

much more painting done
an old, but did you know
better way to do it? Paint-
reception to other things.
of stood still. You can still
te lead (are you a judge of
it?) and some oil
(are you a judge of
that?) and find a
neighbour painter
and have some
paint made; but as
sure as
you are
alivethere
is a bet-
ter way.

WILLIAMS
PAINT

736 Main St., North.

WALTER'S
TRUE BRAND CUTLERY
MADE OF WARRANTED BEST STEEL.
LEADING DEALERS SELL IT.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

A TOURIST
SLEEPING CAR.
What
It is.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899,
the company's train service of this railway will
be as follows:

ROYAL MAIL S.S. PRINCE RUPERT.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.00 a. m.,
Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

St. John at 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.30 p. m.,
Digby 1.40 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.,
Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr Digby 11.45 a. m.,
Digby 11.45 a. m., arr Halifax 4.45 p. m.,
Annapolis 7.20 a. m., Monday, Thursday and
Saturday, arr Digby 9.30 a. m.,
Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and
Saturday, arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S.S. PRINCE GEORGE.

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out o-
f St. John. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday
at 7.15 a. m., immediately on arrival of the Ex-
press train arriving in Boston early next morn-
ing. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every
Monday and Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. Un-
der the management of the Dominion Atlantic Steam-
ing and Navigation Co. For further particulars
apply to the Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby.
Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William
street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on
board, from whom time-tables and all informa-
tion can be obtained.

P. GIBBINS, supercargo, St. John, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 2nd October, 1898
the time-table of this Railway will be
daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggah, Ficton
and Halifax..... 8.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and
Halifax..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.30
Express for Boston..... 12.40
Express for St. John, Ficton, Halifax
and Sydney..... 12.10
A sleeping car will be attached to the train
leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec on
Monday.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train
leaving St. John at 12.10 for Ficton.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal
trains.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Boston..... 8.30
Express from Halifax..... 12.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Mon-
treal..... 12.35
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Mon-
treal..... 12.45
Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.55
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince William Street,
St. John, N. S.

If you wish to be up-to-date
you can read no better literature
than **McClure's** and **Cosmopolitan**
which we are giving you
as a combined premium. Read ad.

PROGRESS.

We would like to know what
a lot of you people are thinking
about—can't you see the "clinch"
in our premium offer?

VOL. XI., NO. 572.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE CITY HAS CONTROL

AND WILL MAKE REGULATIONS FOR THE POLICE

By which he will have to govern the Force
—Something About the Act Proposed by
the City Council—The Letter of the Chief
of Police to City Members.

The members of the common council are
rather relieved this week at the pleasing
prospect of a final adjustment of police
affairs. The delegation that went to
Fredericton on Monday night with instruc-
tions from a special meeting of the board,
found themselves very favorably received
by the committee which was discussing
their bill and their suggestions and wishes
were in the main adopted.

W. Walker Clark will still be Chief of
Police, holding the appointment at the
pleasure of the government but he will not
have that absolute power which he has
possessed ever since he succeeded the late
Chief Marshall. The council will, after
this, have the power to make regulations
governing the actions of the police force,
the chief will have the power, as any chief
should have, of appointing, suspending and
dismissing men, but the chief and patrol
work will be regulated by the safety board
under the common council. It seems
there was a great deal of discussion at the
meeting of the committee of the legislature
before matters were finally adjusted.

There was one suggestion that the Chief
should be a member of the safety board and
have a voice in the deliberations of that
part of the business affecting the police
affairs. This however was so strongly op-
posed by the delegation present that it was
not adopted. The effect of the regulations,
briefly stated, will be, that the Chief will
have to report to the safety board and ac-
cept their suggestions. Hitherto there
has been an impression that the work of
the office was not directed as it should be.
For example, although there is a detective
on the force, the duties of that office have
been scattered broadcast through the force.
It would be hard to explain the reason of
this, but the fact remains that it is so.
Certain members of the Common Council
cannot understand why it is necessary to
have such an intricate system of book keep-
ing as exists at present in the office and
one of them explained that the books were
a sort of moral character index and kept
at least one officer writing a greater part
of his time.

There are others beside the Common
Council who will not regret that the mat-
ter is settled. The members of the legis-
lature representing St. John and some
others were pestered by letters and tele-
grams advising them what course to pur-
sue. Some of them were in favor of police
affairs continuing the same, while many
others suggested a change. The chief
himself was not inactive and he brought all
the influence of personal friends he could
command to disturb the situation.

A copy of the letter the chief sent some
members of the legislature representing
this city is given herewith as presenting
his side of the question:

Dear Sir:—Alderman Macree before the Munici-
palities Committee is reported in the St. John
Globe, as saying, "there are no regulations con-
trolling the Police Force of the City of St. John."
I need not say to you this is not correct, as you are
conversant with police business. We have rules and
regulations for the government of the Force ap-
proved of by the Common Council. I was re-
quested to make and compile rules and regulations
for the Department of Police by the Common
Council seven or eight years ago. I did so, expend-
ing considerable time, thought and search and gave
them as requested to the Common Council. They
appointed a committee and that committee as far as
I can learn found no fault with them, although they
never reported to the Common Council. The next
year another Committee was appointed and
they have never reported, showing how
hard it is to get members of the council to take
interest in and to give the time to business like
this. So it has stood 7 or 8 years, one council
would take it up and a new council lose sight of it.
Alderman Millidge took it in hand one year and
said he would see if he could not help me, by mak-
ing considerable changes, doing something with the
old officers and taking up the whole police business
for consideration. We had some meetings, Alderman
Millidge asking questions and taking notes of the
proceedings of each meeting. After all this time
and trouble it came out that Alderman Millidge
had lost all the notes of the meetings. Then again
the matter dropped out of it, and I did not hear
anything more of it. I have a copy of the rules and
regulations prepared by me, also copies of ap-
proved rules by the common council which are now in
use. I have no feeling against the Police Magis-
trate. He has some gallant men for what I did at the
request of the Common Council and advice of the
Recorder, (written advice which I have in my pos-
session) removed Sergeant Thos. Caplan from the
Mayor's office—something I had no wish to do. I
would like to pull with the Magistrate in every-
thing right.

I will give you one of the orders issued to the
force June 20th 1890. Officers will not talk, do b
or discuss religion or politics in the police station.

This order has been carried out with the exception
of one or two cases which have been dealt with.

I write this because of something I saw in the
papers. I have always been loyal to the Govern-
ment and so has a large majority of the force, per-
haps in fact, there is no one in the House better
acquainted with me and the workings of the Police
department than yourself. You know I give
my whole time and attention to the office,
I sleep (what little sleep I could get)
in the station for two years working
and watching everything, putting the department down
to a system and have succeeded, and the citizens of
St. John will say so. I can give you statistics of
fifteen cities in the United States and Canada showing
that the Police Department of the City of St.
John with about the same population costs more
work with less men and less pay and with more
miles of streets to patrol than any other city.

I am in the habit of my friends. I do most re-
spectfully ask and do hope you will continue to sus-
tain it free and entire independence of your
Chief of Police and never take the control of his of-
fice out of his hands. I see no other way to have
discipline in the department and maintain its self-
respect.

King George said the title looked upon the inde-
pendence and uprightiness of officials as essential to
the successful administration of justice as one of the
best securities to the rights and liberties of his
subjects, and as most conducive to the honor of the
crown.

On the twenty third day of May next I shall have
served the City of St. John as Chief of Police also
years, I think I have done my duty to all men, and
have main'ed my manhood and self-respect.

I am Y.ours respectfully,
W. WALKER CLARK
Chief of Police.

Another bill that was promoted by the
city and which was carried by in com-
mittee majority of two, will have a far
reaching and very beneficial effect upon
the interests of many people in St. John,
as well as throughout the Province. Its
purpose, was due largely to the efforts of
Mr. McKeown, who being acquainted with
the local circumstances of the examples of
the injury done to tenants in this city,
worked courageously for its adoption. It
appears that under the law as it was there
was a doubt about the renewable character
of leases and the landlord who wished to
do so could annoy his tenant and disturb
his peace of mind by refusing to renew
his lease unless he received more rent. If
the tenant told him that he could not do
this, some landlords were in the habit of
saying that if he wished to contest the
matter he could go to law. That was the
alternative that almost any tenant would
naturally desire to avoid, and the result
was that in many cases the advance in rent
was given rather than incur the danger of
the costs of a law suit. Mr. McKeown's
contention was that this clause in the
lease should be made so clear that there
would be no possibility in the future of dis-
turbing the tenant and he carried his point.
(Since this was written the bill, at Mr.
White's suggestion, was shelved.)

The Board of Trade and the council seem
to be opposed to one another on the assess-
ment question. The former body, some
months ago expressed themselves in favor
of the exemption of all personal property
and when the council intimated that they
could not agree with that view the Board
of Trade took the stand that they would
oppose any amendment to the assess-
ment act until their view was adopted, so when
the bill was before the committee the can-
vass in the lobbies among the country mem-
bers of that body was against "tinkering"
with the law, until one wholly suitable to
all the people could be adopted. Then the
Board of Trade sent in a bill to the
Common Council empowering the city to
get such information as was necessary for
the construction of a new assessment law,
but the council did not see their way clear
to accept it without adding the preamble
that it was desirable to get such informa-
tion regarding the value of property in St.
John, as was necessary to see whether a
new act was needed or not. Then if the
people wanted a new act a bill could be
prepared to that end. One of the mem-
bers of the delegation pointed out some
of the anomalies of the present act.
For example there are about twenty six
insurance companies represented in St.
John and last year only six of these paid
taxes. The reason why the greater
number escaped was that under the law
if their loss exceeded their profits they
would escape taxation. The bill
committee of the council thought that this
was wrong and so they proposed a
general law on each of the companies,
amounting in the case of fire insurance to
\$100 and agency and in life \$50. This
was opposed keenly by a delegation from
this city on the proposition was made by
the fire insurance companies to pay \$75
The delegation however refused to bargain
as they were not sent there for that pur-
pose.

Another instance of this sort was the
bank assessment. Last year and for some
years the Bank of New Brunswick paid
some \$8,000 into the revenues of the city,
about \$2,000 more than that collected
from all the rest of the branch banks here.
The council felt that this was not right,
that it was unequal and unfair and so the
remedy they sought was based upon the
percentage figured out by the present
taxation of the Bank of New Brunswick
and the returns they made to the govern-
ment of the business they did last year
was found to be one seventh of one per
cent. To get at the probable amount of
the business it was suggested to add to-
gether the deposits, loans, and invest-
ments on the last day of each
month and the result divided by 12
would it was thought give a fairer
idea than if the last day in any one month,
or any particular day in the year was
named. This seemed to excite the indig-
nation of one of the bank managers here
who thought it implied an intension on their
part to tamper with the accounts in order
to make their business appear as small as
possible for the purpose of taxation. But
the answer to that was that there could be
no doubt of the fairness of the methods
suggested.

Since the delegation arrived from
Fredericton some changes have been made
in the bill. That authorizing the appoint-
ment of a commission to get information
as to whether a new assessment law is
necessary or not was withdrawn at the re-
quest of the city mainly owing it is under-
stood to the way it was proposed to ap-
point the commissioners.

DEATH OF WARD C. PITFIELD.

A Prominent Business Man Passes Away
at an Early Age.

One of the business neighbors of PRO-
GRESS is no longer with us. He passed
away at seven o'clock on Thursday morn-
ing and when the employees of the firm
of W. C. Pitfield & Co. assembled for their
daily work and learned that their chief had
passed away they sustained as great a sur-
prise and shock as those on the same street
who were used to see the splendid specim-
en manhood come to his place of business
in the early morning hours.

He wasn't ill long enough for his absence
to be much noted because his business
called him often from home for days at
a time and the knowledge that the gen-
eral and cordial merchant who always was
apparently as much interested as he was
pleased at the success of his neighbor,
was dead was sad indeed. Health and
strength, vigor and energy were in-
deed his and no one on the street would
have thought for a moment that his
tenure of life was short. But jealousy
as he was of his commercial honor
and reputation the events of the past
three years have told terribly upon
him. The abuse of trust by a valued and
confidential employe shook his prosperity
and the efforts necessary to pay in part or
whole the interest of a special partner
were particular strains upon a mind sensi-
tive to the success of his business. Then
last year Mr. Pitfield met with a severe
accident which, while showing a broken
arm as the outward result shattered his
system. He told the writer the latter part
of February that he had not had the same
health since and his appearance bore out
his statement. Two weeks ago today Mr. Pitfield
was compelled to leave his business and go
home. He had been complaining of ill-
ness for some weeks, but the indomitable
energy that was so characteristic of him
kept him at his warehouse until he could
remain no longer. His physicians appear-
ed to be unable to say what was the nature
of his illness, save that it was nervous in-
digestion aggravated by business worries
which disturbed him much. Nevertheless
Mr. Pitfield did not keep his room up to
Wednesday when his illness assumed a more
serious form. He passed a very bad night
and expired next morning.

He was born in Sussex on the 26th of
March, 1855, and is a little over 44 years
of age. When sixteen or seventeen years
of age he was employed by a local firm in
that vicinity, but he entered a broader
field of business in St. John a short time
later, and became an employe of Thomas
R. Jones who was then owner of the busi-
ness that Mr. Pitfield afterwards condu-
cted. From a junior in the business he be-
came a traveller, and enjoyed a wide ac-
quaintance and an honorable record
throughout the Maritime Provinces. His
success was such, that when the establish-

ment of Mr. Jones was offered for sale in
1888, he was, with the assistance of Mr.
Samuel Hayward, able to acquire the busi-
ness, which entered upon a new era of
prosperity under the energetic ability and
business experience of W. C. Pitfield &
Co. Mr. Hayward was special partner
and the business association was continued
for many years.

Although a busy man of affairs Mr. Pit-
field did not forget that as a citizen he
owed something to the public and the ar-
duous labors of the president of the Exhibi-
tion association were assumed by him
without complaint. He was president for
years and re-elected only a few days ago.
It may be truly said that the existence of
the association is almost wholly due to him
and two or three other gentlemen who did



The Late Ward C. Pitfield.

not know the meaning of the word failure.
He was also president of the Board of
Trade for one or two years and in the
chair of that important body he displayed
the same earnest care for the welfare and
prosperity of the city. After his retire-
ment from the chair he was vice president
and always a member of the council. Head
of the Auer Light Company, it was due to
him that the improved system was intro-
duced into the city.

Mr. Pitfield was a conservative in poli-
tics and an active one at that. Connected
with the organization and local leadership
of the party, he was listened to with much
attention in the councils of its associations.
He was also a Forester and a member of
St. George's society.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago he married
Miss Doig, a Brooklyn lady, who with
three children, a boy and two girls, sur-
vive him. He lived in a handsome resi-
dence on Germain street, and his pride in
his home and his family was natural. His
father was Samuel Pitfield of Sussex, and
he has one brother in St. John, Oliver Pit-
field, another in Sussex, W. T. Pitfield,
one in Massachusetts, Geo. C. Pitfield, and
a sister, Mrs. Geo. McIntyre of Sussex.

That King's County Alms House.

Councillor Thomas Gulliland of King's
County was in town this week and saw
PROGRESS in regard to an article that ap-
peared in the last issue of this paper which
touched on matters relating to the County
alms house at Norton. The Councillor is
chairman of the alms house committee and
there is no doubt he speaks with authority
of matters in connection with it.

He says the impression left by the article
that the house was badly managed is not
correct. It was true that four of the in-
mates had died since the first of the year
but they were old people, ill when they
went there and not expected to live long.
That they were not well used is ridiculous
and the fact that the keeper in charge is
well known and respected is sufficient
guarantee of that. Councillor Gulliland is
naturally jealous of the reputation of King's
County alms house because it was only re-
cently that the people consented to abolish
the old slavery plan of sale of the poor by
public auction and there are still many who
are opposed to the new order of things.
PROGRESS publishes his correction with
pleasure.

