

PROGRESS.

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EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

Many Happenings Throughout Town That Will Interest the Readers of "Progress".

The chief topic of interest this week to many people has been the death of Bishop Sweeney. The late bishop was well known in St. John and was highly thought of by the people of all classes of religious belief. He was a quiet unpretentious person and possessed the happy faculty of remembering faces and names. In the last few years, owing to illness, he has somewhat dropped out of public view, but the older generation, especially those of his own religious belief, will ever remember his Lordship as a man firm in his conviction, an upright citizen and the promoter of many charitable and religious institutions in St. John.

While PROGRESS is being printed the funeral of the late prelate is being held, attended by thousands of people. The preparations for this last sad affair were certainly very complete and the attendance of Roman Catholic clergymen from all over the province is very large.

All who knew the late bishop held him in high esteem and the sincere words of regret that found expression from those who came to the city to pay their last tribute of respect were ample evidence of this.

Are You Ready.

On Monday the census man starts out and then the question begins. Are you ready for the siege? Is your temper in good order? Everyone must keep cool. Let not the lady who has passed her teens get too vexed when that very trying question is put "and your age please, mum?" nor the poor dear damsel whom beauty has failed to bless, when that all pointed query comes out "and are you married?" Then the bachelor must not forget his genial self when he is asked, "why he is not married," "why he is bald," "why his hair is red" and "if his father and mother's hair was red before his." These and many other questions, it is true, may be often trying and embarrassing, but still it is better to make the best of it. It is the law of the land and the poor census enumerator is not responsible for what he is called upon to do, of course there is a difference in the census men. There is he who blurts out his question and stands a chance of meeting with many a mishap, while again there is the tactful man who approaches the aged female with the question "is your grandmother in?" and asks the far from beautiful maid "if she is any relation to Lily Langtry?" and meets the crusty old bachelor with remarks on the blessedness of single bliss. The latter census taker has a far happier existence than his former worker, and probably finds out just as much of the truth. They get three dollars a day, but it is not as easy a job as it looks. There are all kinds of people, all kinds of whims, and it has got to be done just so.

The Bill is Dead.

Mr. McKeown's bill to allow the man to vote whether he has his taxes paid or not, is dead, or as good as dead. Most people thought that it never had much life and some of the persons who came to Mr. McKeown's assistance, were not the right kind to physic a sickly babe. As for taking a plebiscite on the question, that is not likely to happen this century, and by the time the next century comes in, it does not matter much to the present generation what happens then. There is just one way to vote, just the same as formerly, and that is pay your taxes and look pleasant.

It Will Still be Sold.

Liquors will still be sold in St. John, that is judging from the numerous applications in for Liquor License. The selling of the ardent is not yet a losing money business, at least many do not think so and are willing to take their chances. The time is near at hand when the Commissioners will have to say just who will be who but until then there are some anxious individuals. This week the Inspector accompanied by the Commissioners have been making a tour and all are on their best behavior. As a rule the bar rooms of St. John are in good order, especially so when it is known

that the Inspector is to be there, but when it comes to Inspector and commissioners too Well! well!

Beer on Sunday.

The news that reached the city this week that the legislature would look favorably upon the request made to allow

fares. A paragraph of 1929 has a head on it "just like Halifax" it speaks about some ice being discovered in some insignificant harbor. Attention is drawn to this because it exhibits that the newspaper head writers thirty years hence use the same old standing heads. The papers of the month of June 1920 are full of elections. The Dominion elections evidently taking place in this month. One party is called National Policy Protectionists while the other is named Protectionists for Revenue. Other paragraphs we will cipher better again.

Bishop Casey.

Bishop Casey comes to St. John warmly welcomed. He is not a stranger here.



THE LATE BISHOP SWEENEY.

the selling of beer on Sunday came as a shock to many, particularly to the Lord's day alliance. St. John is becoming used to these shocks, it was a shock when the selling of soda water and cigars was prohibited on the Sabbath, and probably the less righteous thinking feel that by carrying on the beer traffic on Sunday, there is a getting back at the alliance. If it should happen that one could purchase a glass of beer at Rockingham Park during some hot Sunday afternoon, St. John people may be just as good and perhaps not depreciate the Lord's day any less. It is not the doing of these things, so much as how they are done.

The Future Scope.

Owing to the very cloudy weather this week it has been found difficult to work the Future Scope to any advantage and the few paragraphs gleaned are not of as striking interest as usual. A paper of 1919

for years as rector of the cathedral he became well known as an energetic and beloved priest. He enters upon his field of labor here in the midst of friends. As a bishop he will no doubt carry on his work that will do credit to the denomination over which he is the head and fulfill the arduous duties for so many years carried on by Bishop Sweeney, most satisfactorily.

Good Services.

During the past week very interesting services have been held at noon in the Church of England Institute. These services which will continue next week are for men and a large number take advantage of them. Mr. Cowie who takes charge is a clever speaker and his discussion of certain subjects very learned.

Not Filled Yet.

The vacancy in the Post Office caused by Mr. Reed's death, still remains though the number of applicants keep on increasing. Who will get it or if the position



ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

The celebrant of High Pontifical Requiem Mass at Bishop Sweeney's Funeral.

contains the item "that the streets of St. John are in a disgraceful and muddy condition" which goes to show that our future city representatives are no better than the present ones in looking after our thorough-

will be filled at all are unsolvable mysteries. The friends of Mr. Michael McDade claim that he has the inside track for the job, but still it is often a dark horse that wins.

Maternity Home Sensation.

Still a Subject of Much Interest—The Girls Condition and how the Infant is Being Cared for.

That distressing incident in connection with the Salvation Army Maternity Home is still being extensively discussed and the public in general and the Roman Catholics in particular are now quite satisfied with the amicable ending of what threatened to be a most serious sensation.

The young girl, Ella Goodine, who has been the passive cause of the dissemination is still at the Rescue Home and during the present week her condition has become so serious that those in attendance feel assured that the end cannot be far off.

It was the intention of several prominent Catholics, who had interested themselves in the sad case, to have the young girl removed from her present abode to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, where she might end her days surrounded by people of her own faith and receiving all the consolations of her religion. But it is now understood that owing to the extreme weakness of the patient such a thing would be impossible.

Mr. Peter Goodine, the father of the unfortunate girl came from his home in York county on Tuesday. The meeting between the aged father and his daughter is said to have been most pathetic. The girl's mother is dead and it was only a few weeks ago that the father learned of his daughter having left Fredericton with this man Mason, to whom the girl claims she was married by a Presbyterian minister before leaving the capital. Up to that time he had believed her to be in the employ of a family in Fredericton. Meanwhile the base betrayer of innocence is still serving as waiter at the Queen Hotel and residing with his wife and family in that city. Public opinion is much against him, and many young men at the Celestial city have signified their will ingness and desire to assist in any corporal punishment that Mr. Goodine might contemplate meting out to the man who has so injured his only child.

Much interest has been exhibited in this sad case and many have wondered what would become of the infant who will in a few short weeks be motherless as well as fatherless. But at the present writing few babies are receiving as much attention as his particular one.

The child has been legally adopted by the Rev. Father Gaynor and it is needless to say will be well looked after by the gentleman. The infant is now under the care of Mrs. Cobolan of Britain street, who will look after it in a way that will no doubt meet the approval of those interested. During the week there have been many callers at Mrs. Cobolan's home and expressions of the sympathy felt have been left in a most tangible form.

On Sunday afternoon last the baby was baptized by the Rev. Fr. Gaynor in St. John the Baptist Church. The sponsors were the Hon. R. J. Ritchie and Miss Katherine L. Lowe. The child's mother was consulted as to any particular name she might fancy and she replied that she would like the baby to be called Robert. This was accordingly done and the name Ritchie added to it. Thus the infant rejoices in the rather pretty name of Robert Ritchie Goodine. It was not until the name had been fully decided upon that those present were awakened to the fact that the child would bear the full name of our police magistrate. The coincidence occasioned much mirth at the time, but the baby received the name all the same and it is to be hoped, and it is the sincere wish of PROGRESS, that with the kind friends who are interested in his welfare and with the opportunities naturally resulting from such interest, Robert Ritchie Goodine may live to make the name he bears illustrious.

A POPULAR MAN GONE.

William Tierney Called Suddenly by His Long Rest Saturday Morning.

The death of Mr. Wm. Tierney was so sudden, that his friends could scarcely believe the report when they heard it Saturday morning. He was about the previous evening talking to his friends, and retired in apparently his usual good health. An attack of heart failure at an early hour in the morning caused his relatives to send

hastily for a physician, but before he could arrive Mr. Tierney had expired.

There was no more familiar figure in the city than "Billy" Tierney, as he was cordially known. His popularity was unbounded, his manner pleasant, his humor unstinted. It was a rare day when Tierney did not have a fresh joke to tell, and many of them were good enough to last longer than he lived.

He entered into all innocent forms of sociability with zest and no circle which once enjoyed his company as a guest was complete without him afterwards.

Of a sympathetic and generous nature his hand was always ready to assist any one in distress. For years he has been the local agent for Mr. James Ready, and the day was rough indeed when he was not seen upon his rounds. His funeral on Monday was largely attended, all of his friends who could possibly do so taking the opportunity of paying this last tribute of respect. Handsome floral tributes from friends in Boston, Messrs. Kenny and Gorman were placed with those sent from this city.

Victoria Regina.

The letters V. R. continue to be displayed just as much as in the time of the Queen's life. People are very thoughtful about some little things while others of great magnitude escape the notice. Considering that Victoria has been dead for over two months, and Edward occupies the throne it is about time that the V. R. be changed to an E. The days of V. R. are passed into history and E. R. now reigns. Call in the old signs, especially in the city that boast of its Loyalist descent. There is no laxity in making the change.

The Victoria Stamp.

The stamp with the Queen's head to stamp collectors though the stamp will never become very valuable will soon fail to appear. The Queen reigned sixty four years and in that time it can hardly be estimated the number of stamps bearing her likeness that have been issued. It will take some time before the stamp will ever become valuable on account of its scarcity, not this century nor the next nor a good many centuries to come.

Capt Starkey's Death.

The news of the death of Captain Chas. Starkey was heard in this city with much regret. Capt. Starkey was captain of the river Steamer David Weston and later of the Victoria had become well and popularly known for his many good and genial qualities. The death occurred at New York on Thursday where the deceased had been for some time under special medical treatment.

PROGRESS

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A Load of Easter Eggs.

'Jerry,' my mother said to me at breakfast, 'I want you to do something for me today after your regular Saturday chores.'

'What is it?' I asked.

'I want you to take one of the horses and the light wagon and go to eight or ten places and collect a lot of eggs that have been promised to the ladies of our church for the egg festival in the village.'

It was the Saturday before Easter. The egg festival had been planned for the purpose of raising funds to buy a new organ, and was to be held in the vestry of the church on that evening. Eggs were to be served in every conceivable way. Some were to be colored and sold, and some sold as nice fresh eggs for home consumption.

As I enjoyed the prospect of driving around the country that balmy spring morning, I made haste to hitch one of our horses to the wagon.

While doing this I heard some one call out, 'Hello, Jerry! Goin' some place?'

I looked round and saw Luke Hopkins staring over the barn-yard fence.

'Yes, I am,' I replied.

'To the village?'

'Yes, after I have gone to a dozen other places first. Don't you want to go with me?'

'Don't care if I do. I came over to see if you'd go rabbit-hunting with me, but you've something better on hand, and I have to go to the village some time today, anyhow.'

Luke, who was about my own age, lived on the farm next to ours, and he and I spent most of our spare time together. He said, as we drove out of the barn-yard: 'We ought to have some fun before we get home. Where are you going first?'

'Over to Susan Dorr's.'

'You don't mean to say that old Susan Dorr is going to give you any eggs?'

'Mother has her name first on the list, I said.

'It is the first time Susan Dorr, for all her money, ever was known to give away anything,' replied Luke.

Susan was in her doorway when I drove up to her gate. She came forward to ask me what I wanted.

'My mother told me to call here for some eggs you were going to give for the egg festival,' I said.

'Well, I dunno as I can spare any, after all,' said Susan. 'My bees ain't been layin' as I had a right to expect they would at this time of the year, an' eggs are fetchin' a cent a dozen more than usual just now. Howsomover, as I said that I would, I reckon I must let you have a few, anyhow. You wait here, an' I'll go an' fetch 'em out.'

She returned presently with three very small and not very fresh looking eggs.

'One of 'em is cracked, but it will do just as well as any for cookin',' she said, as she handed them to me. 'One of you had better hold the cracked egg in your hand so it won't crack clear open.'

Luke took the eggs with a grin on his face, and as we drove on, he said, in an undertone, 'Did you ever hear the like? And she has more than two hundred hens! She beats time when it comes to be saving.'

As we drove round a bend in the road by Susan Dorr's barn, her big yellow dog, a sneaking, cowardly cur, came racing out toward us, barking and snarling. Before I could restrain Luke, he stood up in the wagon and 'let fly' with the three eggs Susan had given us. He always threw with accuracy. The dog turned and fled yelping, with streams of egg dripping from his head, and we drove on down the road, with Luke laughing immoderately at the animal's comical appearance.

Our next call was at the house of jolly Hiram Downs, who had five dozen eggs ready for us; and we did not receive less than three dozen at any of the twelve or thirteen houses at which we called before we started for the village. We received the eggs packed away in boxes and in pails of sawdust. There were more than fifty dozen of them. Others were to be sent in from the other side of the town.

'The ladies won't need half of these eggs. There are enough here for an army,' said Luke.

'They can send any that are left over to the egg-packing factory in Dover and get a good price for them,' I told him.

We were within a mile of the church when we met a number of the village boys on their way to the woods to hunt rabbits. As we passed them, one of them said, mockingly: 'Hello, country jakes! Gaing to town to sell your truck, air yeon? Heow

much you gittin' ter aigs, hey? Pooty cheap, I reckon.'

At this fancied imitation of an old farmer, Luke's spittire temper rose. Imitating the young mocker, he replied: 'Wal, aigs air so blamed cheap neow that I am givin' them away as rewards of merit to perlike little town fellers like youn be.'

With that he reached down into a pail at his feet, picked up some eggs, and hurled one at the town boy who had sneered at us.

The egg hit the boy squarely on the nose, and his mates, instead of resenting Luke's act, burst into loud shouts of laughter, which increased when a second egg crashed under the boy's chin, and a part of it disappeared below his collar. As he clutched his hat to guard his face a third egg broke in his hair, and he turned and fled down the road, amid the shrieks of his unsympathetic comrades.

One of them called out as we drove on: 'I guess he won't say 'country jakes' again soon! You served him 'eggsactly' right!'

'That's six eggs I have thrown away,' said Luke to me, 'and I am perfectly willing to pay for them, and for six more, if they are needed for dogs and boys.'

We were on the outskirts of the town when we saw a rabbit run from some underbrush and enter a hollow log by the roadside.

'Let's twist him out,' said Luke, as he laid a hand on the reins and stopped the horse.

'We'd better go on,' I said.

Luke however, was bound to get that rabbit, and he jumped from the wagon and began to look for a stick with a crotch on the end of it. He found one in the woods near by, and began to poke away with it in the log. But after a number of futile attempts to dislodge the rabbit, Luke found that the stick was not long enough to reach him from the outside, and he crawled two-thirds of his length into the log.

Presently he emerged without his hat, saying, 'I'll have to get a longer stick. You come and stand here by the log and see that he does not get away while I am looking for the stick.'

'There is no place to hitch the horse,' I said.

'He don't need hitching. He will stand still enough any place.'

'I guess he will,' I said, and wrapped the lines around the dashboard.

While Luke searched for another stick I dropped upon my knees, peered into the log, and even thrust in my head and shoulders. Suddenly I heard wheels. Hastily withdrawing from the log, I saw old Ned running away down the road. He had fled from a man who had come up behind him on a bicycle, a thing which was then almost unheard of in our neighborhood. It had evidently given the old horse a great shock, for he snorted wildly and went racing down the road at a terrific speed.

Luke came running from the brush patch, and we ran side by side after the horse. The man on the wheel, which was a very primitive affair, joined in the pursuit.

But old Ned left us all far behind. He was more than three hundred yards ahead when we saw the wagon topple over as the horse rounded a sharp curve in the road.

'Good-by, eggs!' gasped Luke.

'There won't be one left!' I said, panting.

We hurried on to the curve in the road and found the ground yellow with broken eggs. The bed of the wagon lay a little further on, but old Ned and the running gear had disappeared.

We journeyed on sadly enough, and found the horse at a little mill near the village, one of the mill hands having stopped him. The running gear of the wagon was not badly damaged, and we drove back to where the bed of it lay by the roadside. We were very sober as we drove home ward with the hattered pails and less than a dozen whole eggs.

'I will have to give the four dollars I have been nearly six months saving for a shotgun,' I said, moodily.

There was consternation when I reached home and told my mother what had happened, and Luke and I received what we deserved. Then I was sent off to the village to tell the women of the church about the runaway.

It was a relief to find when I reached the church that the man who had been gathering up the eggs on the other side of the town had brought in such quantities that the festival could go forward with enough and to spare

for all who might come. But this fact did not save my four dollars for me. I had to pay it over to the festival fund, and Luke had to contribute his three dollars to the same purse.

Catarrh.

Catarrh is an inflammation of any of the mucous membranes of the body. It is marked by the usual signs of inflammation and, as the word implies,—being derived from a Greek word meaning to flow down,—by a more or less profuse discharge.

Catarrh may be acute or chronic, and the latter, as will be explained later, may be either atrophic or hypertrophic.

Acute catarrh unfortunately needs no description, for it is only too familiar to us all as a cold in the head. In this case it is the mucous membrane of the nostrils which is inflamed. The most obvious symptoms are swelling of the membrane, which may be so great as to close the nostrils completely, and a profuse discharge.

When acute catarrh attacks the pharynx or larynx we have a sore throat, and if the inflammation extends still further we have bronchitis. In the latter case the most evident sign is a cough, due either to the presence of a mucous discharge, or to irritation caused by the air passing through the inflamed bronchial tubes.

In young children the inflammation in the larynx causes much swelling, and this gives rise to the difficult breathing and hoarse voice which characterize one form of croup.

If catarrh attacks the stomach it causes severe indigestion, and when the intestinal mucous membrane is affected the most prominent symptom is diarrhea. Conjunctivitis and acute inflammation of the ear are the expressions of catarrh of the eye and of the drum of the ear.

In chronic catarrh the process is less active; there is usually little or no pain, but the discharge is profuse and thick.

In hypertrophic catarrh the mucous membrane becomes permanently thickened and in atrophic catarrh it is thinned. Atrophic catarrh is not really an inflammation, but rather the result of a previous inflammation which has destroyed the mucous membrane, leaving in its place merely a thin skin, covering the surface, but answering none of the purposes of a mucous membrane.

A catarrh may be caused by anything that acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane—dust, sulphurous, ammoniacal or other strong fumes, undue dryness of the atmosphere, and so forth, in the case of the air passages or eyes; indigestible food, alcohol, and so forth, in the case of stomach or intestines.

Often the inflammation is due to the action of microbes, which are probably always present, but can work harm only when the soil has been prepared for them by mechanical injury, or by congestion caused by a chilling of some portion of the surface of the body.

Unfair Preceding.

Mr. Alonzo Columbus Jefferson had been much interested in a trial for murder which had been held in the city of his birth. On the day before the trial ended he met his pastor on the street.

'I suppose you'll feel it your duty and pleasure to go to the court-room tomorrow,' said the minister, who knew his parishioner's excitement over the matter. 'I should like to be present on that occasion myself. It is conjecturable, Mr. Jefferson that the judge's charge to the jury will be something extraordinary.'

'Sah,' gasped Mr. Jefferson, his mind emerging from its entanglement in the mysteries suggested by unfamiliar words, 'does you mean to tell me dat after de time dose pore jury gen'lmen hab set in dat co't room, sah, an' tried to keep awake an' go hungry, an' listen to all dat evidence, true en' su-subburious, sah, dat dey's going to be a charge made, an' dey've got to pay it?'

'Seems to me,' said Mr. Jefferson, rolling his eyes heavenward with a pious but learned expression, 'dat justice is a mighty 'pensive an' onreasonable business; it does so, sah!'

Perils of the Colorado.

The Colorado river is considered the most difficult stream in this country to navigate. Rapids, falls, boulders and whirlpools beset the way of the venturesome sailor who trusts his bark on this untamed, boisterous flood. Where the river is broad deep and swift, the bottom seems to be covered with pot-holes in the sandstone, and to have great heaps of constantly changing quicksand. These cause numberless cross currents underneath the surface, which at times seem to combine, resulting in an enormous up-shooting wave, which breaks through the surface of the water with a swish and roar that are appalling, and tosses anything it may strike.

Over and over again the boats were turned upside down by these "mountains," says Mr. James, in describing the perils of a

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party of explorers in 'In and Around the Grand Canon, and if the men were not 'ducked' more than once a day they considered themselves fairly fortunate.

Brown, the leader of the expedition, and a man named McDonald were ahead in a boat and undertook to run the first rapid, by the side of which was a great whirlpool. They were going safely along a neutral strip of water between the two, when an enormous up shooting wave struck the boat in the middle, threw it into the air, and pitched Brown into the whirlpool and McDonald into the rapid. Both were powerful swimmers.

McDonald struck out, calling to Brown, 'Come on!'

Brown replied, 'All right!' and faced down the river.

McDonald had now all he could do to care for himself. Three times he was thrown under by the terrific tossings of the mad waters, but he managed to reach a rock about six hundred yards below the scene of the mishap.

Dragging himself out, he was horrified to see Brown still in the whirlpool. Frantically he gesticulated to the following boat. It recognized his signals and dashed for the whirlpool, but too late. Brown had disappeared a few seconds before it reached him, and that river never gives up its dead.

What They Knew of Lincoln.

The unconscious humors of ignorance will never cease. Perhaps the distorted ideas concerning a popular idol which prevail among the 'rank and file' account in part for the wild growth of legend, in the course of generations, around a famous name.

A newspaper prints some answers to questions asked concerning Lincoln at a written examination of candidates for the New York police force. The applicants were asked to write all they knew about Lincoln, and the following was the result in two cases:

'I will tell yous aull that I know about Abraham Lincoln that he has bin a Pre-sented of the New York City.

'Has lost his life while holling pirsing [holding position].

'He was at last assassinated out of the effects of which he died.

'The person who shot Mr. Lincoln was supposed to be a Southern Confederate named Gistean for this offense he was tried and convicted and sentenced to be be-headed.'

Another wrote: 'Kind Gentlemen, in reference to the life of Abraham Lincoln would say that I am not personally acanted with him he was Clurk in a grocery store and could lick any of the village boys. He at one time had a very bad friend who at the end killed him.

'He was the President that freed the South and let the Dorkey go fred and he was shot by Garfield this is all that I remember of prestended Lincom so I will close hoping that I will pass.'

Trained Dogs.

Parisian thieves are clever, else some of them would not have trained a dog to be a useful accomplice. He was a mastiff, and his trick was to go bounding up against old gentlemen in the street.

Naturally the average old gentleman is not steady enough upon his feet to stand against four feet or so of mastiff, and the dog would, as a rule, bring the victim to the ground.

Then a "lady" and "gentleman" would

step forward, and with profuse apologies assist the fallen man to his feet. At the same time they would ease him of his watch, and of any other valuable he might happen to have about him.

Training can do much with a dog. A writer in Chambers' Journal tells of the successful efforts of a dog-owner whom he knew to train a dog to abstain from barking. It took three years to accomplish the feat, and in the end the owner flattered himself that in his non-barking dog he had a novelty.

In some Japanese cities that dog would have been prized, for there is a quaint Japanese law in force there which makes the owner of a night barker liable to arrest and the penalty of a year's work for the benefit of the neighbors who have been disturbed.

The non-barker, however was not so great a novelty as his trainer believed. The writer in Chambers' Journal asserts that there are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the Australian, the Egyptian shepherd dog, and the "lion-headed" dog of Tibet.

Skipper and Fisherman.

The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland Banks are many and grave. One of the greatest of them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, an accident which involves almost inevitable loss of life. The Philadelphia Ledger is authority for a good story in this connection.

