gift, writes: "Alas! the fires of poetry have died out of my prosaic life. I have become a real shirk, and lost even interest in writing anything; but I have not lost interest in reading what my friends write, and in watching with a pride of friendship their successes." That is the best of all. To be a genuine lover of the beautiful in art and literature, and of whatever, may be excellent anywhere, without bitterness of envy, but with a warmth of enthusiastic emulation,—as if the successes of another were indeed our own,—this is a happier possession than genius itself. I am sure it is true of the author of the foregoing sentiment. Another, in a similar strain declares,—"A new book infuses new life into me,—it exhilarates me,—it makes me feel rich as a king."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" appears to be a very popular, as it is unquestionably a very strong and impressive poem. We would not surrender it for a dozen of his best "Barrack-room Ballads," not the most sonorous he has written of the

John Noble 2.50 COSTUMES. Sent by Parcel Post, safely packed to all parts of the Globe, and admitted to be the Highest Known Value for Money. Costume complete, \$2.50. Postage 10c. Skirt alone for \$1.25. Postage 4c. N.B.—The total cost of the Costume with Duty and Carriage included is under \$4. MODEL 644 42 is a smart Norfolk bodice and full wide tailor skirt, which drapes well. Well-cut and finished bodice, trimmed braid and a l'Ecose. Full wide Tailor skirt. The Costumes are made up in two good durable fabrics, L.—John Noble Costume Coating, smooth-surfaced, medium weight cloth and H.—John Noble Cheviot Serge, weather-resisting and weighty. PATTERNS POST FREE together with the new illustrated Ladies' and Children's Fashion Book, to all who name this paper when writing, and need not be returned. COLOURS: Black, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Sage, Purple, Fawn, Electric, Grey and Navy Blue. The Three Stocked Sizes are 34, 35 inches round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38, 40, 42 inches long in front, but any other size can be specially made for 40c. extra. The John Noble Knock-about Frocks for Girls' School or Holiday wear, made in good serge, with saddle-top, long full sleeves and pocket. Lengths in front: 21in., 22in., 23in., 24in., 25in., 26in., 27in., 28in., 29in., 30in., 31in., 32in., 33in., 34in., 35in., 36in., 37in., 38in., 39in., 40in., 41in., 42in., 43in., 44in., 45in., 46in., 47in., 48in., 49in., 50in., 51in., 52in., 53in., 54in., 55in., 56in., 57in., 58in., 59in., 60in., 61in., 62in., 63in., 64in., 65in., 66in., 67in., 68in., 69in., 70in., 71in., 72in., 73in., 74in., 75in., 76in., 77in., 78in., 79in., 80in., 81in., 82in., 83in., 84in., 85in., 86in., 87in., 88in., 89in., 90in., 91in., 92in., 93in., 94in., 95in., 96in., 97in., 98in., 99in., 100in. An Old CANADIAN CUSTOMER writes: Toronto, Jan. 7, 1898. To John Noble Ltd. Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased to have another opportunity of dealing with you. Ten years ago I used to deal with your firm, and am quite satisfied that your goods are all you represent them to be. Remittances should accompany all orders. The best way to remit is by money order or draft on London Bank. Bankers: London and Midland Bank, Ltd. Please name this paper, when ordering from JOHN NOBLE LTD. MANCHESTER, ENG

FREE 14 Karat Gold-Plated Watch. Stem Winder and Setter, American Movement, a guaranteed timekeeper (Gents' Size), or a beautiful Opal Ring, stamped and guaranteed Solid Gold, with three genuine Opal Settings (your correct size). No money required. Simply send your name and address and we will forward by return 3 boxes of Price's Sarsaparilla Blood Pills, the best Spring Medicine for impure blood, liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, etc., which we want you to sell at 25 cents per box to your friends or neighbors. When you have sold the Pills remit the amount to us and we will give you for your trouble either the Watch or Ring as you may choose. We are making this wonderful offer solely to introduce our medicine in your locality. You take no risk, as pills are returnable if not sold. Send your address at once. Mention this paper. PRICE MFG. CO., 88 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

It is pure straight forward English, fit to be a classic for all time. It is said that in England the supply of copies can hardly keep pace with the demand; and there, as well as in the country, it is issued with artistic illustration, in attractive ornamental forms. The musical composer, also, has it in hand, on both sides of the Atlantic; and, when set to the strains of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Reginald De Koven, it may be sung to our heart's content,—or better, our hearts' admonition—"lest we forget."

The following is a choice specimen of humor from the modern paragrapher: "The Critic said recently: Mr. Henry James has purchased a house in the picturesque town of Rye, England, where he intends to make his home. One of his neighbors is Miss Ellen Terry, whose house, though a mile away, at Winchester, is in plain sight from Mr. James's gate, the road is so level and straight between them. This is interesting, but a paradoxical question presents itself at once. Supposing Miss Terry feels blue some day and desires to have—or, well, a wee sma' drop? Contrary to the statements given us by the prohibitionists, she will find it easy to get to Rye by going down the "straight and level road." Strange, passing strange!"

Cuba. Hear, O my brothers! hear the cry of woe, That deepens ever on the Southern breeze! Still Cuba weeps, and still the coral seas Redden and sigh to feel her overthrow. Terce's and Armenia's doom they know, To whose starved lips our bread is sweet but wine Is Freedom, that we prize and cherish so. Creol Eizepa! what though, tramping still Our Island sister, thou on us should'st frown, Yet cast Columbia's arm her eyes away; And, thy rapacious pleasure to fulfil, Leave our own kind for thee to trample down,— In lustful wrath to fash and to slay.

PASTOR FELIX. Hampden Corner, Me., March 19, 1898. Preparatory Food. While Sherman was 'out in the air,' between Atlanta and the sea, rations sometimes got a little short, says an exchange; but the men were good natured about it. One day an officer found a soldier eating a persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him, "Don't eat that! It's not good for you!" "I'm not eatin' it because it's good," was the reply. "I'm tryin' to puker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman's a-givin' us."

White Man's Mysteries. Mr. Francis Fox, a recent visitor to Bulawayo, says that a Matabele there made some very interesting remarks on the locomotive. This was his manner of describing it: "It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where." But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being diled. "It is a huge animal which has the lever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."

MORIN'S WINE Cresco-Phates Recommended by a physician. For the last two years, I have been using Morin's Cresco-Phate's Wine in my surgery for troubles of the respiratory tubes, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and the Tuberculous. The results obtained, with the patients whom I treated with the above remedy, were surprising, I still prescribe it every day to anyone suffering with the above mentioned troubles and even during the first period of convalescence. A. WATTER, M. D. L. Quebec.

A Born Diplomat. He—Miss Willing—Clara—I never loved anyone but you. Will you be mine? She—But you have proposed to three other girls within a week. I've been told. He—True, darling; but that was simply for practice that I might not appear ridiculous when I proposed to you.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure—gives immediate relief. The most extraordinary township in England is that of Skiddaw, in Cumberland. It contains but one house, the occupier of which is unable to exercise the privilege of voting, because there is no overseer to prepare a voter's list, and no church or other place of worship or assembly on which to publish one.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

## Woman and Her Work

I think it is generally conceded that one of the chief aims of the average woman's life is to preserve her youth as long as she can, and the ambition is a laudable one enough as long as more important things are not sacrificed to it. No woman can see her youth slipping away from her gradually, or to feel that she must be satisfied to occupy a secondary place in the society where she formerly held a delightfully prominent position. Age is very honorable and thoroughly respectable if we choose to make it so, but at the same time all the preaching in the world to that effect will not console the pretty woman who can no longer disguise from herself that her fresh color has faded into a permanent paleness which is different from the clear paleness of youth, and terribly like the salowness of age; that tiny but very distinct lines gathered about the corners of her eyes and traced themselves from the nostril down to the corner of her mouth, and worst of all, that the mysterious little break in the outline between chin and throat which is said to be the first and most unmistakable sign of vanishing youth. What queen ever enjoyed stepping down from her throne and watching another, and younger, fairer sovereign ascend? Not many I fancy, and neither does the woman who, however attractive she may be in other ways still enjoyed a certain sovereignty on account of her youth and good looks which none of her other charms had power to win for her. It has been truly said that there are no longer any middle aged women left in the world, we are all either young or old, quite old, with white hair, caps, grandchildren and the burden of at least seventy years resting on our shoulders. I suppose this is because we have learned to take better care of ourselves, and to use all the means in our power to preserve health, vitality and beauty, and also because the preservation of feminine youth and beauty has become of late years so recognized a branch of materia medica that men of science have not scorned to turn their attention to it, and have made some wonderful discoveries in that line.