A New Home in the West.

Very many friends saw James Berry the
city editor of the Sun and his wife and
family start for their new home in Mon-
tana last Saturday. Mr. Berry has been
offered a lucrative position there and as
his wife's relatives reside there and as
he was a popular newspaper man and his
friends and associates while regretting
his departure could only wish him God
speed.

HOW BROTHERS ARE OUT.

THE LATEST DIFFICULTY THAT
HAS AFFLICTED THE BUSINESS

Of Messrs. John Edgcombe & Sons of Fred-
ericton—An Attempt to Effect an Unsuc-
cessful—The Story of the Difficulty as Told
by a Member of the Family.

FREDERICTON April 29:—Another phase
in the controversy that has for years contin-
ued between the Edgcombe brothers con-
cerned yesterday when Alfred was ordered
to remove what stock he had from the build-
ing at one time known as the factory.
The story of the trouble that has de-
stroyed the at one time well and favourably
known firm of John Edgcombe and sons,
carriage makers, is a long and peculiar one.
Talking with William J. the elder son
the following facts were gleaned.

He came from Sackville where he had
been at school, and began work in the
factory where he continued till he was 22. He
had no understanding as to partnership.
His father had worked up the business but
said to him when he, Will, decided to go
west that if he would continue he would
become a partner in the firm. He did so,
but no papers were prepared, and there was
nothing but verbal statements. The busi-
ness was very prosperous and the books
of that time will show that thousands of
dollars per year were made.

The father was well satisfied and every-
thing was smooth. Then Alfred came
home from school and it was agreed be-
tween the father and Will that Alfred
should come in as a partner, there being
again some unwritten agreement that the
father should hold one half, Will one
quarter and Alfred another quarter of the
firm's stock.

This was also very satisfactory. Will
worked as a skilled carriage builder while
Alfred, who was a good salesman and
accountant did the office work and looked
after the books. The first trouble occurred
when Will's residence was burned. He
had built this house himself, though it ap-
pears some of the material was owned by
the firm. When the insurance came in
he considered that he had a claim on all of
it while Alfred and the father thought other-
wise. This was the first entering wedge
of the trouble that has since become so
keen, and which has destroyed the best
business house of this city.

Then when Norman became a workman
in the establishment another difficulty
arose. Mr. Edgcombe senior, desired
to place him in the firm and give him an
interest in the business, but Will and
Alfred objected on the plea that they had
worked up the business to its prosperity
and they could not see the justice of
dividing with Norman.

A demand was made that an explicit
statement of the firm's standing should be
made so that Will or Alfred should know just
what they owned, but Will says that he
never could secure this from his father who
put it off from day to day.

Norman was taken into the firm and the
split grew wider. Then Will became still
more dissatisfied and the father also got un-
easy, and an attempt was made to get the
business on some satisfactory basis and at
last it was decided to put an injunction on
this. This was done and the factory stopped for a
time.

About this time a paper arranging the
business was drawn up by a legal adviser,
and Will says he signed it without really
knowing what it contained. It was read
once to him but he did not realize what
position he was going to put himself in till
later.

Previous to this Mr. Van Buskirk was
taken into the office as clerk and book-
keeper, and Will claims that from that time
he knew nothing of the way the firm's work
was being done nor how it was going. As
long as the old gentleman lived, Will
claims the business was satisfactory, but
soon the books came entirely into the
hands of Will and Van Buskirk, and from
that time, Will says, he knew nothing
about how affairs were going.

Matters went from bad to worse and the
old gentleman took ill. There was no
understanding up till that time, and when
he went to bed things were in a chaotic
state.

One eventful evening Fred, Will, Alf,
Norman, and all the rest were called to
his bedside. He was dying; his solicitor
was in England, but Mr. Vanwart, the
present judge was called in; he attempted
to make a will and a document was made
out in the brief time at his disposal but be-

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

PATTI AND A MAD KING.

A SOUL-TRYING APPEARANCE IN AN HAPPY THEATRE.

The Diva's Temper Roused by Her Reception in Munich and by the Command of the King.

When A'elina Patti, now Baroness Cederstrom, was spending her last honeymoon on the Riviera, she met an old friend, Mme. Fischer, a well-known German singer, at a dinner. The Baroness was most extravagant in her expression of delight at the meeting.

'You must know,' she said to the other guests, 'Mme. Fischer helped me through the worst ordeal of my life. Ah, how angry and how scared I was, and what a fool I felt, and how kind you were, my friend! Then she once more flung herself upon Mme. Fischer's capacious Teutonic bosom and embraced her. After the transports had subsided slightly some one asked for the story of the ordeal.

'Oh, it was long, long ago,' began Patti.

'Ja; thirty years,' assented Mme. Fischer, who has left the stage and grown old and fat, and isn't ashamed of it. Patti, who still contemplates farewell tours, and is insistently young, and plays the role of blushing bride most charmingly, looked depressed for a moment, but soon cheered up and went on with her story.

When she was in the first heyday of her fame and all Europe was going mad over her, Ludwig II., the mad King of Bavaria, set his heart on having her sing for him at his private auditorium in Munich. He wrote letter after letter, begging, imploring, offering extravagant sums of money, but Patti resolutely refused to go. She had heard too many stories of Ludwig's freaks, of his frenzied adorations, his curses, and his unreasonable commands, and she was desperately afraid of him. But, at last, the King offered her a sum so enormous that it seemed ridiculous to refuse it. Then the singer plucked up courage and started for Munich. She was accustomed to honors almost royal when she visited the European capitals; and, as Ludwig had been so determined to have her, she expected to be greeted with great ceremony in Munich. When she and her maid alighted at the station not even a carriage was there to meet them, and they had to inquire the name of the boat hotel and call a cab like any ordinary travellers. That was the first shock to the diva's nerves and temper. After luncheon she started out to see the town and incidentally, to examine the posters announcing the great honor conferred upon the citizens of Munich by a visit from Europe's greatest singer. Not a mention of her name could she find in the town. She rushed back to the hotel and told her maid to pack the trunks. She would shake the dust of Munich from her Louis Quinze boots at once.

Just at that moment a resplendent officer was announced. He saluted her with profound respect and admiration, which were balm to her smarting pride, and delivered a letter from the King. The letter stated curtly that his Majesty would await her, at 7 o'clock precisely, in the Royal Palace, where his singer-in-ordinary, Mme. Fischer would give her further directions. Mme. Fischer would also sing with Mme. Patti the duets which his Majesty wished to hear. A programme was inclosed.

To the utter rout and demoralization of the Bavarian army, as represented by the gorgeous officer, Patti burst into tears of rage and stamped her foot viciously.

'I have never been treated so brutally,' she said. 'I shall leave at once. Tell the King so. I will not sing—never! never! never!' The crescendo 'Never' ended on high C. The officer's knees knocked together: but, to the honor of Bavaria be it said, he retreated only to the door. Then he stopped and pleaded with the irate prima donna. She must not disappoint the King. His Majesty had been wild with excitement ever since he knew that she would come, and had not slept for three nights, so great was his joy at the prospect of hearing her. The ruffled plume subsided somewhat under this skillful treatment.

'Besides,' added the officer, 'you know our King is—is—is—well he is—'

'Crazy,' snapped Patti. 'Yes, that's very comforting isn't it? I don't know why I ever came.' Just then she caught sight of a postscript she had not read.

'The King commands Mme. Patti to appear in pure white, without any color whatever, and not by any means to wear a satin gown, but soft wool. Silk is painful to his Majesty.'

Patti fell into a chair helpless with wrath and said whatever, thirty years ago, was the equivalent for 'Well, that's the limit.' 'His majesty will have to be pained. I have no white woollen gown except my peignoir. Go tell the King I shal' not

obey any such silly orders. I'll wear a red velvet.'

'Red?' groaned the officer. 'Oh, no; no. Red sends his Majesty into fits. If you appear in red he will scream and have convulsions. Oh, do be patient, madame. I will bring Mme. Fischer to you. She understands the King's nerves. She will explain.'

He fled from the room, and, shortly after, Mme. Fischer appeared upon the scene. She was fat and good natured, and was a favorite with the King because of her wonderful blonde hair, which he required her to wear loose about her shoulders whenever she sang to him. She soothed Patti into good humor, and the diva really began to be interested in his nervous Majesty. Mme. Fischer also attacked the white wool peignoir, and transformed it into a most becoming Greek robe.

Before 7 the royal carriage arrived at the hotel and Patti went to the palace. She was led through dimly lighted rooms and corridors into Ludwig's private theatre, which was in utter darkness save for the moonlight that entered through the windows. Batti stood upon the dark stage, while an orchestra, somehow out of sight, began a soft prelude. Through the gloom she could just make out a white face in the royal box opposite the stage. Not another auditor was in the great hall. The whole thing was most uncanny, and Patti felt cold shivers creeping over her. She shook with nervousness and fear; but when she should have begun her aria not a sound could she make. She opened her mouth, but her throat was paralyzed from nervous terror. There was a pause. The King sprang up and leaned forward out of the box, his white face gleaming in the moonlight. The violins repeated the prelude. Patti gathered herself together and made one heroic effort. Her voice rang out into the great empty place, and the King sank back into the dark box.

'It was the effort of my life,' said Patti in telling the story. 'I was desperate; but when I found my voice, I sang against it all. I put my head back, and clinched my hands, and sang—sang well, nicht wahr, and she turned to Mme. Fischer. 'Never better,' nodded the placid German. 'It was wonderful—a marvel.'

Patti finished the aria from 'La Traviata' triumphantly, and stood flushed with victory. Dead silence. Not a sound came from the gloom before her. She went off the stage in a temper. His Majesty might have given some sign of approbation. Mme. Fischer was behind the scenes, and Patti waited with her for the signal to sing the next number. A messenger appeared at the door. His Majesty had had enough music and had gone to his apartments. For a moment Patti stood stunned. Then she laughed. The rudeness was so colossal that it was funny. Mme. Fischer took the diva to supper, and then home.

The next morning Mme. Fischer called at the hotel once more, accompanied by

the Court Chamberlain, who bore the promised check, an autograph letter of thanks from the King and some jewels of great value. Mme. Fischer's explanation of the concert fiasco pleased Patti more than the jewels. King Ludwig, she said, was in one of his maddest moods, wild with regret, cursing himself and cursing Patti. He had walked the floor all night, groaning that he was a traitor, a damnable traitor; for Patti's voice had so ravished his senses that, for one moment, he had gone over to Italian music and had been false to Wagner—to Wagner the one musician who alone had satisfied his Majesty's soul. 'That was better than having bored him,' added Patti, shrugging her shoulders. 'There were moments when he wasn't so crazy after all, that poor Ludwig.'

LABORIOUS JOKING.

A Hotel Clerk's Attempt to be Gentle Toward an English Tourist.

'Talk about getting tired of the sunny South gag! I said the cigar stand man in an uptown hotel. It was nothing at all to me. I had to put up with while the cold wave was waving. Y' see, there's very little room back here, and I have to keep the cash register on top of the steam radiator. While the blizzard lasted the heat was on all the time, day and night, and the register naturally got hot.

'So I proceeded to dish out specially warmed specie for change, and with that my troubles began. A customer would pick up a coin, look surprised and then wink the other eye.

'Just made it, eh?' he would ask. And of course I was expected to make some playful remark about having a counterfeiting plant back of the cigar case.

'After the jest had been bandied to and fro some 500 or 600 times it began to get slightly stale, but each fellow thought it was brand new, and when I failed to grin, he set me down as a stupid ass. At last I got desperate and concluded I'd anticipate the blow. A big Englishman sauntered up and, feeling certain he'd spring the joke, I got ahead of him.

'I just made this,' I said, handing him a nickel that fairly sizzled. He looked blank.

'Ah—part of your—or—profits, I presume?' he replied.

'No,' says I, determined to make him see the point or perish in the attempt. I made it—stamped it out on my little machine. How'd ye like it?'

'He frowned, and pushed it quickly away. 'I beg pardon,' he said, but really I'll have to ask you to give me something else. I couldn't be a party to anything like that doncherknow.'

'I tried to make him understand that it was simply a joke, for I didn't know how soon he might go to the police about it. But, phaw! It was a hopeless job.



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University,

Cor. Charlotte and Prince Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 60.

'I can't see anything comic in the plain statement that one is engaged in counterfeiting,' he insisted.

'Neither can I,' I replied, 'and that's exactly why I made it.' That happened to be the actual truth, but it gave a final twist to the situation that floored the Englishman completely.

'Then you consider it comic to get off something comic because it isn't actually comic in the least,' he repeated in great bewilderment. 'Pon me word,' says he, 'this American humor is too deep for me.'

'I restrained myself and allowed him to escape alive, but I'm going to have the cure of the next man that starts a continuous performance joke in this hotel!'

One Way of Getting a Dinner. A certain magistrate was in the habit of affixing his signature to all sorts of papers without taking the trouble to examine them.

One winter evening, about six o'clock, our worthy magistrate was comfortably seated by the fireside, wrapped in a dressing gown, when a friend was announced.

'Ah! delighted to see you,' he said to the visitor, as he entered the room.

Shortly after there was another ring at the door bell, this time a couple of his old comrades came in together.

'You see, my dear B——' they both said, in one breath, 'we are punctual to the time.'

Just then three other friends were shown into the room, and thanked the magistrate for his kind invitation.

'Why, what is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed the latter in utter bewilderment.

'You have invited us to supper, and here we are,' cried the visitors, in chorus. 'We were certainly surprised at your sending us the invitation on stamped paper. Quite an original idea!'

Hereupon each produced a document of portentous dimensions, bearing a legal stamp and the signature of the magistrate. The documents, instead of representing writs or indictments, contained an invitation to supper, the menu of which, consisting of cold meats (readily obtainable), oysters, etc., was distinctly specified. A

list of the wines to be drunk on the occasion was also given.

The magistrate had to give in. He had signed these documents along with the rest that were submitted to him from day to day. He behaved handsomely on this occasion, and the supper was a grand success. Since that time, however, he has been more careful.

Brutes not Deceived by Illusions.

'It's a singular fact,' said a man in the show business, 'that "illusions," as we call 'em, don't fool animals. I've seen that proven over and over again. A few years ago I had what is known as the "Mystic Maze" at the Nashville Exposition. It was simply a small room filled with mirrors, so arranged that you seemed to be in a narrow corridor, full of turns. It was very puzzling and I used to get lost in the place myself, but it never bothered my dog a moment. He would run through it from end to end at full speed and never bump against a mirror.

'I saw something on the same line in 'Frisco not long ago. A friend of mine had an illusion called "The Hamlet Swing." You get in what seems to be an ordinary swing, hung in the centre of a good-sized room, and the thing begins to move. It goes back and forth and finally clear over the top—that is to say, it seems to. What really turns round is the room itself—the swing stands perfectly still. It is a good illusion, and when the room is revolved rapidly there never was a man who could keep his head in the swing. It seems as if he must certainly pitch out, and if the motion is kept up he gets deadly sick. But a pet cat belonging to my friend used to lie on the edge of the seat and never turn a hair, no matter how fast the thing was worked.

'The elder Herrmann told me that animals were never deceived by false table legs, built up with looking glasses, and used in stage tricks. They always passed around on the other side. I guess they must see better, than men.'

Woolly Ones.

There are many ludicrous stories about the extreme respect excited by the smaller German princes, but the following really illustrates it very well.

A tutor was out walking with a young princeling, when they met a flock of sheep. Said the tutor: 'Can your Transparency tell me what those animals are?'

'Figs,' was the prompt reply.

Now came the trouble. His Transparency must not be contradicted, nor could he be allowed to grow up ignorant. But the tutor was a man of resource.

'Quite right; but your Transparency will please to observe that, when pigs are covered with wool like that, they are called sheep.'

Thus was the difficulty successfully got over.