Callous captains, secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disastrous are the results. One of these brutal skippers was aptly answered last year by a Banks man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

'Out with you!' shouted the captain.

'Hurry up, there! It's a fishing day.'

'Oh, no skipper,' replied the dory man. 'It's too stormy to-day for a boat to fish.'

'Nonsense, man!' rejoined the skipper.

'If my old grandmother from Provincetown was here to-day she'd get her dory out.'

'Then skipper,' said the man, 'if your grandsean will come out with me now I'll hand my trawl.'

It is needless to say that no dories were launched.

Not His Day For Selling.

'Does you want to see de president of de road?' queried the colored man who sat in a chair at the head of the stairs.

'Yes; he's the man I want to see,' replied the caller.

''Bout a pass or suuthin'?'

''Bout buying out the road for \$50,000-000 Can you attend to the business for me?'

'I 'pects I could, sah; but, dis being my second day yere an bein I ain't teelin' powerful well, perhaps you'd better see de president hisself—right down de hall an second doah to de left, sah.'

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Mr. Tom be heard at der the m... Miss McLac should prov... St. John mu...

Mrs. Frisk her far west... Middle Wes...

Jessie Bar for a week in turn to the c... Arthur Sid years with F... own pastore... Time has be prominent th... Boston.

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Bianche W the Sward-H novel. It w... ant efforts to Walsh will s... supporting o... strong one.

Miss Edith has been in the general h... Hall. Miss' with the 'Inflor with the chor her solo num...

Manuel G seventh year still gives a f... the oldest par the world. T... has deemed a... but he is still is every reason will attain his...

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TALK

The Herma ing in the city

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERBONES.

Mr. Hall, an Englishman at present staying in the city, is the possessor of an unusually fine tenor voice, with which he pleased attendants of Centenary church on Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Tom Daniel, the English basso, will be heard at the approaching concert under the management of F. G. Spencer. Miss McLachlan and Mr. Daniel combined should prove an irresistible attraction to St. John music lovers.

Mrs. Frieke last week practically closed her far western tour and is now in the Middle West.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has been visiting for a week in Chicago; she will probably return to the eastern circuit in April.

Arthur Sidman has signed for a term of years with Fred E. Wright to star in his own pastoral play 'York State Folks. Time has been offered in New York at a prominent theatre, also time for a run in Boston.

The Stratford-on-Avon festival under the direction of F. R. Benson will take place from April 15 to 27. The second week will be devoted to a cycle of six historical plays—King John, Richard II, Henry IV, and Richard III.

Blanche Walsh's production of 'Joan of the Sword-Hand' is a dramatization of the novel. It will be one of the most important efforts to be staged next season. Miss Walsh will spend \$30,000 on it, and her supporting company will be a particularly strong one.

Miss Edith Torrey, dramatic soprano, has been in Montreal this week singing at the general hospital concerts at Windsor Hall. Miss Torrey made a great success in the 'Inferno' from the 'Stabat Mater' with the chorus of 400 voices as well as in her solo numbers.

Manuel Garcia entered his ninety-seventh year on March 17, and thus, as he still gives a few lessons, he must be by far the oldest practicing professor of music in the world. This year for the first time he has deemed a change of climate advisable, but he is still in excellent health and there is every reason to hope that the veteran will attain his centenary.

Speaking of Puccini's Tosca a production which is to be given in Boston shortly, a writer in the London Times has the following to say of Puccini's music.

"In his 'Manon Lescaut,' and again in his 'Boheme,' the composer has proved himself a master in the art of poignant expression, and it is most gratifying to find that he can handle the larger passion of the cantatrice with a certain touch as he displayed in treating the less strenuous griefs of his two former heroines. Such scenes as the love-making in the first act, the horrible scene of torture in the second, or the tragic denouncement of the whole are treated with wonderful skill and sustained power, so that each rises to its natural climax and therefore makes a tremendous effect. At the very opening of the flight of Angelotti into the church gives a note of tragic import to the whole, which is soon relieved by the humor of the plump sacristan. The whole second act is extremely fine, and the scene between La Tosca and Scarpia while Cavadarossio is undergoing physical and the singer mental torture is carried on with masterly knowledge; throughout the music is individual, in that it could have been written by no other hand than Puccini's and characteristic, in that every note sung by the chief personages seems to belong to them by natural right. There are a few leading motives; but the Wagnerian principles in regard to their use are naturally not carried out to the fullest extent. The crazy Scarpia seems to be represented by a succession of major chords, not obviously related to one another; the loves of the painter and the singer by a phrase of haunting and voluptuous beauty and the passion of Scarpia by a phrase with an arpeggio in it—a phrase which seems derived from that of 'woman's charm' in the Nibelungen trilogy. These and the others which occur require no special study for their identification; as the programmes say, 'they speak for themselves, and most eloquently, too. The gavotte and the cantata chorus, which reach our ears from the fete in the second act, are in excellent style, and belong to the period of the action, or a little before it, as it may be doubted whether the Roman composers of 1800 were capable of producing so interesting a piece of solid workmanship as the cantata, or so graceful and original a composition as the gavotte.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Hermann Stock company are staying in the city while they organize for the

summer season. They will play at the Mechanic's Institute in May.

During his St. John engagement Mr. Mawson will play Bertuccio in A Fool's Revenge.

Boston theatre goers are to see Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in 'Manon Lescaut'. The piece has only been seen in St. Louis and New York so far.

Miss Amelia Bingham will return to New York on January 27, 1902, her tenancy continuing all season. She will have a new play for the engagement.

Sapho, the famous Olga Neshersole production, complete in every detail, comes to Boston next week. It will be presented with precisely the same cast as then save for the substitution of Sadie Martinet in the title role.

Boston will have an opportunity of seeing 'Unleavened Bread' the dramatization of Judge Grant's novel, made by the author and Leo Ditrichstein, for it is to be given at the Tremont theatre on May 6 with the original cast.

Peg Woffington finished his short career in London on the 15th and Marie Tempast will not again be seen until the autumn when according to present arrangements she is to be the first English stage representative of Becky Sharp.

John Page, who made a great hit last season through his acrobatic dances with Jerome Sykes and Edna Wallace Hopper, in Curis and the Wonderful Lamp, is making rapid strides in the vaudeville world and may star soon.

Augustus Thomas is at work on the new comedy in which Frank McKee will present Peter Dailey next season. A preliminary outline of the new piece has been approved by Mr. McKee. Mr. Dailey will close his season in Hodge Podge late in April.

President McKinley has purchased the controlling interest in the grand opera house of Canton O and Frank Daniels, the comic opera star, will have the honor of being the first actor to play in the president's theatre. Mr. McBarber, the president's brother-in-law will manage the theatre.

Iadora Rush, who achieved an enviable reputation as a comedienne, as leading lady for Roland Reed for several years, has made a great hit this season in the part of Bell Money in 'The Rogers Brothers in Central Park.' She jumped quickly into the front rank of vaudeville performers.

An ordinance was introduced in the city council of New Orleans last week prohibiting the overcrowding of theatres in that city, and providing free admission into the theatres of all councilmen and their clerks. When the ordinance reached the proper committee the latter provision was judiciously stricken out and the section referring to the overcrowding of theatres favorably reported. It is estimated that had the ordinance been passed as drawn seventy-five additional dead heads would have been forced upon the local managements.

Lavinia Hart in an article upon the stage mechanism in the Cosmopolitan for March says: 'In the production of Clyde Fitch's 'Lovers Lane' at the Manhattan, four apple trees are used which cost \$1100. Two of them are out in spring blossom, and the two used in the previous act are covered with autumn foliage. The leaves are beautifully tinted and each one is wired into the boughs which are taken from natural trees and riveted with iron sockets into papier-mache trunks covered with bark. At the back of the tree in which the boydenish Simplicity takes refuge the bark is cut away, disclosing a span of wooden steps. This is not the only instance where actors and actresses rise to dizzy heights by the aid of the property man.'

Mr. W. G. Eliot, an actor who has met with considerable success at his trade, writing in the National Review on 'The Stage as a Profession,' paints a picture which is not calculated to encourage the twenty candidates who are ready for every vacant place. In England the man who plays small parts or half trained 'fresh-man' may hope to earn \$20 a week as a maximum. But since the theatrical season only lasts from thirty five to forty-five weeks in the year the result is an actual income that is hardly satisfactory. The existence of the members of a company that tours the 'provinces' is not a happy one. 'A life offering no home of any sort to the wandering actor; a succession of more or less dirty lodgings in utterly uninteresting provincial towns; a life of small salaries and perpetual travelling on the only day of rest in the week with the name of the company printed on the railway carriage doors for station loafers to gaze at. In time; a life of this kind seems to turn the average intelligent man into a kind of packing and unpacking machine, narrow-

"77"

A Cold is usually caused by checked circulation, known by a chill or shiver, Dr. Humphrey's "77" starts the blood coursing through the veins until it reaches the extremities, when the feet warm up and the Cold or Grip is broken, while its tonicity sustains the flagging energies.

COLDS

ing his mind down to the mere theatrical surroundings of a provincial touring life. The youth who deserts a desk in an office or the counter for such an occupation has reason to pause and consider if he did well in taking to Bohemia. As for those who abandoned a paying occupation, lured by the will-o'-the-wisp of the foot-lights, their case is indeed wretched. The dream of devoting themselves seriously to an "art" results in an awakening to horrible doubts as to whether or not there is any art after all. The years go by and the metropolis, with its fame, is as far off as ever. 'Can any parent or well wisher,' asks Mr. Eliot, 'desire such a fate for their son, daughter or friend? And yet this is the life that hundreds are undergoing every day because they cannot work in London, and also because a long country tour is more certain than a London engagement.'

Mr. Daniel Frohman and his stock company has left New York for Chicago, where they will begin a two weeks' engagement on Monday. The company will end its spring tour on April 20, and will open its next season in San Francisco on Aug. 19, presenting "Lady Huntaworth's Experiment." The San Francisco engagement will be a long one, and the company will not return home until the Christmas holidays. It will then be seen in a new play with several new members including a new leading man. Those already engaged for next season at Daly's are Miss Hilda Spong, Miss Cecilia Lottus, Miss Beatrice Morgan, Miss Allison Skipworth, Mrs. Walcott, Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Ethel Hornick, Miss Gertrude Bennett, Mr. Charles Walcot, Mr. William F. Owen, Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, Mr. William Courtenay, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Albert Howson and Mr. Arthur Forrest. A well-known English actor is being negotiated with to replace Mr. John Mason.

The fuss made about the gentleman who has just performed the feat of eating fourteen pigeons in fourteen days, says the London News, would considerably have astonished certain musicians who bore the reputation of being famous trenchermen. The tale is, of course, as old as the hills of Handel, who, having ordered dinner for three, explained 'I am de company.' Then, coming down to our time, there was the late Franz Abt, who, it is alleged complained, 'The goose is a disappointing bird. It is too much for one, and not enough for two.' The late Signor Agnesi, the greatest florid basso the present generation has known, considerably amused Titens at a Brighton hotel by demolishing a pair of fowls in his own account, and then asking for a cut off the sirloin of beef. Parke, too, in his 'Musical Memoirs,' speaks of a musician who weighed ten pounds avoirdupois more after than before dinner. Parke, however, is not always implicitly to be believed. For does he not cite the case of a trombone player whose supper bill consisted of eleven glasses of brandy and water and a toasted cheese.

Clara Lipman, now playing in 'All on Account of Eliza,' has had an unusually interesting experience on the stage and told it thus in her own words to a New York reporter the other day: 'My first experience of interest was as a member of a German stock company in Milwaukee. 'Oh, me! I'm not a German; but I speak the language, and find no difficulty in the work. The experience was invaluable to me. I had a great variety of characters, and this was essential schooling for me. There, too, I had the opportunity of supporting Mitter Wurtzer and Sonnenthal, which was of inestimable value to me as a young actress. The first time that I played in Boston was when I came here with Modjeska, and played with 'Odette.' Then I remember with pleasure my visits with 'Incoq,' which played an engagement here at the Hollis, and then I came back here again to the Museum where we are now playing. Then, following Incoq, Mr. Mann and myself were members of the company playing 'Nothing but Money,' which toured the country, and out in California several other pieces were produced; and then we starred. 'Yes; it was a bit of romance. Mr. Mann and I wanted to be married, and I

seemed to us that the best way to do was to make the partnership artistic as well as matrimonial. In the second respect, the venture was an emphatic success, but in the first, hardly. You see, the play was bad, although the characters were good, and the venture did not prove what one would wish. Out at one of the one-night stands, one of the first places visited by us Mr. Mann was curious to see how the piece was liked by the people. So he went down to a neighboring barroom after the show. Sure enough, there were some of those who had paid, and they were talking it over among themselves. Wall, John' said one, 'bin t' show t'night?' 'Yes,' was the response. 'What'd you think about it?' The second man simply turned his back to the first speaker, drew aside his coat-tails and said, 'Kick me.' That was all that he said, but it was quite enough.

Stocking a Farm.

Some time ago an unusual consignment of farm stock arrived in the harbor of New York and was ferried across New York Bay and the Hudson river. No peaceful domestic animals were the occupants of those stout packing cases, which were carried on trucks for several miles, but frightened, angry beasts fresh from tropical wilds and forest fastnesses. Elephants and camels trudged in the rear, suggestive of a circus or menagerie. But the animals were not going to a menagerie, but to a veritable farm.

They were to form part of the stock of the New Jersey wild animal farm, a new American industry started with the idea of supplying the show business and the zoological garden demand. It is the first attempt to establish an animal-supply bureau here.

The strange procession came at last to a patch of land on the edge of the Jersey meadows. Here was enclosure with a very high board fence, the roof of several shanties showing above it, and a long building of corrugated iron at the end.

A reporter of a daily paper gives a pen picture of that strange farming enterprise as he saw it on a recent visit. The iron building contained the iron bound cages barred at one side, that held lions, tigers, panthers and other dangerous beasts. These boxes were ranged in tiers two high in the building; but there is sometimes an overflow, and wolves and bears are penned in the yard.

The yard has covered pens along two sides of the fence, a windmill, and a series of tanks that are used for the stock of fish. A few trees give shade in the yard, and one of the shanties affords accommodation for the attendants.

The animals were thin, rough furred and out of condition for the most part. Nearly all of them had lately been landed from an ocean voyage. As soon as a beast or bird gets in good condition it is sold, and carried away to begin its menagerie days.

Camels wandered unrestricted about the yard, and the herd of elephants lumbered backward and forward as far as their heavy chains would permit. Grizzly and brown bears, gray and brown wolves lay in boxes with netted fronts, the wolves calm and lazy, the bears in a state of unrest. Three or four peccaries were in a cage near by, and two buffaloes were puffing and wheezing in a farther pen.

The work of the attendants is not always easy or safe. The reporter saw the moving from one cage to another of a wild lately captured panther, and he, as well as the men, found it exciting work.

The panther was moved into her new quarters at last, but the foreman, as he wiped the perspiration from his face, remarked, 'It's hard work, though there's no danger if you're careful.' Undenably it was necessary to be careful.

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Opening for an Argument.

Two members of a scientific society were discussing recent discoveries while at an annual reunion of the organization. One was an elderly bachelor and the other a maiden of equally mature years.

'I dare say you have noticed,' remarked the lady, 'that in St. Joseph, Missouri, a Chicago electrician not long ago succeeded in restoring an unmistakably dead cat to life?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I have noticed it with sorrow and indignation. If he wanted to prolong the life of some creature, why in the name of all that is righteous and of good report did he select a cat?'

What she would have said in rejoinder

E. W. Snow

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could only be conjectured from her flashing eyes, for at this moment they were summoned to refreshments.



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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 30.

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

THE NEW BUILDING.

The opening of the new science building in connection with the New Brunswick University forms no small chapter in the life and work of this well known institution. That the success of the undertaking is assured goes without saying. Friends and graduates have worked hard towards the erection of the new structure and they can now feel that their labor has not been in vain. By the granting of a large sum of money towards paying off the indebtedness the Provincial Government has done a popular and proper act. The money goes for a worthy object and one from which New Brunswick must reap its reward. Progress congratulates the university in its magnificent new building and the Province on its educational advancement.

GREAT BISHOPS.

New Brunswick has had two great bishops—JOHN MEDLEY and JOHN SWEENEY. These two men though of entirely different religion, thought and training, yet had many characteristics in common. First and foremost both were earnest advocates and leaders of Christ's holy gospel, not by ostentatious display or haralding of trumpets but by quiet, simple and yet energetic methods. Both in departing this life left behind them a record worthy the name of bishop. All denominations respects the memory of the deceased, all classes of citizens mourn the loss of mortals so upright and conscientious. Bishop MEDLEY and Bishop SWEENEY, by the simplicity of their living, their kind heartedness and cordially became beloved by all men. People may differ in the manner of worshipping the Supreme being, but to the broad and high minded man who conscientiously performs God's work must ever be held in grateful remembrance. Bishop SWEENEY may not have been as great a preacher or as brilliant a scholar as the late Bishop MEDLEY, but these are mostly gifts for which humanity is not responsible. It was as an administrator that the late Bishop of St. John shines most prominently. To him the great success that the Roman Catholics have met with in recent years must be attributed. The loss to the denomination of which he was at the head in this diocese, is no small one, but in the time of mourning it is gratification to his people, to feel that the mantle of the deceased prelate is to be borne by one in every way respected and esteemed.

A ROYAL CRUISE.

Before the death of Queen VICTORIA it had been arranged that the Duke of YORK should open the first parliament of the new Australian Commonwealth in the queen's name. The visit was not abandoned; it is to be considerably extended. The duke now goes out as the Duke of CORNWALL and YORK and the heir apparent to the British throne, and on his return to England, as a special recognition of his services, he will be created Prince of WALES. The duke and duchess sailed on the sixteenth of this month. Their cruise will probably occupy six months. They will be escorted by two British cruisers throughout the long voyage. The first stop is at Gibraltar. Thence they pass through the Mediterranean to Suez, stopping at Malta on the way; and then on to Colombo, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand, and homeward by way of Mauritius, the Cape West Indies, Canada and Newfoundland. Many persons now living recall the visit which the present king, when PRINCE OF

WALES, made to Canada and the United States about forty years ago; and not a few stately dames have it among their pleasant memories that they dined with him on that occasion. The present heir apparent is much older than his father was at that time, and more serious-minded besides. His projected visit is an important state event. It is intended to express to the colonies the mother country's appreciation of their loyalty in the time of her need, and of their sympathy in the time of her bereavement. As the future King and Queen of England, the duke and duchess will be received with affection and enthusiasm, nowhere more so than in Australia, where the founding of a great commonwealth has in no way diminished the warmth of allegiance to England.

What happiness can a rich man find equal to that which comes from such a use of his wealth? We contrast the advancing years of a man like Mr. CARNEGIE with those of a man whose old age is devoted to a wealth which already burdens his strength and which he must soon leave behind him. Such a man is no longer anxious over the vicissitudes of business; and the risks of fraud or folly. He sees intelligence and virtue developing about him. His declining years are made happy and beautiful, as were those of PETER COOPER, by watching the happiness of a multitude to whom his bounty has supplied the opportunities and the pleasures of useful life. He has adopted a city, a community, as child and heir, and he knows he has the honor of his fellow citizens, and he enjoys the approval of his own conscience. Such is a beautiful crown of strenuous life.

GILMAN, the late millionaire tea merchant, appears from all accounts to have had his own rather peculiar ideas of hospitality. It was his practice to invite a great number of sports men, and of women not too scrupulous, to take life easy and make things lively at his expense at his prince-like place by the sea, "Black Rock" then, when they came, he would receive them all with the glad hand; but if, in any way, though but by the merest accident, they crossed his whims, he would give them the cold shoulder, followed by the casual remark that the carriage would be at the door in a few minutes.

OUR CITY HOSPITAL.

Patients Are Many—All Speak Of The Kind Treatment Received. There are very few people who realize how much sickness and trouble there is in this small city of ours. And very few indeed who understand the amount of good work that is carried on at the General Public Hospital.

To visit that institution, to inspect the different wards would show one how much suffering and misery there really is. There is not a ward where there are three vacant cots, while the numbers who come to the hospital every morning and receive medical and surgical treatment free of charge are beyond count.

The patients speak in the highest terms of the treatment they receive and the kindness and consideration shown them by all the nurses, and also by the resident physicians. Dr. J. Macaulay and T. Morris.

The entire interior of the hospital is a model of cleanliness and careful and painstaking interest. There is one thing however, which strikes the visitor to this institution as being out of keeping with other modern improvements, and that is the location of the operating rooms. These are situated on the first floor near the main entrance and the moans and cries of those undergoing surgical treatment can be plainly heard by persons entering the building and more distressing still are painfully audible to the patients in the wards on that floor. It would seem to one that rooms in a quiet part of the building would be more suitable for this purpose. However we have much to be thankful for, and the citizens of St. John should feel proud of the manner in which this greatest of our public institutions is conducted.

Unsafe Betting.

Sir John McDonald used to say that an election was as unsafe a thing to bet on as a horse race. Sir John's opinion is generally accepted as correct, and it would seem that it is just as unsafe to bet after election is over. Not a few of the gambling turn of mind wagered that the Liberals would have between forty or fifty majority in the first division. When the division took place the majority was but nine—it was a snap vote but it counted just the same. On Thursday the liberals had fifty-four to the good, so those who bet on the liberals having over forty majority were right but they bet on the wrong division. It all goes to show that as far as voting is concerned it is never safe to bet until the votes are counted. Even then something may happen.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the Shade of the Old Rowan. In the shade of the Rowan tree first in bloom, With its fragrant clusters of blossoms white; Your fair hand beckons me out of the gloom, Like an angel's smile in a lonely room; After a long, dark night, Leading me forth to the morning light.

I follow the waves of your calling hand, To your sweet face there were the vine inweaves; As spring glides over the saddened land, Till under the blossoms I see you stand, And verify there my soul believes; I hear your voice in the bright green leaves.

You come in the silver winged morn' of spring, Like a poet's dream with a crown of gold; Till the blossoms of the Rowan tree softly sing, And twilight memories round it cling; Where long they were and in the days of old, When that heart broken parting in tears they told.

Why seek you to call me sweet soul of a prayer, O'er answered but briefly to stay; Where now lingers o'er me a dark cloud of care, The Rowan tree left me in sorrow to share, As the night winds its sad branches sway, O'er the love light that once blent a beautiful day.

I clasp your hand now in the leaves and the shade, Let that summer come back, and the old love return With the blush in the roses those sweet moments made, From the heart of a passion now never to fade, Kept freshened with love in a tear jeweled urn, That only with death into ashes may turn.

In the shade of the Rowan tree morn'aring still, The cross we have carried we lay; For all we have suffered, the good and the ill, We trust'll leave to the great Father's will; For without its long winter no bright summer sky, O'er our sleep can strewn roses, Oh, never to die. (CYPRIUS GOLDIE, Eden Vale, New York.)

The Organist.

I wonder how the organist Can do so many things; He's getting ready long before The choir stands up and sings; He's pressing buttons, pushing stops; He's pulling levers and strings; And testing all the working parts While listening to the prayer.

He runs a mighty big machine, It's full of funny things; A mass of boxes, pipes and tubes, And sticks and slats and strings; There's little whistles for a coat, In rows and rows and rows; I'll bet there's twenty miles of tubes As large as garden hose.

There's scores as round as stovepipes and There's lots so big and wide, That several little boys I know Could play around inside; From little bits of piccolos That hardly make a note, There's one, I guess up to the great Big eleva' or coute.

The organist knows every one, And how they ought to go; He makes 'em humble like a worm, Or plays 'em sweet and low; At times you think them very near; At times they're roaring high, Like angel voices singing far Off somewhere in the sky.

For he can take this structure that's As big as any house, And make it squeak as softly as A tiny little mouse; And then he'll jerk out something with A movement of the hand, And order you to think you're listening to A military band.

He plays it with his fingers and He plays it with his toes, And if he really wanted to He'd play with his nose; He's sliding up and down the bench, He's working with his knees, He's dancing round with both his feet As lively as you please.

I always like to take a seat Where I can see him go; He's better than a sermon, and He does me good I know; I like the life and movement and I like to hear him play; He is the most exciting thing In town on Sabbath day. —George W. Stevens.

A Coming of Pan.