A very novel, original and thoroughly delightful substitute for those bygone horrors, the autograph album and the mental photograph ditto, which were used as instruments of torture for one's friends fifteen years ago, is the Vanity Book which is one of the newest fads amongst the swells of Gotham. This book consists of a volume of substantial size, and of course quite blank, which is purchased by the devoted parents soon after a girl baby makes her first appearance on earth, and in it is recorded first of all the genealogy of the baby, on both father's and mother's side as far back as there is any knowledge of it. Photographs of great grandparents, grandparents, and parents with scraps of the great grandmother's grandmother's and mother's wedding dresses if possible. Photographs of the baby's father and mother at the time of their marriage, and after the birth of the all important baby with the wonder herself very much in evidence together with pictures of the house and even the room in which she was born. The announcement card which told the friends of the family of her birth, and specimens of the congratulatory letters received in response. A description of the baby's personal appearance follows. As the months pass the entries in the Vanity Book grow more and more interesting. Baby's transfer from long to short clothes, her first tooth, her first word and when it was spoken, when she began to creep, and when to walk. Each page contains illustrations as it were, in the shape of souvenirs; the first sock the child wore, her first little shoe, a piece of her first colored dress—in short everything that marked a beginning of any kind finds a permanent place in this wonderful book, so that the

## THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,  
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

story of the child's life may be read therein.

As the child develops the character of the items naturally changes, when she first goes to school, her earliest efforts in the shape of school work, the first letter she writes, her childish joys and grieves and sometimes her temptations and struggles. Then she grows older still more interesting grows the record, pictures of the child at different ages, and of her boy and girl friends, her first invitation to a party, and a bit of her first party dress. Then the newspaper notice of her graduation from college, her coming out into society, and bits of her graduation and coming out dresses. The programme of the first matinee performance she attended. And then a change as the book passes into her own keeping, and thereafter the writing of her life-story is in her own hands.

It may sound too much like "Vanity" at first, but remember the book is not begun by the subject of it herself, and also that it becomes of incalculable interest to those who love her, after years. Fancy what that book will be to the sometime girl when she is fifty; and fancy what its value will be to her son or daughter when some tender hand has written the word "Fina" to that life record?

On the whole, it seems to me that the Vanity book as it so honestly describes itself has much more to recommend it than most popular fads, and that it should be encouraged as much as possible amongst the fortunate few who have time to devote to such pretty fancies.

Did anyone ever see such lovely materials as are being shown in the shops now for summer wear? It is enough to make one wish for the purse of Fortunatus, and it does really make the average woman quite light-headed to see many beautiful things at once, and most of them at such distractingly reasonable prices. The exquisite cotton crepons striped and barred with silk, the silk gingham, and the organdies, not to mention a still newer material, silk striped grenadine which is so light and thin that it resembles organdie. This grenadine is almost the loveliest of the summer fabrics, and while it is scarcely suitable for an entire dress for a person of moderate means and whose dresses are not many, it is charming for summer blouses, or evening dress. The combinations of color are lovely, one pattern has a groundwork of the palest lemon, almost a cream; with narrow stripes scarcely a quarter of an inch wide, and but half an inch apart of brightest yellow silk; another has the ground of pale Nile green with alternate stripes of pink, and green silk, while a third shows a delicate heliotrope ground with strips of dark heliotrope almost violet silk bordered on each edge with just one thread of brightest gold. Any one of these would make an ideal bodice for dressy summer wear, with a skirt of black silk, any of the light woolen materials which will be worn later on. Of course the very swellest thing to have these transparent materials lined with silk, but unfortunately silk is very expensive, costing double what the outside does, and for persons whose purses are slim there are pretty sateen linings which exactly match the silk strips in color and are as dainty as possible, having a firm body, quite a gloss which makes them difficult to distinguish from silk when made up, and a width of thirty inches, all for eighteen cents a yard. Other semi-transparent materials such as the silk gingham, which look and feel exactly like all silk goods come in the fashionable shades, and in a sort of open-work canvas weave, sometimes in striped patterns, and again in allover designs. These neutral tinted goods have style and character added to them by bright colored linings, usually either pink or bright red, as they are not generally very successful when made up over their own color.

Some of the grenadines which are in dark colors, and curious, misty Dresden designs which scarcely show at all until placed over a lining, are far from pretty, but they are supposed to be very stylish, and as they are the latest thing, they will doubtless take with those who look for novelty first, and beauty afterwards. The wool grenadines—I really cannot say what those I have been describing are made of, but I think it must be cotton—are really beautiful, they come in all colors with narrow satin stripes and checks, and the varieties are simply endless, never has there been such an extensive choice in these goods, which are certain to be popular all through the coming summer. Chemies too are prettier than ever in the fine qualities, which are of course quite expensive, some of them ranging from fifty to sixty-five cents a yard. They also are satin striped and sprinkled all over with rosebuds, polka dots, or dainty trailing vines, which make them both attractive, and expensive. One of the novelties in color is a bright red with either black or white polka dots and red satin stripes.



## Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

is softer, richer, with greater width and weight than any Henrietta. Ideal in the richness of its surface glow and draping qualities. It is the perfection of a

### Black Dress Fabric

It will not grow rusty—its dust-shedding qualities are absolute. Matchless in delicacy of texture—unsurpassed in its wearing service. Silk warp. Wrapped on the varnished board, "Priestley" stamped on every fifth yard.

### The Improved Henrietta

Sold by Dry Goods Dealers Everywhere.

Decidedly the most popular colors for the summer will be the porcelain, hyacinth, turquoise, cadet and sapphire blues, all the pretty shades of gray and sage; Russian and emerald greens and violet will be used for contrasts in trimming. Yellow in all the shades from cream to deep orange will be worn, and also a pretty deep rose pink. The new cloth gowns for spring wear are chiefly in light fawns, grays, browns and sages, and also a blue and gray mixture which is serviceable in all kinds of weather. A new idea for making up blouses of transparent material like the organdies and grenadines I have described, is to have the lining like the skirt lining separate from the dress itself. Thus a dainty summer blouse of white organdie elaborately trimmed with embroidery and tucks, is worn over a plain underslip of pale blue china silk or batiste. This makes it easy to launder the blouse, and is much newer and prettier than the customary embroidered "slip waist"; colored organdies and silk gingham are made up in the same manner over a lining matching the satin stripes or checks.

### SAVE YOUR FEATHERS.

#### Diamond Dyes Will Make Your Faded Hat and Bonnet Feathers Good As New.

It may be that some ladies are not aware of the fact that old hat and bonnet feathers can be made to look as good as new by the Diamond Dyes those universal home friends. Let us tell you how to do the work. Use the Diamond Dyes prepared for Wool and Silk that can now be bought from any dealer. Clean the leather by soaking it in strong soap-suds fifteen minutes, then draw gently between the thumb and forefinger a number of times, and rinse in warm water; dip and redip in the dye-bath until the desired shade is obtained; rinse in cold water, and press gently with the hands between two cloths, to remove the water; now hold before a gentle fire, shaking slightly until nearly dry, and then curl by taking three or four sprigs of the feather and drawing briskly between the thumb and back of scissors, and so on until it is finished. Old feathers can be re-colored and made to look like new. To color feathers black, be sure to use the Diamond Fast Black for Silk and Feathers, prepared by the makers of the Diamond Dyes; this is the only successful dye for coloring feathers a rich black.

#### A Woman Packer Peddler.

I saw the first woman pack peddler I ever ran across, while on a tobacco buying trip on Green River last week," said Fred Thompson last night. "I was going from Woodbury to Morgantown and while at a



### YOUNG WOMEN LOVE

#### The D & A Corset,

it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL.

YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET.

village store talking to three growers, I knew, saw walking up the road a swarthy complexioned woman, away under a load on her back that would of made me cry 'enough' before I had toted it very far. The female peddler, for such she proved to be, said she came from New York to Tennessee last year and had started near Milan tramping back in this direction. She looked to be thirty-five, had strength like a wood chopper and seemed well pleased with her novel profession. She said she was making money and expected to return to the East this year to marry the man she loved, who was taking her earnings to put with his own and pay for a little cottage.—Louisville Post.