'Excuse me,' said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, 'but I hope you'll give me what information you have, and not make any fuss.'

'What do you mean?' was the indignant inquiry.

'Why, that little affair, you know.'

'I don't understand.'

'Why, you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody here has been murdering Wagner, and the chief sent me down to work up the case.'

Some people seem to pass all their days in continual expectation of the expected.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

LOT FOR SALE. LOT ADJOINING 88 125 feet deep. For particulars enquire of Mrs. Jas. Emery on premises.

RESIDENCE at Bethesda for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property abounds in a half mile from Bethesda Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebocasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenney, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24, 25-17.

Many of Our Students

Purchase a 12 month's certificate covering both Business and Shorthand courses. As the average time for either is 16 months, students who are intelligent and energetic, should have both diplomas at the end of 12 months. Remember, our Shorthand is the Isaac Pitman, and our Business Practice the latest and best, and we hold the right for the exclusive use.

Catalogues to any address. S. KEEB & SON.

Advertisement for Progress, Munsey, McClure, and Cosmopolitan magazines. Text: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, - and those popular magazines - Munsey, McClure - AND - Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renews, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'

Musical

A large and... at the Institute which date Mr. Pimentary bene... been a divers... concert and the whose names app... but then that i... when new singe... By the way, ther... lot of vocalists... near future, and... very few singers... At least we will... quality—well ve... and take your ch... those who made... day night are con... gether ridiculous... eism, and about... that some of them... ing better things... of Miss Brennan... a notes of excell... no way disappoint... did Mr. Buck as... Miseric scene f... sang the part wit... wonderful amount... Brennan sang the... difficult role it... manner, and Mr... was clear and forc... ico. This part of... course the gem... audience was not... it was done in a... Says the Boston... Mae MacKay, th... who has been spe... abroad, returned... "Canada." Durin... MacKay, who lo... becoming one of... Boston's musical fi... ting in some har... the tuition of se... teachers of music... with results that... to herself, her ins... in the local wor... several public ap... won a marked suc... After a couple of... Kay will take up... dropped in order... already under en... leading part in a... in Halifax, N. S... pices of the Orphe... Gaul's 'Joan of... for the Birmingham... sung in Boston T... chorus of 500 pu... English High schoo... of Mr. S. Henry F... in the Somerville... will be assisted by... Boston Symphony... Cutter, soprano; M... and Mr. Stephen T... Sousa and his fa... of their Boston cor... Boston theatre. The Gierian So... verity, Gustave St... their third concert... the evening of May... TALK OF T... A company of sup... one now occupying... House and one wh... enthusiastic audien... the fact that the... pany did not come... fulsome and exagg... merits are many an... excellence have bee... ard plays have bee... terpretation is in the

SCRE WITH

Baby's Skin Red Medicine was Pre CUTIGURA C

My six-months-old Ecema. A doctor prescribed when I put the medicine using it. Her skin was moisture coming from was very painful. I CUTIGURA (ointment) within a month, and her skin was clear.

Warm baths with CUTIGURA (cutin cure, cures the scales, itchy itching, burns, this soothe and heal, the support of the skin, scalp, and all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Sole Proprietor, Boston, Mass. HAIR HUMORS

on a Boy Enters

school he is not given a text-book a lot of definitions to learn, as in the way, but he is put at once to doing mess as it is done in the outside world. and for Catalogue.

rie Business University,

Cor. Charlotte and Prince Streets, St. John, N. B. P. O. Box 991.

of the wines to be drunk on the occa- was also given.

he magistrate had to give in. He had these documents along with the that were submitted to him from day ay. He behaved handsomely on the sion, and the supper was a grand suc- Since that time, however, he has more careful.

Brutes not Deceived by Illusions.

's a singular fact,' said a man in the 'business,' that 'illusions,' as we call don't fool animals. I've seen that on over and over again. A few years I had what is known as the 'Mystic' at the Nashville Exposition. It was ly a small room filled with mirrors, so aged that you seemed to be in a narrow ndor, full of turns. It was very puzzling I used to get lost in the place myself, I never bothered my dog a moment. would run through it from end to end all speed and never bump against a or.

saw something on the same line in co not long ago. A friend of mine an illusion called 'The Haunted Swing.' got in what seems to be ordinary swing, hung in the re of a good-sized room, and the thing us to move. It goes back and forth finally clear over the top—that is to ay, it seems to. What really turns id is the room itself—the swing stands ectly still. It is a good illusion, and the room is revolved rapidly there r was a man who could keep his head e swing. It seems as if he must cerly pitch out, and if the motion is kept e gets deadly sick. But a pet cat nging to my friend used to lie on the of the seat and never turn a hair, no r how fast the thing was worked.

The elder Herrmann told me that an- were never deceived by false table- built up with looking glasses, and in stage tricks. They always passed nd on the other side. I guess they e better, than men.'

Woolly Ones.

here are many ludicrous stories about xtreme respect exacted by the smaller an princes, but the following really rates it very well.

tutor was out walking with a young eling, when they met a flock of sheep. id he tutor: 'Can your transparency e what those animals are?'

'Yes,' was the prompt reply. ow came the trouble. His Transpa- must not be contradicted, nor could e allowed to grow up ignorant. But ur tutor was a man of resource. quite right; but your Transparency please to observe that, when pigs are red with wool like that, they are d sheep.'

us was the difficulty successfully got 'Excuse me,' said the detective, as he ented himself at the door of the music emy, 'but I hope you'll give me what mation you have, and not make any 'What do you mean?' was the indignant y.

'Why, that little affair, you know.' don't understand.' 'Why, you see, we got a tip from the e next door that somebody here has e murdering Wagner, and the chief e down to work up the case.'

ome people seem to pass all their days ontinual expectation of the expected.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

ouncements under this heading net exco ding ve lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each ssertion. Five cents extra for every additional ne

FOR SALE LOT ADJOINING 58 Kildon Row, Front 40 x 100 feet deep. For particulars enquire of Mrs. Jan- ry on premises.

ESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. The house is situated on the Titus prop- erty and is a half mile from Roxbury Sta- and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenest, 100 Water-st., Law, Fidelity Building. 24, 25-17

any of ur Students

urchase a 12 month's certificate covering both the average time for either 16 months, or 24 months, and who are intelligent and energetic, should both diplomas at the end of 12 months. member, our Short-hand is the Isaac Pitman, ur Business Practice the latest and best, and old the right for the exclusive use.

Catalogues to any address.

S. KERR & SON.

Music and The Drama

THESE AND UNDERSTONES.

A large and select audience assembled at the Institute on Monday evening, on which date Mr. W. Edgar Buck's complimentary benefit took place. There has been a diversity of opinion regarding the concert and the merits of some of those whose names appeared on the programme, but then that is always to be looked for when new singers come before the public. By the way, there promises to be a whole lot of vocalists turned loose upon us in the near future, and the reproach that we have very few singers bids fair to be removed. At least we will have quantity and as for quality—we will pay you may pay money and take your choice. So far as some of those who made their appearance on Monday night are concerned, it would be alto- gether ridiculous to subject them to criti- cism, and about the only thing to say is that some of them showed a promise of doing better things in the future. The names of Miss Brennan and Mr. Kelly were guar- antees of excellence, and their owners in no way disappointed the audience. Neither did Mr. Buck as the Count de Luna in the Miserere scene from Il Trovatore. He sang the part with power, feeling and a wonderful amount of expression. Miss Brennan sang the part of Lenore, and a difficult role it is too, in an acceptable manner, and Mr. Kelley's beautiful tenor was clear and forceful in the role of Mar- ieco. This part of the programme was of course the gem of the evening and the audience was not slow to appreciate that it was done in a most superior manner.

Says the Boston Times: Miss Lottie Mae MacKay, the young Boston singer who has been spending a couple of years abroad, returned home last week on the "Canada." During her absence, Miss MacKay, who long ago gave promise of becoming one of the brightest stars of Boston's musical firmament, has been put- ting in some hard and faithful work under the tuition of several of the best known teachers of music in Italy and London, with results that are eminently gratifying to herself, her instructors and her friends in the local world of music. She made several public appearances abroad and won a marked success in each instance. After a couple of weeks' rest, Miss Mac- Kay will take up the work here which she dropped in order to go to Europe. She is already under engagement to take the leading part in a grand concert to be given in Halifax, N. S., June 6, under the aus- pices of the Orpheus club of that city.

Gaul's 'Joan of Arc,' which was written for the Birmingham festival chorus, will be sung in Boston Tuesday evening by a chorus of 500 pupils of the Somerville English High school, under the direction of Mr. S. Henry Hadley, teacher of music in the Somerville schools. The chorus will be assisted by thirty players of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Miss Ruby Cutter, soprano; Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor and Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone. Sousa and his famous band give the first of their Boston concerts on May 7 at the Boston theatre. The Pierian Sodality of Harvard Uni- versity, Gustave Strube, director, will give their third concert in Sanders theatre on the evening of May 16.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A company of superior excellence is the one now occupying the stage of the Opera House and one which has drawn good and enthusiastic audiences. Notwithstanding the fact that the Edwin Maynard Com- pany did not come with a whole lot of fulsome and exaggerated trumpeting, its merits are many and its claims to superior excellence have been recognized. Stand- ard plays have been given and their in- terpretation is in the hands of conscientious,

SCREAMED WITH ECZEMA

Baby's Skin Red and Raw. Doctor's Medicine was Painful and Useless. CUTICURA Cured in a Month.

My six-months-old daughter broke out with Eczema. A doctor pronounced it "Moist Eczema," and prescribed for her. She screamed when I put the medicine on her, and I stopped using it. Her skin was all red and raw, and moisture coming from it all the time, and was very painful. I got CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA (ointment), they entirely cured her within a month, and her skin is as fair as a lily.

Mrs. E. J. KANE, 815 Ohio Ave., Kansas City, Kan.

Wash baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle sootings with CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollient skin cures, cleanse the skin and soothe of crusts and scales, silky itching, burning, and inflammation, and thus soothe and heal the most torturing, disgusting, humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. FURZEN D. AND C. CO., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Baby Humors," Free. Address: Boston, Mass. CUTICURA Soap is Prepared by CUTICURA SOAP.

Free To Women.



"Woman's Health" A precious little book, written by a woman, and treating of diseases pe- culiar to women, will be sent post paid and securely sealed, in plain envelope, to any address. This book is given away absolutely free of cost, and every woman should have a copy. Write for it to-day.

ADDRESS:

MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, P. O. Box 996, Montreal, Can.

paintstaking people. Mr. Maynard him- self is an actor of undoubted ability, and though I only saw him as Bob Brierly in the Ticket of Leave Man his work in that role impressed me as being particu- larly good, strong and forceful. To depict such a character and not spoil the picture requires more than the ordinary skill; it demands a fine concep- tion of human nature as it is found in all walks of life, and in Bob Brierly Mr. Maynard proves that he fully realizes this, and the result is a remarkably good and consistent piece of work. The villainous Jew without which no old time play of this class, was ever complete, finds a good ex- ponent in Mr. Alford Beverly, while the part of Hawkshaw, the indispensable, ubiquitous detective fared equally well in the competent hands of Mr. Fryor. The ladies of the company are above the aver- age, and throughout the week have sus- tained the parts assigned them in a credit- able manner.

Miss Sara McDonald is an exceedingly pretty and graceful young lady of twenty two years, and off the stage is as bright and charming as she is graceful and ver- satile on it. She plays a varied line of parts, and, as seen so far this week is excellent in them all. Miss McDon- ald is the only lady who ever played Pierre in the Two Orphans, and her in- terpretation of the character on Monday evening gave much pleasure.

The young lady is a direct descendant of one of the most famous Scottish Clans the McDonald's of Glencoe, and is ex- tremely proud of the fact. In private life she is Mrs. Maynard, and has played in her husband's company since she was sixteen years of age.

In it's vaudeville features the company is particularly strong, and enough out of the ordinary to be enjoyable. The Bar- telli's do some very difficult acrobatic work which entices the house to a remarkable degree, a juggler performs some wonder- fully dexterous feats, and though he in- dulges in a lot of unnecessary play, his is one of the features of the entertainment.

Mr. Turton who is very well known in this city has a pleasing baritone voice, and his ballads are of the kind that touch a responsive chord in every heart. Combined with his vocal powers he has a good deal of dramatic ability which adds much to the impressiveness of his renditions. Mr. Turton was the recipient of some lovely flowers one evening this week. In the minds of the majority who have visited the Opera House this week the piece de resistance is the aquatic work of Miss Claire who casts, sews and drinks under water and in fact seems almost as much at home in the immense glass water tank, as the average individual does on terra firma. Her's is a wonderful performance and is well worth seeing, though it might be suggested that the finale, an im- personation of a woman drowning, could be well dispensed with. A graceful little dan- cer and a child vocalist, also contribute to the vaudeville part of the performance.

Taken all in all the company in straight dramatic work is above the average while the specialty features are far superior to anything seen here in a long time and it is to be hoped the management will receive the encouragement they deserve.

Mr. Wagner is looking after the com- pany's interest and his unassuming gentle- manly manner has already won for him many warm friends.

The end of the theatrical road season is drawing to a close and many of the leading lights of the profession are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the coming rest. This is where some of the stars spent the present week:— Hauptmann's latest play Fuhrmann Henschel (teammate Henschel) has just been given a New York production, at the Irving Place Theatre. It has made a pro-

found impression in Germany and Austria and Von Sonenthal has been greatly praised for his interpretation of the leading role. This play is a total revision from the poetic methods which had seemed to become fixed with Hauptmann. It is a re- turn to his earlier plays. But the hand- ling of the subject shows a mastery of diction and technique which he then could not begin to boast of.

Mr. E. H. Sothorn, in "The King's Musketeer," in Boston.

"At the White Horse Tavern" company, in Brooklyn.

"Way Down East" company, in Phila- delphia.

Miss Annie Russel, in Catherine," in Philadelphia.

Miss Alice Neilson in "The Fortune Teller," in Washington.

Mr. Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac," Buffalo N. Y.

Miss Olga Nethercole, in repertory, in Pittsburg.

Miss Viola Allen, in "The Christian," in Boston.

Lyceum Stock Company, in "Trelawney of the Wells," in Brooklyn.

Francis Wilson, in "The Little Corporal" in Cleveland.

Mr. James O'Neill, in "Three Musketeers," in Cincinnati.

Mr. James A. Herne, in "Rev. Griffith Davenport," in Boston.

Miss May Irwin, in "Kate, Kip Buyer," in Chicago.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in Rip Van Winkle," in Philadelphia.

Mr. John Drew, in "The Liars," in Chi- cago.

Louis Mann and Clara Lippman, in "The Telephone Girl," in Philadelphia.

The Keely Shannon company, in "The Moth and the Flame," in St. Louis.

Miss Madge Lesing and "A Dangerous Maid" company, from the Casino, in Boston.

Mr. James Powers, Miss Virginia Earl and the "A Runaway Girl" company, in Boston.

The Record-Union of Sacramento, Cali- fornia, has been received, containing a criticism on Friends as given recently by the Daily Company, of which Miss Nan- nary is leading lady. Of the work of that lady and Mr. Daily the Record-Union says:

"Friends," was played at the Clunie Opera-house last night by the Daily Stock company. We have seen it given by several troupes, and are prepared to say none have done it better than the Daily company, and few as well. Dramatic art finds its highest development in the closest approach to nature. The over-color that

"77" FOR COLDS

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics and Life Insurance.

Shock From Rejection.

The shock caused by the refusal of Life Insur- ance to the applicant, is often the first cause of de- cline in health.

Most of these rejections are on account of Kidney disease—often slight—but whether slight or serious it soon yields to the use of Specific No. 27 or 30, and the risk is gladly accepted by the best com- panies.