The skies are overcast and drear, He has the breeze and low; Not e'en a bluebird pioneer Of spring his head will show; But underneath my window pane I feel forth the pipes of Pan; The god disguised in form and face— The first hand-organ man.

What matter if the rhythm fits The time of "Sweet Marie?" 'Twas born of reeds, I warrant it's Some clack in melody; I hear the woodwind pipes resound, The waters lap and sing; How strange is music, redely ground, Should breathe the breath of spring!

"Through Georgia" they are marching now— And I am here in May; The road with one hand wipes his brow, Yet ceases not to play; The marching gathering in the street His willing captives fall; The pipes maintain their magic sweet—"A-a-a" after the bat-a-t!

Alas! they're silent. From my hold The clinking accordion drops; Small pay, indeed, for strains entrolled From such unequal stops, Smiles broad the dolly. He knew I understand his plan, And so, with childish reticence, Moves on the great god Pan.

A Cause for Joy.

Now may the joyous shirt wails; Their voices raise in song, And celebrate this glorious day With psalm loud and long. Let summer girls and winter girls And girls of spring and fall Unite to make the welkin ring From Tampa to St. Paul.

The peachy blond, the lithe brunette, The girl with Auburn hair— Let all join in the joy that tells 'Tis circumambient air.

Oh, Sweet Sixteen, and maidens who Decline your years to tell Let every one, of every age The gladdest chorus swell!

Strike up the timbrel, harp and lute And raise the mandolin! Sing loud the high triumphal ode— Let every voice join in!

Oh, spread the joyous news abroad— Let ne'er a voice be dumb— The U. S. Senate has repealed The tax on chewing gum. Chorus Re-voiced Once, Splendid, Perforated, Dressed, 27 Waterloo.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

News of the Passing Week

The taking of the census of Canada begins on Monday.

Canadian parliament will adjourn April 4th until April 9th.

It is reported that Kruger will visit the United States next month.

Princeton defeated Yale on Wednesday in the annual debate.

Bishop Sweeney of St. John died on Monday in his 80th year.

Forty-two robberies were reported to the Chicago police in one day.

Forty thousand enumerators will take the British census next Sunday.

The southern part of Samoa, Asia Minor is in rebellion against the Sultan.

Charlotte Mary Young, the author, is dead. She was born August 11, 1823.

Archbishop Lewis of Ontario has been dangerously ill this week in New York.

The New York Legislature on Tuesday passed a bill abolishing capital punishment.

The Canadian Senate began its investigation into the Cook's charges on Tuesday.

The Union Pacific and the Burlington main lines in Nebraska are blocked with snow.

The new science building in connection with the N. B. University was opened on Tuesday.

Over 5,000,000 acres of agricultural land in Mexico has been obtained for Mormon colonies.

The trouble between the Chicago Board of Trade and the Telegraph companies have been settled.

The British civil service estimates, just issued, show a total of £23,630,120, an increase of £788,812.

The Hampton and St. Martins railroad, which has been blocked for the past couple of weeks, is again open.

On Thursday evening the Bishop of Fredericton administered the rite of confirmation at St. John's (Stone) church.

Dr. Drummond gave a series of readings at the St. John institute Thursday night to a highly delighted audience.

The report that Lord Salisbury is ill is somewhat exaggerated. He suffered from a slight cold in the head, but is better.

The news from South Africa this week consists of a number of small British victories and the scattering of Boer forces.

Walter Golding a well known young St. John newspaper man has gone to the States to enter upon a lucrative position.

The government bill to introduce Torrens system of Land Titles was read in the New Brunswick Legislature on Tuesday.

Rev. W. J. Cox, Anglican chaplain of the second Canadian contingent has been appointed assistant curate at St. George's church, Sydney, C. B.

Dr. London, president of Toronto University, visited Rethesay Collegiate school this week and was also a distinguished guest of the University.

H. F. Hall, an Englishman possessed of a splendid tenor voice, sang at the morning and evening services in Centenary church, St. John, Sunday.

George T. Bliss, the well known retired banker, is dead at his home on Fifth avenue, New York, as the result of complications developed from the grip.

At a special meeting of the high standing committee of the Independent Order of Foresters, at Fredericton, Friday evening it was decided to hold the annual meeting at Chatham, at 8 p. m., on July 9th.

J. A. Cosman, grand master of the Nova Scotia masons, who was recently married was presented at Halifax this week with a handsome present accompanied with an address, by the members of the fraternity.

Robert Lee, a well known resident of St. John, passed away at his home, Duke street on Saturday. Mr. Lee came to St. John in 1842, and after serving for some time in the Bank of New Brunswick, went into business, the firm being known as Henderson & Lee, and later, after the

death of Mr. Henderson, changed to Lee & Logan.

Father Renard, a prominent Jesuit of the University of Ghent, has gone to London, where he was married.

According to private advices from Macedonia, a band of Turks massacred three Bulgarian families in a village there.

At Birmingham, Ala., a tornado killed about 25 people, nearly all negroes, and destroyed property to the extent of \$250,000.

McKeown's bill that a man should vote irrespective of the taxes being paid or not has been recommended by the N. B. Legislature with the amendment added that a plebiscite must be first taken on the question.

Wm. Thompson & Co. received a telegram from Hon. A. G. Blair, who stated that it had been announced in the house that the bill respecting the safety of stripping would not contain the clause respecting compulsory inspection of deckloads.

The smallpox inspector at Sudbury reports that new cases of the disease are coming in daily from lumber camps, and there has been much concealment. There are 156 cases in Ontario, but it is now under control and will be stamped out in a few weeks.

Two thousand of the 2500 dock laborers who went on strike in Naples, Tuesday, in sympathy with Marseilles strikers, decided to resume work, provided vessels from the south of France were not admitted to the port. It is expected that the local strike will end Saturday.

Mrs. William Cowan, 68 years of age, was found dead in her cottage at Galt, Ont., Tuesday morning. Her head and body were a mass of clotted blood. She had evidently been beaten to death with a spade. The police have been unable to find a clue to her assailants.

The Chicago Tribune says that the great trotting race between Crescenzo, Borloma and Charley Herr will be held over the Washington Park in that city. Negotiations have been in progress for some time and it is now said that the race is practically assured for Chicago.

Queen Alexandra arrived in Brussels Friday evening travelling in the same white saloon car used by the then prince of Wales by Spido. All of the curtains of the train were drawn. The British minister to Belgium, Mr. Edmond C. H. Phipps, presented a bouquet to Her Majesty and the train then proceeded to Copenhagen.

The steamer Miors, which arrived in Vancouver, brings advices of a terrible hurricane which swept over the New Hebrides islands with destructive effect. New Caledonia in particular suffering from its devastating effects. The wind drove several vessels ashore and played havoc with the Nickels Co.'s property. There was no loss of life.

The persistent rumors in Berlin of the betrothal of Crown Prince Frederick William are, the Associated Press is informed in reliable quarters, entirely without foundation. Neither Emperor William nor the crown prince will consider such a possibility for some years. The crown prince will enter the University of Bonn for the summer term.

A steamer at Vancouver, B. C., brings a tragic story of the obliteration of a native village near Kumui, New Guinea. The little settlement was completely wiped out by hostile natives from the interior. The same bank of marauders shortly afterwards attacked a mining camp in the gold fields. Henry King and Thomas Campton, owners of the mine were killed after being savagely tortured.

The Salt Lake Tribune says the next big move in railroad circles will be the incorporation under the laws of Utah of a Denver & Rio Grande incorporation to cover the Utah-Colorado lines, which are to be formed into one system, this system is to be part of the Missouri Pacific system. At this time it is impossible to give the capitalization of the new system but the

[Continued on Page Eight.]



The millinery retail establish Many ladies throughout the port and annual Easter Sunday varieties in hats Lent is near Ladies are very season will very light social

The five o'clock German street of the Willing afternoon proved successful affair. 7 in green and white waiting appeared were refreshment by Mrs Hunt, Miss Alice Estey, Miss Lewis, Miss Vaughan, The Mrs Wilmore, Miss L. Hamer, Robertson, Miss Floyd and Mrs.

Miss Katherine seven weeks visit Miss Walker a short time in the Mr Wm C. J. child arrived here They are guests of Miss B. B. Smith a short visit. Mr Walter E. staff left here for Worcester, Mass. Mr Golding was and was looking young writers friends wish him Mr and Mrs J. pleasant trip to Dr and Mrs St. On Wednesday Mrs Thomas E.

The Twentieth people's organization five members, got the parents of the evening passed. Those who assist Miss Edna Austin, Miss Grace Hath, Miss Louise Mearns, Miss Minnie Uph, Miss Louise Kest, Miss Olga Smith, Miss Barber, Miss Flossie Egan, Miss Louise Egan.

On Thursday afternoon of a very pl Lady Tilly gave Howland of Swift young ladies who coming here. The and the afternoon manner.

Miss Zillah Rabe will sojourn in Mr and Mrs Deber of their friends their residence. Games, music and in until quite a late dainty repeat the their respective position of the efforts.

Miss Elsie Stone leaves early next remaining for an afternoon and evening called on her at bye and wish her chosen work.

The Rev D. F. will deliver a lecture draws church on

most interesting when tin of

BAKING POWDER wholesome Week

Anderson, changed to Lee... prominent Jesuit of Ghent, has gone to Lou- was married.

...p.vate advices from Mac- of Turks massacred three ties in a village there.

...ill that a man should vote the taxes being paid or not mended by the N. B. the amendment added that t be first taken on the ques-

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The military openings both to the wholesale and retail establishments have been well attended.

Lent is nearly over and no doubt the society ladies are very glad of the fact. The joyous Easter season will very likely bring in its train many delightful social functions.

The five o'clock tea held in the vestry of the German street Baptist church under the auspices of the Willing Workers society on Wednesday afternoon proved to be a most enjoyable and successful affair.

Miss Katherine Greaney has returned from a seven weeks visit to friends in Montreal. Miss Walker of New Glasgow, N.S., is spending a short time in the city.

Mr Walter H. Golding of the Star reported staff left here by train on Monday morning for Worcester, Mass. where he has accepted a position on the news gathering staff of the Telegram.

The Twentieth Century Musical Club, a young people's organization, consisting of about twenty five members, gave a recital on Monday.

On Thursday afternoon Carleton House was the scene of a very pleasant little social function when Lady Tilley gave a tea in honor of her niece, Miss Howland of Switzerland.

Miss Zillah Rankine has come to Bermuda where she will sojourn for the next couple of months.

lect will be the life and works of Robert Louis Stevenson and those who attend may be sure of an able and learned discourse.

Mr and Mrs H W Belding of King street east entertained the Crokinole Club of which they are members, at their residence on Tuesday evening.

Miss Gladys MacLachlan of Wentworth street is entertaining Miss Daisy Winslow of Fredericton. Miss Winslow made many friends during her last stay in the city and is being warmly welcomed back.

Miss Olive read a very interesting paper on New Zealand before the Natural History association on Thursday afternoon. Miss Olive spent some time in New Zealand and many of the incidents related in her paper were personal experiences.

Mr and Mrs Wm Kerr leave early in the week for Halifax on route to England and Scotland.

Mrs G. J. Dolson of Moncton was here for a few days this week attending the millinery openings.

Miss Helen Robertson is visiting several weeks in Boston.

Lady Tilley is entertaining her nephew Mr J D Chipman of St. Stephen.

Mr and Mrs G Herbert Flood left this week on a short vacation trip to Toronto.

an extended visit in Odell, Ill. at the home of her sister, Dr R Henry Larsen.

Dr and Mrs H B Mason entertained the vocal club of which they are members, on Friday evening.

Mrs Sedge Webber is visiting friends in Houlton. Mrs Theodore Marchie gave invitations last Friday to reception at her residence to take place this evening from seven until ten o'clock.

Mrs (Mrs) Jas Dyer has now almost completely recovered from her severe illness.

Mrs (Dr) Ross went to Halifax this week where she will visit for a short time.

Mrs Echal Snow daughter of Mr W C Snow has gone to Worcester, Mass. where she will take a course in professional nursing in the Memorial hospital.

Mrs Helen Robertson is visiting several weeks in Boston.

Mrs (Dr) Freeman and Miss Lockett have been quite ill with a gripe.

Mrs (Dr) Freeman and Miss Lockett have been quite ill with a gripe.

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

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan

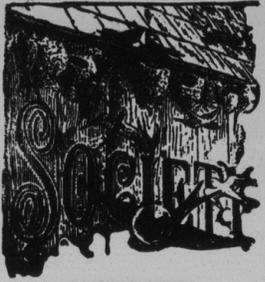
WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Home Needlework Magazine. Issued Quarterly. 35 cents per year. Should be on every Lady's Work Table.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

Fry's Cocoa is absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is very rich, healthful, nourishing. It is economical to use because of its great strength. It dissolves easily. It has taken medals everywhere because of its superior excellence.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the embryo and at the following news stands and cent es.
MORSE & CO. ... Barrington street
CARPENTERS ... Cor. George & 5th

The readings given here during the week by the learned Dr. Drummond were attended by enthusiastic and representative audiences. His selections from his book 'The Habitant' were particularly well received.

The North End whist club held its last meeting of the season at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eland Hall, Campbell Road, on Thursday evening of last week.

An amateur production of the ever popular opera Chimes of Normandy will be given here on Easter Monday night. It is of course promises to be successful.

A pleasant at home was given on Saturday last at the Ladies College. A large number of invitations were issued and the affair was well attended and passed off very pleasantly.

Mrs. Black, wife of the Rev. Dr. Black is to receive her friends during an evening of this week. Col and Mrs. Wilkinson leave next month for England, Col Wilkinson's term of appointment on this station having expired.

A most enjoyable time was spent at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Innes, 2 Harris street, last Friday evening, it being the celebration of their silver wedding. Some very pretty presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Innes.

Miss Raffuse, of Chester is visiting in town. She is being treated for throat trouble by Dr. Fliinn. The many friends of Surgeon General Oliver who is now sojourning in the Isle of Wight, will be glad to learn that his health, which was somewhat impaired, has now become almost fully restored.



HALIFAX NOTES.

The man who can hardly crawl, and has just strength to get through a day's work, has no strength left for family life. He wants to be quiet; to be alone, out of sight and sound of everybody.

What a difference between such a man and the healthy, hearty man, who romps with his children and rides his laughing baby to 'Banbury Cross.' What makes the difference? Usually disease of the stomach, involving the entire digestive and nutritive system.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. When these diseases are almost made a new man of me. I feel young as I did at thirty years.

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

returned to her home in Berwick on Saturday last. Miss Sadie Crawford left for Boston on Saturday to attend the millinery openings.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kilian who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. F. M. Kilian, Norfolk, Va., returned per steamer Boston on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Madsen leave on Saturday on their way to Europe where they will spend some months. Rev. Mr. Goucher is expected to officiate during the absence of Mr. Madsen.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. McGregor of New Glasgow, spent a short time in town on their return from St. John, guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McKeen Crescent avenue.

McInnis, King street and will remain a month longer. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Noonan and family went to Amherst on Tuesday, where they will reside.

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

Progress Job Print.

KENTVILLE. Mar 26—Miss Cole of Acadia Seminary, spent last Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. A. L. Hardy.

Miss McKee, who has been at her home in Halifax for two weeks, returned on Thursday. Mrs. D. B. Woodworth, who has been spending some weeks in Boston and New York, has returned home.

Miss Fitch daughter of Dr. Simon Fitch is visiting in Wolfville. Mrs. W. B. Wallace and Miss Fuller of Halifax were here last week.

Mr. Richard Starr returned from London last Monday. He had a pleasant trip. Mr. C. E. Starr and Mrs. Starr arrived home from Boston on Saturday last. Mrs. Starr has been absent all winter.

Miss Susie Little, B. A., of Toronto is visiting her sister Mrs. Oscar Chase, Church St. Mrs. Kathleen Jones who has been a Red Cross nurse for several years will give a course of lectures on nursing in Kentville immediately after Easter.

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Containing 280 pages descriptive matter fully illustrated. Sent to Any Address in Canada POST FREE.

As a result of extraordinary efforts to cater to the demands of our immense patronage, we have endeavored to so improve our various departments, that we can unhesitatingly state to intending purchasers that they will find, upon comparison, that our prices are the lowest obtainable for first class goods, and the qualities such as we know will meet with your approval and give thorough satisfaction.

All orders and requests for samples entrusted to our care will receive the most prompt and careful attention.

SEND A TRIAL ORDER AND YOU'LL BE CONVINCED.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

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They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped "1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladies, etc.

FAT REDUCTION.

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 30 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province at its next session for an Act to amend the law relating to Hard Labor Sentences in Goals.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. For sale low in bond or duty paid. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COPPAGE CITY PARK, Limited, for the purpose of acquiring, owning and managing Real Estate, and improving the same, and the erection of cottages and other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mortgage or sell the same, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 14th, 1901.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

Puis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, H. C. PRIZETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

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A Perfect Home Dye.

Maypole Soap Dyes, which are made in England, yield an absolutely even color—they are very brilliant—absolutely fadeless—they dye to any shade.

Maypole Soap.

If you can't get them, send to the wholesale depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

Mar. 28.—Mr. J. Halifax last week, Mrs. Geo. F. Corbin Shaw & Clements, Miss Christina L. the guest of Mrs. F. Miss Josephine R. Mass., where she was connected with the panted her as far as Ralph Oliver or last week. Mr. William Dun after a two weeks so Misses Nellie and Clements. Miss Jones of We week with Mrs. H. L. Mrs. Wm. Malloch, Mrs. B. C. Parker mother, who was ve las. The basket social Easter Monday eve. There will be Mitchell's orchestra. The Academy of an occasi and a gran W. Mar. 27.—A letter Mrs. Ella Hamilton last Wednesday evening by Rev. A. W. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. day at the Carlie. Miss Berrie Mc visiting her friend Thomas Riley an ing Mrs. Riley's an Mrs. W. Armstrong John and Boston business. Andrew Myles w on a business trip. A Brown, Chatham spent Sunday at the Rev. F. B. Todd ha Rev. Thomas and Miss Mary Malach Ranger on a visit to The death occur last of Mrs. Byron ball had gone to the cal treatment at the ness was of such benefit: her. Mrs. Jessie Louie a guest of the Carlie Mr. and Mrs. B. week. Miss H. Tucker after spending a Mr. and Mrs. M here for a few days. Miss Page, of C Miss Clark, daught stock. Mr. and Mrs. M York on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Ch a trip to New York. MARCH 28.—A v took place in Dal when Misses, Dan was married to E. that place. The George Fisher, at er. The relatives the only guests to have many friends congratulating spending a couple weeks at the Carlie. Mrs. H. A. Quilty John to attend the Miss Millie Fish in Moncton, N. B. Miss Bessie Wh N. S. Mrs. W. A. Hicker the guest of Mr. the Rev. Dorcas of Mrs. G. A. Lounsbury Dr. Cates, monthly his usual dentistry. Miss Benson of Ritchie. Mrs. J. Demers inery openings at THE BOSTONIAN Mrs. H. A. Quilty is the only market. Parmelee a parative. The other pills weak regulating the liv late where other an injurious nat powers, enters in Spring is co Joy is her At the croo White was For THE OVEN dependency and is one cause and means a disorde stomach means This brings the w victim feels sick Pills are a recog hat will follow th "All the white at both ends." "And keeping th Messrs. North- pretors of Dr. T now being sold in the Dominion. I valid everywhere it banishes pain able specific for a to" is valued by than gold. It is frame. To the should be in every "My dear," said like to complain. "What's the ma "Well—at—Graciously I wa tough eggs. I'll Bickie's Anti-C read of the list. I lungs. It acts liough is soon un lived, even the lieved, while in to fall. It is m principles or vi and can be deper- plains. The Judge—Y roped, making The Wise—W ill fitting boot way's Corn Cur at once and cure. Ida—I want you recommended Ad—Flash

Y CO. LIMITED. March, 1901.

MAIL. Catalogue

pleasantry by the use of. D. Efforts to cater to the demands... James Street, Montreal

NOTICE.

ON will be made to Legislature... B., Jan. 14th, 1901.

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STORIES by Nelson Page, James, van Dyke, Seton-Thompson, Wharton, Thant, Allen White.

AL ARTICLES Paris Exposition.

IRLAND'S article and exploration.

WARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Sena-

BLE ART FEATURES COMWELL ILLUSTRATED by celebrated American artists.

Chavannes, JOHN LAFARGE, illus-

illustrative schemes (in black and white) by RAPPLETON CLARK, LEXETTO, HENRY MOSE, DWIGHT L. ELMEN-

Illustrated Proseoctus to any address.

SCRIBNER'S SONS, publishers, New York.

ANNAPOLIS. Mar. 28.—Mr J M Owen spent a few days in Halifax last week, returning home on Monday. Mrs Geo E Corbett is visiting her friend, Mrs Shaw at Clementsport. Miss Christina Leslie has arrived in town and is the guest of Mrs F C Whitman. Miss Josephine Ritchie has gone to Waltham, Mass., where she will enter the training school in connection with the hospital. Her sister accompanied her as far as Yarmouth. Ralph Oliver of Digby spent a few days in town last week. Mr William Dunne arrived home on Saturday after a two weeks sojourn in the land of the Usans. Misses Nellie and Grace Dunne spent Sunday at Clementsvale. Miss Jones of Weymouth spent a few days last week with Mrs H L Rendell. Mrs W M Maloch has gone to New York. Mrs E C Parker of Yarmouth is visiting her mother, who was very sick but is now convalescing. The basket sociable to be given by the band on Easter Monday evening promises to be a real success. There will be dancing to music furnished by Mitchell's orchestra, and selections by the band. The Academy of music will be decorated for the occasion and a grand time is promised.

WOODSTOCK. Mar. 27.—Albert McBride of Red Bridge and Miss Ella Hamilton of Woodstock were married last Wednesday evening at St John's church, Richmond by Rev A. W. Teed. Mr and Mrs E D Fidgeon of St John spent Sunday at the Carlisle. Miss Bertha McLean of Florenceville has been visiting her friend Miss Violet Watson. Thomas Riley and wife of Bangor, Me, are visiting Mrs Riley's father, T Hourihan, Newburg. Mrs W Armstrong, Glassville, has gone to St John and Boston in the interest of the millinery business. Andrew Myles went down river, on Wednesday, on a business trip. A Brown, Chatham, and J G Grier, Galt, Ont, spent Sunday at the Aberdeen. Rev F S Todd has been visiting his parents here Rev Thomas and Mrs Todd. Miss Mary Malaney arrived home Monday from Bangor on a visit to her parents. The death occurred at Fredericton on Monday last of Mrs Bryon Kimball of this town. Mrs Kimball had come to that city in order to undergo medical treatment at the Victoria Hospital, but her illness was of such nature that the change did not benefit her. Mrs Jessie Lowe of Toronto was here recently as a guest of the Carlisle hotel. Mr and Mrs J Bohan of Bath were in town last week. Miss H Tucker of Canton has returned home after spending a short time here. Mr and Mrs M Munson of Fort Fairfield were here for a few days last week. Miss Page, of Centreville is visiting her friend Miss Clark, daughter of Rev J W Clark, Woodstock. Mr and Mrs M Welch, Bristol, went to New York on Saturday. Mr and Mrs Charles Garden left on Thursday for a trip to New York.

NEWCASTLE. MARCH 28.—A very quiet but interesting wedding took place in Dalhousie on Saturday evening last, when Missie, daughter of the late James Moffat was married to R Z Walker, I C R station agent at that place. The ceremony was performed by Rev George Fisher, at the residence of the bride's mother. The relatives of the contracting parties were the only guests present. Mr and Mrs Walker have many friends who will join with us in extending congratulations and good wishes. They are spending a couple of weeks visiting a number of western cities. Mrs. H A Quilty left by Tuesday's express for St John to attend the spring millinery openings. Miss Millie Fish returned from a visit to friends in Moncton, N. B. Miss Bessie Whitney is visiting friends in Truro N. S. Mrs W A Hickson spent several days in Chatham the guest of Mrs Russell. Miss Dorcas of Fredericton is visiting Mr. and Mrs G A Lounsbury. Dr. Cates, dentist, will be in town this week on his usual monthly visit. Miss Benson of Chatham is visiting Mrs. Robert Ritchie. Mrs. J Demers left yesterday to attend the millinery openings at St. John, N. B.