#### WITH THREADS OF METAL.

Tinsel Fabrics and the More Costly Brocades of Gold and Silver.

Tinsel fabrics are the lower priced of the cloths into which gold or silver threads have been woven. In tinsel fabrics the gold threads are of brass or copper, gilded and the silver threads are of white metal. These threads of metal, originally fine wire are rolled flat and burnished, and they glisten in the fabric wherever the pattern brings them to the surface. Tinsel fabrics are made about three-fourths of a yard in width, and they sell at 75 cents to \$2.50 a yard. They come in various colors, and many of them are beautiful and artistic in design. Some are copies of old Venetian tapestries. Tinsel fabrics are used for church and for theatrical purpose, and sometimes for gowns and for decorative purposes. The costliest fabrics, with interwoven metal threads, are called gold and silver brocades. In these the gold threads are of silver, gold-plated, and the silver threads are of pure silver; the body of the fabric is of silk. The brocades are all beautiful, and many of them are exceedingly so. These fabrics are made about five-eighths of a yard in width, and they sell at various prices up to \$25, and sometimes as high as \$50 a yard. The costliest of these fabrics are very rarely imported into this country, brocades at \$10 and \$12 a yard being about the highest priced used here. If more elaborate fabrics are required they are usually imported to order. The finer fabrics, with metal threads, are made in France, the commoner kinds in Germany. Gold and silver brocades are here used almost exclusively for church purposes, and chiefly for vestments. They are imported in red, violet and green, and also in black with silver threads, the black and silver being for mourning. Gold and silver brocades are also used to a limited extent for decorative purposes. Such fabrics, and gold embroidery, often of the costliest descrip-

tion, are far more commonly used in Europe than here, both for church and for millinery purposes.

"At no time," said the philosopher, "is a man so willing to take the burden from the weak shoulders of frail woman as when she is harassed with the care of a large and paying property."



## FOUR GENERATIONS

HAVE USED

## "BABY'S OWN SOAP"

AND ITS SALE IS STEADILY INCREASING.

Have you tried it?

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

### HOME

#### Dress Cutting and Making.

The Abel Gauband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons.

This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For full particulars address

Madame E. L. ETHER, 88 St. Denis St. Montreal.

OUTPUT OF TWO FORESTS.

The Enormous Output of Lumber in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

'The story of a Pine Board' is the title of an article by W. S. Harwood in St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says of the lumbering in Wisconsin and Minnesota:

About four billion one hundred and sixty million feet of logs were cut in the season of 1895—that is to say, what is equivalent to four billion one hundred and sixty million pieces of board twelve inches square and one inch thick. I wonder if even the lumbermen themselves, and the log-cutters, and the manufacturers of lumber in the great mills, realize what an enormous amount of lumber this is. Why, it would build a house around the globe, with a main room ten feet high and a large attic, ciling up the inside walls and roof with a sweet, fragrant pine; it would put down a matched floor; and then, when the house was all completed, there would be left enough lumber to build tight board fences on either side of the house, three feet and a half high, the whole distance around the globe. Besides all this, there would be shingles enough for a good portion of the house; and then, if the mighty builder of such a globe-girdling house wanted to fit it up a little more neatly, there would be a large supply of laths, and I suppose, the plasterers could furnish him enough stucco and lime.

Or if he wanted to construct a roof shelter for all the people on the globe, our mighty builder could accommodate them all, allowing to each man, woman and child a clear space of two square feet in which to stand, and still have room left for five hundred millions of men, with the same room in which to stand. And to look at it in still another way, this same builder would have material to construct a bicycle path of pine, a little over two feet wide, from the earth to the moon, for there would be nearly eight hundred thousand miles of board a foot wide and an inch thick. In sawing this lumber up into the required length and thickness there was great waste in sawdust—so great, indeed, that the sawdust pile would stand a hundred and twelve feet high on a city square, and five hundred feet square at the base; and this is saying nothing about the vast amount of pieces of slabs which are split up into kindlings.

This enormous quantity of lumber represents merely the output of two forests—one in the northwestern part of the State of Wisconsin, and the other in the northern part of the State of Minnesota; and at the rate the logs are being cut up there will not be a piece of pine forest standing in all this vast region at the end of ten years, unless something is done by the government to put a stop to the ravages.

SOME PETS OF ROYALTY.

Diversions of the Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

In a book recently published by Grant Richards, there is an entertaining chapter on the pets at Sandringham the East Anglian home of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The pets of the Princess comprise almost every kind of animal and bird that is domesticated. H. R. H. has her pony stable, which was built in 1874 for four French ponies, which have now been replaced by the English-bred Bins, Merry Anties, Bow and Bell. This stable is considered the prettiest building of its kind in the world, with its white tiled walls, with green-tiled frieze, and open wooden roof. The name of the tenant, according to custom, is written in gold letters over each stall. The author of the book above-mentioned further states that the Princess has always preferred brown harness to black, and all used by her is in tan leather with brass mounts. H. R. H.'s affection for dogs is well known, and among the feathered pets are doves, descendants of the single pair presented to H. R. H. during her first visit to Ireland, and an assortment of Australian pigeons. The wonderful cockatoo, "Cocky," is said to be over 100 years old. He used to live in the Princess' boudoir, but the penetrating power of his screams was such that it was necessary to relegate him to the kennels, where he is, however, regularly visited by the Princess when she goes the round of her favorite cages, kennels and stalls.

'The pheasantry,' was built for some pet goats, which were killed by a flash of lightning while huddling together under an elm tree. Some time after, it was furnished with incubators for pheasant rearing, and both Prince and Princess take almost enthusiastic interest in this establishment and its uses during the rearing season. The Princess pays constant visits, and looks personally after the hatching operations. This incubator house has been a truly practical success, and last year it proved to be of exceeding service in filling up the gaps in the young broods caused by bleak nights, and one memorable storm of rain which swept over that side of the country. The young chicks were on that night destroyed wholesale, and every keeper in the district



Tired? Oh, No.

This soap



greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

has a vivid remembrance of that fearful night. The incubator house proved invaluable at this crisis, and here it is that from the little basket replenished with grain she feeds her sthered friends, including the silkies, bantams and pheasants, which here have their home.

Lesson Your Want.

More of the true enjoyment of life lies in this maxm than is generally thought. We may indeed go to extremes and cut to the quick, like that Cynic philosopher who threw away his wooden cup on seeing a vagrant boy drink from the hollow of his hand. But the truth is, we create many of our own necessities; and with the growth of luxury new wants come in, not by ones nor by tens, but by hundreds.

The Battle to the Young.

Many times has the subject of bodily power, strength, and stability been discussed in these articles. Through all ages men have admired and praised strength, and sought to possess it. Sculptors loved to represent in marble, and painters on canvas, this splendid quality. For it is always strength that wins us way and conquers. The strong are they who take life's prizes and snare the best of its pleasures. To them burdens are relatively light and tasks easy. Labour is but little more than needed exercise, and sleep (being a fruit of limited fatigue) is sound, sweet, and refreshing.

With clear minds, nerves attuned to harmony, and muscles creeping under the skin, like children turning on-ath the wheels in bed, the strong face the day's toil and duties as hounds in leash struggle for freedom when the hunt is about to begin. Such as these are to be congratulated on having what is worth asstly more than fame or money. For strength (with health as its natural and necessary basis) is the enchantment which transmutes lead into gold, conjures flowers out of the sand, and compels harvests to ripen among the rocks.

But the weak and feeble! (a fearfully large percentage of the whole) what has the world to offer them? Comfort? Sympathy? Consolation? These are acceptable, to be sure, but even they are the coins passed from hand to hand among the weak themselves; as the vigorous have little pity for the ailing. For strength the world over there is no substitute for health. Can strength and health be gained when lost? Yes, often. Take two illustrations out of many.

"In March, 1894," writes a friend, "I had a severe attack of influenza. After it I was not able to get back my strength. My appetit was poor, and my food seemed to do me no good. After eating I had pain and distress at the chest and around the sides. My breathing was short, and I was so weak I could not get down stairs, or even stand. I passed very bad nights, and had little true rest, day or night. My color left me, and I became as weak almost as it was possible for me to be.