For other Specifics consult Dr. Humphrey's Manual; at drug stores, or sent free. At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c. & \$1.00. Humphrey's Med. Co., Cor. Williams & John Sts. New York.

is demanded of the painter in order to ex- press within narrow limits the thought of a broad landscape, or to give to portraiture semblance of life, is likewise necessary in the work of the dramatic artist who ex- presses lengthened history in the mimic show of an hour or two. When, how- ever, this is used in excess it becomes extravagance and an offence. That nice discrimination which is manifest in the work of the careful student of the dramatic art, is what characterizes worth. So it was last night. In slightest degree over- done 'Friends' becomes a farce a bur- lesque upon the passions and motives of men and women. Undercolored it sinks to the level of the dull and inconsequential. It was reserved for Mr. Daily, Miss Nan- nary, Mr. Blunkall and Mr. Clayton to present the pretty, touching story, relieved by some warm beams of genuine humor and many a sweep of pathos, with con- summate skill. They have played the parts very often doubtless, but last night they seemed to be less acting and more moved by real feeling than on any occasion in which we have witnessed their dramatic work. However that may be, assumption or feeling, the old 'Otto' of Dailey is a masterly piece of acting. It is the part of an aged German musician, broken by drink and the use of opium, who retains the refinement of the gentle- man and the sensitiveness of the man of honor, but who has unwittingly been led into misuse of a trust for an adopted child, who has crept into his heart and absorbed the wealth of his affections. Confronted by the crime, tortured by conscience crazed by liquor and enslaved by opium, while torn by the unmeant reproaches of his ward, he contemplates suicide but dies in time to save himself from that additional crime. His work throughout was magnificent.

Miss Nannary's Marguerite, whose devo- tion to her old guardian who has been to her a father, does not blind her to his faults and weaknesses but womanly dignity forbids her even to save the wretched man to whom she clings, by sacrificing herself to a schemer who holds the secret of her guardian's dish- onor, was an admirable thing, full of feeling and tenderness, of womanly courage and maidenly reserve, of the indignation of as- saulted honor and the pity of a suffering heart.

It is an Ibsenian play by a master now worthy to stand beside the Norwegian apostle of "decadence"

Miss Julia Marlowe's success in "Colin- ette" has led her to postpone her departure for Europe.

James K. Hackett is scoring another Genda success in Rupert of Hentzau.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has given 106 per- formances of Zaza at the Garrick New York to standing room only. There is every in- dication that the success will continue to the end of the engagement.

The success of the Great Baby continues unabated.

The story is forcefully severe in outline. Henschel has made a snug sum of money from teaming. When the play opens his wife is seriously ill, and a young woman, Hanne Schael, has been brought into the house to take care of her. With a woman's instinct the dying wife divines that Hanne is plotting to succeed her as mistress of the house. During her long illness she has gained an insight into the depravity of Hanne's character, and, dying, warns Henschel against her. The teamster, how- ever, falls under Hanne's influence and marries her. The last three acts are taken up with his gradual realization of her real character—her loose morals, her liaison with a hotel waiter, her revolting cruelty to her illegitimate child. Finally the suspicion that she poisoned his first wife grows strong within him. His first wife's warning rings in his ears. He hears it wherever he goes. At last it be- comes his death knell. For, to rid himself of the low, cunning, bestial woman who has tricked him into marriage, he hangs himself. 'Fuhrmann Henschel' is a power- ful tragedy without a light to relieve its darkness, except Henschel's tender devo- tion to Hanne's unfortunate child. The original play is, like 'The Weavers,' in Silesian dialect. But for stage purposes it has been done into more intelligible Ger- man.

Tommy Atkins. The new Chinese regiment of the British army at Wei-Hai-Wei is to be an infantry one, armed with the Martini-Metford rifle, a weapon which has been highly spoken of as the result of experience in various parts of Africa. The men will be paid \$8 a month, and when the other ad- vantages of the service are taken into ac- count there should be little difficulty in ob- taining a select body of men. Major Bower's first difficulty will, apparently, be that of securing accommodation for the new troops at Wei-Hai-Wei, for, at present, so far as can be learned, there is

A GRAND DISPLAY OF MILLINERY!!



A magnificent display of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

A large variety of Sailor Hats and Walking Hats from 25c. upwards. Corsets a specialty. Prices moderate, inspection invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Dainty Dining Tables

must be laid with good silver ware—this trademark, stamped on silver plated knives, forks and spoons,



is a guarantee of the best, both as to quality and design—and such articles will add to the appearance of the most dainty table.

When purchasing ask your dealer to show you goods bearing this mark.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

nothing ready in that respect. The uni- form has not yet been settled, but in all probability it will be a picturesque adaptation of the dress of the Chinese soldier. As to the fighting qualities of the men, it is, of course, too early to speak with cer- tainty, but, knowing the class from which they will probably come, Mayor Bower is sanguine that in due time he will command a really effective force.

CHEAP PHILANTROPY. He Pressed the Button and Somebody Else did the Rest.

One of the oddest ways of being chari- table at some one else's expense was relat- ed by a restaurant keeper one day last week. He said:

'Just at the noon rush hour a well dressed man entered my establishment, ac- companied by three children of various ages, garbed in garments which looked as though they were constructed from his own cast off clothes. He told the waiter the children were very hungry and ordered all sorts of dainties which they fairly gobbled up, while he sat and looked at them and ate nothing. As a final treat he ordered ice cream, and when it came sent the waiter back for cake. Then, telling the children he was going to buy a cigar, he left the room—and the building. The waiter, wondering at his long absence, after a while asked the children, 'Where is your papa?'

'Oh, he isn't our papa!' said one of the boys meekly. 'He just a man wot see us lookin' in the window and wishin' for good things, and he tol' us to come along and get somethin' to eat!'

'William came to me so dumbfounded he could hardly talk,' concluded the prop-rietor, 'and when he at last made clear the situation I went over and sent the children off, with a lot of good things under their jackets, which I had charged on the debit account.'

MY STOCK OF SPRING SEEDS

Have arrived. They are the very best procurable, and carefully selected varieties. My mixed Sweet Peas are something choice. Also choicest colors by the ounce or package.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Druggist and Seedsman, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Mail orders forwarded by return mail. Telephone 230.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. Fawcett, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. Otherwise, we will not be responsible for the same. They should be made payable in every case to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 29

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

NO SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Under the bill passed in the legislature this week, there will be no Sunday steamboat excursions this year. The ideas of the country members seem to have been very strong upon this section and they carried their point. They object to those who live in the city leaving the town on Sunday to get a breath of their purer country air, and to make sure they will not do so by boat or train, they say that whoever carries them is liable to a heavy penalty. The line of difference which they draw between an excursion to a Sunday camp meeting and one to the same place for rest and recreation will amuse all of those who have a knowledge of what these excursions really have been on the St. John river. Many of the members of the house are interested in lumbering and they were exceedingly particular to have a clause inserted that tugs may move upon the river, rafts may be towed and all business of that sort go on. To interfere with personal gain would not be permitted. Such labor as that they would not consider servile. Street railway employes are not allowed a chance to rest. The people may ride as much and as often as they please upon these cars but they cannot board a steamer and sail up the river a few miles into the country. For half a dollar last year a poor man and his family could go up the river fifty or sixty miles, take their lunch with them and enjoy such a day as they could not otherwise. They were not thrown into contact with any rabble. They saw no sport, no baseball or dancing or anything of that nature but they drank in the pure clear air of the river and the country and were better for it. They returned healthier for the change and abler to face the labor and responsibility of the week days. They can do this no longer but they can look from the hot city sidewalks at their richer citizens riding out of town in their carriages to enjoy the same pleasure that their paternal government has deprived them of. They are not prevented from enjoying the Sabbath as they please. There is no legislation to stop them. This is all wrong and we are convinced that if the members of legislature had been upon one of those Sunday "excursions" that they have put down they would agree with us that there was nothing objectionable in them. Nine out of ten of the people who patronized them would feel indignant if it was hinted that they were desecrating the Lord's day by going a few miles up the river.

Here in the city street railways may run from early morn until late at night, bus men may carry passengers to the By Shore, Duck Cove, or any where else all day long, livery stables may hire horses out to take citizens out the road where rum shops may ply their trade all day but the citizen who cannot afford these methods of observing the legislatures sabbath is debarred from the pleasant and health giving recreation of a trip on the river.

The baldhead row may become extinct if the reports concerning Dr. HODARA's experiments prove to be correct. Dr. HODARA is an Austrian physician who has invented a new process to be called capillary health or something of that sort. The doctor secured a few bald subjects for his experiments, and, after rubbing or injecting into the skin both antiseptic and aethetics, he ploughed little furrows in rows across the hairless areas. Then he pulled hair after hair from the head of some accommodating persons who had a few locks to spare and literally planted this borrowed plume in the furrows he had made.

The experiment is said to have been successful.

The Marble Heart Anti-Matrimonial Association of Appleton, Wis., is not what might be called popular with the young women of that town. The bachelors who constitute this society pay an initiation fee of \$25 and annual dues of \$10. The accumulated funds are to go to the particular marble heart who longest resists the attractions of womankind. This provision seems to anticipate that marble hearts will prove to be as little fireproof as marble buildings. In spite of the implied tribute to their charms, the Appleton young women are said to be deeply indignant and to have vowed a solemn vow never to marry an Appletonian.

The speculating mania seems to have attacked Englishwomen with unusual violence this spring. Copper has been their favorite field. Four women have developed a rabid though somewhat belated Klondike fever. They have sent a woman agent to Dawson city to make fortunes for them all. The agent may be the only one to make much money out of it. She receives \$25 000 for her services. And gambling among London women is reported to be unusually heavy, whist, poker and bridge being the favorite games.

Chicago will have to look to its divorce laurels. The London Courts are burdened with cases involving matrimonial woes. There are 221 of these cases awaiting trial 152 of them being undefended. Seventy-seven of the cases are actions for divorce brought by the wives. One hundred and fifteen husbands are seeking relief. The others are for separation or nullification of the marriage.

ANDY FREEDMAN, the political valet of Croker, put his foot into things amazingly when he was led into admissions that he was dividing his rake off from various enterprises. This is a good deal further than the boss allowed himself to be forced.

The Americans are not having things all their own way in the Philippines. They are beginning to taste a little of the bitterness of defeat.

The Reason for the Retard. A gentleman who conducts a bookstore in another part of the province has sent PROGRESS the following note for publication.

"Dear Sir:—I took a book once from you and now as I have become a Christian it is only right I should restore it to a measure. I am sorry ever I did it—the deed—morally speaking."

"Yours" in His Name."

The language of the note is rather curious but as there was an order for \$2.50 enclosed no one can doubt the intentions of the writer.

Mr. A. W. Myers of Myers Bros., is in the city calling upon his old friends. He has been in Nova Scotia all winter and looks in as good health and spirits as when he was here doing business.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Carri Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

A Bright Idea. A well known naval officer is given to making unusual remarks and apostrophizing out of the way matters for the benefit of his friends. His latest jewel of thought was called forth through seeing a sparrow standing on one leg on a telegraph wire, the other leg being drawn up to his body. The naval officer remarked, wisely: "How wonderful are the provisions of Nature! See that little bird on the wire, and note his extraordinary instinct. You see he has one leg drawn up under him so as to insulate himself from the current passing through the wire. How wonderful are the provisions of Nature!"—Electrical Review.

A Theory. "I wonder what impels so many of these well to do women to steal useless articles?" "I hardly know, unless they have a haunting fear of being poor some day and want to get in practice for the loaf of bread."

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated, Dural, 17 Waterloo.

THIRDS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Man With the Hoe. MILLAR. The night of toll his stars that never set, To whom who sees their golden splendor arise; Who though he works and in his firing sweat, Has all for self and others too to give; Still in his soul looks up to the Divine.

We cannot make in this enlightened age, A hardened heart of him who tills the ground; The thorns and thistles spring in every clime, Obedient to His law whose heights sublime; Are only reached by patience most profound. No idler is he on whom that law, Of Eden falls with ever burdened weight; Though sorrow gust in every midnight gale, The light of science lights the hoe-man's law, The ground long cursed is every man's estate. Until returning to the ground again; From which we came by one Almighty will; Conscience shall be multiplied by pain. And voices from bits throes implore in vain; The first born sulk must bring its anguish still. The light above has led the ploughman's plow, Has shown o'er him who leaned upon his hoe; Wha' higher glory on his aproned brow, He reads 'his law which unto men allow; The wisdom such true toils a ever know, To one who holds the keys of Hell and Death, That's best the savior of the sinner's form; His soul within still rife at his last breath, And leave like earth's offspring that beneath, Which crumbles into dust in life's last storm. The night of toll o'er shadows all our race; It brings no degradation to the brave; The nobly do their duty in their place, A virtue great you Heaven will ne'er efface; For that alone exists beyond the grave. (FRANK GOLD.)

Orange Tree, April, 1899.

Another Case of Maud. Maud Muller went on a summer day To try the old racket of raking hay, She'd heard how it worked a fader, and thought There might be another to be caught. And off she elanced down the lanes long course To see if he came on his piebald horse. But the Judge came not, nor a sleek court Clerk, Nor a co stable to get in his work. No; even a chronic jaw came To ask her to show her mis-called name. Yet she raked away with a tireless will, For Maud was a stayer from Stayerville! Great blisters rose in her hands so fair, And hayseed lodged in her wind-tossed hair. But many a Judge came riding by, And her swollen bosom was filled with a sigh. One spark of hope in said bosom burned, That maybe the court had yet adjourned. Or he might have halted to bear his face With a lawyer who'd got away with a case. And yet she raked with unflinching zeal, The damp sweat trickling from head to heel. The spur-bit pricked at her shrunken nose, 'Twas the southern breeze of her Sunday clothes. The breeze blew on her blooming cheeks, And scattered the sweat into a cross-cross streak. The sun sank lower down the west, And the hop-star dined in Maudie's breast. One last glance she cast along the lane, Then sank on the stubble with a moan of pain! But she rose again with impromptu spring, To rake up a feller this way!" Then cried, as to splinters she stamped the rake; "This hay'll rake a bloomin' take!" "The feller that writ that pretty ought To be taken out an' fally shot!" "Don't think no gal ever made a play To rake up a feller this way!" And she said as she jumped to her home again, Her secret keys to a note of pain. "O' all darned suckers that ever bit, I've a sneakin' idee that I am it!"

The Obnoxious.

There comes to my heart this morning On the western breeze a wailing cry, The chant of the crazy chink, The drunken demon of spring: "My home is the broad Pacific; But you cannot bill to at home. I need my wings for a feller, And how o'er the ocean's foam. 'I kissed the tops of the ranges And severed the toe King's chain; I whisper of pleasant valleys, And the waters wak ned again. 'I raced with them down the mountains, Burring binders aside we'd sing; I called to the steaming streamlets, 'Come, dance with the devil of spring!' 'They came with a rush and gurgle, They came with a leap and dash, With the roar of distant thunder, With the speed of the lightning flash. 'Down we raced through the gorges, Cutting the ice and snow, And filled to its overflowing The Yellowstone below. 'The river itself grew drunken, And with chinkoos clung and sang; It burst the bridges man builded— Though steel, they were bent in twain. 'It played with the sleep of children— They never will waken more; It tossed strong men on its billows And left them, still, on the shore. 'There's nothin' that can withstand us, As about together we fly, Abroad on our springtime frolic, The snow of the hills and I. 'For I am the harlequin chinkoo, And, tho' soft as the zephyr's wing, When I kiss the mountain ranges I'm the mischievous imp of spring."

The Coast Patrol.