THINGS OF VALUE. SOMETHING MORE THAN A PUNGENT—To purify the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative power, enters into their composition. Spring is coming! Spring is coming! Joy is here beyond a doubt! At the grocery on the corner. Whitewash brushes now hang out.

FOR THE OVERWORKED.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nerve system. This brings the whole body into subjection, and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

All the while the cashier was burning the candles at both ends. And keeping it dark! Well, I declare! Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Elixir. This is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with anxious delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. The valuable specific for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

My dear, said the meek Mr Newlived. "I don't like to complain, but this complaint you made—" "What's the matter with it?" she inquired. "Well—er—er—rather hard to get it, and—" "Gracious! I was afraid that man would send me tough eggs. I'll stop dealing with him."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

The Judge—Your husband is entitled to a little respect, madam. The Wife—Well, that's what he gets. Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns. Ida—I want to have some pictures taken. Can you recommend a photographer? Ada—Fishman! I've heard that he has a way of

making the homeliest people look absolutely handsome. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expurgator; safe, sure and effective. Try it and mark the improvement in your child.

REQUESTED TO RESIGN. Copyright 1901, The Christian Herald, New York.

There's no idiom been a day more sad experienced than when That grandest and most loveable, and sanctified of men, The Rev. Aaron Lambly, of the church at County Line. After forty years of labor was requested to resign. The feeling had been growing in the church since early Fall, But dear old Dr Lambly hadn't noticed it at all; He had been so very busy with the sick and the distressed. And in starting a revival in the district over west, Of the inspirations which we ought to get from Jacob's dream; And in planning how to interest the ones inclined to shirk The quarterly collection for the Foreign Mission Work; In praying for the dying and for those already dead, And officiating cheerfully for those inclined to wed; In encircling his intellect for something which would bring: The younger people out to service Sunday evening; In trying to assist his wife and daughter to restore, The harmony existing in the Dorcas League, before The elder Mrs. Skittles and the younger Mrs. Dye, Had the tiff about the proper way to make an apple pie; And in visiting the people who had lately come to town, And were living in the tenent house of farmer William Brown, And in doing every single thing he really ought to do, In which he much resembled, I presume, the most of you, Made up the list of reasons why the pastor didn't see The trouble which was brewing in the little church, till he, The old and faithful leader of the flock at County Line, After forty years of service, was requested to resign.

There were half-a-dozen meetings held before the thing was done, And the resolutions, put in shape by Lawyer Anderson, Were adopted at a meeting which was held prayer-meeting night, In secret, in the offices of George Augustus Wright The resolutions opened up about a half a sheet Of taffy for the pastor—almost good enough to eat—Of his long and faithful services, together with a few Quotations from the Scriptures, and a Latin phrase or two, With a "Whereas" and a "Therefore" and a "Be it now Resolved"— All included in a sentence which was more or less involved. But intimating plainly that the church at County Line Would be obliged to ask its aged pastor to resign. The resolutions mentioned, as the reasons for the act— "Gristly"—what was simply a re-stating of a fact—That there'd been no change of pastors for a double score of years, And progressive members of the church were forced to voice their fears That the pastor and his sermons were not strictly up-to-date; That his excellent discourses were a trifle overweight, And that possibly by a younger man could satisfy the need For a more delightful Gospel and a more progressive Creed: And, in short, that while the flock could scarcely seek a pasture new— It was stated in a sentence most indubitably true—That 'twas different with the pastor of the pasture abroad Who could easily go out and seek another field instead; And that shimmering the document to just about a line The Reverend Doctor Lambly was requested to resign.

Not intending to be cruel, but succeeding just the same, The document was handed to the pastor when he came To the church on Sunday morning, and he carried it along With the usual bunch of "notices" (the most of them too long) To the quaint, old-fashioned pulpit, where he laid them down beside The Bible and the hymn book, while he sedulously tried To get an understanding of the Temperance Legion's plea For a liberal attendance at its Rainbow Colored Tea. And to read the warty writing, which announced that Thursday night The Women's Sewing Band would meet, to gain a little light Respecting contributions toward the filling of a box For the Chinese missionaries, who were much in need of socks, And the usual other notices of meetings through the week— For the workers, and the prayers, and the lowly—and the meek: And as the old man read them there was peace within his heart, As he breathed a prayer of thankfulness that it had been his part To keep this flock together and to lead them toward the right, And to do his humble best to keep them ever in the light. His spectacles grew misty, till he polished them with care, Re-adjusted them, and saw the "Resolutions" lying there.

There was tense and awful silence in the congregation then; There were some who felt triumphant, there were some smirking, conscious men; There was here and there a Christian, there were some who softly wept; There was Uncle Reuben Meddlerland, who usually slept, But was wide-awake this morning, with a look upon his face

As of one who felt most keenly a defeat without diagnosis. For good old Uncle Reuben was of those who voted "No!" But then "he always was," they said "old foggy and slow."

The pastor sat in silence as he read the paper through: His face was calm and placid, and the people never knew What he thought or felt or suffered as he came to understand, Laid the paper by the Bible, bowed his head upon his hand And sat in meditation, or perhaps in silent prayer. He did not move, he did not speak, and all the people there Wondered while they waited, and time grew strangely long That the pastor sat in silence there before the little throng.

Three times the village doctor had half started from his pew And dropped back again as though he seemed uncertain what to do; But at length he hurried forward till he reached the pulpit stair And touched the silent figure of the pastor sitting there; As 'then he faced the people, but they knew before he said In language which was technical, but simply meant that, DEAD, The old and faithful pastor of the church at County Line Was sitting there before them when they'd asked him to resign!

The Latin words the doctor used related to the heart And its fatal lack of action as revealed to him by Art; But it rather strikes the writer that the pastor had To another field of labor, from the Ruler Over All, Where the congregation's different from the one at County Line, And it's seldom that an angel is requested to resign.

The first train bearing recruits for the South African constabulary left Ottawa, Ont., for Halifax Tuesday afternoon. There was a noticeable absence of the enthusiasm incident to the departure of the first contingent a few months ago.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Supereding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchis, Pennyroyal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Marto Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 im ROBERT MARSHALL.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED SALESMEN to travel with most complete line of Paints, Colors and Varnishes on the market. Jewel Refining Co., Paint Department, Cleveland, Ohio. 5-16-0.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, term agent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income: \$ 68,890,077 21. Disbursements: 38,697,480 68. Assets: 304,844,637 62. Policy Reserves: 261,711,988 61. Guarantee Fund or Surplus: 60,132,648 91. Insurance and Annuities in Force: 1,052,666,211 64. Loans on Policies During the Year: 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LABOIR WILKES, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

NEWS OF THE PASSING WEEK.

(Continued from Page Four.)

Denver & Rio Grand Western at their present capitalization would create a capitalization of over \$84,000,000.

The Indian secretary, Lord George Hamilton, in the house of commons, London, Tuesday, said the government had no intention of again considering proposals for the free coinage of silver in India.

A report has been received at the war department, Washington, from Gen Wood, showing that the death rate for the city of Havana for the month of February was 19.82 per 1000.

A half dozen vessels of the British Mediterranean squadron have been located long the coast of the Ophir so as to communicate by wireless telegraphy with telegraph stations along the coast to report to Vice Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher at the squadron headquarters at Malta.

"Auld Lang Syne."

Out in a Western forest, where a little log cabin had stolen a bit of ground for itself in the very shadow of the forest trees, a lady traveller found herself besighted.

After supper, the traveller, who had observed a little old fashioned melodeon in one corner of the room, went over to the instrument and was about to open it.

"Oh, you mustn't play! Grandma don't let us touch the melodeon since grandpa died. She says music is only for happy folks."

For a minute the lady hesitated; then with a pitying glance at the old, bent figure by the fire-place, she opened the melodeon, and touching the yellow keys softly began to sing in a low, sweet voice the words of "Auld Lang Syne."

Each word as it dropped from her lips quivered through the silence that had fallen upon the room. The child stood beside the visitor, awed and frightened, but the old white-haired woman by the fire only leaned forward and listened.

Presently, as the full meaning of the simple, tender words stole in upon the narrow, grief-hardened mind, her hands began to tremble, her head sank upon her breast, and tears fell from her eyes.

The Beefsteak was Good.

It may be a question whether Thackeray cared very much for the pleasures of the table, but at least he wrote as if he did. Take the following reminiscence from one of his essays, and judge whether it could have been more lovingly composed if the subject had been a romantic one, and not merely—a beefsteak.

After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Helicobalus! As I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of the exquisite sensation I then had.

G. and I had quarrelled about the soup; but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other and loved each other. We did not speak; our hearts were too full for that. But we took a bit, laid down our forks, looked at each other and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth, no two lovers billing in the shade, no mother clasping her baby to

her heart more supremely happy than we. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again.

A Race With Death.

The New York Tribune recounts an exciting adventure which befell a man and his wife on the northern coast of Long Island, one of the rare occasions in winter when the salt water freezes hard enough for trips to be made on the ice.

As every one knows, the northern coast of Long Island Sound is broken up by a succession of small peninsulas and islands, which have been utilised for building sites for country houses. These points of land, formed by the deep indentations of the sea are very near each other, so that houses that are miles apart by land are often directly opposite each other, with only a short stretch of water between.

It was one evening, after a pleasant little dinner at the opposite house, that Mr. and Mrs. B. announced their intention of returning home on their skates. Their host remonstrated.

"There is a southerly wind blowing," said he, "and some fishermen told me today that the ice wouldn't last long. You know how rotten salt-water ice is when it begins to go. You had much better let me lend you a trap, as you told your man not to come back, and return home by land."

But Mrs. B. insisted. "We skated this afternoon all over the bay, and the ice was perfectly strong," she said. "I have set my heart on skating home by moonlight."

So she pinned up her skirts and covered her dinner-gown with a long coat, and they started.

Heavy clouds obscured the moon from the start, and they had gone only a short way when a fine rain began to fall.

"Let us go back," proposed Mr. B., "and take the trap they said they would lend us."

But his wife would not hear of it. She bitterly repented of her obstinacy, however, when they reached the middle of the bay and heard through the gloom sharp reports like pistol shots.

"It is the ice breaking up!" shouted Mr. B. "Skate for your life!"

How they got over the remaining distance neither clearly knows. Crack after crack opened before them; the water rushed up about their ankles as their weight sunk the great pieces down for an end.

A single stumble would have ended matters for both of them, and the icy water would have rushed up and engulfed them if they had rested a second on the rotten salt ice. Only their fleetness saved them, and the fact that the tide was coming in, jamming up the ice on the shore instead of leaving an impassable distance of water along the edge.

When they finally reached the shore they threw themselves down on the frozen ground, too much exhausted even to speak or to take off their skates.

When Mr. B. got his breath his shouts brought the servants to their aid, and they were soon in the house, comforted by hot drinks and a blazing fire.

A Scholar's Pets.

If the following illustration of animal instinct is less remarkable than one given in a zoology class by a student, who said he knew a fellow who had a sister who had a 'tame jellyfish that would sit up and beg,' it is not without interest, for it concerns two intelligent dogs once the property of Prof. Max Muller. Says the London Telegraph:

Mex Muller's dogs were quite as notorious a part of Oxford as himself. He had two dachshunds, one black and tan, called Waldmann, another red, called Mannerl, own brother to Geist, Matthew Arnold's dog, for whom the poet wrote a splendid epitaph.

They were generally well behaved, but they were not above making insinuations into the gardens in Professor Muller's neighborhood, and even the artiest Mannerl was sometimes seen with his head in an odoriferous garbage barrel.

However their master thought he might even be able to prove that his dachshunds could distinguish colors. He had one basket for his black-and-tan dachshund, Waldmann, and another for his red dachshund, Mannerl. The black dog looked best Professor Muller thought, on a red pillow, and the red dog on a blue one. In these two baskets they slept for years. When their master said, 'Blue bed,' Mannerl would go into his; when he said, 'Red bed,' Waldmann would jump into his. They never mistook one for the other.

One day Mrs. Muller was sitting in the drawing room when Waldmann came in evidently much disturbed. She asked him if he wanted to go out, to have dinner to have water. No, it was none of these; but he kept running to the door, then waiting and looking back. At last Mrs. Muller

"Good Counsel"

Has No Price.

Wise advice is the result of experience. The hundreds of thousands who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, counsel those who would purify and enrich the blood to avail themselves of its virtues. He is wise who profits by this good advice.

Stomach Troubles—"I was greatly troubled with my stomach, and even the sight of food made me sick. Was tired and languid. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me feel like myself again." James McKensie, 350 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, Ont.



got up and followed him, and he led her to the dining room.

There in the red bed, lay a new dachshund just brought from Germany, and Mannerl was in his own blue bed. 'Waldy' stood between, looking first at one, then at the other, evidently saying, 'and where I ask am I?'

The dog was driven out, and then Waldmann got in, quite content.

In a Businesslike Way.

Men of experience are not anxious to give notes, as a rule, but there is an old negro in Mount Pleasant who, says the Pittsburg News, once insisted on doing so—and did it an original way.

He had bought a cow from a Captain Jordan. Burgess, the negro, hadn't the money just then, but Captain Jordan knew he would pay, and told him to take the cow. That was too informal to suit Burgess.

He knew that notes and other papers of that sort passed between white men, and he insisted on a note in this transaction, Captain Jordan told him to draw up one to suit himself. When he presented it, it read:

"I, Davy Burgess, do hereby promise to pay Captain Jordan thirty-five dollars for the spotted cow when I has the mobby to spare."

"DAVY BURGESS."

"Now," he said, "I'll jes' keep dis en take de cow."

He put the note into his pocket and drove the cow away. When he was ready to pay the thirty-five dollars, he went to Captain Jordan with it.

"Heave's yo' mobby," he said, counting it out. "An' now, sah," he remarked, with considerable satisfaction, "dat transaction may be considered closed."

A Shadow on Her Life.

Somebody once asked a tranquil old resident of Nantucket if her life had always run as smoothly as she could wish; if no great sorrows or disappointments had ever come to mar its serenity.

The old lady sat looking out of the window for a moment, and then turned to her questioner with a little smile on her sweet face.

"I suppose you'll think it's foolish maybe," she said, "but I did have the great disappointment, and I've never forgotten it. There was a man that came to the island once with a hand organ and a monkey. He got as far as the corner of our street, and I thought he was coming right this way, but he didn't."

"I was housed with a cold and couldn't go out to see him and his monkey, so I only caught just a glimpse of them. They played half an hour in the next street."

"Disappointments like that stay by folks all their lives," she added, after a sympathetic ejaculation from her visitor. "It was more than thirty years ago, but I've never ceased regretting I didn't see that monkey. I've been wonderfully blessed in every other way, dear; but that organ-grinder never came to the island again, never!"

Signalling Under Water.

The late Prof. Elisha Gray, shortly before his death, completed a series of experiments which demonstrated that sound can be readily conveyed to considerable distances through the sea. An 800-pound bell was let down about 20 feet in the water through a well-hole in a specially constructed vessel, the clapper of the bell remaining under the control of those aboard the ship. When the bell was struck, the sound was plainly heard in the hold of another vessel a mile away. By lowering a speaking-trumpet into the water, the listeners could hear the sound three miles, and with the aid of an electrical receiver connected with a telephone diaphragm, the strokes of the bell were audible at a distance of 12 miles.

Scientific Farming in Germany.

Recent reports to our Department of Agriculture indicate that farming is conducted in Germany on more improved and

scientific principles than anywhere else in the world. The German farmers employ less machinery but more chemistry. They pay very close attention to the fertilization of the soil. Yet with all their efforts, and all the advantages of their advanced science they are unable to fully supply the demand of the population of Germany for breadstuffs. They do supply seven eighths of that demand, but the remaining one-eighth, which has to be imported from abroad, amounted in 1899 to more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat alone.

A Pair of Runaway Kites.

Two kites, which were the leading members of a flight of five sent up last summer from the Royal Aeronautical observatory near Berlin, broke away from their companions, and, dragging a long wire which touched the ground and extended two miles behind them, fled before the wind almost a hundred miles before they were brought down to the earth. The resistance of the wire trailing over the land sufficed to keep the kites properly presented to wind, and their lonely journey lasted through an entire night. When the kites started on their remarkable break for liberty they were at a height of more than two and a half miles.

An Insect With a Spring-Board Nose.

Among the curious insects of the Malay Peninsula recently studied by Mr. Nelson Annandale of the London Zoological Society, is one called the lantern-fly, which is remarkable for its sudden leaps, made with out the aid of its wings. It was only after he had carried a specimen back to London and carefully examined it that Mr. Annandale discovered that a curious projection on the front of its head, a kind of nose with a crease in it, was the leaping organ. When bent back under the abdomen and suddenly released it sent the insect flying.

Association of Ideas.

The three year old son of a flat dweller, who had heard his father complain occasionally because the janitor was drunk and 'in no condition to attend to his work,' went to the flat above his own last week and rang the bell. When Mrs. Blank answered it, the young man said:

"Please, Mrs. Blank, can't your little girl come down and play with me?"

"Not today," said Mrs. Blank; "she is in no condition to play."

"What's the matter?" asked the boy anxiously. "Is she drunk?"

Argon and Its Companions.

Since the discovery of that new constituent of the atmosphere, argon, a few years ago, four other previously unknown gases have been found, and Professor Ramsay recently gave an account of their properties before the Royal Society. They are helium, neon, krypton xenon. Of these, xenon is the heaviest and helium the lightest. In the vacuum tube they are very beautiful, neon being extremely brilliant and of an orange-pink hue, while krypton is pale violet and xenon sky-blue.

Africa's Frolicsome Dwarfs.

Sir Harry Johnston, who recently visited the draw people of the Congo forest, studying their habits and photographing them and their dwellings, says that notwithstanding their apt like and hideously ugly appearance, they are usually of a winning and cheerful disposition, and their dancing is frolicsome, gay and full of pretty movements, but markedly different from the motions of the negroes. Their intelligence as a rule, well developed.

Betrayal.

Out of the chilling rain and fog That hid the mountains from our sight, A dusky cloud came floating down At early dawn of light.

The cloud dropped softly to the lake Amid a sound of whirling wings, And spread into a graceful line A host of living things.

We halted this burst of joyous life, The endless day seemed dark no more; When suddenly a shot rang out And echoed round the shore.

The water-fowl were nature's guests, But they were doomed; and all that day The shores pealed forth and on the waves The dead and dying lay.

At last into the brooding mist, There vanished, softly as it came A broken flock, with plumage torn, After that day of shame.

Mary Thacher Higginson.



EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

TO THE PUBLIC

One way first class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale between all stations Port Arthur and East, good going April 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, good to return until April 9th, 1901.

FOR SCHOOL VACATION

To teachers and pupils on surrender of Standard Railway Vacation Certificates, tickets will be sold to all stations Montreal and East at one way first class fare for the round trip going March 26th, to April 5th, good to return until April 16th, 1901, and to all Stations West of Montreal at one way first class fare to Montreal and back for the round trip, going March 29th to April 6th, good to return until April 16th, 1901.

For particulars as to train service, reservation of sleeping car berths, etc., write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.



A Contented WOMAN

Isn't contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness.

It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

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Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

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WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Battling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

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LOCAL AND THROUGH EXCURSION TICKETS at One First-Class Fare will be issued as follows:— For School and College Vacation from March 26th to April 6th, inclusive, good for return until April 16.

For General Public, local and through excursion tickets from April 4th to April 8th, inclusive, good for return until April 9th, 1901. E. TILFEN, Traffic Manager. JNO. M. LYONS, G. F. & T. Agent, Moncton, N. B., March 26th, 1901.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

Guiana's Wild Blacks

For nearly two hundred years in equatorial South America a race of wild negroes has existed, remarkable enough in itself, but the more so from the fact that the first members of it were brought from the coast of Africa as slaves. Although many strange people have been discovered in the great north central portion of South America, none of those indigenous to the country has had the Ethiopian characteristics of color, form or facial type. In the great swamps of the Guianas, however, lying to the north of the Amazon River, and between it and the Orinoco, live the 'bush niggers,' numerous, well organized, in settled villages, and as much at home in the poisonous, impenetrable jungles and on the waters of the black lagoons which penetrate them as is the resident of New York in the streets of his native city.

On a map of South America, published in Paris in 1748, of which the original is in the library of Harvard College, there is laid down at the head of the Surinam River, in Dutch Guiana, at a distance of about two hundred miles inland, a settlement of 'negroes marons' or runaway negroes. Considerable mention is made in the early history of the Guiana plantations of negro slaves escaping from their masters and flying, no one knows where, into the jungle. The map of D'Anville, however, cited above, appears to have been the first record of their having established a settlement. Undoubtedly the malarial climate of the swamps bordering on the Essequibo, Sarrawacca, Surinam and Marrowine rivers was the protection of the fugitives. For while harmless or nearly so to the negro, it is little short of deadly to the white man. Thus the probability is that the negro, once he got a hundred miles or so up one of the rivers in his canoe, was not pursued. Although increased precautions were naturally taken by the planters to prevent their slaves from joining their fellows in the bush, the flight of the negroes to the jungle appears to have continued in a desultory way until the abolition of slavery in the colonies.

The bush niggers even became very bold, and frequently made sorties on the plantations for the purpose of procuring wives. At present the bush niggers, as they are universally called, number about ten thousand, and inhabit principally the part of Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, situated at from 100 to 200 miles inland from, and to the south of, the north coast of South America. A few are found in Demerara or British Guiana, and still more in Cayenne or French Guiana. They have about fifty villages of various size, and these are generally well hidden in the forest, at some distance from the rivers, which are the only means of traversing these tropical wildernesses. The region lies from three to five degrees of latitude north of the equator, and is generally reckoned as one of the most unhealthy localities known to white men. It seems to have no bad effect on these wild negroes however. The very fact that the race has thrived and increased in the 200 years since it was established, so to speak, proves that the negroes are naturally fitted for it. It should be noted at the same time that town negroes, when taken from Georgetown or Paramaribo, and put in the jungle to work, are subject to malarial fever, although not nearly to the extent to which the malady affects white men.

The bush niggers fashion canoes out of tree trunks with great facility, and these dugouts, when made, are both serviceable and graceful. As the only woods available in the country are those whose specific gravity is greater than that of water, both canoes and paddles are very heavy, and the boats, if allowed to fill partially with water will sink like so much iron. The most careful manipulation is therefore necessary in order to keep the canoes afloat. The negroes frequently make a speed of from eight to ten miles an hour. It is difficult to say whether the bush nigger considers his home on the land or on the water, for he may be seen at any hour of the day or night, either paddling listlessly up and down the lagoons, singing fragments of a weird song, or engaged in the more serious occupation of freighting a

stick of letter-wood down to the coast. The letter-wood, one of the most valuable of the rare woods, grows abundantly in Surinam, and the bush niggers, although having little use for money, are not averse to earning a few gulden by getting out logs of this and other heavy woods for which there is a market, and transporting them, one log at a time, down to the coast, sometimes a distance of 200 miles, in their canoes.

The bush niggers are governed by a chief or governor, as he is called, who moves his camp during the course of the year from one part of the area to another, and once a year pays a visit to the Dutch governor of Surinam, at his executive mansion at Paramaribo. The relations of the negro to the Dutch who govern the colony are very unusual. Once a year a large flat boat or bateau with a capacity of about four tons is brought from the chief's camp down to the coast and tied up at one of the piers near the executive grounds. The chief, accompanied by all his subchiefs, of whom there are about thirty, receives from the government officials with great ceremony a donation consisting of delicacies in the way of provisions, an immense number and variety of print cloths of loud and brilliant patterns, hammocks, blankets and other articles, which though necessities to white men in the bush, may be considered as luxuries to these simple savages. Ordinarily, the bush niggers wear no clothes except a breech cloth, but on the occasion of this state visit to town, all the chiefs are resplendent with silk hats and an approximation to white men's dress in other particulars. Their followers made a concession to the uses of civilization only so far as to don a short blanket or shawl in which to parade the streets of the town. This is generally the most startling hue or combination of colors, and set off against the smooth black muscular arms and legs of the wearers, the costume is one that attracts universal admiration from the town negroes.