"A doctor attended me and gave me medicines, but they failed to benefit me. Nothing did me any good. Finally a friend recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After using a bottle of it I soon began to pick up my strength. I could eat well, and food agreed with me, and in a short time I got back to my work as strong as ever. Since then I have enjoyed good health. I know others who have benefited by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. You may publish this statement if you wish. (Signed) Richard Roberts, Penbongo, Rhoaybol, Anglesey, June 16th, 1897."

"For over ten years," writes another, "I have suffered from indigestion and a tired, heavy, weary feeling. I had no real appetite for food, and after meals experienced a good deal of pain at the chest and between the shoulders. I was always able to get about, but had this wearing, nagging pain. I took all the medicines usually recommended for indigestion, but obtained only a little temporary relief. For years I continued to suffer, when one of our customers told me of the benefit she had received from Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured a bottle and it gave me immediate relief. I could eat well, and food no longer pained me. By taking an occasional dose when required I keep in good health. You can use this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Martha Gill, wife of Mr. W. Gill, grocer, 45, Stoney Lane, Southwick, Sunderland, June 4th, 1897."

Let me repeat once more that strength results only from nutritious food well digested. No drug can directly counter strength. The stomach and other digestive organs must be made to do their work. Alter that nature does the rest. To cure dyspepsia is a difficult thing, yet Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails when used faithfully as directed. Then strength returns—as it did to those whose letters we have just read.

Very Plain. He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude. She—Oh don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture? He (looking about)—Oh, I see! It's written on a card at the bottom, 'Sold!'

PAIN IN THE HEART.

Too serious a condition to neglect. A Guelph harness maker tells how he was cured.

Mr. Wm. Dyson, the well known saddler and harness maker of Guelph, Ont., makes the following statement: "I heartily re-



commend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nervousness and heart trouble. They are a splendid medicine for such complaints. For a long time I was afflicted with nervousness and pain in my heart, which was especially severe at night, often destroying my rest. These pills cured me and invigorated my nervous system which is now strong and healthy. They restored restful sleep besides removing the distressing heart pains which formerly gave me so much anxiety and trouble."

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ABATING A NUISANCE.

How a Bright Reporter Silenced a Pompous Editor at Dinner.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer prints a sharp retort—a little too sharp, perhaps, but of that the reader may judge—once uttered by a Mr. Tomlinson, who was a shrewd newspaper reporter, and at the same time a genial, presentable person and a mover in polite society. Even in polite society, however, a man is not sure of being politely treated. Says the Plain Dealer:

Tomlinson seldom appeared at a party or a banquet or any other social function, without being approached by some one who would say:

'Hello! Well, I s'pose you're looking after something to write up for your paper eh? You newspaper fellows never allow anything to get away, he! he! he!'

Tomlinson usually smiled, and let such remarks pass without serious notice, but one night he was at a dinner given by the most exclusive club in the city. When the company was seated, Tomlinson found himself directly opposite the head of one of the largest commission houses in the city. The man looked at the reporter for a moment, as if he thought he must be mistaken. Evidently he was surprised to see a reporter at such a place. This nettled Tomlinson, and he waited. When the buzz of conversation had died down, so that the commission man could be heard by everybody, he said:

'Well, Mr. Newsman, I suppose you'll have a full account of this in the paper to-morrow, won't you?'

'No,' Tomlinson replied. 'I didn't come here to report the dinner. I came especially to see you. It is alleged that you have formed a strong corner in butter, and I would like to get a few facts from you concerning the outlook for eggs.'

The man never spoke to Tomlinson again.

Author and Critic

A kind hearted man, when he is obliged to find fault, tries to do it with gentleness—directness—as in the following instance, reported by the Chicago Post:

'At your request,' said the critic to the young author. 'I have read your book from beginning to end.'

'So good of you,' returned the young author. 'And now I want to feel that you can speak frankly and tell me just what you think about it. I suppose you saw a great deal in it that you would change if it were left to you.'

'No-o' replied the critic, thoughtfully. 'On the whole I think I may say there was very little.'

'Really!' exclaimed the young author delighted. Do you know I had an idea you'd tear the whole book to pieces. I can't tell you how pleased I am; but of course there are some changes that you would advise relative to publication of a second edition. What are they?'

'There's only one that's of much importance,' explained the critic.

'And that?' said the young author.

'Why, that's where the hero jumps from the yacht into the ocean to save the heroine.'

'It is too thrilling? Wouldn't you have him jump after her?' inquired the young author, anxiously.

'No, it's not too thrilling,' was the reply; 'and of course I would have him go in after her; but, you see, they're both rescued. I wouldn't have that.'

'You—you wouldn't have them rescued?'

'Certainly not. Let them both down.'

'But this happens in the first chapter—almost the first thing in the book.'

'Precisely. That's just when it ought to happen.'

Fourteen Thousand Islands.

The Maldive Archipelago, lying in the Indian Ocean, several hundred miles southwest of the southern point of Hindostan, although containing inhabitants, does not frequently see visitors from the civilized world. Such a visitor has recently described these islands in an Austrian geographical periodical. They number it appears, not less than 14,000, and are all composed of coral rocks. Few of them rise more than seven or eight feet above sea-level, although they contain cocoanut palms and other forms of vegetation. Hundreds of little islands ranged around in a circle, with narrow shallow channels between, form atolls, or rings, having quiet water within. Occasionally an individual island is found in the form of a ring, with a smooth lake enclosed in its coral embrace.—Youth's Companion.

A WIFE'S LAST HOPE.

Husband Smitten with that Direst of Sufferings—Rheumatism—South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Relief in 10 Hours.

Mrs. C. Saunders Brookbury, Que. writes: "My husband was confined to his bed for two months with acute rheumatism pains and fever. Doctors could give him so little relief, I had about lost hope of his recovery. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure and ten hours after commencing its use all pain had left him. He took in all three bottles, and is now well and strong, and free from all pain."

African Explorer (dumbfounded)—"What, you, Clarence Vere de Vere, in the heart of darkest Africa! What in the world are you doing here? Clarence Vere de Vere—"I'm wearing the necktie Miss Darling gave me for Christmas. I promised her I would you know!"



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When Diego passed. He is often as he did him be quiet as turned. So it day, as he sat to the trick hand laid on the bastiano, bend

'Tell me, never blessed sacrament. 'Not here, the chapel at when you hear out like an lep

'Nay; say Mother is alw while you sleep for you to the glorious mem founded; but

The old ma chapel, fresco long since ent altar was adon and with relic distant Spain, sional where n-between saint ively tell upon went through this began

'Father, pr than I can be here.'

'Proceed, n trust that one to you ned un'o' deat

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### El Padre Triste.

Diego sat on the south side of the ancient adobe church of San Pedro. It was the time of day when the good fathers, whose lives had been passed at the now forgotten mission, were taking their customary siesta. It was Diego's time to be idle. He looked southward, over the almond trees just bursting into blossom over the stubby vines that the half-naked descendants of a once lordly race were training for the winter's vintage, over the garden patch and network of irrigating ditches over the great tawny desert of death, toward the land of his birth. The wind, a very mild breeze for February, whistled around the corner of the building. It came fresh from the Boston Mountains. It chilled him. He drew closer to his shelter. It chilled his heart also, and as he looked over the orchard decked with fragrant promise, he muttered the old proverb, 'Fresco maduro, presto podrido (soon ripe, soon rotten.)' Evidently his mind was projected beyond the range of human vision.

With an involuntary expression came the thought of a name that he had not heard uttered for years—his own name, Diego. None of those with whom he had lived these three spring-times knew it; none save old Padre Sebastiano, his confessor, in whose breast a secret was as safe as in the grave. He also remembered that the name had been given him in honor of his patron saint, and that he was the descendant of a 'conquistador.' Degenerate as he was, he enjoyed recalling this fact.

'El corazon manda las carnes' (The heart bears up the body), but I can't endure this forever. I must speak to the fathers to night and take the vows.

Three months before, in the same month when the earth springs into life beneath the warmth of the returning sun, a wanderer drew rein at the gate of the Mission San Pedro. His face was haggard, his body weak after the long desert drive. His horse was in a lamentable condition as his master. The stranger was young. He seemed almost boyish, even in the country where youth is but a sunrise glow between the child and the man. As he dismounted he staggered, reached toward the post for support and fell in a swoon. It was not the first time that such an occurrence had happened at the lonely mission on the edge of the desert. The good fathers knew what to do in such cases, and they were no more faithful in their efforts because his scrape, dust-begrimed as it was, indicated the Hidalgo, than they would have been had the object of their solicitation been the humblest Indian in New Mexico.