Draw closer y'no' a' skin jacket To b' fill the swirling snow, For to-morrow's storm'll be the fiercest That ever the Cape did know. The fiery eyes of the lighthouse, That he's dashed it's warnings far Out where the pilers breakers Are pounching the seething bar, Has been fast closed by the pelting Of a snow and blinding blast; What he'll be there now for 'his vessel A wait from the scattered fleet? Go down on the wreck-strewn beaches Where the sea gives up its dead; Perchance there will be one living When the hungry waves are fed. Go up on the reelin' headlands, Where the sand and sleet fly fast, Propped by a thousand furies, Furned by the shrieking blast, And let for the boom of the cannon When the temp'at has paused 'or breath; Where the mad waves are righteously leaping There are men face to face with death. Then fight your way to the life crew, Those seaman true and brave, Who will battle the wildest billows, Fear not their are lives to save. May the God who rules above us Save to-morrow from the storm's wild wrath Both the sailor and his victim; Patrolting his week-strewn path. —George A. Cowan.

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

HOW BROTHERS ARE OUT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) fore it could be completed, a hemorrhage occurred and it was never signed. Three weeks after the funeral, the family and solicitor met, and the unsigned document was considered. Mr. Vanwart told them it was not a will but a request. It was read and its provision respecting a division of the property was such that Will and Alf objected. Various suggestions were made but to no purpose, and from

first time, but when a woman gets so aged that her grandson pays her fare she's ancient, sure enough."

New Discoveries at Hampton Court. Hampton Court Palace is constantly yielding up hidden treasures of artistic and antiquarian interest, and considering the wonderful intricacies of Wolsey's high chateau it is not surprising that every now and again "finds" of great historical value are brought to light. Some time ago the great Cardinal's private room was discovered to public view, and now comes the



HARRY SULLIVAN, Son of Henry Sullivan, Drowned off the Coast of Florida.

at that time the trouble has continued to produce a great division between the brothers.

Before his father died, Will says the Rev. Mr. Payson was called in, and the old gentleman said in process of conversation that Will should have 5/16ths of the property as it then stood.

One part of the request was that the carriage works should be continued under the firm name of John Edgewood & Sons this property being held by Will, Alf, and Norman.

Matters reached a climax when Van Buskirk was asked to give up the keys by Will. He was out for a time but returned later, and Will says he does not know how the business was conducted, or whether the firm made or lost money.

After some time the books were placed in the hands of another accountant, and Will says though he held them for four years, he did not give any account to him of how the business was going.

Then yesterday the trouble reached a climax, and it is likely the law courts will be appealed to. The factory property was purchased some time since by Fred at public sale, and yesterday he wanted possession of it and there was some difficulty about the matter. So it stands.

It Made Her Feel Old.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith met on an Illinois Central suburban train, homeward bound from a morning of shopping, Mrs. is 35 and a mother; Mrs. Smith 65 and a grandmother.

"My dear Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Jones, "how well you are looking, I declare, you are the youngest-looking woman for your age I know. It seems to me you have taken off several years every time I meet you. Have you discovered the magic fountain?"

"My dear," replied Mrs. Smith, "you mean well and I'm obliged to you, but I feel an old, old woman today."

"Why do you emphasize 'today'?"

"Well, it's this way: I started to come down town this morning feeling as gay as a girl of 20. At the station I met my grandson. He's only 13, but he's as big as some men. I suppose the sight of him should have sobered me and made me realize what a landmark I am, but it didn't and I kept on feeling young and frisky until the conductor came along."

What on earth did the conductor have to do with it?"

"Why, that boy pulled out his commutation ticket, handed it to the conductor, and said, quite as a matter of course: 'Two.' Goodness knows I felt old enough when my eldest son paid my fare for the

announcement of an extraordinary discovery of what may prove to be an artistic treasure. A large number of the pictures there are in course of removal. Underneath the canvas and paper with which the walls were covered was what appeared to be painting. Subsequent careful examination showed that three sides of a room which measures 41 feet by 34 feet, were adorned with very fine paintings, in a very fair state of preservation, but disfigured by hundreds of holes caused by the nails which had been driven into the walls to hang the pictures. The ceiling of this apartment is painted by Verrio, and represents Queen Anne in the character of Justice. Whether the paintings on the walls are by the same artist has not transpired, but it is probable that they are. It has been decided to fill up the holes with suitable material and to entrust the services of a well known artist to repair the paintings and as far as possible to restore them to their original condition.—London Daily News.

So D. Heavily Fat.

A certain artist (a friend of the writer) who is distinguished for his extreme obesity, none the less than for his sensitiveness of disposition, had a somewhat disheartening experience the other day. He had occasion to show some specimens of his portraiture to a number of friends, among whom was a gentleman of the self-made order.

The latter, not being aware of his profession, on exhibited astonishment, and somewhat ingenuously inquired— "Are you an artist?"

He modestly affirmed that he was, and is now slowly recovering from the effects of the reply.

"Well, I always thought you was a butcher."

Woman's Mistake.

"It would appear that woman's mission on earth is to shop and annoy shopkeepers, remarked a provision merchant the other day."

"How do you make that out?" asked a friend.

"Well, yesterday a woman called here and asked to sample some cheeses. She tasted no less than five different makes, and then coolly said she'd take a quarter-pound."

"And did you supply her?"

"Did I? I simply said: 'My good woman, you've got it already, and attended to another customer. I don't think she'll annoy me again!'"

Carpets, Carpets, Carpets

Renovated or dusted, a perfect process without injury to nap or pile. Colors, restored. Stains removed. Carpets and blankets 25c per pair. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS. Telephone 68.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dural, 17 Waterloo.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing various notices and advertisements.

BAKING POWDER
Pure and wholesome

time, but when a woman gets so aged her grandsons pay her fare that's not, sure enough.

... Hampton Court.
Hampton Court Palace is constantly being up hidden treasures of artistic antiquities and, considering the wonderful intricacies of Wolsey's high art it is not surprising that every now and then "finds" of great historical value are brought to light. Some time ago the Cardinal's private room was discovered to public view, and now comes the



Society this week has been extremely quiet and there is nothing going on just at present, most of the housewives being engaged in their important domestic duties which the spring season brings with it. There has been nothing in the way of large affairs and in fact it might be said the amusements of the day consist wholly of housecleaning and the usual spring sewing. Hostesses are therefore daily occupied to give any attention to the other duties just now.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evershed, and Mrs. N. D. Hooper went to St. Andrews this week to attend the funeral of Mrs. A. W. Smith.

Mrs. A. E. Keith of Havelock spent a day or two with friends in the city.

Mrs. A. G. Sherman is paying a three weeks visit to her uncle Mr. Norman Henderson of Wallace Bay, N. B.

Mrs. Thompson entertained at a small but pleasant tea last Friday at which she was assisted by Mrs. Gardiner Taylor, Mrs. Fred Bayre, Miss Lottie Harrison. Among the guests were:

Countess de Barry,	Mrs. Robert Thomson.
Mrs. Denny,	Mrs. Keator.
Mrs. (Dr.) Skinner,	Mrs. Dever.
Mrs. White, Quebec,	Mrs. D. F. Chisholm.
Mrs. E. T. Edwards,	Mrs. W. F. Harrison.
Mrs. J. H. Harding,	Miss Allison Jones.
Miss Jones, Boston.	

Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Hutchinson of Miramichi are spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. F. W. Sumner of Moncton made a short stay in the city this week.

Rev. L. G. MacNeill is back from Clifton Springs, greatly improved, though not by any means fully restored to his usual health.

Mrs. John A. Bowes went to Fredericton Thursday for a short visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George K. Taylor of Los Angeles arrived this week to spend the summer with Mr. Taylor's parents in the West end.

Mrs. deWolfe Spurr returned to the city this week after a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Ketchum of Fredericton. Mrs. Spurr was among the St. John people present at the government house at Home.

Mrs. J. S. Smith who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. J. S. Frost left this week for her home in Clifton, Connecticut.

Mrs. Spence who spent several days pleasantly with city friends has gone to her home in Fredericton.

Miss Fivelling has been staying in Fredericton for the large At Home given there this week and at which a large number of St. John people were present.

Mrs. Edward Wood has returned to St. Stephen after a brief stay of three days with city friends.

Miss Winifred Dick of St. George is spending a little while in the city.

Miss Alice Fitch of Marlboro Mass., is spending a month with West End friends.

The sad death of Fred Marvin Jr., of Douglas Avenue N. E., last week has caused a great deal of sincere regret among the younger population of that end of town among whom he was deservedly popular. Deceased was a son of Mr. F. E. Marvin superintendent of the Maritime Nail Works Co. Ltd., and had not been well for fully six months, his ailment developing finally into consumption in one of its worst forms. Before the final stages of the dread disease had asserted itself there were hopes, that Fred would overcome his final ailment, but such hopes were short-lived. On Sunday last his funeral was very largely attended, several hundred youthful friends paying their last ad respects to his memory, as well as a representative body of citizens in all walks of life. Rev. J. A. Gordon conducted the funeral services and interment took place in Cedar Hill cemetery. Messrs. Jarvis Parry, Charles Cowan, Fred Elkin, Ned Seary, L. Spragg, and Chas. W. Cowan acted as pall bearers. Among the very beautiful floral tributes placed about the remains were the following:—A crescent from H. Nelson, J. Purdy, E. Spragg and H. Carman; crescent, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Roberts; anchor from W. M. A. of Main street church, basket, from Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Elkin, large wreath and pillow from the Maritime Nail Works; wreath from Mrs. W. H. White; bouquet from E. D. N. Seary; a large bouquet from Miss Edith Chesley; a bouquet from the ushers of Main street church; basket of flowers from Mrs. Fred Miles; bouquet from a "Friend"; bouquet from Mr. and Mrs. George Beverly; and a crescent from the attending physicians Drs. W. F. Roberts and McInerney.

Miss Katie Greenway of Pitt Street who has spent the past four or five weeks very pleasantly in Montreal is expected home this week.

Miss Ethel Johnson of Wolfville N. S. who has been visiting Miss Lovat Princess street returned to N. S. by Prince Rupert on Monday.

Mr. J. R. Stone paid a brief visit to Halifax this week.

Mr. F. Coleman was called from Lynn, Mass., this week to attend the funeral of his father Mr. Robert Coleman which took place on Wednesday.

Mr. A. M. Bauld who was here for a little while this week has returned to Halifax.

The Excelsior missionary circle of Queen Square Methodist church held a very successful tea and sale in the school room on Wednesday evening. The affair was most successfully managed by the following young ladies, and a good programme of music-

was furnished by the orchestra connected with the church. Miss Maud Weddall, Miss Bogart, Miss Carroll, Miss Robertson, Miss McLean, Miss Taylor, Miss Law, Miss Coad, Miss Lawson, Miss Hawker and Miss Robertson.

The Amosco, Montana, Standard has the following account of a wedding which took place in Missoula, on Wednesday April 19.

At the residence of C. E. Beckwith at 5 o'clock this evening, George R. McLeod and Miss Emma H. Beckwith were married by Rev. C. H. Lindy of the Church of the Holy Spirit, only the immediate friends of the contracting parties being present. The bride of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod will be in Boston. They have in their party with a host of friends all over Montana—Amosco (Mont.) Standard.

The groom is a son of H. D. McLeod of the savings bank department. The bride is also a native of this province. One of her sisters is married to a brother of S. H. McLeod, the well known St. John insurance man, and another to John H. Keith, a Klans country man, who also lives in Missoula.

Mr. J. K. Kye Almon of the Bank of British North America left Thursday for Rossland having been transferred to the Bank of British N. B. in that city. Mr. E. L. Ellis of Fredericton will fill the vacancy in the branch here caused by Mr. Kye's departure.

Mr. E. K. Kye was a general at heart, with those who had his ability, his business capacity or a social way and his removal has caused much regret.

Miss Pauline Baird is spending a few weeks with relatives in Truro.

Mr. Charles G. Brown left a few days ago on a visit to Montreal.

Mrs. Joseph Finley and Mrs. Frank White returned last Saturday from a very delightful trip to the West Indies.

Mr. James Berry formerly city editor of the Sun, left last Saturday for Moncton in which distant state he and his family will make their future home. A large party of friends assembled at the depot to bid them farewell.

An interesting concert took place in St. Jude's Sunday school room on Wednesday evening at which the following interesting programme was rendered: Piano duet; tableaux: A Story of the past, Mr. Drowley, Mary Drowley, Ethel Bayard, Jennie Anderson, Emily McNeill; song, Mr. McNeill; a spelling match; vocal duet; tableaux, The Oracle of the Tea Cup, E. Bayard, E. Anderson, S. Bayard; reading, Miss Brown; tableaux, The Village Choir, Mr. Drowley, A. Appleby, W. McNeill, J. Robson; male quart, Kentucky, Mr. McNeill, A. Coster, Miss J. Connor; tableaux, In Charge, Lucy Coster; tableaux, Her Character, Mrs. Appleby, E. Trueman, Miss Spike; violin solo, Master Kishit; reading, Miss Brown; quartet, Jennie; tableaux, North, East, West, South, Mr. Appleby, S. Bayard, W. Duff, M. Denham; God Save the Queen.

Captain Hamilton of Lunenburg left Thursday on a trip to Boston. He was accompanied by his little grandchild Miss Mary East.

Miss Florence White has returned to Shediac after a very pleasant visit to this city as the guest of Mrs. E. Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Regan have returned from a very pleasant visit to New York.

The marriage of Mr. E. L. Beer, and Miss Bell Danlop takes place today at the residence of the brides parents. Mr. Beer arrived on Wednesday from Kaik B. C.

Senator Scowen's visit to the city for a day or two lately on his way home from Ottawa.

Says the Toronto Mail and Empire of a recent date: Lady Tilley who has been a much-feted visitor in town during the past two weeks, leaves next Wednesday to visit friends in London and Woodstock, and will go on later to Ottawa.

Messrs. William Giggay, Albert Palmer and Henry Conwell returned last Saturday from a most successful fishing trip to the Nepequin.

A very enjoyable concert was the one held by the Sons of England in their new hall on Wednesday evening. The patronage extended was good and the following programme was very finely rendered:—Solo, Red, White and Blue, by Mr. Calvert; reading, Miss Ethel Duffin; instrumental selection, Mr. Stokes; recitation, Miss Daisy Seary; solo, My Little Woman, W. Trueman; gramophone, Mr. L. Thorne; solo, by Mr. D. W. Pilkington; an all Miss Kishit; recitation, Miss Shaw and Master Shaw; solo, Mr. Stokes; instrumental selection, Miss Calvert; solo, Miss Lucy Young; duet, Mrs. Golding and Mr. Rogers; solo, Mr. Knox; gramophone, Mr. Thorne; solos, Mrs. Golding, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Baugury; specialties by Dr. W. H. Kearns and F. McNeill; God Save the Queen.

Mr. J. E. McIntyre who has been here for some time in connection with the construction of the new C. P. R. elevator returned this week to his home in Ottawa.

Mr. W. A. Kimball of Fortland Me., was here this week for a day or two.

Mayor Seary returned the middle of the week from a trip to Fredericton.

Bishop Kingdon and Mrs. Kingdon who were in the city for a little while returned Tuesday to the capital.

Friends of W. E. Raymond will be glad to hear that he is rapidly recovering his health.

Mr. George F. Baird's condition still causes much anxiety to his friends, though it is hoped his removal to the homeosted at Long Island which was made this week will effect a favorable change.

The marriage took place at the Cathedral on Wednesday morning of Mr. Nelson Johnston and Miss Josephine Gauvin, Rev. Father McMurray officiating in the ceremony which united the young couple for life. The bridal party was attended by Miss Mary Gauvin and Mr. Alfred Gauvin. After the ceremony a wedding luncheon was served at the late home of the bride.

Mr. W. H. Trowartha-James left early in the week for his home in London, England but expects to return later to St. John.

Mr. W. D. McEvoy's condition is so much improved as to permit of a short drive daily.

Miss Nanette Black leaves today for a visit to Halifax. She will be absent three or four weeks.

Mr. Alexander Winchester and Miss Douglas,

daughter of Mr. Robert Douglas, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening by Rev. J. Stevenson, in the presence of many relatives and friends. Miss Maud Swanton attended the bride and Mr. F. D. Munro supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Wincheser will take up their residence on Waterloo street.