The custom of making a yearly donation to a half wild race of negroes living in the interior of its own territory, seems to resemble very much the paying of tribute. It is likely, however, that as the money value of the gift is next to nothing, it is considered on the part of the Dutch much more advisable to keep peace with these natives of the jungle in this simple way than to run the risk of losing their friendship. Although it is not likely the bush niggers could make a determined and long continued attack on Paramaribo, they could harass the up river plantations to a considerable extent, and retreating to the jungle far up the country, would be next to impossible to dialogue. European troops would stand but a poor show against the ravages of the Surinam climate.

The women among the bush niggers are not comely to look at, but they avoid the hideous custom which obtains among the African negroes, as among the Alaska Indians, of nose and lip ornamentation. In their dress, as one sees them passing in the canoes, they are somewhat more lavish than the men and the single garment which partially covers them is generally of some brilliantly colored cotton fabric.

The physique of the men is superb. They are generally tall, a height of six feet being not at all uncommon. Their legs, although shapely, are not especially muscular, since they give them comparatively little exercise. The black, chest and arms of these men are, however, of almost heroic development. Constant paddling of their heavy canoes with paddles which are also necessarily very heavy, gives these men arms and shoulders unmatched except in the case of professional strong men, whose development is acquired by the constant lifting of heavy weights. They appear to take no little pride in their physical proportions and when a boat with white men or town negroes passes they will often stand upright in the canoes laughing, showing their flashing white teeth, and talking incessantly all the while and even after the boat has passed they will continue shouting and laughing until a turning of the river has taken them out of sight.

'The bush niggers are expert in hunting, and for this purpose use to a great extent bows and arrows. They use also long spears in fishing, and their weapons which are of their own manufacture, are very well made. It is said that they use poisoned arrowheads and it is not improbable, for they could easily have learned the trick of poisoning weapons from the Indians who live in the back part of the Guianas, on, on the border of Brazil. The 'wurra-wurra' poison of the Indian sorcerers is known and feared by all explorers who attempt to penetrate the interior parts of these countries. The more advanced bush niggers are armed with muzzle-loading shotguns, and less often rifles.

They are not hostile by nature, and do not seem to care greatly about money. White men are not afraid to trust themselves quite alone in a company of them, far removed from the coast, or from one of the Dutch police stations of the interior. To some of the gold mines located far in the interior of Surinam or Cayenne the only means of transportation is by the canoes of the bush niggers. The river is so full of rapids that it is only the bush niggers who are sufficiently expert paddlers to accomplish the journey. Consequently each white man who goes must trust himself for ten days or more in a canoe with a single bush nigger, who has the passenger practically at his mercy. Yet there is no record of any case where foul play has occurred.

The language talked by these people is one utterly foreign to any other spoken in the region, either by negroes, Indians or white men. Very few inhabitants of the colonies are familiar with it outside of their own race. A means of communication is afforded with them, however, from the fact that the more intelligent among them speak a curious jargon used by the negroes of the towns and plantations, known as 'Taky-taky.' This is a mixture of English, French and Dutch and Portuguese, with probably an admixture of African languages, and it is easy to acquire a knowledge of. Many of the white miners and traders speak it fluently.

The negroes cross the country from one river to another, with no apparent difficulty, even sleeping out at night on the way. Cross-country travelling is very rarely attempted by white men in Surinam. It being regarded by the most experienced prospectors there as almost certain death to sleep one night in the jungle without a hammock to lie in and a net for a covering. In that climate the bite of an insect brings on a fever, which without proper care will prove fatal. The bush is, moreover, infested with many varieties of poison serpents, of which the smaller kinds are the most to be feared. One of these the 'cappasee,' more dangerous than the 'fer de lance' of Martinique, is said to be the most deadly snake of the Western Hemisphere. Inoculation against snake bite is common among negroes of Surinam and its efficiency in the case of the ordinary poisonous snakes is said to be proven. No form of preventive, before or after the attack, however, avails against the cappasee.

The Guianas have long been known as the seat of important gold deposits, and some of the largest nuggets of rough gold with quartz ever discovered have come from the colony of Surinam. There are many placer mines scattered through the interior of the colony, as also in Cayenne and Demerara. Rich fines of coarse gold are made yearly by white men in the jungle but strangely enough, the bush niggers seem to take no interest as a rule in the gold seeking. They can rarely be induced to work at any of the mines, even for the offer of good pay, and it must be inferred that natural indolence of disposition is the prevailing characteristic of these wild people of the forest. When paid for labor for transporting goods or passengers, or for other services, they will take nothing but silver, this appearing to satisfy them by its bright color and the comparatively large size of the coins.

The bush niggers of Surinam appear to afford an illustration of the reversion of a portion of a race, originally savage, but which had been subjected to civilizing influences of a certain kind, in a strange environment during a period of several generations. The slaves who, leaving their life on the plantations, or in the towns, which must at least have brought them in contact with beings of a higher intellectual quality than themselves, escaped to the forest found their conditions nearly approaching those which they or their immediate ancestors had left in Africa. These conditions soon had their influence in destroying whatever progress up the scale of life had been made, and certainly the bush nigger of today has little to distinguish him from the races of his ancestors in Central Africa.

Apple Dealers Are Puzzled

'If you want a rare fruit and don't mind expense, buy apples,' said the proprietor of a retail fruit store that caters to New York's most exclusive trade. 'Hothouse grapes and winter strawberries are common enough, but I give you my word, half the time we can't get first-class apples at any price.'

'Some of them look well enough, at first, but they haven't a good flavor and they rot while you stand looking at them. I don't know what's wrong. The old orchards are played out and new ones haven't been planted to take their place, and the trees that are bearing don't get the proper care.'

'Why, I can remember when delicious, juicy, sound apples were a drug on the market. Every one kept a few barrels of apples in his cellar; and, with a little sorting, the fruit was good all winter. I'd like to see you try that now. We don't even buy barrels of apples for our trade. It doesn't pay. The apples will not keep until the barrel is emptied.'

Look at those pippins. We've had them three days and they are speckled and unattractive already. The only good apples we get come from Oregon. They are packed in small quantities in boxes and they keep fairly well. We've handled 1,000 of this winter, and we get from 50 cents to \$1.60 a dozen. What would our great grandfathers have thought if they had been asked to pay \$1.60 a dozen for apples? I've paid 50 cents a piece for apples in Europe and we'll reach that record here before long if something isn't done to improve our orchards.'

'It's a pity for more reasons than one that apples are getting scarce. A physician was talking about it in here just the other day. He will have apples no matter what he has to pay for them, and he says they are the most wholesome fruit anyone can eat. His children are allowed to have all the apples they want, and he says that if all the children were allowed to eat apples whenever they felt like it, there wouldn't be half so much sickness among them.'

'Maybe that's one of the reasons children used to be healthier than they are now. I remember when I was a youngster I always had apples in my pockets, and so did every other boy, but we didn't often see candy. Then in the evening at home there was always a big silver bowl of shiny apples on the sitting room table, and every body in the family ate at least one or two during the evening. That sort of thing would bankrupt a millionaire nowadays.'

'This is rather an off season for fine fruit—'between hay and grass,' as farmers say. Some fruits are about played out, and others have hardly begun to come in, but we manage to keep a pretty big variety on hand.'

'The oranges have been unusually fine Orange growers are improving their grades right along, and this is a good season. A comparatively new orange is first favorite among epicures just now. It's the King of Siam. Here's one. You see it looks like a big tangerine with a rough loose skin. We are getting them from Florida now. A little later they'll come in from California.'

'There's another orange that has jumped into New York popularity, all of a sudden, the little Kumquat, I mean, this little thing that looks like a plum dressed in orange skin. They are used for garnishing and for salads, and then they are preserved and candied. Three years ago it was almost impossible to sell fresh Kumquats here, save to confectioners, but some of the caterers took them up, as salad relishes, and the swells fancied them, and now we sell any quantity of them.'

'The hothouse peaches aren't so good as they should be this season, but then one ought not to expect much of them, after the trip they have to make. You know we get them from Cape Town in South Africa. They come by way of England, and we sell them for \$10 a dozen. Pretty soon hot house peaches will come in from Massachusetts, and sell as low as \$5 or \$6 a dozen.'

'Home hot house grapes will soon be in season too, but now we get our best hot house grapes from England. Only two

wholesale dealers in the city are handling the hot house grapes now, and they have only about 700 pounds a week for all their retail trade.

'We can't buy fresh pears anywhere this season, and pineapples are unusually good. The pineapples are cheaper than they used to be, too. You can get a good one for from 50 cents to \$1. The early strawberries are another out of season fruit that is finer in quality and lower in price than it was formerly. Florida berries that used to sell for \$1.25 a box are going for 65 cents a box now, and they are much larger and more delicious in flavor than early berries used to be.'

The tomatoes have been the bothersome proposition this winter. They've been shrivelled and small and tasteless, yet they've brought big prices. The only decent ones we've been able to get have come from Canada and are worth 75 cents a pound.

'Asparagus is plenty. The long, green hothouse asparagus from Illinois is worth \$7.50 a dozen bunches and the white hothouse asparagus grown around here brings \$9 a dozen bunches. There are seven stalks in a bunch, you know.'

'Mushrooms? Why all the world seems to have gone to raising mushrooms lately. The market is flooded with them. Luckily their popularity seems to be increasing with the supply. But after all, the price of first class selected mushrooms hasn't dropped. They are still worth a dollar a pound though you can get all the small mushrooms you want for 50 cent a pound. American cooks are using the fresh mushrooms more and more in sauces and seasoning.'

'In fact, the demand for all sorts of out-of-season vegetables and fruits is increasing enormously in this country. I don't know whether we are becoming more extravagant or whether the class that can afford luxury is increasing rapidly, but where ten years ago one person bought the kinds of winter fruit and vegetables we sell a hundred buy them now.'—N. Y. Sun.

His Awful Blunder.

A Chicago clergyman says that while travelling in Europe last summer he visited Venice, and among the institutions of that city which particularly interested him was a public bathing resort.

A few days later, while in Pisa, and wandering about its famous leaning tower, he encountered two young ladies, whose conversation, a few words of whose he overheard, satisfied him they were Americans. He introduced himself, and they were delighted to meet him. They had just arrived in Pisa, and were very dusty and travel stained.

On learning that he had come from Venice they questioned him eagerly concerning the attractions of the place, as that was next on their itinerary.

'Well,' he began, 'you will want to go to the Malamocco and take a bath.'

'Sir!' they exclaimed, turning away instantly and leaving him to the realization of the fact that, in all innocence, he had made one of the great mistakes of his life.

The Old Home Paper.

Noting the fact that many country bred men in the large cities take the local paper in their old home, the Philadelphia Record says: 'The head of a large Market street wholesale business house, a man now advanced in years, has been a regular subscriber to one of the Bucks county papers for 50 years. 'He wouldn't give it up for anything,' said this man's son. 'He gets more real enjoyment from it than from anything he reads. A daily edition has been started within the last ten years, but he doesn't want that. He only gets the weekly edition, which prints gossip of a personal nature from the various towns throughout the county. He will pore over this by the hour and his comments on the various items of news are often amusing. Scarcely a name is mentioned that he doesn't say, 'Why I used to go to school with his father,' or 'I once licked his Uncle Jim for tying my clothes up when we used to go swimming in the Neshaminy.'

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A Terrible Bond

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

'Well?' repeated the lady, knowing from her husband's gloomy countenance that she had nothing pleasant to expect.

'It is as I anticipated,' replied her husband. 'He has proved himself an out and out scoundrel—a blackguard of the deepest dye.'

This was strange language for the usually mild spoken vicar to make use of, and by reason of it, Mrs. Collingham felt convinced that the worst had happened.

'Arthur is not dead, then?' she said faintly.

'Dead? No! The villain is going to be married and that shortly.'

Mrs. Collingham sat down, crying quietly.

'Alice! Oh! my darling child! How shall I tell her? Her whole heart was set on Arthur Vivian.'

The mother could think of nothing but her daughter's grief; but the father was made of sterner stuff.

A great and righteous anger made him speak harshly.

'Then she must treat him with the scorn he deserves! He said impatiently. 'Surely a child of mine will have more pride than to treat over a blackguard like my Lord Sayce!'

'Lord Sayce?'

'Yes; he has come into his uncle's title, fortune, and estates. Alice, of course, isn't good enough for him now.'

This was said with the utmost bitterness.

'Alice is good enough for any man I've ever known.'

'Apparently Lord Sayce does not think so,' with a shrug of the shoulders.

'He is an utterly unprincipled scoundrel, and I for one, considered that Alice has had a lucky escape. It's bad enough for him to show up in his true colors before marriage, but what would it have been afterwards? No; depend upon it Mary, it is best as it is.'

Mrs. Collingham wiped her eyes. She began to see a ray of hope.

Surely it would be for the best were her daughter to turn to the man who had loved her from her childhood—in short, if Bert Thornton were to catch her heart on the rebound.

Such things were not uncommon.

'Who is he?—as yet she could not bring herself to utter Vivian's name—'going to marry?'

'Lady Fancourt.'

'That woman after all!'

'Yes. You see my dear we believed him. We had the wrong end of the story. Instead of her ladyship running after him, he was undoubtedly running after her.'

'Why, she was a divorced woman! and Arthur—this time the name came out unconsciously—'always had such a horror of divorce. Even now I can't understand it—I can't indeed.'

'It is all too true, nevertheless,' replied the vicar. 'But I will own I never in all my life was more taken in by a young man than I have been by Arthur Vivian—so apparently open an honest, so outwardly devoted to Alice—in fact everything I could possibly wish or hope for in a son-in-law.'

Mrs. Collingham sighed.

She, too, had been very fond of Arthur Vivian.

His good looks and cheery, almost boyish ways had endeared him to this simple couple, who had no son of their own.

'One of his brother officers happened to be in the club whilst I was making enquiries—a very nice fellow—Captain Legard by name. I told him my reason for troubling him.'

'Oh, you shouldn't have done that. Remember, Alice—'

The vicar looked a bit sheepish.

'Legard is to be depended upon,' he said. 'My interview was in the strictest confidence. I am rarely mistaken—'

'You were about Arthur Vivian.'

Mrs. Collingham could not resist the taunt; she was very jealous of her daughter's name.

'And Captain Legard's is a face to be trusted,' resumed her reverence, as though he hadn't heard his wife's remark. 'He told me much that was strange and incomprehensible. It seems that suddenly Vivian sent in his papers, giving no reason for so doing. The news of his accession to the peerage, however, supplied a motive for him—later on. His conduct became most extraordinary. He shut himself up in his quarters, seeing no one, drinking hard—'

'Arthur never drank,' interrupted Mrs. Collingham. 'A more abstemious young fellow never lived—for an officer, too!'

Mrs. Collingham's ideas about the service were somewhat hazy. 'No, I can't believe that part of the story.'

'You needn't,' was the short reply; 'but it is true nevertheless. At the Curragh they were equally astonished. Legard admitted it was unlike Vivian. He was put on sick leave to avoid unpleasantness in the regiment, and remained confined to his quarters, where he rarely saw anyone.'

Captain Legard saw him once, and he told me that in one short fortnight, he had changed almost past recognition. His very manner was different; even the expression of his face had changed. No wonder, I say, when all the time he was contemplating a terrible wrong to an innocent girl who loved him.'

The vicar paused, gloomily retrospective.

'Legard also told me,' he went on after a moment, 'that—but, perhaps, I ought not to mention such a matter to you.'

'Oh, yes! Tell me all—all! I have a right to know I cried his better half.

'Well—reluctantly—it seems that—that, part of the time, there was a lady in his hut.'

The vicar positively blushed as he made this statement.

'That woman! Lady Fancourt?'

'Not likely! He would hardly thus compromise the woman he intended to marry. No, my dear, we have been mistaken in Arthur Vivian all through, and we must make the best of it now. By the way, they had a terrific snowstorm in Kildare. Legard told me the drifts were eight or ten feet deep in places, rendering the roads impassable. One poor fellow was found dead in a wood when at last the snow melted away. It created quite a sensation in the place.'

'I don't know why it should,' replied Mrs. Collingham absently, her mind full of the unpleasant task before her. 'People shouldn't travel on foot in a snowstorm.'

'But it wasn't the snow that killed him. The poor fellow was shot through the heart.'

'Suicide, I suppose,' still absently.

'No one knows; the thing remains a mystery.'

'Which I can't imagine you troubling yourself about when we have a real tragedy at our very doors,' was the wife's reply.

But long afterwards she remembered her husband's story, and invested it with a significance as certain as it was terrible.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.

The marriage of the new peer, Lord Sayce, to the beautiful divorcee, Lady Fancourt, surprised the fashionable world greatly.

It was not often that it was given to a woman, no matter how beautiful, to so completely whitewash herself in the eyes of society as in this instance.

What a thousand pities that so handsome and gilded a man as his lordship should throw himself away upon a woman whose reputation was, to say the least of it, doubtful!

All at a sudden the gossips remembered many things they had either forgotten or ignored—things relating to the state of affairs which had brought about the divorce of Lord and Lady Fancourt.

Surely her ladyship's name had been coupled with Captain Arthur Vivian's—what was the story, now?

Either was she infatuated with her or she with him.

Then again—oh! there was something in that story.

Hadn't Captain Vivian given the rumour the lie by engaging himself to some little nobody down in Warwickshire—some country parson's daughter, to whom he was supposed to be devoted?

So said the gossips, ending up with the remark—

'Well, it doesn't signify now. He's married her ladyship, no matter which way about it was. At all events, Captain Vivian—or Lord Sayce, as he is now—was never mixed up in the divorce proceedings; and as the man who was, as well as the injured husband, is dead, really it doesn't concern us. The question is, shall we call upon her? Would it be possible to ignore the lady's part?'

To answer for the most part, was in the 'firmness,' although there were some old-fashioned enough to declare that a marriage with one of the wealthiest peers in England was not sufficient to reinstate a woman who, by her own folly and frailty, had fallen from her high estate.

But these, as can well be imagined, were decidedly in the minority; so when, in the beginning of the season, Lord and Lady Sayce returned from their honeymoon and yacht trip in the Mediterranean, and settled down in town with all the splendour appertaining to their rank and fortune, they found no lack of callers, amongst whom might be numbered some of the highest in the land.

'Really she is very lady-like, and certainly exceedingly handsome,' said the Dowager Lady Hardcastle to her elderly unmarried daughter, as they drove away from the great reception at Sayce House.

'And such diamonds! By the way, Clementina, my dear, can you recall who she was before her marriage? My memory is so bad.'

'Which marriage, mamma?'

'Oh, the Fancourt one, of course!'

'I believe she was a circus rider, or a chorus girl, or worse; but really I don't know,' replied Clementina indifferently, her thoughts being elsewhere.

A certain middle-aged baronet had been introduced to her during the evening by her hostess, and in his attentions she saw possibilities.

'I for one shall cultivate Lady Sayce,' remarked the dowager. 'By-the-by, she wants us to lunch with her on Saturday, to meet Sir Thomas Belton, the middle-aged baronet. We have no engagement for that day, Clementina?'

'None.'

And so the newly married couple, took their places in society, and gossiped at the skeleton in the cupboard nor that the link which bound the husband and wife together was anything but the bond of love.

How could they know that the contract entered into was a contract of crime—of fear and hatred on one side; of deceit, oppression, and tyranny on the other?

Each held the other's secret.

Each possessed a whip of scorpions with which to lash the other; but it was an unequal battle, the stronger will triumphing over the weaker.

Enid, beautiful and admired as she was, was probably the most miserable woman on God's earth.

Married to a man whom she regarded with a feeling little short of loathing, bound to him by a tie too horrible to contemplate, day by day she lived a living death. Of what avail to her were rank, fortune, priceless jewels?

All was to her as gall and wormwood.

An overwhelming remorse smote her soul.

In her dreams she rehearsed again and again the snowstorm tragedy.

She saw—in visions born of the darkness and of abject fear—the man she loved lying dead at her feet, slain in a moment of madness by her own hand.

She felt upon her face the whirling snow flakes, always and for ever falling—falling—came wan and haggard—that her nerves became cruelly unstrung.

Nights of terror, from which she would arise shaken and pallid, the sweat of agony still upon her brow; days made up of endeavouring to conceal from the argus eyes of her tyrant and from the world her mental sufferings—all this did not conduce to the preservation of the beauty which had aroused Lord Sayce's passion.

One morning—a lovely May morning, sweet and fresh and wholesome—he looked in her face with a steady scrutiny, and a strange expression in her eyes, which somewhat puzzled, and certainly frightened her.

Enid Sayce was painfully conscious that the bright sunlight was showing her up to the worst possible advantage.

She was too well aware of the fact that her sleepless nights and dreadful dreams were telling on her delicate beauty.

She felt that she was pale and haggard, but she controlled her nerves sufficiently to make no sign, although she had to clench the white hands lying in her lap to still their trembling.

A cold smile swept the handsome, cynical countenance.

He turned from the contemplation of the beautiful woman with a short laugh.

He had compelled her to be his, and already he was tiring of his bargain.

'Do you know, Enid, that you are losing your good looks?' he said carelessly.

She bit her lips sharply, to prevent the answer she would fain have given.

'I am sorry if such is the case.'

'So am I; for if there is anything in the world I dislike, it is a faded, passive woman. I did not think you would have worn so badly.'

The cool brutality of the speech lashed her like a whip.

She opened her lips, a torrent of words upon them.

He held up his hand to enjoin silence, and placed before her the portrait of a young and beautiful girl.

'What do you think of that?' he inquired coolly.

'She's—pointing to the photograph—'to be my successor?'

He laughed lightly.

'That depends,' he said. 'She is pretty, is she not? You are a bit shabby this morning, I see. Allow me.'

He propped the picture up before her on the table.

Unwillingly her eyes dwelt upon the lovely, girlish face.

'Who is she?' she said.

'The girl who at the present moment would have been Lady Sayce but for you.'

'Good heavens! not—'

Lady Sayce lay back, her eyes wide with horror.

The cold smile on his lordship's face deepened.

Here, indeed, was sport after his own heart—the baiting of a defenceless woman whom he held in his power.

'Who is she?' he said, 'You are right. This is the portrait of Miss Alice Collingham, the late Captain Vivian's fiancée. What am I talking about? Of course, I mean my late fiancée—the girl I threw over for you. I thought you would be interested in seeing what your rival was like.'

'I would like to see her—'

'Dare I! I wonder you dare—'

'Dare! I want a singular expression! I'm afraid, my dear, that prosperity, and getting the husband you angled so long for has not improved your temper. Now sit down—don't excite yourself.'

Enid Sayce had risen, her glorious eyes aflame with outraged dignity; only the knowledge of her own impotence kept her within bounds.

'By Jove! if you'd always look like that Enid, you needn't fear losing your beauty. You look like a tragedy queen.'

'I wonder how you dare,' she repeated, 'knowing you are—who you are?'

'Who I am? Really, my love, you become more and more incomprehensible. I am Lord Sayce.'

'You are—'

'I wouldn't say it if I were you.' The sneer about his mouth maddened her.

'You may forget some day that we are not alone. You must endeavor to remember that you are married to the man you always loved. Even society will look over a great deal if they scent out a romance.'

'What did I marry me for?'

The question was abrupt, and the voice that put it harsh.

'What, indeed?'—with a shrug of the shoulders. 'Faith, my dear, I can hardly tell you, though I believe I had an idea that you were the only woman I wanted. Oh, wasn't it?'

'And now?'

'It seems you are very anxious to force my hand. Don't do it, Enid—don't do it—'tisn't wise. Time enough when I tell you I am tired of you. Between us exists no common bond.'

Lady Sayce shuddered.

She realized how true were his words.

'Yes,' he went on irrelevantly, 'she is a lovely girl, this Alice Collingham. Suppose I return to this old love of mine, what then?'

His glittering eyes swept the pale face opposite him.

'Then—then—I would speak the truth! I would dash you from the pinnacle on which you have placed yourself—her dark eyes were blazing with passion now.'

'On which you placed me, Lady Sayce, you mean, by a crime which has a very ugly name.'

'I would not care. I am weary of it all! I am ready to take the consequences of my madness. Anything to prevent an outrage such as you mediate?'

'One would think you had played the part of loving wife so long that it had become indeed, a reality that you loved me, you are not jealous, surely?'

He looked at her a little curiously.

He did not quite understand this new mood.