When Diego came to himself weeks had passed. He strove to tell his story, but as often as he did so, Padre Sebastiano bid him be quiet and wait until his strength returned. So it chanced that on a summer's day, as he sat sadly in the courtyard listening to the trickling of the water, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and Padre Sebastiano, bending over him, said:

'Tell me, my son, what troubles you. You have never confessed, nor taken the blessed sacrament.'

'Not here, father; not here! I come into the chapel and I will tell you all; but when you hear my story you will turn me out like an leproso.'

'Nay; say not so! The heart of the Mother is always compassionate and often, while you slept, my prayers have gone up for you to the holy San Pedro in whose glorious memory this humble mission was founded; but come.'

The old man led the way to the little chapel, frescoed by loving hands that has long since entered into eternal rest, whose altar was adorned with spoils of conquest and with relics and with relics from far distant Spain, and thence into the confessional where none might hear what passed between saint and sinner. Diego instinctively hid upon his knees and a shudder went through his will-knit frame as he thus began:

'Father, pray for me. My sin is greater than I can bear. I cannot confess it, even here.'

'Proceed, my son. You have sinned, I trust you have repented. It cannot be that one so young, so fair as you, has sinned unto death.'

'I have, I have.'

'Tell me, and I will judge.' Thus encouraged the penitent continued:

'My name is Diego Dominguez by Agramonte. My home is, or rather was, in the Boulson de Mapimi, beside Laguna del Parres. You know the place, father—the fairest upon earth, where it is always spring, where the birds sing by night as well as by day, and where the air is always fragrant with the perfume of orange blossoms and of more distant mountain flowers. There I lived on my father's hacienda, and never once had serious thought of love or trouble. Thus time passed until I was nineteen years of age, when strange stories came to us of the wonderful railroad that was coming from the Rio Grande del Norte, and was already near the city of Chihuahua. I had read much of the 'maquina de vapor,' but I wanted to see it for myself, and the pones who want away to work and came back jingling pesos, when before they had never seen anything greater than an medio, only whether my desire to travel.'

'Ah, my son,' said the old man, interrupting, 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' 'Nudi intravimus, nudi eximus.'

'But, padre, it was not money that I was after. I wanted to see the world. So just before 'la di ad noche buena' I started for Chihuahua. My mother blessed me with tears, and my father who knew my temper and inexperience, urged me to hasten back and take charge of the hacienda. Chihuahua was the largest city I had ever been in, and I wandered about the plaza for a day or two quite lost in the crowd. The Americanos were every where, and seemed to have plenty of

money, and to own everything, and when I thought how our beautiful Mexico had belonged to old Castile before an English man had set foot on the soil I hated the upstarts. I soon found friends who felt the same way that I did, and we picked quarrels with the gringos until the police interfered.

'One night, after I had been there about a week, we went to a fandango. There I met my fate. I took my seat beside the most beautiful senorita that I had ever seen. She was not dark, like our Coahuila belles, but her head glistened like the ripening wheat on the uplands, and her eyes were a deep dreamy blue and her form—well I lost my heart. She threw back the mantilla that covered her head and smiled at me. This gave me courage, and I asked her to dance. I can never forget the touch of her hand. It gave me a thrill that I had never before experienced. I felt it often during the next two weeks, but I have never known it since. The next dance she gave to one of my friends, and as they passed me she dropped a rose at my feet. Before the night was over I knew all about her. Her name was Maria Sepueveda and she was an heiress. Of course, she had been much sought after, but as yet had shown no decided preference for any one. This was my chance. I was as constant as her shadow. It she were at a fandango, I was there also, and when there was no fandango, I would take my mandolin and stand beneath her window. In less than a week I had told her all about the beautiful Boulson de Mapimi, and, for you know we do things quickly in our country, I told her that I loved her and she promised—'

Diego paused. His passionate voice was choked with sobs. Padre Sebastiano stroked the bowed head, but did not speak. In a moment the young man resumed.

'Such happiness could not last forever. It was too great. One night, and I was to return home the next day, we were at a fandango. A party of Americanos came in. One of them was a great man. He spent gold where I silver. He used to drink a great deal and to gamble a great deal more. The senoritas liked him too well; but I hated him. He would show his gold and diamonds, and was reported to be a powerful Hidalgo in his own land. Well, Maria and I had enjoyed one dance, and then this Americano asked her to dance with him. I did not think she would do it, but you know, 'No ay cerradura si se de oro la ganza (there is no lock if the key be golden).' So they went on the floor together. I saw him whisper sweet words in her ear just as I had done, and rattled the coins in his pocket, and my heart became hot within my breast. I wanted the next dance, but Maria paid no attention to me. She danced again with the gringo. When they came near me I scowled. He saw me and laughed a sneering laugh and said something in English. I did not understand the language, but I did know the word 'greaser.' Maria understood him. She turned toward me and laughed also. I could stand it no longer. I went outside into the cool air. I did not cool me. I heard the sound of music. It had no charms, for, now and again, as I looked in, I saw Maria still dancing with my enemy. There were three of them. I followed like a cat. I could have followed that man to the end of the earth. By and by he stopped behind his friends to light a cigar. This was what I wanted. In an instant my knife was between his ribs. He fell with a groan. His friends ran back, and while they stopped to raise him I escaped in the darkness. I knew Chihuahua as well as they. I hunted up my friend Ramon, and told him all about it.

'Diego,' said he, 'they know you, and you have killed a great Hidalgo. You must get out of the city tonight—right away. You cannot go home, because the police will look for you there, and the

United States will never let the matter rest.'

'What shall I do?'

'Take your horse and go across the river. They will never look for you in his country. Here is money. Your father will repay me.'

'In another hour I was on my way. I thought that I would go to Santa Fe. So I told Ramon; but the blessed mother brought me to your mission. Padre, will you turn me away?'

'God forbid, my son. But did you kill Senor Americano?'

'That I cannot tell. I meant to.'

'It is just as likely that you did not, if you struck him only once. These Americanos have many lives. Do you ever think of Maria now?'

'Oh, Padre, can I ever forget her? Sometimes I have the old love joy: as bad as I had it in Chihuahua, and sometimes I think that if she were here I could kill her, too.'

'You must put such thoughts away, my son. If you have killed a man your whole life must be one of repentance. Do you repent?'

'I do, indeed; and pray all the holy saints and fathers to intercede for me. Ora pro me.'

The confessor had been young himself, and knew the great world far better than did his companion. He did not speak the word that Diego wished to hear uttered, but gave him a kiss of peace, and said:

'Wait here; I go to consult with the brethren.'

The penitent knew that his secret was safe, but he wondered what Padre Sebastiano would say about his remaining in this asylum. He had not long to wait. The good man returned with the news that the exile might depart when he wished. The father, however, had learned to love him, and he was welcome to remain at the mission if he chose.

'Only,' said the priest, 'if you stay you must earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. We hope that some day you will be one of us.'

In this manner it came about that Diego Dominguez Agramonte, who had always ruled and never served, went out to labor with the Pueblos, and when his 'peonada' was done he would come into the chapel and join in the vesper service like a true gentlemn of Mexico that he was. The fathers had done all this to try him. They realized his worth, and soon promoted him to be superintendent of the business details of the little community. They gave him an unoccupied cell for his own use; but as often as they urged him to take the irrevocable vow, he would declare that as yet he was not worthy. He even affected, as far as possible, the habit of his superiors, and was foremost in deeds of charity and self-denial. The Indians regarded him as a lay brother; but he never smiled nor mingled in their amusements as did the others. So, not knowing his name, he passed to and fro among them as 'El Padre Triste.'

All this came to him as he basked in the sunlight. A shadow lay athwart him. Looking up he saw Padre Sebastiano. The laborers were at their toil. The air was full of fragrance of freshly turned earth and of bursting buds. Henceforth this world was his world. The past was buried. No more for him would the orange flowers bloom in the far away Boulson de Mapimi; no more would he dream of the golden-haired senorita of Chihuahua. He, too, would be a father, and these patient, dusky sons of the soil would be his children—his care.

'Padre,' said he arising, 'I am resolved. If you are willing, I will take the vow.'

'The saint is praised! Diego, you are no longer my son, but my brother, and with streaming eyes the priest hurried away to break the joyful news.

That night Diego lay down on his pallet with a feeling of blissful security such as he had never known before. Scarcely had he fallen asleep when he was aroused by a rude shake.