Mrs. A. E. Prince returned last week from a pleasant visit to her aunt Mrs. Byers of Springhill, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Prince will shortly take up housekeeping on Prince's street.

\$100.00 for SCHOOL CHILDREN

The Welcome Soap Co., of St. John, N. B., Manufacturers of the Famous Welcome Soap, will present \$100.00 cash to the School Children, viz:—

1 First Present of	\$25.00
1 Second " "	15.00
1 Third " "	10.00
5 Presents of \$5.00 Each,	25.00
10 " " " " " "	25.00
	\$100.00

For the best Essay, not to exceed 1000 words, subject, "SOAP" to be written by regular school attendants, either boys or girls, under 16 years of age, all essays to be sent in to us before May 31st, 1899, when they will be submitted to a committee of three disinterested leading teachers upon whose decision the presents will be awarded as above.

CONDITIONS:—Essays to be written plainly with pen and ink, signed with name and address, also statement of age of writer and that the Essay is his (or her) unaided work, name and grade of school attended, and name of teacher, this statement to be certified to by one parent or teacher.

All Essays must be accompanied by 50 Welcome Soap Wrappers.

The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

THE BEST READING
—AT A BARGAIN—

The Offer of Progress
To S end New Subscribers to it

—THE—

Cosmopolitan, Munsey
and **McClure's Magazines,**
All for Four Dollars.

It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
(The Queen of Fashion)
For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR.

And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

When You Order.....

Pelee Island Wines
.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Four Crown Scotch Whiskey
will soon be the Leading Brand on the market. As it is 16 Years Old one trial will convince you.

E. G. SCOVIL Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

... of the Coast of Florida.

... of an extraordinary discovery of what may prove to be an art treasure. A large number of the trees there are in course of removal. Beneath the canvas and paper with the walls were covered with what appeared to be painting. Subsequent examination showed that three sides of a room which measures 41 feet by 34 feet, were adorned with very fine paintings, in a fair state of preservation, but disfigured by hundreds of holes caused by insects which had been driven into the walls to hang the pictures. The painting of this apartment is painted by a certain artist, and represents Queen Anne in the character of Justice. Whether the painting was not transported, but it is probable that it has been decided to fill up the holes with suitable material and to employ the services of a well known artist to re-paint the paintings and as far as possible to restore them to their original condition.—London Daily News.

So D'Heately Put.

certain artist (a friend of the writer) is distinguished for his extreme obnoxiousness the less than for his sensitiveness of disposition, had a somewhat disheartening experience the other day. He had been shown some specimens of his hair to a number of friends, among whom was a gentleman of the self-made variety.

He latter, not being aware of his profession, exhibited astonishment, and some indignation inquired—

Are you an artist?

He modestly affirmed that he was, and slowly recovering from the effects of the reply.

Well, I always thought you was a barber.

Woman's Mission.

It would appear that woman's mission is to shop and annoy shopkeepers, and to provide a provision merchant the other way.

How do you make that out? asked a friend.

Well, yesterday a woman called here to sample some oysters. She had no less than five different makes, then coolly said she'd take a quarter-pound.

And did you supply her?

Did I? I simply said: "My good woman, we've got it already," and attended to another customer. I don't think she'll annoy me again!

Carpets, Carpets, Carpets
Oiled or dusted, a perfect process without injury to nap or pile. Colors, red, green, stains removed. Curtains and carpets 25c per pair. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS. Telephone 58.

... Made, 18c-covered, Repaired, at 17 Waterloo.

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health.

FRY'S
Pure Concentrated
COCOA

Cold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

Purchasers should ask especially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme is for sale in Halifax by the newsmen and at the following news stands and centres.

MORROW & CO., Barrington Street. GARDNER & CO., 1000 Highway Street. J. B. FRENCH, Brunswick Street. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth Street. Queen Bookstore, 100 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFoyles, 181 Brunswick St.

The "at home" of the 6th rifles officers, at the Halifax hotel last Friday night, was one of the social successes of the year, there being over four hundred present.

During the afternoon the ball committee consisting of Majors Twining and Siroom, Capt. Vidito and Lieut. Taylor Thompson and Greenwood, with a host of assistants, were busily engaged in decorating the large dining room, which is so well adapted for the purpose of a dance.

The doors and windows were all hung with flags very artistically draped and on the east end of the room, between the mirrors, was the royal coat of arms flanked on either side with small red and white ensigns.

When the ball was opened the dancing surfaces were a marvel of smoothness that delighted the devotees of terpsichorean amusement.

Extra value—Jennesse Doree. Value—Mon Ami. Value—Mis Cara. Lancers—Pinafore. Value—Bitter Sweet. Militaire—De Gons Coon. Value—Thine Alone. Two step—Up the Street. Value—Clapping Hands. Lancers—Patience. Value—Myosotis. Militaire—Boston Belle. Value—Louisiana Lou. Value—Swingalong. Lancers—Belgravia. Two step—Washington Post. Value—Bright Angela. Value—Venetia. Militaire—Mascario. Value—Supplicar. Galop—Poltergeist.

As usual the whole of the first and second floors south of the rotunda and at the disposal of the ball committee and was flagged off from the rest of the building. The supper table was situated in St. Julian dining room and was furnished in the first-class style characteristic of the Halifax.

The guest entrance was by the St. Julian and a canopy had been arranged over the sidewalk, from the doors to the curb, and carpet laid across the sidewalk also.

There were some very handsome dresses worn by the ladies, all of whom seemed to think the Rifles' officers the best of hosts.

Mrs. James Morrow, white over pink satin. Mrs. Russell Twining, blue silk, with pink and silver trimmings. Mrs. F. Tremaine, mauve and black satin and natural flowers. Mrs. A. Keith, white silk, with pearl trimmings. Miss Wickwire, blue figured silk, trimmed with lace.

Mrs. Vidito, purple velvet and white chiffon, with smoky jewelry. Mrs. M. E. Butler, cream satin. Mrs. Tobin, red satin, with cream lace. Miss Gladys Tremaine, black over light satin. Mrs. J. T. Twining, white satin, with green and gold trimmings.

Mrs. Arscott, white satin, trimmed with white organdie and natural flowers. Mrs. F. Barr, blue silk, trimmed with black catrib feathers, pink and white flowers. Mrs. James Black, satin with chiffon trimmings and carnations. Mrs. B. A. Weston, salmon shaded silk and white chiffon. Miss Ada Smith, pink silk with white chiffon trimmings.

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE Cures Colds 25c. a Bottle. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mrs. Montreal.



ST. STEPHEN AND GABRIEL.

Programme is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. E. & C. T. E. Anderson and J. Freeman & Co. in Calais at U. F. Treat's.

April 26.—Society is rather dull this week, in consequence of so much time being given to domestic duties in the way of house cleaning and spring sewing, preparing for the summer outings and picnics, as no doubt there will be more than usual this year, for all the old favorite spots must be visited, and as the new Washington County Railway opens many new and unvisited picnic grounds, already plans have been made for a numerous outings to pretty places in the locality of the railroad.

Last week Mr. C. E. Cline purchased the pretty home lately occupied and owned by Mr. Willard Fike, and will present it as a wedding gift to his daughter Miss Mabel Cline, who early in June become the bride of Mr. Frank V. Lee, the popular accountant of the Calais National Bank.

Mrs. W. B. Ganson leaves this afternoon for the "Cedars" to make preparations for the accommodation of summer guests.

Mrs. Mary Dexter entertained the ladies of the Travellers club on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Edward Wood returned from St. John on Thursday after a brief visit of three days in the city.

Mrs. Frederick Newhall is the guest this week of Mrs. Carter in Newhall.

Mrs. Carter is visiting her daughter Miss May Carter this week.

A meeting of the St. Andrews deaconsy was held in Christ church this week. A public service was held on Monday evening at which Rev. Mr. Simons curate of All Saints church presided at a most interesting service.

Mr. Henry F. Todd arrived home from New York on Saturday where he has been on a business trip.

Mrs. John F. Grant is expected to arrive from Vancouver, B. C., next week, after a visit of six months in that city.

Mrs. Charles F. Beard is expected to arrive home from Boston tomorrow, having spent two weeks in the city the guest of her husband's parents Hon. Alanson and Mrs. Beard.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Durill Grimmer of St. Andrews spent Thursday in town the street of Mrs. V. A. Waterbury.

Mrs. Davidson Grimmer of Chameook, was in town for a brief visit on Saturday last.

Miss Alice Deacon is again at home after a three weeks visit in Boston.

Mr. Percy Gilmore was in Calais last week for a brief visit.

Mrs. Melville Jack of St. Andrews, who was Mrs. Henry Todd's guest last week, has returned home.

Inspector W. S. Carter is in town this week visiting the public schools.

Mrs. Florence Sullivan has returned home after a visit of two months with Mrs. D. Gilmore in Montreal.

Mr. William Gillespie C. E. of Moores Mills spent Monday and Tuesday in town.

Miss Daisy Keith left for Fredericton on Saturday where she will take a course of training in Victoria Hospital.

Miss Bert McKnight and baby are visiting in St. John.

Miss Minnie Price attended the ball at the hotel "Minto", Moncton on Monday evening.

Mrs. E. A. Keith spent a few days in St. John last week.

Mrs. J. D. Seely is still ill and seems to improve very slowly.

Miss Mabel Lockhart of Moncton is spending a few days here.

Mr. A. Fowles has returned from St. Martin's, Max.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a handsome book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers

by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

English Wallpapers Japanese Wallpapers Scotch Wallpapers American Wallpapers French Wallpapers Canadian Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD. In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON Established 55 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Dartmouth, England.

the batteries for carrying enough power for a long run is the one thing a realist electrical equipment.

Steam is always reliable, and with the French Turbine boilers, in which the steam is produced instantly upon the injection of water, and its quantity regulated by the amount of water injected, so great an elasticity in power has been secured, that for heavy traction, where a regular motorman could be employed, it has taken first place on the European Continent, and even with ordinary boilers the English have given it recent preference for all heavy road work.

In the Chicago truck the makers have made a combination of the simple, easily worked gasoline engine and of the flexible, handily controlled electric equipment. The truck in outward appearance does not look unlike one of our largest open express wagons. It is mounted on steel-tired wheels, each with a four-inch face, and these run on ball bearings mounted on 3 1/2 inch axles. The body is a rectangular box with flaring side boards at the top of the portion back of the raised driver's seat and a broad footboard in front of the seat.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a handsome book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers

by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

English Wallpapers Japanese Wallpapers Scotch Wallpapers American Wallpapers French Wallpapers Canadian Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD. In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON Established 55 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Dartmouth, England.

the batteries for carrying enough power for a long run is the one thing a realist electrical equipment.

Steam is always reliable, and with the French Turbine boilers, in which the steam is produced instantly upon the injection of water, and its quantity regulated by the amount of water injected, so great an elasticity in power has been secured, that for heavy traction, where a regular motorman could be employed, it has taken first place on the European Continent, and even with ordinary boilers the English have given it recent preference for all heavy road work.

In the Chicago truck the makers have made a combination of the simple, easily worked gasoline engine and of the flexible, handily controlled electric equipment. The truck in outward appearance does not look unlike one of our largest open express wagons. It is mounted on steel-tired wheels, each with a four-inch face, and these run on ball bearings mounted on 3 1/2 inch axles. The body is a rectangular box with flaring side boards at the top of the portion back of the raised driver's seat and a broad footboard in front of the seat.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

A tank under the seat holds ten gallons of gasoline sufficient for a day's work, and under the body of the truck is a water tank of twenty gallons capacity for supplying water to cool the gas engine cylinders. The water is kept cool by passing through a lot of pipes exposed to the air and arranged along the under sides of the footboard and the body side boards. One man handles the truck, and it is said that 80 cents a day is the cost of operating it.

The hind wheels are driven. The source of power is a gasoline engine, situated in the front of the body under where the driver sits, and having more room made for it by means of a drop in the bottom of the body to near the front axle. This engine of eight horse power runs along steadily, driving an electric generator, which in turn feeds a modest storage battery of 40 cells and 114 ampere hours' capacity, which is in a box under the trunk just in front of the hind wheels. Two five horse power motors are geared direct to the hind wheels, and each of these can give out ten horse power for thirty minutes at a time if necessary. The controller gives three speeds—four, six or seven miles an hour—for either forward or backward motion.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (novel before published). (Illuminated serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of New Orleans," "The Entomologist"—Illustrated by Hertz.

SENATOR HOWE'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mervy Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ONLY A COUGH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

Puttner's Emulsion will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs, Lard in cakes and lins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street,

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

J. D. TURNER.

ST. GEORGE.

April 26.—A very enjoyable party was given on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill at their residence for their eldest daughter, Miss Mary O'Neill; whilst and crockinole was the amusement, provided and a dainty luncheon was served during the evening.

Miss Winnifred Dick is spending a short time in St. John.

Mrs. John F. Foster who has been spending the winter months with her mother returned to her home in Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. B. Lawrence and son, Mr. Reynolds Lawrence are in town for the summer.

Mrs. S. Harvey and Miss Amy Epps are confined to their home through illness.

The friends of Mrs. Robt. Dow will be sorry to

hear she is suffering from a sprained foot at the home of her daughter in Salmon Falls.

The subscription committee of the B. Y. P. Union held services at the post-room on Sunday at the close of which were distributed their luncheon. MAX.

ST. STEPHEN AND GABRIEL.

Programme is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. E. & C. T. E. Anderson and J. Freeman & Co. in Calais at U. F. Treat's.

April 26.—Society is rather dull this week, in consequence of so much time being given to domestic duties in the way of house cleaning and spring sewing, preparing for the summer outings and picnics, as no doubt there will be more than usual this year, for all the old favorite spots must be visited, and as the new Washington County Railway opens many new and unvisited picnic grounds, already plans have been made for a numerous outings to pretty places in the locality of the railroad.

Last week Mr. C. E. Cline purchased the pretty home lately occupied and owned by Mr. Willard Fike, and will present it as a wedding gift to his daughter Miss Mabel Cline, who early in June become the bride of Mr. Frank V. Lee, the popular accountant of the Calais National Bank.

Mrs. W. B. Ganson leaves this afternoon for the "Cedars" to make preparations for the accommodation of summer guests.

Mrs. Mary Dexter entertained the ladies of the Travellers club on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Edward Wood returned from St. John on Thursday after a brief visit of three days in the city.

Mrs. Frederick Newhall is the guest this week of Mrs. Carter in Newhall.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not yet published), edited by STANLEY COLWELL.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

JUDYARD KILPING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "THE BURNING OF NEW ORLEANS" (Illustrated)—Illustrated by HERMAN.

EDWARD NOAR'S "Reminiscences"—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Milderly Ann."

"A SHORT SERIAL," "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

EDWIN LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of America's Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ONLY A TOUCH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

Puttner's Emulsion will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

Always get PUTTNER'S, the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Canned Ham, Canned Corn, Devilled Ham, Pickled Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh Fry, Sausage, Bologna, and Henery Eggs. Lard in kegs and tins.

F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND. Agents, Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

OS. L. BOURKE

ouché Bar Oysters.

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

D. TURNER.

The binding that FITS is the binding to wear S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge is the only binding that can fit the skirt, because the brush edge is woven with one long side and one short side, and the velvet, cut on the bias, is inserted between the long and short sides of the head, forming the famous and only Natural Curve and then there is no other binding with half its durability, and none other half so soft and rich—in this binding you receive "Fit, Wear and Beauty."