'Jealous? No. Love you! Why, I hate you. I never realized the meaning of the word "hate" till now, I am still thinking of an innocent girl, who would be, in your unscrupulous hands, as a bird in the snare of the Fowler!'

'You are uncomplimentary. I wonder you are not afraid to talk to me like that. The look he cast upon her was so fraught with terrible meaning that Enid's new-found courage died away more quickly than it had sprung up.'

She was in this man's power, and she knew it.

Hate him she might and did; but stronger than hate was the thrill which bound her tighter than bands of iron, and over her flung that mysterious glamour which for lack of a better work, we style "fascination"—that which attracts a bird to the snake—a moth to the flame.

This weird power Lord Sayce well knew how to exercise over the wretched woman who, by her own mad deed, had placed herself irrevocably in his power.

CHAPTER VI.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

'Certainly accept her invitation; the change will do you good, dear. This is but a dull place for a young girl.'

Thus said Mrs. Collingham to her daughter, one day towards the end of May.

The girl did her mother's bidding listlessly; one place was as dead—not fatless as another to her in these days.

She had never got over her lover's cruel desertion.

He was false—he was the husband of another—this she knew well enough—did not all her little world know it, too, and pity her? And yet she had not sufficient pride to cast him from her thoughts.

Strange that she should still regard him in her own mind as dead—not fatless.

And so it came to pass that she journeyed to London, and took up her abode with her godmother, a sprightly old lady who had a sumptuous, if somewhat old-fashioned, residence in Russell Square.

'It mayn't be quite as far West as some folk would like, but look at the rooms, my dear! Lady Cullen said to her god-daughter. 'In Mayfair, now, the rooms are mostly little better than boxes. Ugh! They stifle me! And then the square—why, one might as well be in the country!'

And, though a country-bred girl like Alice could not conscientiously endorse this statement, still, she was fain to confess that this London square, in the heart of the bustle and traffic of the great city, was a very pleasant place wherein to sojourn.

'I am going to take you to a garden party tomorrow, my dear. I hope you will enjoy yourself, and that you have a pretty frock to wear,' said the kind old lady the day after Alice's arrival.

'Yes, I have a new one; but need I go?'—with pleading eyes.

'Certainly you must,' was the brisk reply. 'What are you here for? Come, my child. I know your story; it is very sad. But you must get that scoundrel out of your head. Oh! I know it's hard, but you must do it. And, Alice, you're bound to meet them—Sayce and the woman he threw you over for—somewhere or another. For goodness sake, show some pride and treat him as he deserves.'

Having administered this mental cold douch, Lady Cullen forbore to pursue the conversation, merely remarking, as she left the room for her afternoon nap.

'Oh! by-the-by, dear, an old friend of yours dines here tonight—Bert Thornton.'

'I thought he was in Warwickshire,' exclaimed Alice, in some confusion.

'Well, he's in town now, and you'll see him tonight. What a good fellow he is, to be sure!'

Laid to herself, Alice pondered over many things, which were exactly what the astute old lady had hoped she would do, and ended by putting two questions to herself—

'Was the shadow more worthy than the substance? Why sacrifice her life to a dream?'

'Arthur! Oh! what am I saying? Lord Sayce! I—I did not expect to meet you.'

Panting, with her color coming and going, Alice Collingham could get no further.

She was face to face with her recreant lover, and the ordeal was worse than she had anticipated.

They were alone in the conservatory of Belmont House, the long windows of which opened on to a flight of steps, leading to a fair-sized garden, from which the scent of the hawthorn and the lilies was wafted upwards, mingling with the heavy odour of the exotic inside.

From where these two stood, they could get a glimpse of the grounds, with its promenade figures; but they themselves were hidden by the drooping branches of the flowering trees and palms.

The man called Lord Sayce had arranged this meeting.

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They make new, rich blood, prevent and cure skin eruptions and Rheumatism. Enclosed in glass vials.
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From the moment he had seen Lady Cullen enter the grounds, accompanied by the beautiful girl whose portrait and innocent love letters were in his possession, he had made up his mind to play out a certain game, the details of which he had been evolving in his brain for some time past.

It was an evil and a cruel scheme worthy of the Arch Plotter himself.

At the girl's words he schooled his face into an expression at once melancholy and passionate.

As he did so, the extraordinary likeness to the man who lay in the little cemetery in Kildare became more pronounced than ever.

In very truth, Alice Collingham firmly believed that the man who stood before her apparently endeavoring to master his emotion, was none other than her lost sweetheart, Arthur Vivian.

He was changed in a measure—so she told herself; but that was to be wondered at?

A great pity, mingled with wounded pride surged up within her.

'Alice! At last! My darling! I have never forgotten you! I love you now as ever!'

'Then why—oh, why—did you leave me?'

The girl wrung her hands in an agony of love and grief.

How beautiful she was! the man thought and how loving! A pity to lose her. Why should he?

A moment's thought, followed by a stern resolve, and he was leading her—alas! how willingly, she went down the steps into a deserted part of the garden.

Into her ears he poured his tale of love, of remorse, of bitter sorrow for his offence.

It was well done, for no better actor ever trod the boards than this same Randolph Sterne.

He put before her in vivid colors his life, as it was, and of what it might have been with her, had not his weakness given in to the strength of purpose shown by the woman whom, in face of his better judgement, he had made his wife.

'She held a secret of mine, darling, and she used it against me. I was in her power; long since repented of; and now, through her, I have lost forever my paradise, for I can never love another as I love you.'

The girl trembled as she listened to his tissue of lies—to his sophistries.

How could she know the truth?

No doubt entered her mind that this man, against whose shoulder her fair head leaned, was other than the Arthur Vivian to whom she had pledged herself months ago.

She only felt the charm of his presence, and realized that, whatever his faults, whatever his failings, he was still, and ever would be, all the world to her.

And so they sat together, in the cool shade of the lovely garden.

From the other end of the grounds came the sound of music, now rising, now falling, fitting in with their moods as they themselves willed.

Surely, in this hour of temptation, sweet Alice Collingham's better angel slumbered; surely, she saw with eyes that were not her own—saw through the medium of a love once pure and true, but now distorted out of all recognition.

When she rose from the rustic bench, she had given her promise to the man beside her, to cast in for ever her lot with his—to throw away fair fame and name in exchange for the chimera she called "love."

On the following night she was to meet him at Charing Cross in time for the boat train.

Once on the Continent, he defied pursuit; his yacht would await them at a southern port.

'And then, darling,' he said, 'life, love, and liberty.'

'And Lady Sayce?'

The man laughed.

'Oh, she will survive my desertion! She hates me. It was but my title—my fortune—that tempted her, and she used her secret to force me to bestow both upon her. Have no fear, my sweetheart, she will not follow us. She will, more than probably, go at once to her solicitors and sue for a divorce. She is used to such things, and then, Alice, and then—'

The girl drew a little away from his caress.

Somewhat his words jarred strangely upon her, particularly those relating to divorce.

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The Use of Turbine Engines.

At a meeting of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, held at Glasgow, the Hon. A. Parsons read a paper on the 'Marine Steam Turbine, and Its Application to Fast Vessels.' After giving a short history of the development of the steam turbine Mr. Parsons referred to the two torpedo destroyers built for the Admiralty, the Viper and the Cobra.

He said the Viper had passed all her official trials and had fulfilled all the guarantees of her contract. As regards speed, she had exceeded the thirty one knots guaranteed by over five knots, and as regarded the guarantee of 2.5 pounds of coal per initiated horse power at thirty one knots she easily obtained a consumption of 2.38 pounds. The Cobra had duplicate machinery to the Viper, and was now the second fastest vessel afloat. As to the future, though for obvious reasons up till the present time turbines had only been fitted in vessels designed for phenomena speeds, yet it must not on this account be assumed that they are only applicable to such vessels. The two conditions of suitability are that the vessel shall have a moderately large size. For slow vessels of moderate and small size the conditions for turbine machinery are not at the present time so advantageous. The class of vessels that were most suitable for the application of turbine machinery are the following: Pleasure steamers, passenger and cross channel steamers, liners (including Atlantic liners of the largest size), also all fast war vessels such as torpedo boats, destroyers, cruisers of all sizes, protected cruisers, and all battle ships of the usual speed.

Proceeding to consider some of the applications of the steam turbine more in detail, Mr. Parsons took first the vessel now building by Messrs. W. Denny & Bros. of Dumbarton for the Fairlie Campbelltown service, which it was hoped would be ready by July 1. Her dimensions are: Length, 250 feet by 30 feet beam, by 10 feet 6 inches moulded to main deck, and 17 feet 9 inches moulded to promenade deck. Her general arrangements are some what similar to those of the usual modern type of river or coasting pleasure steamer, but slight modifications have been introduced to suit turbine machinery. The machinery consists of three separate turbines driving three screws shafts. The high pressure turbine is placed on the centre shaft and the two low pressure turbines each drive one of the lower shafts. Inside the exhaust ends of each of the latter are placed two eastern turbines, which are in one of the low pressure motors and operate by reversing the direction of rotation of the low pressure motors and outside shafts.

In ordinary ahead going the steam from the boilers is admitted to the high pressure turbine, and after expanding it about 5 fold passes to the low pressure turbines, and is again expanded in them about another 25 fold, and then passes to the condensers, the total expansion ratio being from 125-fold, as compared with from 8 to 16-fold usual in triple expansion reciprocating engines. At 50 knots the speed of revolutions of the centre shaft will be 700 and of the two outer shafts 1,000 per minute. When coming alongside a jetty or manoeuvring in or out of harbor the outer shafts only are used, and the steam is admitted by suitable valves directly into the low pressure motors, or into the reversing motors for going ahead or astern, on each side of the vessel. The high pressure turbine under these circumstances revolves idly, its steam admission valve being closed and its connection with the low pressure turbines being also closed by non return valves. By this arrangement great manoeuvring power is obtained and though similar to that adopted in the Viper and Cobra it has some distinctive advantages, especially as regards the reversal of the cyter instead of the inner shafts, yet it should be stated that the officers in charge of the Viper have described her as an extremely handy vessel of her class.

The main air pumps are compound and worked by worm gearing from the main engines in the usual way. There are also small auxiliary air pumps worked from the circulating engines for draining the condensers before starting. The other auxiliary machinery, is as usual in vessels with reciprocating engines, and includes a feed-heater fed from the exhaust steam of the auxiliaries, and also when necessary by steam drawn from an intermediate point in the expansion of the main turbines. The boiler is of the usual double-ended Scotch pattern. The speed of the vessel

is expected to surpass that of any similar boat at present on the Clyde.

In vessels of the mercantile marine of moderate fast speed it was of more importance to obtain economy in coal consumption than to reduce the weight of the engines and condensers to their lowest limit, as was usually done in torpedo boat destroyers, where the boilers were extremely light and heavily pressed, and the highest possible speed was the first consideration. For the mercantile, therefore it became desirable to design the turbines for the greatest possible economy in steam; consequently the ratio of expansion extended over nearly the whole range between the boiler pressure and that in the condenser; the condensers were also of ample size, so as to maintain a good vacuum and an efficient feed-heating arrangement was provided to warm and heat the feed.

Of a very different type from Turbinia, Viper or Cobra is the Discovery, which is to be launched from the Panmure shipyard at Dundee on March 21. The Discovery is the second vessel of the name launched from the Panmure yard, but whereas the former was made for a voyage to the North Pole, the new Discovery is destined for the South. She is unique because no other British ship has ever been built in this way specially for Antarctic exploration. In the first place, this boat, which is costing £50,000, and from the scientific and practical points of view, is worth every penny of it, is made entirely of wood, while a necessary condition of her construction was that she should be far stronger than any ordinary navigating boat, and should be able to withstand extraordinary pressures from ice that would crush up a common trading vessel like a matchbox.

Iron was barred for the simple reason that in the very forefront of the expedition's programme is magnetic survey work of a most important description, as the result of which it is trusted that navigation in the far Southern seas will in the future be much assisted. It is certain that at present iron ships in these waters sail many miles out of their way, and an iron exploration ship would be useless for such work. The magnetic pole must be wooded by a wooden craft. Geographical discovery and geological and biological investigation are also important among the expedition's objects, but to the commercial mind it is probable that the one first named will appeal with the most force.

There was, then, a problem presented in which a ship was to be made of wood, and so made that she would be stronger and safer than any sheathed in iron plates, and it has been very satisfactorily solved. Nine feet of solid oak in the Discovery's stem provide the solution in the all-important fore quarters, and the sides all the way round are two feet six in thickness, of oak also—not ordinary oak, but grand stuff grown in Scotland, and picked with care for its very special purpose. Bulkheads of unusual strength stretch across from side to side, so that when the terrible ice pressure is at its worst the defence may be positively all that is possible in wood.

The Discovery is built so that when the ice pack closes in on her she will rise and lift herself away. If rudder and screw propeller are threatened, both can be hauled on deck as if they were mere sounding leads. She has air locks between her exterior, so that those who enter and leave her will not disturb the cherry warm atmosphere that comforts those within. And she has cabins and workrooms and laboratories and wonderful store rooms of such capacity that food for forty years will be stowed away inside them.

In command of the ship is Capt. R. F. Scott, R. N. late of the Majestic, who has since last autumn been working energetically. With Capt. Scott are associated Lieut. Armitage, lent by the P. & O., and Lieut. Charles Royd, and Mr. R. Skelton as engineer. Two other officers are yet to be appointed on this side of the expedition. On the scientific side Prof. Gregory of Melbourne, who is director of the civilian scientific staff, is at the top. Professor of Geology at the Melbourne University, which lends him to the expedition, he is a man of high repute, and well adapted for his work. He is already having a hut built at Melbourne in case any considerable work on land is attempted, as is very likely. The professor would, of course, be in charge of any such landing party, and would probably take with him Dr. Wilson, Mr. Shackleton and five men. The last named is the physicist, Mr. Hodgson is the biologist, Dr. Koettlitz is another medical man, and there you have a well chosen

scientific department. Mr. George Murray of the British Museum is acting as Prof. Gregory's deputy in England and will accompany the ship to Melbourne.

With the Discovery will sail next August a German companion now being built at the Howaldt works at Kiel. The German boat is built on the same principles as the British. But she is light and more like the Fram.

Both boats will carry with them captive balloon equipments and plenty of dogs. Of the latter the Kaiser's ship will have fifty kennels on board, while the Britisher will take twenty Samoyedes, which are being specially chosen and sent from Russia. It is just a possibility, if certain difficulties can be overcome, that the expectation may seek to avail itself of wireless telegraphy, for Capt. Scott is highly skilled in this respect and has had charge of such arrangements in Channel Squadron manoeuvres.

The original plan was for three years' absence. For this the German boat is fully prepared. The Discovery, however, is still £29,000 short of the money needed for the full period. As it is, food is being taken for three years, but it is impossible on the money already promised to pay men's wages for more than two, and therefore equally impossible at present to make definite arrangements for a longer period.

DUELLING IN GERMANY.

Reichstag Discusses the Attempt to Stop the Practice in the Army.

A Berlin correspondent gives the following report of a debate in the Reichstag on the second reading of the estimates for the army, when Herr Grober of the Centre or Clerical party again raised the question of duelling in the army. He referred especially to the incident at Cologne, where candidates for the position of officers in the reserve were questioned as to their views on duelling, and were rejected if they belonged to students' societies in the statutes of which the practice was condemned. He asked what steps had been taken by the Government in consequence of the action of the district commander and the council of honor who had disregarded the express orders of the Emperor on this subject.

Herr Grober went on to discuss the disgraceful incident at Mörchingen, where Lieut. Ruger had murdered Capt. Adams in order to save his brother from the dangers of a duel. This tragedy was a consequence of the mistaken views which prevailed in the army with regard to duelling. The clerical spokesman contended that in this case, as in the incident at Cologne, there had been a breach of the stipulations which had been issued by the emperor prescribing the course which was to be followed in such cases. He contended that the national sense of justice would suffer severely if officers were practically ordered to indulge in a practice forbidden to all other classes.

Gen. Von Goosler, the minister of war, replied to Herr Grober. He informed the house that the persons had been punished who in the incident of Cologne had been guilty of a breach of the existing regulations. The attention of all who were concerned in the election had been directed to the Imperial order forbidding questions to be put to candidates with regard to their views on duelling. The minister declined to discuss the Mörchingen tragedy, which was still before the military courts, as Lieut. Ruger had appealed against his sentence. He pointed out, however, that it was scarcely possible to conceive a more serious insult than one which took the form of physical violence. He thought that many of those who discussed the practice of duelling were not aware of the difficult nature of the question. He gave an historical review of the attitude of the military authorities toward the practice, and showed that a great improvement had been effected. The state of affairs in the army had formerly been intolerable, but an end had been put to this by the authorities, who had devoted their efforts to diminishing the number of duels.

The Minister read a report by Gen. Von der Groben, whom he described as absolutely free from prejudice, who declared that duels were justifiable in cases where the challenger had been accused of cowardice, where he had been insulted by an act of violence, or where his moral integrity or that of his family had been impugned. The report went on to say that every thing that was possible had been done to prevent the so called 'duelling abuse,' and that there was no occasion to take any fresh action in the matter. Gen. Von Goosler concluded his speech by declaring himself in complete accord with the views of Gen. der Groben.

The discussion was continued by the socialist leader, Herr Bebel, who maintained that his Majesty's Cabinet order regulating the practice of duelling was in direct opposition to the law of the land. The order recognized the practice in principle, instead of condemning it. It ought

to have been laid down that every one who took part in a duel should be punished in accordance with law, and, most important of all, that he should serve his full term of imprisonment, and not be pardoned after he had suffered a small fraction of his punishment.

The German nation was so penetrated with the idea of the equality of all persons before the law that it could not endure that any class should arrogate to itself a separate code of honor. Herr Bebel went on to complain that the proceedings before the court martial with regard to the tragedy at Mörchingen had been in camera. Gen. Von Goosler had said that a duel was necessary in such a case as had occurred at Mörchingen, but a similar incident had taken place between officers belonging to the Sixth Army Corps. On that occasion the court of honor had declared that an apology was sufficient, as the officer was insulted the other had been drunk at the time. The Reichstag ought to protest against the view of the Minister of War and to make it clear that no one had a right to set himself above the law. The commander-in-chief ought to decree that every officer who was punished for taking part in a duel should be summarily dismissed from the army. The subject was then allowed to drop.

The Gum-Chewing Cow.

A farmer in Knox County, Maine, has been saying mean things about a Rockland shipmaster, and Opinion reports a few. Quoth the farmer: 'If I had a hired man that made such a piece of work as he did about that cow of his, I'd send him off! 'Why, he bought a cow of a man down my way; good critter—nothin' the matter with her. But it seems the captain's wife, one day, thought the milk tasted funny, and suggested, that p'raps she'd been eatin' spruce boughs; said the milk tasted like spruce. And what does he do but go out in the pasture to watch the cow, to see what she did eat.

'The cow was layin' down, chewin' her cud, and he went along and run his finger in her mouth to see what she was eating. Then he was mad. He put a rope on the cow, and started off with her.

'Where are you goin' with the cow?' says a neighbor.

'Goin' to take her back to the feller that sold her to me. He's cheated me and I won't stand it!'

'The man wanted to know what was the matter, and he went on to tell about it. She wasn't eatin' boughs,' he says, 'she was chewing gum; that's what the matter with the milk and makes it taste like spruce. And,' he says, 'that ain't all. She's so addicted to the habit that she's worn all her teeth out. She ain't got an upper tooth in her head. Back she goes quick!'

'Of course the man told him that it was all nonsense; that cows never had no upper teeth. But he didn't believe a word of it, and went on and had a tarnal row with the man that sold him the cow. Guess he was never satisfied about it.'

They Eat Themselves.

From various causes, such as anger and fear, many animals eat their own flesh. Rats, when caught in a trap by the leg, will gnaw off the captured member, and mice in captivity have been known to bite off their tails. But there are some creatures who go much further and actually eat parts of themselves if left for too long a period without food.

A hyena belonging to a menagerie was kept by the proprietor without food in order to tame it. One morning he was horrified to find that the ferocious creature had actually eaten part of its own leg.

An eagle in the zoo a few years ago was noted for the fact that it would now and then pick pieces of flesh out of its own legs and eat them.

Certain caterpillars and toads devour their cast off skin. This may be due to fear, but it looks like economy.

There is just a trace of this characteristic in human beings. Children when in rage sometimes bite their own hands and arms, although it must be admitted that they desist when it begins to hurt.

One Way of Getting Even.

'There is a fellow in our office who is a chronic borrower,' said a young man employed in a large Market street establishment.

DON'T BECOME AN OBJECT

Of Aversion and Pity, Cure Your Catarrh, Purify Your Breath and Stop the Offensive Discharge.

R. V. Dr. Bochrer, of Buffalo, says: 'My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since we day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application.' 50 cents. 2

ment recently. 'He got into nearly everybody in the place before we all made up our minds to stop lending. He has owed me \$2 for nearly a year, but I'm nearly square, although he has never paid me a penny of it. That sounds queer, but it is the truth. I'll tell you how I've worked it.

Every once in a while one of the fellows will say, 'I'm going to make So-and-so give me what he owes me next pay day or know the reason why.' That's my chance, and I casually remark, 'I'll bet you a quarter you don't get it.' Usually the fellow takes me up, and when pay day comes he loses his bet, for So-and-so never pays. In small bets of quarters and dimes, luncheons and cigars I have nearly got back the amount I originally loaned to the chronic borrower.'

Was Ready to Compromise.

A very small pile of coal on the sidewalk in front of a house on A street, southeast. A correspondingly small son of Ham was sauntering along and seeing it scented a job. He rang the doorbell.

'Am dat yo' all's coal?' he asked the lady at the door.

'Yes.'

'Wanted it toled in?'

'Yes.'

'Kain't I git de job?'

'Why you're pretty small, and then you might charge too much. You might ask more than I could pay.'

'How much is you got?' asked the small man of business. 'Kin yo' raise a dollah?'

'Oh my goodness, no!'

'Seventy-five cents?'

'No, no; run along and don't bother me.' And she started to close the door.

'Mebbe so yo'll gib 50 cents.'

'No, no; run along.'

'I reckons yo' all ain't got er quartah?'

'No.'

'Ner a dime?'

'No, not even a dime,' replied the woman, beginning to laugh.

'Well, how much is yo' got?' questioned Eym showing his ivory. 'I sut'nly does want er git de job.'

'I've got just a nickle.'

'Well, I'm jus' a-lookin fer nickle jobs.' And he straightway began.

Distinction, not Difference.

A group of small boys, gathered under a big oak, had listened spellbound for an hour to Uncle Enoch's tales of adventure by land and by sea, on the field of battle and in the trackless forest.

At last the hero of all the adventures paused for breath, and one of his listeners ventured a single gasping question.

'Uncle,' he stammered, 'I s'pose—I s'pose you never ran away from anything all your life, did you? Not from bears nor tigers nor canons nor wild Indians, nor,—nor anything?'

Uncle Enoch pulled his spectacles well down on his long nose, and gazed benignly over them at his venturesome young person.

'Benny,' he said, in a tone of one safely arrived at the seat of wisdom, 'you live long enough an' you'll find out 'tisn't ever best to run away from danger, no matter what; but you'll see times when you'll change front and advance in the other direction 'bout as fast as you can go.'

It Came in Handy.

Poet—I left a poem here the other day. Do you think you can use it?

Editor—I have already, it came in so handy, I simply had to.

Poet (gasping joyfully)—Ahl! Editor—While I was writing my last editorial I ran out of copy paper; your poem, being written on one side of the paper only, just helped me out.

Hinged On the Cows.

The London Outlook speaks of a lover with an agricultural cast in his eye which boded ill for his lass.

He was a dairyman who owned thirty or forty cows. He was arranging with the minister about his wedding, and was bidden to name the hour.

'Well, sir,' he replied, 'I cannot say just to an hour or so. There's the cows, ye see; but I'll be there as soon as ever I can.'

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN Pain-Killer will be found to fill your needs as a household remedy. Used as a liniment for stiffness and taken internally for all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes. 25c and 50c.

A Triumph of Photography.

Of course it was a Missouriian, one of the 'you've got to show me' type, who remarked to a companion as they examined with awe-struck interest a picture in which there was seen the faces of all the presidents of the United States. 'Say, Bill, how in thunder did the photographer manage to get them men all together at once?'