'Get up, Diego! A wagon has been overturned in the canon on the road to Santa Fe. A messenger has just come from there. One man is badly hurt, and there is a wounded man in the party. The place is about fifteen miles from here, but you can ride fast and know what to do. Take a bottle of brandy with you, and whatever else you might need from the medicine chest. God speed you!'

With all his spiritual fervor the young man could not forget that he had once been a caballero. His horse, the same he had ridden to San Pedro, had grown fat and lazy in the corral, and El Padre Triste felt a savage glee as he dug in the spurs and galloped away over the untracked sand in the chill of the night. In half an hour the way became rocky. The mountains, at first a distant black band, now arose to the stars, an insurmountable barrier, save where the lithe stream that gave life to the mission had furrowed its way through perpendicular walls a thousand feet in height. The horse went warily. The darkness could almost be felt, and one false step might mean death. Diego did not think of this. He was a wondering whence these travelers came. Were they from Mexico, making a pilgrimage to the City of the Holy Faith? If so, could they by any chance recognize him? After all these years was he doomed to meet his kindred?

He had plenty of time to ponder these things before the flickering light of a midnight campfire disclosed his journey's end. Voices reached him. The speech was his mother tongue. On the ground near the fire lay a man moaning, his comrades doing all in their power to alleviate his suffering. Near by, wrapped in blankets, was a sleeping form. Diego tied his horse and advanced toward the group. He did not see a familiar face. The watchers rose to meet him.

'Oh, padre, you are just in time. Jose is almost dead.'

'Not so, friends,' he replied in their own language; 'he's a long way from being a

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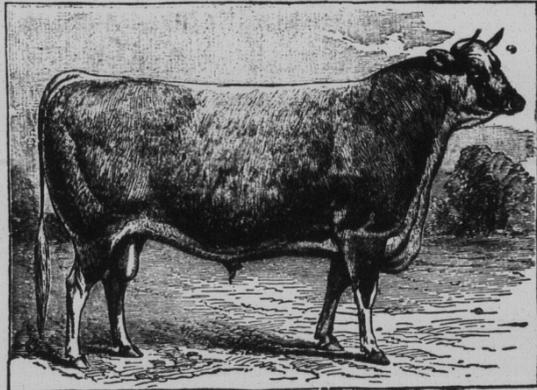
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dead man. Put on some wood and make a blaze.

He poured some liquor down the throat of the writhing wretch, bound up the wounds and set, as best he could, the broken limb. All this took time, and as the fire burned more brightly and the noise of the conversation grew louder, the form in the blankets moved uneasily. Then the blankets were thrown back and a woman approached. Diego's back was toward her. He saw—nothing but duty.

'Diego!'

El Padre Triste bounded to his feet and turned. The hair that glistened like the ripening wheat on Mapimi uplands and the eyes of dark, dreamy blue were before him; but the smile was gone. In its place was an expression of astonishment.

'Senora Maria, how do you come here?'

'For you, Diego; I stood it as long as I could, and then—and then Ramon said he

thought you had gone to Santa Fe and I ran away to find you.'

'But, Senor Americano! If he had been alive you would never have thought of me,' Diego said bitterly.

'Diego,' the old smile crept around the lovely mouth—Diego, Senor Americano did not die. His wife came down to nurse him two weeks after you ran away. He is alive yet for aught I know. He just got a good lesson, and I—I wanted a little fun, you see. Won't you forgive me?'

'Mariquita!'

The next morning as Padre Sebastiano was looking toward the northwest he saw a cloud of dust approaching. It came nearer—a horse, and it carried two. Nearer yet. It was Diego. He was smiling, and behind him, in true errant fashion, rode a woman. The father, beside himself with amazement ran out to meet them, and he never quite recovered from the salutation which he received:

'Madre del Dios, padre, I am glad I did not take the vow.'

How The Whale Escaped.

A whale is seldom caught napping. When, however, one is waked from his afterdinner sleep by a passing vessel, he makes off from the intruder in great haste. The author of a recent book, 'With Russian Pilgrims,' has a good story to tell of a whale thus disturbed.

One day at sea, when I was chaplain on the Vancouver, a big whale created a sensation. The upper deck was covered with loungers for it was a lovely summer afternoon, and the deck chairs had their novel-reading occupants.

The whale was sleeping in the sunshine, and suddenly felt his tail tickled by the passing monster. He leaped bodily out of the water in his anxiety to hurry away. The fashionable crowd gave a shout; novels flew and chairs emptied themselves quickly, as every one rushed to the rail; but the whale dived, and an infant's voice said: 'Ma, did the whale jump out of the cabin window?'

Hubbard—Simpkins has got over his nervous prostration. Peace—How can you tell? Hubbard—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow twenty dollars.'

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## SYRUP OF FIGS



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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

### Shrouded In Mystery.

I joined Manager Blow at Philadelphia the season of the Centennial Exposition—World's Fair—you recollect? Blow, like some other showmen in other lines of the business, ran away with the mistaken idea that he was going to make an everlasting fortune in the face of the big show. People who go to see a world's fair are not looking for a circus. They can see that at home, and we with others, were not long in finding it out, and such as could, moved out in a hurry on to the road, to re-arrange their finances.

Blow said he would get even if he ran all winter; and he did, and that was a little too much, more than I bargained for. About thirty weeks on the road suits my dimensions better. But I had only ten days to the war, and was bound to stick to it through; that is the kind of people I am. Then, you know, if a man wants to engage for a season he must not desert this one. I was booked for 1877, and was O. K. for the present and the immediate future.

I tell you business on the road in '76 was bad for all kinds of shows, and the only chance that Blow had to pull up was in the South. Says he to me: "I am going to put Dixie for all its worth. At New Orleans we will stop for a week, varnish the cages, tableaux and furnish up all around, and hoist new tents. And right there he ceased to communicate about the next season or any of his plans for the future, and that was strange and right contrary to his usual way of doing business. Previously the old man had always tooted his horn as to what he was going to do, until he gave you a pain in the ear. Think of windy Blow turning owl.

Even the advance of the show and the assistant manager and treasurer had no information to give, and as the press agent said, everything was "shrouded in mystery."

One day I did get a little bit of an inkling of the manager's plans by the way of a remark: "Pottery, I have come to the conclusion that no one knows the public better than P. T. Barnum. He alone of the circus managers has been aware of the people's interest in the freaks of human nature and the strange natives of obscure climes."

The old man was talking like a newspaper puff on a quarter sheet bill, and I agreed with him, at which he resumed further: "While other managers put freaks in their side show alone, Barnum has 'em in the big show, too—and it pays." I substantiated, and right there the conversation ended; but I recalled it when he sent me weeks later, when he said to me: "Pottery, I have got the greatest card for next season that you or anybody else ever heard of—"

"What is it?" said I on the jump.

"Oh, that," said he, "must for the present remain shrouded in mystery. What you don't know you can't tell. It is enough for you to know that the man is the most amazing, appalling and alarming freak of nature ever born. He is due in New York next week and you must go and meet him," and he furtively elucidated: "As there must be time to prepare advertising for him I shall run him in the side show until the bills and litho's can be got up."

I went to New York and met the freak—that is what I will have to call him, as I can neither spell his name nor pronounce it. In type it looked as if it was set up backwards, and upside down at that. I don't know what language he spoke; it was a gibberish of some kind, but we got along well enough by making signs.

Well, if that man was a freak I couldn't see it. On the whole he was a good looking chap and not so much different from any of us except for a few foreign peculiarities.

"Thunder!" said I to myself, "where does the freak come in on this fellow. Has some one over in Europe with a hunch from Bridgeport been putting up a job on Blow?"

At first thought I was going to take the responsibility of leaving the chap in New York, and returning to the show and returning to the show and reporting to the old man that he has been done for. On reflection I came to the conclusion that that would be contrary to orders. I had my orders and the tickets, and so I do the proper thing and started for the show, remarking to myself with a big laugh: "Shrouded in mystery!"

On the way I tried to study the fellow out, but he was a riddle to me. I couldn't make anything out of him that was extraordinary, and in his way he seemed to be grateful to me for my attentions, but as we could only communicate by signs the trip back to the show was a good deal of a bore.

Every time I looked at the fellow I wondered what the old man would say, and remarked: "Shrouded in mystery!"