THE JEWS IN AUSTRALIA. Have Played a Prominent Part in Development of the Colony. The appointment of Sir Julian Salomons as Agent-General of New South Wales would be a pleasing announcement to the English Jews if it stood alone as a disconnected fact of contemporary politics. But coming after the resignation of Sir Saul Samuel, and marking for the first time in history the holding by two Jews in practically immediate succession of an important semi-diplomatic post, it is doubly welcome to us. It shows the completeness with which racial and religious dividing marks have been obliterated in the infant nations over the sea, and the thoroughness with which they have adopted the lessons of equality that older nations have preached. It shows that the Jews are becoming daily more identified with the national life, and becoming indissolubly incorporated in the great fabric of the British Empire. Above all, it demonstrates that in the great pioneer work of empire-building they are not behind other Englishmen, that they are helping to carry the British power onward, coming as messengers from colonies to mother country and forming in their own persons the human bond between Englishmen and their kith and kin beyond the ocean.

That Jews have done much pioneer service in South Africa the annals of the last generation amply demonstrate. That they have borne an honorable part in the life of Australasia the successive appointment of the Jews to the highest post in the gift of the New South Government, though the entire Jewish population of the colony numbers barely 6,000, might be sufficient proof. The story, however, of the Australian colonies bears further evidence, if any were needed, of the honorable part borne by Jews in the commercial development of the colony. The names of the men like Lewis Phillips and P. J. Cohen, early settlers in the colony; the Hon. S. A. Joseph who died a few months ago; the Hon. Lewis Wolfe Levy, father of Ben Levy, who has just received the honorary freedom of Salford; George Cohen, Chairman of the most prominent commercial institutions of Sydney; his father Samuel Cohen, the first Jew elected a member of the Parliament of New South Wales; the Hon. H. E. Cohen, who after following a commercial career, is now Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, and men now living in London, like David Cohen, and Sigmund Haffnung, are in themselves abundant testimony to the destination which Jewish colonists have made for themselves in Australasia.

But the name which leaps most prominently to one's mind in this connection is the ever-honored one of Montefiore. Fifty years ago when the colony of New South Wales barely felt its feet—an infant indeed among the family of nations—Jacob and Joseph Montefiore had founded a firm there which stood in the front rank of business establishments. Jacob Montefiore, indeed, boasted one of the largest sheep-runs in New South Wales, and his name is writ large in the colony's history. At the junction of the Bell and Macquarie Rivers, in Wellington Valley, stands the township of Montefiore. In Adelaide, too, the two brothers gave their name to a well-known hill; while the bank of Australia survives to this day as a living monument of their activity and success, for they took a leading part in its establishment. Jacob Montefiore being for a considerable time one of the energetic directors.

The successive appointments of Sir Saul Samuel and Sir Julian Salomons is, therefore, in one sense but a recognition of the work which Jews have accomplished in the interests of the Australian colonies. As a quasi-diplomatic post, too, it serves to remind us of the strangely insignificant shape which Jews play in the diplomatic profession as a whole. Oscar Straus, the present United States Minister to Turkey, is of course, a striking exception to the rule. The probable cause is, no doubt, the fact that it is only recently that Jews have been admitted to political rights or the service of the State at all. But it is more than likely that, with the progress of time, their natural cosmopolitanism, linguistic talent and faculty of adaptation will more than redress the unfavorable balance in this respect—Jewish Chronicle.

S. H. & M. was Pleased. The following anecdote illustrates the Prince of Wales's sense of humour as well as his preference for short sermons when at church. A Scottish parson went to Balmoral by special command, to preach before her Majesty. Naturally, he was overcome with nervousness. He was waiting for luncheon after service, when, greatly to his surprise, he was informed the Prince wished to see him. Shaking hands with him warmly, his Royal Highness thanked him heartily for his sermon, especially for the brevity of it, adding: "My dear sir, you can't think what a relief it was. I have known sermons to go so long here that the very colts dogs have gone up the pulpit stairs and yawned in the preacher's face."

A VANCOUVER LADY. Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost Constant Suffering—She Says She Absolute Freedom From the Disease Seems Like a Dream—Clarke's Kola Compound Cures. Mrs. J. Wise, Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C. writes: "I have been a great sufferer from bronchial asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound I resolved as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city whom it has cured. I consider it a marvelous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it." Three bottles guaranteed to cure. A free sample bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound will be sent to any person who has asthma, mentioning this paper. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., sole Canadian agents, 1111 Church street, Toronto, Ont. Clarke's Kola Compound should not be confounded with the other Kola preparations on the market, as this is altogether a different preparation, designated especially for the cure of asthma. All druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE. THIS LADY SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM RHEUMATISM. Her Joints Began to Swell and Twist Out of all Shape—Death Would Have Been Her Lot—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health. From the Harriston Tribune. After long consideration and much hesitancy about having her name made public, Mrs. John A. Copland, wife of the editor and proprietor of the Harriston Tribune, has resolved that the world should know how wonderfully her health was restored by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Our representative interviewed Mr. Copland and the following is his statement of the case: "Whilst we were living in Toronto at No. 99 McGill street, my wife took ill in the autumn of 1894, and had such racking pains that she could hardly stir. One of the best specialists in Toronto was called in and he diagnosed the case one of acute inflammatory rheumatism. His prescriptions were given and he said that the case was a very severe one and it would be a wonder if her joints did not become misshapen. What this eminent physician predicted came true. At the end of a month my wife was worse than ever and her wrists and knuckles were twisted greatly out of shape. She was so disheartened that she would weep at the slightest provocation. She was loath to stay in bed, and had to be assisted to arise and dress, every movement giving her intense pain. During all the ensuing winter this state of things continued, she gradually becoming worse in spite of the strong medicines and the lotions that the doctor prescribed for her. We tried in vain the massage treatment and the electrical treatment. My wife would moan nearly all night with the pain. She was unable to hold the baby, and even could not bear to have a person point a finger at her. I feared that the spring would see my wife under the sod, and you may be sure I was terribly affected by it. All the time we continued to give her the doctor's treatment and medicines, until finally my wife stoutly refused to take any more of the drugs. From that out she began to improve, and one evening I was astonished to see her coming to meet me when I arrived home from the office. 'Why,' I said, 'the doctor is doing you good after all.' 'Not at all,' she said and smiled. Then she produced a little round wooden box and held it up. 'I have a great secret to tell you,' she laughed. Unknown to you I have been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the seventh box. They are rapidly curing me. Naturally I was overjoyed and almost wept at the thought of how very near I came to losing her. She continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before she had finished the eleventh box, she was quite well again and to-day her wrists and knuckles are as shapely as ever. Several of our neighbors in Toronto knew how sick she was, and can corroborate every word I have said. Either my self or my wife are willing to swear to the truth of these statements. Mr. Copland has been laughed at for the enthusiasm with which he has sung the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but he believes that anything so valuable to mankind should get all the praise it deserves. Mrs. Copland was seen at her residence on King street, Harriston, and she corroborated every word her husband has said. She reluctantly gave consent to have her name published, but said that she thought it proper that the efficacy of these pills should be made known. She was led to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through seeing the accounts of cures in the newspapers.

LIGHT-BEARING WORMS. Exhibitions Given by Tiny Creatures of the Sea Off Southern California. The principal cause of Phosphorescence in the ocean is the presence of myriads of infusorians, such as noctilucae, minute crustaceans, jelly fish and worms. Nearly all these animals have the light-emitting power more or less under control. This has been noticed particularly in the marine worms, one of which, about one-fourth of an inch in length, is among the most remarkable of all the phosphorescent animals. Dribbling about in a bay of one of the islands off the coast of Southern California the observer may see on the bottom, here and there, round luminous objects as large as a baseball. Rapidly they increase in size, until they attain the diameter of a saucer, then either disappear suddenly or rapidly diminish in size. In watching one of these lights it may be seen reduce until hardly an inch in diameter. Presently this begins to rise to the surface with a zigzag motion, leaving a train of light that highlights its position and brilliancy for more than a minute, preserving its shape and showing that it is a luminous secretion thrown off by the animal. When the cause of the brilliant phenomenon reaches the surface it remains stationary, forming a luminous spot that is visible 200 feet away. Numbers of these fire bodies may be seen floating on the surface so many, in fact, that from the boat the bay in the immediate vicinity appears to be dotted with fairy lamps. If an attempt is made to catch them in a glass they become alarmed and wriggle away, surrounded by light and throwing off a marvellous cloud of luminosity. The causes of these wonderful lights are small but exceedingly active worms, with numerous hair-like swimming organs upon their sides. Small as the diameter of a saucer and in some instances even larger.

That the light is a luminous secretion held and controlled by the worm, there is little doubt as it is thrown out in the greatest quantities during the violent wriggling of the worm, leaving a brilliant train. As night comes on, these worms, which live habitually at the bottom, rise [to the surface. The colour of the light is a clear silvery gleam. The most brilliant display ever observed in a small animal came from two very small earthworms. In passing through an orange grove in California one rainy night he struck a cloud of earth, scattering it on all sides; with it came a blast of light from what resembled a mass of coals. The cause was small earthworms whose highly luminous secretion had permeated the soil about them. A most interesting luminous insect observed in Southern California is a Scolopendra, about one-third of an inch in length and very slender and delicate. This insect has two well-defined greenish lights, one on the head and one on the tail. Many of the worms are luminous and among the most interesting of the family are Polynoides, Syllidus and Ocotopetris. In the first mentioned a greenish light is noticeable at the attachment of each scale; in the second the luminosity seems most intense on the feet; in the fourth the dorsum of the tenth segment or joint is the light-giver, while in Polynoides the entire animal appears to blaze with a vivid blue light, the possession of which places this simple creature among the wonder workers of the animal kingdom.

Not to be Blamed. He: 'A self-made man is common enough; but we never hear of a self-made woman.' She: 'Considering the kind of article the men are in the self-making business turn out, you can hardly blame the women for not taking it up.'

Not a few skirts have just now that somewhat unusual feature, a seam down the front width. SO QUICK A CURE IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. etc.

A SPANISH CLUBHOUSE. Report of a Visit to the Leading Club in Madrid. It was a kind Spanish friend who told me that he had made me a temporary member of the club in Madrid, and that should I find no time in availing myself of his hospitality. More than one of my Madrid acquaintances had assured me that this was the handsomest club in Europe and the carpets alone cost a fabulous amount and were made in the royal factory of the Spanish monarch. I entered a grand driveway and addressed myself to an impressive staid porter, asking him if it was the club that he said, for he replied with vivacity and waved me politely into a marble vestibule, where was an elevator into which I entered. The elevator stopped after passing one or two stories and the boy in charge made me a courteous bow, waving me out toward two large folding doors. The hall in which I occupied the most desirable position. The hall in which there was obviously a room in it not merely for the officers of the company, but also for a dozen clubs if necessary. I pushed open a great swinging door and entered the apartment beyond. Some thirty or forty Spanish gentlemen were lounging about this room, some reading the newspapers most of them smoking cigars. They wore upon their faces the evidence of highest intelligence to the presence of a stranger which makes club life attractive to those of us who dislike indiscriminate companionship. None of these gentlemen betrayed any antipathy to me as a stranger. The room I had entered was obviously the hall, for in one corner I noticed a recess where coats and umbrellas were received by an attendant. There I deposited my stick and would have left my hat also, but the polite attendant insisted upon my keeping it, which of course I did. Then I steered for the first open door, bent upon studying the geography of the premises. I opened one door after another and never before dreamed that any club could have so many doors. In this room I stumbled into a parlor, a kitchen, a bedroom, hall a dozen lavatories, as many cupboards as at last emerged upon a suite of parlors most luxuriously furnished with everything save club members. The curtains were of the most costly material, the upholstery would have pleased the most exacting of women, and as for the carpets, I recognized at once where I was by noting the richness of their composition. How many of them I grand saloons I passed through it would be difficult to say, there were so many of them. I seemed to be in a palace but for one thing. There was a strangely large number of green-topped tables with pieces of ivory piled up at the corners as though the playing of cards were an important duty of club membership. Each table and each chair was provided with a handsome cushion. I had walked several hundred yards, it seemed to me—and precious yards they were when measured on such carpets as I was treading—when at last I reached the billiard room and sat down to watch this fascinating game. There were here many members gathered together, all of course smoking, and all with their hats on their heads. Then suddenly I remembered that those whom I had seen in the hall of the club had worn no hats, although in the matter of smoking they appeared to me as free as any others in the building. The servants who came and went, in answer to the bell, resembled those whom I had seen lounging in the hall, and it was clear that those thirty or forty comely gentlemen were, after all, not members, but club servants. No picture of triumphant Democracy ever struck me so forcibly as this one offered by the aristocratic club of a people to whom there are several clubs in Madrid, and they differ one from another much as our Century or Union League or University differ from one another in New York. Like causes produce like results, and to a Spaniard the different clubs of America seemed to be very much alike, just as the different clubs of Madrid appear to have a common stamp when viewed through American spectacles. Extraordinary as it may seem, I never saw a single member of a club in the world could be more perfectly equipped and managed considering the objects in view than the Madrid Club. Nowhere, either in Bond Street or in Fifth Avenue, will you see better dressed, and better bred men than in the Club of Madrid. Of course in their reading room I missed American and English magazines, but on the other hand there was a great abundance of the French newspapers and reviews as well as a valuable French and Spanish library.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. R. LEBON WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator 3 and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. Spring Lamb and Mutton. Kingston Kings Co., N. B. Veal. Cumberland Co., N. S. Beef. Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetables. THOS. DEAN, City Market. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetzky" Method; also "Royal System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WILLIAMS.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. R. LEBON WILLIS, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. R. LEBON WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator 3 and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. Spring Lamb and Mutton. Kingston Kings Co., N. B. Veal. Cumberland Co., N. S. Beef. Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetables. THOS. DEAN, City Market. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetzky" Method; also "Royal System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WILLIAMS.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. R. LEBON WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

IN THE RACE FOR FAVOR Baby's Own Soap has distanced the field, Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MADE ALSO OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. R. LEBON WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator 3 and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. Spring Lamb and Mutton. Kingston Kings Co., N. B. Veal. Cumberland Co., N. S. Beef. Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetables. THOS. DEAN, City Market. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetzky" Method; also "Royal System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WILLIAMS.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1899.

A CASTER-OUT OF DEVILS.

FOR THIRTY YEARS HE HAS HAD HIS PRACTICE.

He is not sure whether Demons Really do Possess People Sometimes, and Thinks it Best to Take no Chances—His Patients and His Cures.

Thousands of people in East Pennsylvania are familiar with the witch doctor of Red Bank. No matter where he goes, by day or by night, in carrying on his work, people look at him and wonder who is his latest patient. Plain as a farmer, methodical, reserved, yet determined, and gifted with hard common sense, the witch doctor goes about his business, and in all the thirty years of his practice he has never been accused of wrongdoing. His business thrives.

'They only send for me,' said the doctor, 'when the usual medical treatment fails. Then they come for miles from all directions, principally in the country districts. You may be sure that when I do come to a house the case I find requires strong measures. If the sufferer is a man or woman, boy or girl, it requires heroic attention. If the ordinary medical aid has failed, and the verdict of the neighbors is that the patient is suffering from witches nothing short of something miraculous is going to satisfy them. I never tell a patient right out what I think of the case. Sometimes I find a young woman upstairs in dark room shrieking that seven devils are after her. She is in a terrible nervous state, pacing up and down the floor, while her parents are in terror below. They have read their Old and New Testaments faithfully, and they implore me to use my power to cast out devils or any familiar spirits that may possess the sufferer. I at once put myself in full communion with these people. As they believe so I believe. I hear their story. Every symptom is related to me. For weeks the patient has been acting like one possessed; no sleep, no appetite, frightful imaginations, spasms, wasting away, shrieks, hysteria, epilepsy, insanity, whatever it may be. They say she is bewitched.'

'I agree with them. I go to the young woman, sit down with her, order the light of day turned into the room, take her by the hands, tell her to be calm, command her firmly, yet gently to be quiet. I say I have come to cure her: I am the witch doctor. I tell her that I already know the evil spirit or demon that possesses her and that I can certainly drive it from her. If she is strong enough I take her down stairs and out into the open air. To pacify her I may utter some strange sounds or words as I go: make some odd movements turn a chair back to the door; lay sticks of wood in her path; do any odd thing that she sees, while I say that for the devil, that for the witch, that for the evil spirit; anything that will strike the patient as a remarkable act or declaration—something that she has never before seen or heard.'