UP LATE NIGHTS, endless engagements, generally run down? Take 'The D. & L.' Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It will tone up your system and make you feel yourself again. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Chat

Belts are gowns and the kind imaginable soft ribbon drapery especially noted and it is possible successfully by

Almost any and black velvet is one point in where good taste any sort of belt and not be out

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Chat of the Boudoir.

Belts are a great feature of the new gowns and they are of every width and kind imaginable. Wide belts of silk or soft ribbon draped around the figure are especially noticeable on the thin gowns, and it is possible to vary one costume very successfully by having a variety of belts.

Black taffeta silk gowns are very much in vogue, eight tailor-made or in more dressy varieties, one of which is tucked so that the tucks meet in points on the skirt above a deep circular flounce tucked down vertically a few inches from the top, and finished with a fancy silver and black silk braid.

There are boleros without end, both for indoor and outdoor wear, and some of the latter show the round military collar. Black and white foulard gowns trimmed with lace insertions, are very stunning with either a black or a white cloth bolero.

Evidently pale blue, pink and white Louisiana and taffeta gowns are to be very much worn this season, made up with deep accordion plaited flounces of mousseline de soie around the feet. The silk skirt falls like a tunic over the flounces, but does not cover them and is trimmed in panels with lace between tucks and also around the edge.

The most elegant laces for trimming these gowns are of the applique order without any foundation net at all, but of course this is entirely a matter of choice, as all kinds are used. An odd feature of decoration which seems to be appropriate for any kind of material from cloth to organdie, is white taffeta silk cut out in varied designs and inset with a finish of embroidery, or gold and white silk braid, whichever suits the better the material to which it is applied.

Manve crepe de chine forms a pretty gown, tucked and trimmed with lace. The vest is of silver tissue covered with fine lace, and the cravat is of black velvet. A model which is very effective for foulard shows points of lace set in the bodice and skirt, edged with black velvet ribbon. This is not a new idea, as tucks and silk waists have been treated in this way all winter, but is a model which is very attractive on some figures. The flounce has a hemstitched hem, but rows of black velvet ribbon may be substituted if you like.

A pretty white batiste has a pretty decoration of narrow white valenciennes insertion, the flounce being tucked down from the top in groups of three. A collar spreads out on the shoulder and down to the waist in front and turns back from a tucked and lace trimmed vest.

Nothing is much more conspicuous in the season's fashions than the variety in finish of the short jacket, which reigns supreme at the tailor's. One example has a collar of killed frills of silk, a vest of embroidered silk and revers of twine colored linen. Another model for black taffeta is trimmed with stitched bands of black satin and the collar is of white satin embroidered in colors.

An unusual effect is shown in a tailor

gown of gray cloth, the flounces being stitched all over with steel thread and finished with black panne bands, which also finish the coat and are stitched in the same way. An odd little bodice of black taffeta glaze shows straps fastened with steel buttons, upon the yoke of white glaze. The collarband is of lace and the belt of black studded with steel.

In children's clothes there is nothing especially new, but here are some little models which show the varying details of finish. Collars abound on the girl's gowns and the small boy's coat as well, so that it is hardly possible to go wrong in any kind or shape. Embroidered and tuck-ed batiste collars are quite as pretty as any and you see them in all the ecru tints as well as whites. A pretty shape is a nun's veiling gown in pale blue with a tucked bodice, tucks down either side of the skirt in front and a hem joined by an open cross stitch.

The same embroidered batiste collars are used in the cloth reefers with pretty effect. Plain batiste, very fine in quality, finely tucked and edged with embroidery makes a pretty collar. In the muslin is another model, tucked and finished with lace yoke and collar, edge around with a band of the muslin hemstitched on. A silk mousseline gown is trimmed with tiny ruches.

The fine white batistes embroidered with a little single flower here and there make most charming gowns for children, and any amount of hemstitching may be applied to the plain batistes. Narrow cream white lace insertions trim the white organdie gowns most effectively, stripping the seams down to the straight around rows at the hem, and encircling the hips in the form of a yoke.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The new foundation skirts of the new "in gowns get the fluff effect around the feet from a two-inch pinked ruche set on the edge of the plaited ruffle.

The new shirt waists are varied indeed; but the variety is accomplished mostly by the modes of trimming and the great diversity in material used. The bishop sleeve in a modified edition, prevails and the yoke has disappeared altogether. No embroidery is too fine for the dainty white waists, and there are chemisettes, and and vests, undersleeves and frills to make them dressy.

The Aigon shirt bears out the name quite as well as any, but the material bears out the name quite as well as any, but the material used is so exquisitely fine that it hardly suggests a shirt. Finest white batiste sheer and soft tucked all over in quarter-inch tucks make a very pretty Aigon shirt. It is full and long in front to give the full blouse effect and ties down from the under arm seam instead of being sewn into a belt. Down one side of the front there are two gathered frills of batiste either with hemstitched or lace edges. If you prefer, one of the frills may be of blue, pink or red batiste, and they are fully three or four inches wide.

Small buckles used as slides on silk bands and velvet ribbon are one feature of dress decoration.

Pretty white gauze scarfs dotted over with printed flowers in natural colors add novelty to the department devoted to neckwear. Scarfs of every kind are in demand, and another pretty variety is in thin white silk with chine boarders. Others are striped with cashmere designs.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S TALENTS.

She is a Pianist of Merit, Paints Well and is an Expert in Needlework.

Queen Alexandra has once or twice played in public for charity, and she proved then to the very limited public admitted to hear her that she was an uncommonly good amateur, musical and well taught. Sir Charles Halle was one of her teachers and on the piano she is more facile than on any other instrument, although she plays the harp and dulcimer and has been able to entertain herself and her friends on the guitar. She is an enthusiastic Wagnerian in operatic taste and has made repeated pilgrimages to Bayreuth.

One year it was necessary for the sake of the Wagner operas to have at Covent Garden, Jean de Bassez, who was not in the least inclined to come to London that year. The Princess of Wales, as she was then, learned that the tenor might decide not to join the company at Covent Garden, and she knew that that would cause the failure of the Wagner season, if not the complete abandonment of "Tristan and Isolde" and "Siegfried." So she wrote the tenor a personal letter requesting him not to fail to come to Covent Garden for her sake and for that of the many Wagner admirers who had counted on him to lend brilliancy to the season. M. de Bassez then consented to appear, and he was re-

warded with the personal thanks of the present Queen of England. Queen Alexandra is a doctor of music of Dublin University, and the picture of her taken in her mortarboard and gown is one of the best known among her photographers.

The new Queen has other artistic tastes. She embroiders well in the difficult stitch called 'Italian,' and some of her work has been displayed at public exhibitions of needlework. She is an expert worker in embossed leather, and specimens of her skill in this kind of handicraft, so eminently suited to a woman, have been shown at the Albert Hall exhibitions. It was she who introduced this kind of work into the industrial school at Sandringham, named in her honor. Her water color paintings, especially of sea scenes, are described by those who have had the privilege of seeing them as really artistic.

Queen Alexandra shares the devotion to dogs so common to royalty, and one of the presents sent by her husband on his last birthday was a portrait of her two favorites Billee and Funchie. They are a Japanese and Chinese poodle respectively, and their delicate coloring had been artistically reproduced by the woman artist to whom the commission for the picture was given.

It is confidently expected that the new Queen will support the opera at Covent Garden more loyally than ever in order that it may not languish because of the mourning it is she who is said to have done everything possible to prevent the continuance of the court mourning and to encourage the resumption of all public amusements. She knew the large number of persons dependent on them for their livelihood, and the opera at Covent Garden counts on her enthusiastic support there for other reasons than her devotion to music.

A LITTLE MAN AND STOUT WOMAN.

Unexpected Ending of a Suspected Case of Masching in a Street Car.

A small, neatly dressed man made himself extremely obnoxious to a stout, middle aged woman who sat beside him in a Lexington avenue car yesterday noon. When the little man began his operations there was clear space between them, but he edged over inch by inch until he was almost lost to view behind the ample folds of the stout woman's velvet coat.

At first the stout woman merely glared at him but when he got too close she turned away with such suddenness that her back rammed him forcibly into the man who sat on his other side. The people in that part of the car looked at the little man with disapproval but he seemed no whit discouraged.

He worked forward on his seat and over past the stout woman's defending shoulder until he was again snug beside her. The stout woman glared at him ferociously and gathered her skirts about her with a furtive look. In reply the little man gazed at her stony profile with a mild appeal that would have been funny had not the rest of the passengers been so disgusted and indignant. The stout woman looked three-edged snickeriness at the little man for a moment and then moved away from him as far as possible.

Inside of two minutes the little man was cuddled beside her again. In the movement a fold of the stout woman's coat fell over the little man's arm. He glanced at the stout woman and back at his arm, then sat very still for a few moments the picture of guilt.

Finally, with an inexpressible shy look at the stout woman's face he brought his left hand over and laid it softly on the fold of her coat. The interested passengers could almost hear him purr.

The action, however, attracted the stout woman's attention. She took in the situation at a glance, snatched her coat away and wrapped it closely about her, while the little man shrivelled visible under her gaze.

The incident was too much for the rest of the passengers. A big man a few seats away on the opposite side of the car got up and took off his hat to the stout woman.

"Madam," he said, "it's this monkey is annoying you I should be delighted to throw him off the car."

The stout woman turned her lightnings from the little man to the big one.

"Sir," she demanded, "how dare you speak to me in that manner of my husband! 'Daniel,' to the little man. 'Are you a man to sit there and see me insulted?'"

"Oh, damn!" choked the big man, making for the door.

The rest of the passengers smiled at things in the street.

Lady "Bob" and Her Trunks.

There is a story going round about Lady Roberts and her trunks, for the truth of which, says the Westminster Gazette, a man returning from South Africa vouches.

At the height of the transport difficulties, Lady Roberts carried eight large trunks from Cape Town to Bloemfontein in the very teeth of the officers.

Everybody wondered, everybody grumbled. No one but Lady Roberts could have taken the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and only half clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station, some rather uncomplimentary things were said about women travellers in general and his latest transgressor in particular.

Next day seven of the eight trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed among the soldiers. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape, and had smuggled through comforts for the men. One small trunk contained her personal belongings.

And Yet He Could Write.

Among the public servants who are worried by foolish questions the superintendent of mails in the postoffice gets his full share. One of his visitors on a certain occasion was a man who said to the deputy who answered the call at the window: "I am going out of town today and want to get a letter to my brother, who is on board the Majestic, and she is not due until Wednesday. I don't know where he will stay in New York or where he will go from here. Can you help me?"

"Certainly we can," said the clerk. "A mailboat goes to meet the steamer, and if you address your letter properly and put domestic postage on it it will be delivered all right."

"But how shall I address it—where shall I send it?"

"Address it 'John Smith, passenger on board incoming steamer Majestic, due in New York, Dec. 12.' That will reach him."

"No city? No nothing?"

"That's all—just as I told you."

The man thanked the clerk and went away, and came back a little later with an addressed letter in his hand.

"Say," he said to the clerk, "about that letter. I've addressed it and stamped it all right, but the man's name isn't John Smith. How about that?"

He Certainly Was a Friend.

The stage was rolling along the canyon trail when suddenly the horses reared back on their haunches as a lone highwayman with a Winchester appeared on the scene.

"Step out of the hearse, gentlemen, and hands up!" he ordered.

One by one they climbed out, with elevated hands.

The highwayman relieved the party and several times was forced to remind one nervous little man to keep his hand from his pocket.

"What's the matter with you?" he finally roared. "You make another move like that, and I'll pump the slugs in you!"

"Please let me," pleaded the little man as his hand again slid toward his pocket.

"Please let you!" roared the desperado.

"Please let you perforate me? You're imposing on my generosity, sonny. Look out! Look out! Keep your mit away from that pocket, or by the Eternal!"

"But it won't hurt you!" protested the little man. "It won't hurt you at all! Stand just as you are now and keep your rifle leveled. There! That's it!"

And while the highwayman was recovering from his astonishment the little man had fished his kodak and snapped the button.

AN IMPOSSIBLE thing to find is a plaster equalled to "The D. & L." Menthol, which is being imitated. Get the genuine. For side aches, back-aches, stitches, nothing equals it. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Novel Mouse-Trap.

A newspaper describes the loss of a valuable ring and its very peculiar discovery. It has found a useful place in the world by serving as a mouse-trap.

A lady suddenly discovered that she had lost a diamond ring from her finger; and remembering that she had just washed her hands, she thought it possible that it had slipped from her finger in the operation. A plumber was called in and all the traps opened, with a hope of finding the jewel, but without avail.

Some time later the set bowl in the bath room had to be replaced, and when it was opened the skeleton of a mouse was found crowded in behind the water pipes; and around its neck hung a diamond ring. The mouse had fastened on a box of bran, which the lady used to whiten her hands, and into which she had dropped the ring. By accident the mouse had slipped its head through the ring, and then fled in alarm. In passing between the pipes, the ring was caught and held its wearer.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 704, Eight Avenue, New York.

HOOD'S PILLS. Bounce the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headaches, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are valuable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Japanese Courage. A New York exchange tells of the courage of the Japanese in the late encounter with China. It is seldom that a more striking instance of valor is witnessed.

When the allies lay under fire from the walls of Tientien, the Japanese held two rows of huts along the south canal. Between these rows was an open space, commanded by the Chinese fire.

A soldier was started with a verbal order across this zone. Within thirty yards he fell dead. Another soldier instantly dashed out with the message, and he fell likewise. Like clockwork a third soldier ran out, and there was a roar of cheers from the allies as the brave Japanese made his trip in safety.

A Pleasant Duty.—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50 cts."—9

New Insomnia Cure.

Brown-Say, I've been trying the finest cure for insomnia that I ever heard of. It is for one to count each breath that he exhales while lying in bed.

Smith—Ah! Then you go to sleep. Brown—No, but after a little while a fellow gets rather interested in the work, and the night passes away so quickly that he doesn't mind lying still so long.

Rheumatic Joints.—Mrs. George Smith, 62 Charron street, Point St. Charles, Que., says: "Rheumatism in my joints caused me sufferings that words cannot describe how terrible. I took four bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and am a well woman. I have recommended it to others with as good results. Think the treatment nothing short of a wonder."—10

A Writer's Aspirations.

They were looking through the library. "If you had the divine gift what would you rather write?" asked the romantic young woman.

"Checks," replied the sordid young man.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11

"I am afraid that you won't be able to explain your attitude in this matter," said the friend doubtfully.

"I'm not going to try to explain," answered Senator Sorgbum. "Life is too short to do anything but go ahead and transact business. I can hire people to do my explaining for me."

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nerve. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12

Miss Gush—Isn't Mr. Freshleigh a dear? He told me yesterday that I love me!

Miss Thrust—I'm not surprised; he wouldn't wonder anyone's feelings for the world by telling them the truth.

Take One of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills after dinner. It will promote digestion and overcome any evil effects of too hearty eating. Safe, prompt, active, painless and pleasant. This effective little pill is supplanting all the old school nauseous purgatives. 40 doses, 10 cents.—13

He (cautiously)—If I should propose, would you say 'yes?' She (still more cautiously)—If you were sure that I should say 'yes' would you propose?

Kidney Duty.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

Chief of Weather Bureau (after dinner)—A first-class dinner and a good cigar! Guess I'll prophesy fair weather for the rest of the week!

Those Worrying Pills!—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 25 cents.—15

Romance of the Sponge.

There's more romance about a sponge than the ordinary prosaic lover of tubbing imagines. Perhaps that is the reason why many a small boy's darling ambition is to own a bath sponge as big as his father's. He may catch a hint of crystal waters and blue sky and dusky natives and palm groves and strange lands in the dead and dried sponge. Like it he certainly does.

A well-known New York publisher says that one of the tragedies of his life hinged upon this boyish passion for sponges. His father had a beautiful big Mediterranean sponge, and it hung upon a nail in the bath room, where it courted the son and heir, aged 6, to mad coquetism. All the ordinary boyish ambitions paled before his longing for such a sponge. He didn't want to grow up and be a pirate, or own a candy store or fight Indians. He yearned for maturity only in order that he might have a Mediterranean sponge as big as his porridge bowl.

One day he found 10 cents. His father didn't believe in pocket money and cents were scarce with him, but a whole dime! He retired to the woodshed to think. One could do almost anything with a dime, but the vital burning problem to be solved was what would be the very best way of spending the unexpected wealth. It didn't take him long to decide. He would buy a sponge as big as his father's, bigger perhaps. In fact he would buy the biggest one the drug store man had if it took the last cent of his capital to do it.

So he walked proudly down the street and entered the drug store with a swagger. There was a glass case full of sponges. He picked out the largest, and standing on tip toe so that the clerk could see him over the counter, he said with dignity:

"How much is that sponge?"

"Three dollars and a half," said the clerk politely.

The young Croesus blinked hastily and swallowed violently. The world had been toppled about his ears, but he was game. By a heroic effort he regained his breath and his voice.

"I'll take a chocolate soda," please, he said, quite firmly, and watched with dry eyes while his 10 cents disappeared in the cash drawer.

Sponges aren't so cheap as they look, though one can buy inferior quality for very little money. The best sponges in the market come from the Mediterranean and a few, almost as good come from the north coast of Cuba. The quantity of the latter is so small that they make little impression upon the market. Four fifths of the sponges brought to New York are from Key West and the West Indies, the very cheapest grade being imported in great quantities from the Bahamas. Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, is the greatest sponge market of the world, and about 900,000 pounds of sponges are shipped from there to the United States every year. New York dealers, who absolutely control this output, ship a large share of the sponges to European markets.

"Sponging used to be a very interesting and picturesque performance," said a New York wholesale dealer to a Sun reporter. "About nine-tenths of the native population of the Bahamas is interested in one way or another in the industry, and in the old days the natives owned their boats and were spongers on their own hook.

"They took small schooners provisioned for five or six weeks, loaded their wives and children aboard, and set sail for the sponging grounds. Sometimes they got a load in a week or two. Sometimes they were out six weeks. If the weather was good, everything went easily, and the excursion was one festive and protected picnic. Cooking was done over a fire built upon the sand in a box lashed to the side of the boat. When the weather was bad, no cooking was done; but, in good weather the fire flamed up from every boat, all evening, and as there were usually a good many boats on the sponge grounds at once, the sight was picturesque. The darkies all lounged around the fires and every one of them could play some sort of musical instrument and sing. I tell you there was music worth hearing out among those spongers in the tropical rights. The Nassau Sponge Exchange runs the whole business now, and some of the zest seems to have gone out of the thing.

"There are no sponges right around Nassau, but the exchange is there, and each of its members sends out his own fleet, which is busy all the year around. The merchant has a number of schooners, of from ten to twenty tons. Sometimes he owns two boats. Sometimes he owns thirty.

He engages the negro captain for his boat, and the captain his own crew. The owner provisions the boat, and the provision included in the contract is always the same—so many pounds of flour, rice and salt pork, and so many quarts of gin, for each sponger. If a man takes wife or children along, he must provide the extra food for them.

"It isn't such bad fun to be a sponger if the weather is good and if one doesn't mind sharks. The boats are made with heavy glass set in their bottoms, and the water down there is so clear that one can look through this square of glass right down to the bottom of the sea. Sometimes instead of the glass in the boat the men carry a glass box, that is, a wooden box with a glass bottom. They hold this over the side of the boat with the glass just below the level of the surface; and, no matter how rough the water is, the bottom may be seen through the glass. The boat cruises around until it strikes a place where the sponges are thick. Then it chorsans.

"If the water is shallow the sponges are raked up with rakes a good deal like those used for oysters. If the water is deep the spongers strip and dive for the sponges. You ought to see those fellows swim and dive. There's nothing finer in the world. They are more at home in the water than on land. A man will dive down in 200 feet of water, fool around on the bottom until you think he's dead, and then bob up serenely, having gathered all the sponges for two or three yards around.

"The waters are full of sharks, but no body seems to mind them. If one happens to be swimming along right beside the boat the men wait until he passes before they dive. That's all. When there are children on board they are everlastingly falling overboard, but nobody pays any attention to that. Even the babies can swim like fish.

"When the live sponge is brought up and thrown on deck it looks more like a lot of uncommonly nasty liver than like anything else and it smells to heaven. Right there's where sponging ceases to be attractive. The spongers don't remendous quantities of gin, to keep them from being chilled by being so much in the water; but nobody seems to get drunk.

"As soon as a good number of sponges have been collected, the boat puts in to the nearest land, and the sponges, which are dry and dead by this time, are put in kresls. That is they are put were salt water can reach them, but are picketed so that they can't be washed away. After a day or two of that, they are washed by hand and laid out in the sun to bleach. Part of the men stay and watch them, while the others go off after more. When a full load is ready the boats put back to Nassau. There the sponges are sorted according to quality and put in piles on the floor of the exchange. The dealers walk around, examine the lots and write the prices they are willing to pay on slips of paper, which are handed to the clerk. He reads out the name of the highest bidder on each lot. There is no bargaining, no talking, no second chance. It is perhaps the most quiet and serene market in the world.

"Each dealer carries his purchases off to his own sponge yard, a place enclosed in stone walls and partly covered by a shed. There hosts of colored people, men, women and children, clip the sponges, cut away the roots, wash out or cut out the lumps of hard sand, &c. There is a great art in sponge clipping. The aim must be to cut out all objectionable matter with as little injury to the shape and size and texture of the sponge as possible. Often the cuts are invisibly sewed together, so that no ragged hole will show. The bits of sponge clipped off are used for packing purposes or for fertilizer.

"The sponges would in their normal state, take up too much room in shipping, so they are pressed into bales, and the decree to which they are capable of compression may be understood, from the fact that the natives boast they can pack a bushel of sponges into a cigar box. The sheep's wool sponge, which is the finest variety, sells in Nassau, for about \$1 15 a pound while the cheapest quality brings about 25 cents a pound. The owner of the boat takes half the profit of the load, and the crew divides the other half, so the men's earnings vary, but they seldom exceed 40 cents a day.

Modern doctors are inclined to frown upon the sponge. They say it is a refuge for microbes, big and little, and that the

lack of care, in regard to bath sponges, is responsible for all sorts of dreadful happenings.

"It is simply astounding that decent people can use sponges as they do," said a New York doctor. "A sponge should always be carefully washed, in very hot water, after being used; and every few days, it should be washed in an antiseptic.

Ready to Star.

A lecturer in a California town had in his audience a lank young man who drank in every word with flattering avidity, and whose eyes bulged with delight at the pictures thrown on the screen.

As the evening wore on, the lecturer got into the habit of looking at this entranced listener, and after a while had almost the feeling that the lecture was intended for him alone.

This evidently was the idea which possessed the lank young man as well, for when the lecturer said:

"And now I will ask you to go with me two miles into the jungle," he sprang to his feet.

"Anywhere you say, mister," he shouted, with kindling eyes, "if you can just hold on long enough for me to cut home and get my gun!"

Persistence Of The Flavor.

A Western correspondent sends us this story, which may be taken with a few grains of salt as to the material allegation contained therein:

A country customer had bought some fish at a village grocery store, whether codfish, mackerel or herring is not necessary for the purposes of the story, and at her next visit to the store she entered a complaint.

"Your taste, she said, 'exactly like English breakfast tea.'

"I'm not surprised, ma'am," replied the grocer. "Those fish were caught in the Boston Harbor."