For the file of me all the way I couldn't see anything unusual about him. He constantly wore a silk skull cap; nothing remarkable about that; plenty of people with thin thatched do that.

The show was on wheels, and we left the railroad at the nearest point where it was to show the next day. Quite a sizeable town off the line. I was in a hurry to make the show, and soon made a dicker with the landlord for a rig to drive across the country, through the North Carolina pines, in the night? Landlord kind of hinted that we had better wait until morning, but didn't give any reason why. But he rigged up the team, and we started with instructions to turn over the outfit to his son at our destination, he keeping a stable v. r. there, and return g this rig at the first opportunity that there was a paying price on hand for the father's town. Clever scheme, eh?

Well, we drove and we drove, and we

drove, but it was easy sailing; the road run right through the blackest, darkest, thickest woods you ever saw. It didn't turn right nor left, nor cross, and all you had to do was to set still and let the horse go. Monotonous though! 'T would have been pleasanter if my side partner had been able to talk United States. As it was, I smoked and rode, and rode and smoked.

At every step the woods grew thicker and the darkness blacker. I've rode thousands of miles with wagon shows, but that was the only time in my life that I had a sense of fear come over me. All of sudden I got afraid; I did, no denying it. I got that nervous that I looked and listened with all my might—strained my ears and eyes, but saw or heard nothing unusual.

Why, it was so still that I could hardly hear the horse boots on the carpet of pine needles.

"Hold up!" That was a man's voice, and he said it as if he meant business. The instant he spoke, said I to myself: "Moonshiners!"

I was right there, and they were right there, a half dozen of them, who pressed about the rig as soon as the horse came to a stop.

I understood now why the landlord advised that we should not travel at night, and I was aware that we were in a mighty tight place.

We were mistaken for government revenue officers, and more than one of Uncle Sam's officers had been murdered in the pine woods and mountains by the revengeful and ignorant illicit distillers.

"Get out!" was a command that we obeyed. The freak did not understand, but followed suit. One of the party brought a flaming piece of pie and held it in our faces.

The freak knew as well as I did that we were in danger; the sight of the armed men and their murderous visages was enough. It gives me a chill to think of it now.

The leader, a tall fellow, held the flaming pie close to our faces, and the other villains put their hands to the weapons. I thought I was about to close my engagement here below and go on to the unknown.

"Take the horse into the woods," commanded the chief of the moonshiners.

The horse was led away, and I was wondering if we could be set, or hung to a tree, when before I could make a statement of our business, and who and what we were, the freak reeled off a lot of his gibberish, and in the midst of it removed his hat and skull cap.

At that every mother's son of them took to their legs and ran as if pursued by all the demons that loose from Pophet! I took in the cause of their fright, and came pretty near joining them myself.

The freak had three eyes, the third one plumb in the centre of the forehead and twice the size of a natural one!

The moonshiners did not recover from their fright; at least we saw or heard no more of them. We took to the team and made on to the town without further adventure.

To the manager's intense disappointment the man with three eyes absolutely refused to tell his engagement, and insisted on returning to Europe by the very first possible steamer. Nothing could reassure him of his safety in America after our night's startling adventure, and he was never placed on exhibition here, and what became of him afterwards is shrouded in mystery.

#### RICHARD KNEW.

A Tame Crow Adds to its Vocabulary and Attends Farmer Downs.

It captured while yet a nestling and properly educated, a crow may be taught to imitate the sounds of the human voice so closely that it will articulate words so distinctly as a parrot, although the crows vocabulary is not apt to be extensive. Such words as 'Good morning,' 'How do do?' 'Hallo!' and similar familiar expressions and the name of its master are learned easily and the bird will repeat them so invariably at the right time and place that the crow's vocal accomplishments will naturally seem uncanny to a person who observes them for the first time. All tame crows are surprisingly intelligent creatures, and now and then one will astonish even its friends by ejaculating a new word or an expression entirely unexpected and startlingly distinct.

About two years ago Peter Downs, who then lived with his father on the Downs farm near Rose Lake, Pa., captured a newly fledged crow, and it proved to be a very apt scholar and became a great pet. It was the wonder of the neighborhood. Early in its career, it began calling the elder Downs 'pop,' and regularly every morning it greeted him with 'Good morning, pop!' A year ago the son got married and went to live on a farm a mile and a half from the Downs homestead, taking Richard, the tame crow, with him. The crow returned to the old place regularly every day for a visit and always announced its coming by the familiar greeting to Farmer Downs, 'Good morning, pop!' The bird usually busied itself about the place until toward noon, when it returned home. One day last week Richard appeared at the Downs farm much earlier in the

morning than usual and almost knocked Farmer Downs speechless by shouting: 'Good mornin', gran'pop!' The crow chuckled and croaked in a most ridiculous manner and repeated at short intervals, with an unctious never before accompanying its utterance. 'Good mornin', Gran'pop! Gran'pop! Gran'pop!' causing the farmer much amusement after his first surprise and making him wonder where in tarantion he picked that up. An hour or so after the bird came to the farm to air its enlarged vocabulary Peter Downs drove up, looking pleased.

'Well, pop,' he said, 'there's three of us down there now. Nicest boy ever seen the third one is and everybody doin' fine.'

'Morn', gran'pop!' chuckled the crow. Then it was all clear; but everyone about that neighborhood is wondering how in the world that crow got on to the new dignity the situation placed on Farmer Downs and then hurried to be the first to tell him of it.

#### Unappreciated.

Perhaps few experiences of life are harder to bear than when an appeal to another out of the fullness of one's heart is received with an utter lack of sympathy. Such a situation is portrayed by the biographer of the Rev. S. C. Malan.

A dishonest gardener had received notice of discharge, and after an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his character by plausible platitudes, said mournfully to the vicar:

'Ah, sir, you will miss me before I be gone half an hour.'

'I shan't mind that,' answered Mr. Malan, cheerfully, 'if I don't miss anything else!'

The most extraordinary plant known as the 'travelling plant,' which has a root formed of knots, by which it annually advances about an inch from the place where it was first rooted.



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

#### BORN.

- Truro, March 13, to the wife of Mr. F. Calder, a son.
- Digby, March 13, to the wife of Joseph E. Snow, a son.
- Yarmouth, March 11, to the wife of Ches. Retz, a son.
- Alma, March 14, to the wife of Chesley Doncetti, a son.
- Parker's Cove, March 11, to the wife of Mr. J. Rice, a son.
- Vancouver, March 9, to the wife of F. W. Dowling, a daughter.
- Bridgewater, March 9, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Perry, a son.
- Truro, March 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Christie, a daughter.
- Halifax, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. D. Iton, a son.
- Amherst, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Budd, a son.
- Digby, March 13, to the wife of George Everett, a twin.
- Halifax, March 11, to the wife of J. B. Douglas, a daughter.
- Alma, March 13, to the wife of Samuel Rogers, a daughter.
- Digby, March 10, to the wife of Joseph Rogers, a daughter.
- Bethel, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Peter Barrow, a daughter.
- Parrsboro, March 5, to the wife of Alanley Welsh, a daughter.
- Amherst, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, a daughter.
- Westworth, Feb. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Batts, a daughter.
- Truro, March 2, to the wife of Mr. Adam Harding, a daughter.
- Moncton, March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gunnig, a daughter.
- Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 8, to the wife of Jas. Beers, a son.
- Victoria Beach, March 16, to the wife of James Ellis, a daughter.
- Salem, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Nickerson, a daughter.
- Westworth Station, Feb. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Slack, a daughter.
- Meagher's Grant, Feb. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greenough, a twin.
- Moncton, March 19, to the wife of Mr. W. H. Anderson, a daughter.
- Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 4, to the wife of Mr. James Wilson, a son.
- Grand Pre, March 5, to Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey, a daughter.
- Fort Millard, March 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Landers, a daughter.
- Westworth, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson, a daughter.
- New York, March 6, to the wife of Capt. M. J. C. Andrews, a daughter.
- Truro, March 12, to the wife of Mr. A. Roy McDougall, a daughter.

**BE AFRAID.** Have fear of a pimple that won't heal or go away. It may be a cancer-spot. Our Vegetable Cancer Cure is fully explained in our pamphlet. Sent for 5c. (stamp.) STORY & JURY, Bowmansville, Ont.

Amherst Highlands, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Maria Cornier, a son.  
 Bay of Islands, Halifax, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Harding, a daughter.  
 Lower Amherst, Albert Co., March 10, to the wife of Archie Beaman, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

- St. George, N. B., Mar. 9, Mr. James Chase to Miss Helen Dewar.
- Bridgewater, Mar. 9, by Rev. Mr. Board, Alden Wood to Miss L. Bridge.
- Amherst, by Rev. J. Grimes, Joseph A. Lindville to Lillian M. Rockford.
- Newport, Mar. 13, by Rev. A. Danie, Benjamin Dine to Mary Langille.
- Westmouth, Mar. 5, by Rev. H. A. Giff, George Whitehouse to Elia Barr.
- Kings Co., Mar. 12, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Geo. F. Wood to Miss L. Bridge.
- Truro, Mar. 15, by Rev. T. Cunningham, Hugh B. Hale to Miss Fanny Hughes.
- Truro, Mar. 10, by Rev. Edward Rose, Edward A. Stevenson to Agnes G. Dewar.
- Dartmouth, Mar. 16, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, William C. Marks to Maggie G. Day.
- Mahone Bay, Mar. 9, by Rev. F. Frigens, Chas. A. McLean to Lena J. Seaboyer.
- Hobroy, Mar. 15, by Rev. J. W. Engler, M. A. Le C. Crosby to Lena E. Doby.
- Rozbury, Mass, Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Bails, Clement B. Patten to Alice E. Potter.
- Salisbury, Mar. 14, by Rev. J. K. King, C. E. Harrison to Annie A. Thompson.
- Worcester, Mass, Mar. 9, by Rev. W. A. Nichols, Arthur C. Hall to Lena P. Hirtle.
- Ferris, Feb. 25, by Rev. W. H. Smith, Joseph Frank to Miss Bessie McKelvey.
- Parker's Cove, Mar. 10, by Rev. H. Achilles, Mr. J. F. Gales to Miss Bertha Turner.
- Lockport, Mar. 5, by Rev. Donatus Hemeone, Frank E. Thompson to Annie M. Aitile.
- Lunenburg, Mar. 15, by Rev. Benjamin Ellis, B. D. Deborah Wenzel to Stephen Berringer.
- Lynn, Mass., Mar. 1, by Rev. R. T. C. McKenzie, Geo. Doby Kilham to Grace Ellen McNeil.
- Redwood, N. B., Feb. 26, by Rev. F. H. Mear, Mr. Charles MacLeod to Miss Stacie W. Cean.
- Surrette's Land, Feb. 8, by Rev. J. B. Dupuis, Mr. Moose Bourque to Miss Agnes Bourque.
- Bridgewater, Mar. 8, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Mrs. Kenneth Foster to Josephine Wrylock.
- Yarmouth, Mar. 16, by Rev. E. E. Brithwaite, Capt. Arthur W. Hinton to Cora L. Williams.
- Fredericton Junction, Mar. 9, by Rev. Horace E. Dine, Mr. Sterling Landerdale Alexander to Amanda F. Salter Miller.

#### DIED.

- Lunenburg, Mar. 6, Norman Silver.
- Halifax, Mar. 16, James Heffner 88.
- Truro, Mar. 14, Mary A. Campbell 23.
- St. John, Mar. 15, John McFadden, 43.
- Colchester, Mar. 8, Neil McDonald 93.
- Worcester, Mar. 17, John H. Crant, 61.
- Lakeville, Mar. 5, Wentworth W. 101 88.
- Shelburne, Mar. 1, Joseph M. Fisher 87.
- River Philip, Mar. 7, Mrs. H. Young 83.
- Milltown, Mar. 14, Mrs. Julia Walsh 87.
- New Glasgow, Mar. 14, George Miller, 90.
- Kempville, Mar. 13, Mrs. Geo. Wallace, 46.
- Windsor, Mar. 15, Henry Gordon a 77.
- Kempville, Mar. 12, Mrs. Chas. Boer 73.
- Kempville, Mar. 14, Mrs. Charles Bower.
- Milltown, Mar. 12, Mrs. Nancy McLun, 62.
- Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 25, John S. Brown 74.
- Surry a. C., Mar. 15, Elias Messinger, 86.
- Truro, Mar. 10, Sadie wife of John D. Ross 32.
- Derry, Mar. 9, James T. son of John Doran, 23.
- Dorchester, Mass., Mar. 6, Eliza D. Bower 36.
- Portaupee, Montserrat, Feb. 21, Adam Morrison 61.
- Truro, Mar. 9, Mary R. wife of Thomas Wallace 38.
- Halifax, Mar. 17, Mary E. wife of E. J. Delaney 30.
- Pictou, Mar. 9, Jean M. wife of Alex. McKenzie 85.
- Halifax, Mar. 16, Sarah A. wife of Archibald Power 30.
- Head Point, Mar. 8, Margaret, widow of Wm. McInnes.
- Bass River, Mar. 13, Rachel, relict of George Murray 72.
- Riverdale, Mar. 12, Mary A. wife of James Hart 74 70.
- Jordan Ferry, Mar. 6, Elvie, daughter of Ulrich Firth 16.
- Salm, N. B., Mar. 13, Katie, daughter of Louis Bell 14.
- Parrsboro, Mar. 5, Murray, son of P. Lawson Jenks 8 months.
- Tony River, Mar. 4, Bessie, wife of Thomas McKeown 30.
- Bozrah, Mar. 5, Margaret E. widow of the late John J. McNutt.
- Shelburne, Mar. 4, Clara L. daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Stiles 16.
- Moscon, Ms., 16, Hannah, widow of the late Edward F. Sherwood.
- Sobr Island, Mar. 5, Willie K. son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gies 23.
- Pt. Wolf, A. C., Mar. 9, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walsham.
- Marguobol Harbor, Mar. 1, Susie E. wife of Mr. Charles Campbell 25.
- Sonora, Guayaboro, Feb. 23, Clarence J. son of Mr. and Mrs. James Green 3.
- Montreal, Mar. 15, Jane, daughter of the late Michael Smith 11 months.
- Main River, Kent Co., Mar. 12, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clark 16.
- Yarmouth, Mar. 10, Alice L. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clark 5 months.
- Robbinston, Mar. 13, Harriet E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Newman 1.
- South Boston, Mar. 6, Allen Vivian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Small, 6.
- Moncton, Mar. 15, Percy, 11 months son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen McDonald, 11 months.
- Boston Highland, Mar. 14, Sila A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Webster, 9.

**MILBURN'S**  
 COD LIVER OIL EMULSION  
 Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese  
 Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.  
 No Emulsion so pleasant to take.  
 "I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, and after taking this splendid emulsion for a short time, I was completely cured."  
 HENRIETTA V. NICKERSON,  
 Lower Wood's Harbor, N.S.  
 Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

### RAILROADS.

#### Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:  
**Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.**  
 Lvs. St. J. on at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.  
 Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

**EXPRESS TRAINS**  
 Daily (Sunday excepted).  
 Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m. T. & S. and Fri.  
 Lvs. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.35 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.  
 Lvs. Yarmouth 3.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lvs. Digby 10.15 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues, Thurs. and Fri.  
 Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.40 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth.  
**S. S. Prince Edward,**  
 BOSTON SERVICE  
 By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train, and "Flying Business" Express, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.  
 Steamer can be obtained on application to City Agent.  
 Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.  
 W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.  
 P. GIFFKINS, Superintendant.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
**Easter Holiday Excursions.**

Tickets on sale to Teachers and Pupils in Schools and Colleges (on presentation of proper certificate from principal) March 19th, to April 9, good for return until April 19th, and to the Public April 17th to 11th, good for return until April 12th, at

**ONE WAY FARE**  
 for the round trip.  
 Further particulars on application to Ticket Agents.  
 C. E. E. Usher, A. H. Notman, Gen. Pass. Agent, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

#### Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:  
**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**  
 Express to Campbellton, Fergus Falls, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00  
 Express for Halifax..... 13.10  
 Express for Sussex..... 15.35  
 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.10  
 Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**  
 Express from Sussex..... 8.30  
 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30  
 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30  
 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 16.00  
 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.3  
 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
 D. FOTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

**Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Money Orders**

**FOR SMALL REMITTANCES.**  
 Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation

**CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.**  
 General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers  
 Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.  
 Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Boreal, Napanee, Timworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Montreal Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Rail way, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.  
 Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.  
 Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line (Mail Steamers).  
 Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent.  
 Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.  
 Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.  
 Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.  
 J. B. TONE  
 C. CORRIEHOUGH, Asst. Supt.

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