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO THE WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

A Grateful Woman Tells Her Release From the Agonies That Afflict Her Sex After Three Doctors Had Failed To Help Her.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only fall to the lot of women. The following story of the suffering and release of Mrs. Charles Hoeg, of Southampton, N. S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to other sufferers. Mrs. Hoeg says:—"For nine out of the thirty-two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine. I could suffer and yet have lived. Three weeks out of four I would be unable to move about and, indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—three of the most skillful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case. These all agreed in their diagnosis, but the treatment varied; and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure. Many a night when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result was a blood making compound that was highly recommended. This, like everything else, failed to help me. There seemed to be not a particle of blood in my body. My face was absolutely colorless, and my appetite almost entirely deserted me. I often saw in the newspapers letters testifying to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but nine years of suffering and discouragement had made me too sceptical to see any hope of relief, when doctors had failed to effect a cure. But at last I came across the story of a cure near home—that of Mr. Moses Boss of Rodney. I knew that at one time he had been regarded as a hopeless consumptive, and his cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, determined me to try them. I had not taken two boxes before I began to feel better, and grew confident of a cure. I kept on taking the pills, all the time feeling new blood in my veins, activity returning to my limbs, and the feeling of depression gradually wearing away. To many women it may seem incredible that the mere making of new blood in my veins could restore to a healthy condition misplaced internal organs, but this has been my happy experience. My pains have all left me, and I am now as healthy a woman as there is in this place. This health I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have rescued me from a life of suffering, if not from the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young a burden. Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. These pills are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Dr Chase Makes Friends Of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shrivelled arteries with new rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Fierceton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great

sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Mrs. Margaret Iron. Tower Hill, N. B., writes:

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk a mile without an inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S FRIENDS ACTIVE

Little Hope of Her Immediate Release—Statements of Her Case.

The friends of Mrs. Maybrick are not abating their appeals for her liberation which they renewed on the king's accession although so far the authorities have made no favorable sign. She was visited by her mother two days ago, and the latter has again returned to Rouen. She is not encouraged to hope that the release will take place before the normal period of a woman's life sentence is exhausted, which under the present regulations and with a good conduct certificate, would be about a year hence. But if King Edward should be crowned before then, and the customary acts of clemency that accompany a coronation included remissions of sentence it would mean immediate freedom in Mrs. Maybrick's case. The present Home Secretary, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, is the only occupant of that office in this generation who is not a lawyer and not therefore averse by professional training to reopen any case whose judge as were his predecessors who had to consider the case, Messrs. Matthews, Asquith and Ridley, all barristers. A gentleman described as honorary secretary of the Maybrick Committee issues a statement this week in which he says:

"I am constantly receiving letters from all parts of the country, and even from abroad, urging the committee to fresh action. We are forced to the conclusion that there are powerful influences at work to keep Mrs. Maybrick in prison. This is especially noticeable when any movements are made to obtain her release, for almost immediately a counter agitation is started, and currency is given to all sorts of wicked statements calculated to prejudice the chances of this unhappy woman in the public mind.

It is a fact that a certain land syndicate on the other side of the water stands to lose several millions of dollars the moment Mrs. Maybrick is released. For some time prior to her arrest an agent of the syndicate tried to purchase an enormous area of real estate in which Mrs. Maybrick and her mother possessed a reversionary interest. Having no occasion to see their rights, they refused but when the enormous cost of the defence at the trial put the ladies in monetary difficulties the case was otherwise.

By some mysterious coincidence the agent appeared at the critical moment and offered to buy a small portion of the land for £1,000. The deed was actually signed by Mrs. Maybrick without being read during the time the jury were deliberating on their verdict. Eventually it was found that the whole area of land, estimated to be worth \$8,000,000 had been technically included in the deed. Mrs. Maybrick's mother, who is now practically penniless and infirm, took steps to invoke the American law on behalf of justice, and the title of the syndicate has been suspended. Sir Matthew White Ridley was appealed to allow Mrs. Maybrick to make an affidavit in prison relating to the deed, but even this simple privilege was refused.

"The miserable prisoner, who is at Aylesbury Goal, is constantly in the prison infirmary; though but 41 years of age she is losing her sight and her teeth—in fact, she declares that it is only the thought of her two children and her aged mother that keeps her alive. She is broken by despair, and I fear she will not live long."

There is not one person in a thousand in this country who believe that any business document at all is signed by man or woman on trial for murder in the interval when the jury is debating the question of life or death. The invariable custom is for the prisoner to be alone with his warders in a room adjoining the public court, and to this room no person concerned in busi-

ness irrelevant to the trial has any possible access. The Honorary Secretary proceeds:

"Every item of new evidence in favor of Mrs. Maybrick is duly forwarded to the Home Office, and we have clearly shown that not only was Mr. Maybrick an arsenic eater, but that he actually did not die as the result of arsenical poisoning. To a manufacturing chemist—the son of the late Sir Valentine Blake—Mr. Maybrick said: 'I take arsenic when I can get it, but the doctors won't put any in my medicine except on a trifling occasion, and that only tantalizes me.'

"We have also sent the Home Office an affidavit by Capt J. Fleming, of the steamship Ulridi, who declares he saw Mr. Maybrick put some arsenic in his food at his office and say, 'I am taking arsenic enough to kill you. I find it strengthens me.'

"You may remember that at the trial Mrs. Maybrick said she had misplaced the prescription of the face wash which contained arsenic, and her statement was not believed. Well that prescription has been found in an old bible which belonged to Mrs. Maybrick, and a Parisian chemist has sworn an affidavit to the effect that he once made up the prescription for Mrs. Maybrick, or Miss Chandler as she then was.

"He includes in his statement an extraordinary passage from an American appeal declaring:

"The present moment is propitious for the release of the unfortunate lady for high reasons as an act of international comity, between two great peoples united by a common language and lineage. Blood is thicker than water, and every cause of irritation between these two countries should be speedily effaced, and that complete and full unification of our people, so greatly desired in America, and as we believe in England, quickly consummated. To pardon the accused, even if guilty, would not detract one iota from that wealth of merciful kindness and goodness which has shed a halo upon the crown of England."

Americans are themselves the best judges of the value of this sort of thing which evokes no comment beyond that it does harm to the cause it is intended to help.

Soothing to the Lungs, Throat and Nasal Passages.

Santa Monica, Calif.—I find Catarrh-zone of more value than any other remedy I have used; it is pleasant and soothing to the membranes of the lungs and throat and nasal passages. It anything will completely cure Bronchial Affections, or Catarrh, I am sure it is Catarrh-zone. It cured me and I do not wish to be without it." A. H. Calkins.

From Maine to California comes the same story of the successful power of Catarrh-zone over cures of the nose, throat and lungs. It goes wherever the air breathed goes, and is sure to reach the root of the trouble. Neither snuffs, ointments or stomach medicines can do this, and must inevitably fail. Catarrh-zone is pleasant, prompt, and guaranteed to absolutely cure Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma. It registers or by mail. Complete outfit, \$1.00; small size, 25c. A trial sent for 10c. by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

"We are now, my dear fellow citizens, thundered the excited campaign orator, facing a crisis that will certainly overtake us in the near future unless, with resolute purpose, we draw it out of the underground caverns in which it forever secludes itself from the sight of men!"

MORE COLDS are cured by Piny-Balsam than any other one remedy. It cures quickly and certainly. Bronchial affections give way readily to it. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Piny-Balsam.

"Do you consider prohibition a failure?" I do, sir—most emphatically. "May I ask your business?" "I am a Kansas druggist, sir."

(Continued)
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Surprising Restor-

and nerves. I... a dizzy, and come over me... never close my... did ache as though... I had to keep to... doctor attended... his medicine did... taken five boxes... Food, and it has... I ever believed a... words fail to express... wonderful cure... treatment.'

Tower Hill, N.

Food has done me... so weak that I... without any incon-... years old, and quite... usework, and con-... ng and reading be-... Food has... alone to me.

Food, 50 cents a... dmanson, Bates &

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(CONTINUED FROM THREE PAGES.)

agent—her will was subservient to another's.

Was there no one to save her in her hour of peril?

Who, indeed, should there be? Who could know of her determination to sacrifice name and honor, save the man into whose treacherous keeping she had agreed to give herself?

And he was little likely to set free the bird he had ensnared.

How the villain gloated over the victory he had so easily achieved!

What rooked he of honor, or of how the world regarded him?

What thought had he for the woman whom once he had desired this one, and of whom he had already tired?

How long would this new infatuation last?

The question did suggest itself to him, but he dismissed it with an impatient shrug.

It was not the more or less remote future that concerned him.

It was the present, and the future that was immediate, which absorbed his mind.

A few more hours, and then—Alice Collingham would have crossed the Rubicon.

There would be no going back. She would be his irrevocably.

How he longed for those few intervening hours to pass!

And Alice, too, looked forward feverishly to the advent of the time for flight.

Yet not without mingling, in spite of the glamour in which this accomplished villain had enwrapped her.

He was so unlike the Arthur Vivian of old.

Or was it that he had always been the same, but in former days had hidden his true character?

She loved him passionately—madly. But she was disappointed in him, and she knew it.

Her better nature told her she would have preferred him to be the honorable, upright gentleman she once had deemed him, even though in that case she could never more be sought to him.

But the unreasoning infatuation that had seized her for its own silenced the promptings of her conscience.

The die was cast. She had agreed to his proposal—had consented not only to sacrifice her own name, but to wrong another woman.

Ad she would not recede a single step from that to which she had pledged herself. Such is the power of love—a power for evil as well as for good.

CHAPTER VII.

SAVED.

'A Lady to see you, miss.'

Lady Cullen's maid stood respectfully at the door of Miss Collingham's pretty sitting room.

Her Ladyship, with that forethought which is so charming a trait in a hostess, had placed a tiny boudoir at her young guest's disposal during her visit to Russell Square.

This was a great boon to the girl, who longed for solitude occasionally—for a spot she could call her own, and retire to when the chatter and well intended babble of her godmother's visitors became too much for her shaken nerves.

This evening—it was now seven o'clock—she was more than ever grateful for this sanctuary.

She was about to take a step, the enormity of which terrified her.

She experienced only a restless, and an impatience for the hour to arrive when she should have placed a barrier between herself and the safe, happy time of her girlhood.

Such was the fatal power of her would be destroyer!

Lady Cullen had gone to a dinner party from which Alice had excused herself on the plea of over fatigue incurred the day before at the garden party at Belmont house.

And, indeed, she looked ill enough to warrant any such excuse.

'Go to bed early my dear,' the kind old woman had said as she kissed her good night. 'I want you to look your best to-morrow. Bert Thornton is coming to take us to the flower show in the Temple.'

How far away everything seemed, and how dark and enigmatic did the future look!

The maid's entrance aroused Alice from her bitter sweet reverie.

'A lady!' she repeated. 'I can see no one to-night Martin. I suppose it is only some one about my pink satin from Madame Fleurette.' Tell her to come to-morrow.

Alice drew her breath sharply. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow!

It was all one now. The rubicon would soon be passed.

'No, Miss Collingham; it is not madame's young woman. It is a lady, and she says it is imperative that she should see you at once. She is in the small library.'

'Tell her I cannot see her,' was the impatient answer.

Martin left the room, returning, however, almost immediately with a folded piece of paper.

'The lady desires me to give you this,' he said.

Upon the paper were written the words: 'I must see you.—It means—to you—more than life and death.—E. SAYCE.'

Alice turned giddy with the shock and an undefinable dread.

She looked at the clock. She had not much time to spare.

It was past seven, and at nine o'clock she was to meet Lord Sayce at Charing-Cross Station.

'Show her up,' she told Martin, in such a hoarse voice that the maid stared at her in surprise.

'You are not well, miss,' she ventured. 'Let me—but the girl only waved her side.

'Show her up at once,' she repeated, still in those strange tones.

'The man with whom you have decided to fly tonight, Miss Collingham, is not Arthur Vivian?'

Enid Sayce's voice was clear as a bell as she made this statement.

She had made it before, but the girl had seemed incapable of understanding, and so it, which the woman before her had to unfold, might well be hard to believe.

Then who is he? The question came harshly from between dry lips.

'If you will listen to me patiently, Miss Collingham, I will tell you the story of my life, in which both these men, the man who is dead—your lover, Arthur Vivian—and the man who calls himself Lord Sayce, and who, alas! is legally my husband, played so large a part.'

He is dead! Arthur is dead! You lie, Lady Sayce. Listen, I will throw prudency to the winds—woman's modesty—everything. You shall know the truth—my shame is not so great—I leave England to-night with—God forgive me—your husband, and my lover—the man to whom I was betrothed before you stole him from me.'

Alice was transformed. From a pretty girl she became a beautiful woman, outraged and defiant.

An expression of deepest pity swept the exquisite face of Enid Sayce.

'All this I know. I was behind the box hedge in the gardens of Belmont House yesterday. I heard all. That is why I am here now—to save you from a fate far worse than death.'

Her manner was so calm, that she impressed the girl against her will.

It would do no harm to hear this story. Alice told herself it would make no difference to her decision.

'I will hear you,' she said at last, 'but I warn you, I shall not believe one word you say.'

'I think you will,' was the quiet answer, 'when you have heard all. For myself I ask no quarter—for him, I only pray that he may reap as he has sown. It will be for you to decide. I am tired of life—my whole existence is one long purgatory.'

'Go on,' said Alice harshly. 'I have no time to waste. At nine o'clock—'

'Yes, I know—' sadly; and Enid, still in the same emotionless tones, commenced her narrative.

'I am of lowly origin on my father's side. My mother married far beneath her—in fact, she became the wife of a bare-backed rider in a circus. Her life was like mine in a circus as a rider. I was, in those days, very beautiful, and, as a matter of course, had many admirers; but none of them came up to what I considered my standard. I was vain, foolish, arrogant. When I was barely seventeen, Lord Fancourt came upon the scene.

'He visited DeLara's Hippodrome, where I was engaged, and fell—what he called—in love with me. His so-called "love," turned out to be the basest of human passions.

'I was his slave; he my master. He was years older than me—a rone, jealous of me, yet not for an instant mending his own ways. And one day I left him; with whom matters not—but this I can tell you. My lover was not Captain Vivian. For him I conceived a mad passion which has been my doom.

'See, Miss Collingham, I do not spare myself. Although he was among my admirers he never made love to me—indeed, when one day I cast myself at his feet and begged him to give me his love, he told me that this act had banished even that regard which he had hitherto possessed for me—and then later on I heard of his engagement to you.'

Enid paused, but Alice made no sign. She sat in frozen silence, waiting to hear the end.

'I will pass over the months that followed,' resumed Lady Sayce, 'and come to the awful tragedy of my life.' Here emotion threatened to overcome her. 'But first I must tell you that, among my ex-lovers, I numbered one Randolph Sterne. Did you ever hear the name, Miss Collingham?'

Alice shook her head.

'I thought not, although he was a first cousin of your betrothed. He was always a black sheep—a disgrace to the family. He was mad about me, and threatened that, by fair means or foul, I should be his.

'I will not weary you with his persecutions, or his villainies. Suffice it that he was an enemy of Arthur Vivian's for a double reason—one, the lesser I now know, that I loved Arthur; the other that he envied him his future wealth and title.

'As you doubtless know, Arthur had an uncle, in the event of whose death he would become Lord Sayce, and, upon Arthur's death, the title and estates would go to his half-brother, now only a boy at Eton.

'Do you begin to see light, Miss Collingham? Ah! no, you have not yet the key to the mystery. On hearing of Captain Vivian's approaching marriage, I think I became mad. I followed him to the Curragh Camp. Never shall I forget that walk up the steep and snowy hill. I came face to face with him. There was a terrible scene.

'His anger that I should have followed him, making a scandal, as it would when I do not think I should have minded had not your name been continually on his lips. 'Alice will hear of it; it is an insult to Alice.'

'I cannot, even to you, Miss Collingham, rehearse again that drama. I am prepared to do much in expiation of my sin, and to save you, but that I cannot do. Strung by his scorn, I drew from my pocket a revolver. As Heaven is my witness, I intended to turn it upon myself—'

A low cry came from Alice—her face was like the dead.

'You—You killed him?'

Now she understood. 'It was an accident. He caught my arm. 'What would you do woman?' he cried in horror. They were his last words. The weapon went off, and Arthur fell to the ground, shot to the heart. Before I could recover from the awful shock I found I was not alone. I had been followed from England by Randolph Sterne!

'Heaven knows, if he too had not some deep design in also visiting his cousin at the camp. Of this I cannot be certain. Now you know why I am that miserable woman, his wife—the woman the world calls Lady Sayce.'

'I am no more Lady Sayce than he is Lord Sayce. My husband is Randolph Sterne—Lord Sayce lies buried in a nameless grave in the county of Kildare.'

A cry of horror escaped the listener. She saw at last as in a blinding flash of light the pit into which she would have fallen.

Truly she was most bitterly punished. Randolph thus had me in his power, the unhappy woman proceeded. 'He told me there was but one way of escape from the gallows for me. He affected to disbelieve that Arthur's death was the result of an accident. 'You are a murderer,' he said, 'and I am witness of the fact.' So I consented to become his wife; he changed his clothes for those of the dead man, removing, or destroying papers to suit his own purpose. From that moment he became Lord Sayce.'

'He has traded on the marvellous likeness between himself and his cousin, thereby deceiving the world, even the woman who loved Arthur—yourself—Miss Collingham.'

Enid Sterne, to give her her right name, could not resist the temptation to utter the last words.

She told herself, that she would not have been so deceived—that her love for Arthur was greater than this girl's.

She waited for an answer—he waited in vain.

Her rival in poor Arthur's love had slipped to the floor in dead swoon.

Three years afterwards a bright and happy bridal party met at Dovemore Vicarage.

The bride was none other than sweet Alice Collingham.

Need it be said that the happy bridegroom was Sir Herbert Thornton?

After patiently waiting, he had won his heart's desire.

There was no secret between these two. Alice had told him—and told him alone—the truth.

Only her devoted husband knew from what a horror she had been saved by the woman who had now lain at rest in her grave this year and more.

Enid Sterne's life, from the day when she had saved her rival, was devoted to works of charity, and in the pursuance of these had she come by her death.

A malignant fever had carried her off in the zenith of her beauty.

And the villain who had wrought such mischief—what of him? For family reasons the scandal was hushed up; the guardians of the youthful Lord Sayce buying the impostor's silence, and thereby saving a long and expensive lawsuit—at a heavy price.

No one knows for certain his whereabouts, but on the racecourse at Melbourne is frequently to be seen a low class tout, who very much resembles the ex-Lord Sayce.

Old and Faded Garments

Made to Look as Good as New By Use of

DIAMOND DYES.

Mrs. William Sargent, Petrolia, Ont., says: 'Your Diamond Dyes are the best I have ever used, and they have done splendid work for me. In a short time Diamond Dyes saved me ten dollars, so that I think they deserve a good word. My friends, to whom I have shown my dyed goods, say that Diamond Dyes make old things look like new. The richest woman in our town, after seeing my work, has become a user of your Dyes. I thank you for such valuable money-savers as Diamond Dyes.'

Mrs. Thos. Hyndman, Masham, Que., says: 'I have been using Diamond Dyes for many years and find them most satisfactory in renewing the colors of my children's clothes. For brilliancy and fastness, Diamond Dyes cannot be excelled.'

Not a Perfect Specimen.

The little girl whom the New York Times tells about is only five years old, but she has such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children. Recently there came a real live baby into the house.

When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, the five year old surveyed it with a critical eye.

'Isn't that a nice baby?' cried the nurse, with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest.

'Yes,' replied the little girl, hesitatingly, 'it's nice, but it's head's loose.'

'Mike,' said Plodding Pete, 'are you in favor of takin' de tax off o' beer?'

'No, sir,' was the reply, 'All de beer I drinks I gits fer nothin.' Dem as kin afford to pay deir five cents fer de stuff ought to be made to support de government. Down wit de rich!'

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

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ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

RESCUE AT SEA.

Bravery and Kindness Shown by the Trollers of the Sea.

The fine four masted steel ship, the Mirzapore, bound for Australia and carrying one hundred and twenty passengers, when fifty five days out from London sighted a clumsy old Yankee whaler. The day being very still, the two vessels drew near enough together for the idle passengers to watch the whalers at work, but a breeze sprang up at twilight, the Mirzapore resumed her course, and lost sight of the other ship. What followed is told by Mr. Frank T. Bullen in the Cornhill Magazine.

About midnight a fire broke out in the Mirzapore's fore hatch. There was no confusion. Every order was obeyed with the same coolness and courage with which it was given; but the fire could not be subdued, and then came the captain's command:

'Clear away the boats!'

While the men worked with the energy of despair, there arose from the darkness the cheery hail of 'Ship ahoy!' a tall, gaunt figure, perfectly cool, as if the service he had come to render were in the nature of a polite morning call.

'Guess you've considerable of a muss hyar,' said he; and after a brief pause, 'Don't know as we've any gre't amount o' spare time on hand, so if you've nothin' else very pressin', we mout as well see 'bout transhipment, don't ye think?'

He had been addressing no one in particular, but Captain James answered him.

'You are right, sir,' he said, 'and thank you with all our hearts! Men, see the ladies and children overside!'

Swiftly yet carefully the helpless ones were handed outside and bestowed in the boat. As soon as she was safely laden, another moved up out of the murk behind and took her place. And it all proceeded without shouting, agitation or confusion. It was the very acme of good boatmanship.

The light grew apace. From the tall tongues of flame in all gorgeous hues that now cleft the night, hugh masses of yellow smoke rolled far to leeward, making a truly infernal picture.

Meanwhile, at the earliest opportunity, Captain James had called the first comer—chief mate of the Yankee whaler—apart, and quietly told him of the true state of affairs—that there were many tens of gunpowder on board. The "down-caster" received this appalling news with the same taciturnity that he had already manifested, merely remarking: 'Wal, [cap'n], if she lets go 'fore we've all got clear, some of us'll take the short cut to glory, anyhaow.'

But for all his apparent nonchalance he kept a wary eye upon the work to see that no moment was wasted. And so it came about that the last of the crew gained the boats, and there remained on board the Mirzapore but Captain James and his American deliverer.

According to immemorial precedent the Englishman expressed his intention of being the last on board, but the American said:

'Sir, I can't 'low no matter o' etiquette to spile my work, 'n' I must say, 'I don't quite like the idee o' leavin' you behin; so if you'll excuse me—' And with a movement as sudden and lithe as a leopard's he seized the astonished captain and dropped him over the taffrail into the boat as she rose on a sea crest.

Before the Englishman quite realized what had happened his assailant was standing by his side, manipulating the steering gear and shouting:

'Naow, then, my sons, pull two, stan' three; so, all together! Up with her, lift her, my hearties, lift her, or [by th' gre't] bull whale it'll be a job ep'iled, after all!'

And those silent men did give way. Suddenly there one deep roar that rent the heavens. The whole expanse of sky was lighted by crimson flame, in the midst of which hurtled fragments of that once magnificent ship. The sea rose in heaps, so that all the boatman's skill, was needed to keep their craft from being overwhelmed.

But the danger passed and they reached the ship—the clumsy old spouter that had become a veritable ark of safety in the time of their need. Captain James was met by a quaint figure advancing out of the crowd on the whaler's quarter-deck.

'I'm Cap'n Fish, at your service, sir. We hain't over 'n' above spacious in our 'commodations, but you're all welcome t' the best we hev; an' I'll try 'n' beat up t' the Cape 'n' lan' ye's quick 's it can be did.'

The Englishman had hardly voice to reply, 'I fear, Captain Fish,' he said, 'that we shall be sadly in your way for dealing with those whales we saw you secure yesterday.'

'Not much you won't!' was the unexpected reply. 'We hed t' make sour ch'ice mighty suddin between them fish an' you; 'n', of course, though we're noways extravagant, they hed t' go.'

The simple nobility of that homely man, in thus for self and crew passing over the loss of eight or ten thousand dollars at the first call from his kind, was almost too much for Captain James, who answered unsteadily: 'If I have any voice in the matter, there will be no possibility of the men who dared the terrors of fire and sea to save me and my charges being heavily fined for their humanity.'

'Oh, that's all right!' said Capt. Silas Fish.

Love and Thrift.

The late Professor Shuttleworth of London was particularly fond of telling how, when he once acted as locum tenus in Devonshire, he had to proclaim the banns of marriage of a young yokel and a village maid. A fortnight later the young swain called at the professor's lodgings.

'Yes, I remember,' replied Mr. Shuttleworth.

'You put up the banns for me,' he said.

'Well,' inquired the yokel, 'has it to go on?'

'What do you mean?' asked the professor. 'Are you tired of the girl?'

'No,' was the unexpected answer, 'but I like her sister better.'

'Oh, if the original girl doesn't mind you can marry her sister.'

'But should I have to be called again?'

'Certainly, that's necessary,' answered Mr. Shuttleworth.

'But should I have to pay again?'

'Yes, it would cost you three and sixpence.'

'Oh, would it?' rejoined the yokel after reflection. 'Then I'll let it remain as it is. And he did.'

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