'I believe in animal magnetism. You see I am physically strong. I believe in mental control to a certain extent. I find that the unusual, extraordinary, mysterious or heathenish as you may put it, has a wonderful effect on such a sufferer. She watches me closely; listens attentively. I want her to do this. I want to distract her. It is wonderful how the patient calms down. I appear terribly in earnest to defat the witch, and in this way I have gained the name of witch doctor. Then when I have the patient quieted I proceed to give her medicine to quiet her nerves; I induce her to eat; I go through various incantations at the door and windows of her room, vowing that every evil influence will forever be barred out, and try with my own strong will to impress it upon the sufferer that she is to be free from the witch, and then I leave her.'

'In a majority of cases, such afflicted women are restored to health by proper medical assistance and nursing. You know that in this age, while it is very much improved over the century just passed, there are yet many in the backwoods districts who still believe in being afflicted by spells from witches. Understand me, I do not say they are wrong. I have seen many strange cases and I cannot say that they were the result of an overwrought imagination. I only know that they acted as if they imagined they were verging on insanity. Indeed some have told me they thought so. Their nerves were completely upset. Yet all they needed were some strong force of mind and body to combat them and put them at their ease by assur-

ing them that they would be certainly relieved from the powers of the witches or devils in them.

'Men are not so often attacked. Young girls and young women are mostly afflicted. Sometimes I am called to see boys, and at other times babies in the cradle, who are apparently starving amid plenty, but who have shrunk to living skeletons. The parents of such babies invariably tell me an old woman witch is under suspicion. I at once enter into their belief and proceed with a number of incantations, but leave medicines for the ailment I think the child is afflicted with, and then go away saying that I had baffled the witch, and giving special instructions about the first old woman who crosses their threshold. Mind you, I do not say that a spell cannot be put on a child or any one else. It is safer to tell you that all such cases are overwrought nervousness. But people have been possessed with devils in all ages. The Lord cast out devils. Familiar spirits are chronicled in all histories. The American Indians had their medicine men who with incantations cast out devils, or evil spirits. We are no better than the people of a century or ten centuries ago. We are weaker and wiser, but we may be just as full of evil, and just as much subject to devils as the people of the past were. I don't say we are, but the supposition is that we are, because we are weaker and wiser.'

'We have keener imaginations, have more business, more mental activity, and our nerves are more played upon. Now couple a mental or a nervous disorder or disarrangement of any bodily function with an imagination of devils, witches or devils, and what is the result? It must not be said that a man who pretends to cast out devils is a believer in witchcraft. The patients generally, are the believers, and they want human sympathy first, and then, having faith they can be aided, possibly, better than in any other way. But, mind you, I don't say they are wrong. I don't say that the casting out of devils in this New Testament is false doctrine or pernicious teaching. The greatest scholars of past history believed in demonology. It is not for me to say they are wrong. No one of today will question the efficacy of prayer. Powwowing for burns or afflictions is simply praying for a cure or relief. You do not know what prayers may be said during incantations for the relief of the nervously distracted patient that is weeping, bewailing, moaning, jumping, shrieking or hysterically laughing at some imaginary object before her. But, after all, it is the mastery over these sufferers that must be first secured. Their ravings must be conquered by mildness. They must be made to feel they are in the very presence of a witch doctor who has the power to destroy every evil influence.'

'Very strange cases are met with. Of course, I would not dare tell of the indescribable things I see in the rooms of some of these female sufferers. Some are possessed with the wildest terror, fear and hallucinations of the most extraordinary character. They will not only confess they are bewitched, but they will name the witch. No matter if a perfectly innocent, Christian woman is pointed out, I must promptly coincide and proceed accordingly; cure the sufferer, and when she is out of danger tell her she had hold of the wrong witch, that it was an entirely different cause. She will then be in a proper condition to receive this news. Of course there are incantations and prayers for every strange affliction or malady. Many people denounce it as black art. I have never yet pretended to supernatural powers. I would not openly say to any one that it is witchcraft or devils or demons that I attend to, but for present purposes I will say that it is nervous or mental affliction brought on by various causes. Give a young woman living a lonely life near a woods a change of scene. Take her to a busy, lively city. See what a wonderful change soon will come. Give a girl company and it will make her a new being. I believe in home, sweet home, but at times there must be a change. A strange man can always do more with a patient than one who is well known. I say nothing against the family doctor. He is a good and much needed person. But in extraordinary cases there must be an extraordinary remedy. I do not wear a gown or any old dress, when I drive out devils. I simply appear in my everyday clothes. If it is too warm I take off my coat. First of all I get ventilation in the room, and then go to work to baffled the witch or witches. That is, if the patient can see me, and is in his full senses. The patient must see me and feel the full force of my work. When patients are cured I may relieve their minds still further by more light on the subject. It would not do for me to tell them I did not believe in witches, I do not say there

is no such thing. I have seen too many strange cases.'

There are several men here who are said to possess unusual powers in this line of healing.

SAMOAN FIGHTING TACTICS.

The Natives Fearless of Death but Easily Dispirited by a Wound.

The repeated use of the words, "ambush" and "ambuscade" in the accounts of the recent fight in Samoa makes it more than a little difficult to grasp the circumstances from the scanty details. It by ambush is meant what word has always meant in Indian warfare, then it does not apply, for the Samoan does not fight that way. His tactics in war are very simple. At the beginning he establishes himself in some shelter which will protect his own skin. This may be a convenient stone wall, or it may be a Samoan fort. The forts are usually bulkheads of tree trunks thrown across some steep valley which has natural protection against being turned or taken in reverse. The wooden wall is backed by earth, and at convenient intervals are places where a good marksman might command the line of hostile approach. But when the combat has passed the early stage of resisting an attack the Samoans seek to carry the field by force of numbers and the impetuosity of their rush.

In this there is little of the real idea of ambush, and few Samoans could restrain themselves long enough to admit of a successful ambuscade. The probable meaning is that to the marines and sailors all bush fighting with savages seems ambuscade. In the only other instance in which the Samoans sailors have ventured to oppose the regular forces of white people, the slaughter of the German sailors in 1888 on the beach at Fagaliuli the result was due to the faculty of the foreigners, who coasted along within pistol shot of the beach, making themselves conspicuous by their white uniforms and showing themselves so distinctly that the darkness of the night was no veil over their secret expedition. When people fight savages in that way almost any skirmish appears as an ambush.

There are two German plantations on the outskirts of Apia, each the property of the great German trading company known locally as the German Firm. One is the plantation of Vailele, adjoining the municipality on the east, and the other is the Vailele plantation, which is just beyond the western boundary of the municipality. The present accounts do not make it clear which plantation was the scene of the conflict. Yet as the two plantations are in a high state of cultivation and intersected in every direction by the only good roads in Samoa, the conditions under which the battle was given should have been altogether in favor of the naval forces and as far as possible removed from the conditions which Samoans would select for their fighting. There appears to be some likelihood that the combat was on the Vailele plantation, to the east of the town, for that whole line of coast seems to have joined itself to the Mataafa side. The fact that the over-rear of the plantation has been arrested on the charge of aiding the savages is still more of an argument for the same opinion. The Vailele plantation is managed by Capt. Hutafagel, who had much to do with the former troubles of eleven years ago. The Vailele plantation is under the administration of Herr Tiedemann who promoted from a little clerkship to his present place and carries with him the somewhat mild manners of the German commercial man. The manager of the Vailele plantation was a sea Captain and served his time in command of the slave ships or labor traders with which the German plantations fill their barracks with black laborers. Of the two men the former labor trader is much more likely to be found urging the savages onward in the attack of the white men.

The rushing tactics of the Samoans are plainly disclosed in the brief story of the fight. They illustrate a peculiarity of the Samoan nature which has its bearing on their behavior in the face of an enemy. The Samoan is an ardent coward in some ways. He avoids any encounter unless the odds are all in his favour and the advantage of position is with him, and he hates to leave cover and to come out into the open. Yet there are circumstances when these cowardly will fight with all the ferocity of an Apishe and be just as cruel and savage. It seems to be due to the fact that the islanders have an inverted fashion of estimating the value of the incidents of war. No Samoan has any fear of death.

All face it fearlessly in battle and in disease; they seek it by their own violent hands on trivial pretexts of annoyance, and in sheer tedium of life they have it in their power to think themselves painlessly out of life. The risk of a fatal ending in battle cannot, therefore, restrain such people from the attack. Yet at the same time that these savages are so reckless of their own lives they go about in deadly fear of wounds. They do not mind being killed, but they dislike to be hurt. A very slight scratch of a wound will serve to put the boldest fighter of the party out of action, and the wounded can never be counted on as a part of the effective force until long after all outward signs of the hurt have passed away.

Holding such ideas as to fighting towards when it comes to enduring mere pain and absolutely careless when it comes to meeting death, the Samoans must always prove surprising to the white men who become involved in their quarrels. This will account for the stand made by the Samoan tribesmen which left them in possession of the field. They had killed the leaders, they had taken the heads of two of them, and according to Samoan ethics the fight was won and the sailors should have withdrawn. But when the sailors renewed the attack the fighting rage was on the islanders, together with the encouragement of victory, and they made a stout stand to hold their position. Yet when the white forces withdrew to their ships it is safe to say that the savages no longer cared to hold the place they had been so fiercely defending. In their own custom they would break into small parties and scatter to various points where they might get pigs and taro for a feast.

DOLLAR WATCHES POPULAR.

About 20,000,000 of Them Now in Use and More Coming.

About 725,000 dollar watches are sold by a single firm of manufacturers last year. The same firm estimates that the sale for this year will reach a million. This is a pretty good advance from the figures of 1894, the first year that the dollar watch really dawned upon the country. The firm sold 30,000 that year. The price of the watch is surprising enough, but the really astonishing thing about it is the fact that a guarantee goes with the timepiece. A dollar watch is one thing. A guaranteed dollar watch is another. The agreement is as follows: 'The makers agree that if, without abuse, this watch fails to keep good time, they will upon its return to them direct or through agent named above, within one year from above date, repair or replace it with a new one.'

'What do you mean by "good time"?' asked the reporter. 'Well, that depends a good deal on the man who buys the watch. Not what we mean by it, but what the purchaser considers good time. Some men are more particular than others.'

'Do you guarantee exact time?' 'No. There is rarely a watch, no matter how expensive it may be, that keeps absolutely exact time. But if one of our watches varies, say more than a minute a day, we will make it right or replace it with a new one.'

'How can so cheap a watch be made?' 'To give a literal answer: by special machinery designed for the manufacture of all the different parts of the watch. The work being done by machinery, the capacity of a plant is enormously increased. And the output being so large, the profit on each watch can be reduced to a minimum. We manufacture 3,000 watches a day now.'

With a working day of ten hours, that means five watches every minute. We employ about 600 workmen, but, of course, many of them are unskilled laborers. We are our own manufacturers, our own agents our own jobbers, and, to a large extent our own retailers. There's a big saving in cutting down our profits to only one. We make a profit. I assure you. We are not in the business for our health. We deal in various other things, by the way, but the dollar watch is the backbone of our business.'

'Is the movement the same in principle as that in a more expensive watch?' 'Very nearly. The dollar watch is really an evolution of the small clock. For several years we experimented in making a clock which could be carried in the pocket. We made over 200,000 of these clocks, all the time working over the problem of how to make it smaller and cheaper. We make four different watches, ranging in price from \$1 to \$2. The movement is practically the same in each one. The dollar watch has a brass case, gilt or nickel plated. With the exception of the other watches we make, it has the smallest lantern pinion movement made. Including plates it is only three-eighths of an inch in thickness.'

Of course, the watch itself is thicker than this. A good deal of the additional thickness is due to the fact that it is wound and set as a small clock except that the back of the case closes over the screws to this purpose. The screw for winding has one of the 'wings,' which fold down when not in use. Beside it is the pivot for setting. There is a cap over the works in order to exclude dust, the case not being a double one. There is not the fine adjustment which is in expensive watches, there is no jewelling or engraving. The ornaments are absent, but the necessities are there. Only four turns of the winding screw will run the movement from thirty to thirty-six hours. There is the full complement of hands—hour, minute and second. The watch complete weighs three ounces. The \$1.25 watch is a stem-winder, but is set by the screw at the back. The \$1.60 watch is both stem-winding and stem-setting. The \$2 watch is silver plated and has an engraved case and back plate.

One point about the construction of these watches is that many of the different parts of the works which in an ordinary watch are made of steel are here made of brass. The makers of the watch say that they do not emphasize this point in describing the watch simply because there is a popular notion that brass is cheap and undesirable. They say it is by no means cheap, especially lately. They also say that their watch will stand rather rough treatment better than one with delicate steel works. Although brass is liable to corrosion, steel is a prey to rust and, as say the dollar watchmakers, the rust is worse for the watch. They say, too, that the dollar watch is especially valuable where insensibility to magnetic influences is desirable. 'We know of several of our watches which went through the Santiago campaign,' said the manufacturer, 'and gave good satisfaction. They are sold all over and to all classes of men. The bankers and the brokers buy them as well as the poor man. Men of men go hunting or fishing or some place where they don't want to take an expensive watch, and when they can get a good one for a dollar, they buy it and leave their fine one where it will be safe. I calculate that there are two million dollar watches carried now, and that there will be another million before 1900 rolls around.'

BLOOD POISONING.

A Nurse's Experience.

There are thousands of people suffering from blood poisoning who have almost begged themselves in buying medicines from which they have obtained no help. There are thousands of others who first or last have tried Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and found perfect healing. One of these others, Mrs. A. E. Taylor, of Engleleville, N. Dak., relates the following experience: 'About two years ago, I nursed a lady who was suffering (and finally died) from blood poisoning. I must have contracted the disease from her; for shortly after her death, I had four large sores or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but, in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. They were obstinate, very painful, annoying, and only getting worse all the time. At last, I purchased six bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the first bottle was taken, I noticed a decided improvement in my general health; my appetite was quickened, and I felt better and stronger than I had for some time. While using the second bottle, I noticed that the sores had begun to look healthier

and to heal. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind.'

This is but one example of the remedial value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in all forms of blood disease. There is no other blood medicine that cures so promptly, so surely and so thoroughly. After nearly half a century of test and trial it is the standard medicine of the world for all diseases of the blood. Sores, ulcers, boils, tetter, rheumatism, scrofula and every other blood disease is curable by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The success of this remedy has caused many imitations to be put on the market. Imitation remedies work imitation cures. The universal testimony is that "one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other kind." If you are interested in knowing more about this remedy, get Dr. Ayer's Carebook, a story of cures told by the cured. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

Advertisement for 'Pride' soap and 'S.M.R. CLIFTON' watches. Includes text: 'Your clothes if they are SE Soap. Clean, sweet, dainty—odor. or, hard rubbing either. Large cake that will do it than any other soap.' and 'FREE! We give this elegant Watch and Chain Free, also Violins, Accordions, Gold Rings, etc. Send us your name and address and mention this paper and we will send you 2 doz. packets of our Special Brand of Sweet Pea Seeds. Sell for us at 10c. each, return the money when all are sold and we will send you this elegant present free. The American Manufacturing Co., Toronto. STMR. CLIFTON. After Saturday 29th inst., and until Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave on same days at 4 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. HARLE, Manager.'

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

(Continued.)

'You sent for me,' he replied.
'I sent you my ring,' she corrected.
'Your ladyship is vexed that I did not come earlier.'
'Your lordship is mistaken. Sir Henry will be delighted to see you. He was speaking of you only the other day.'
'His kren, fierce eyes looked into hers.
'Have you brought me a couple of hundred miles,' he said, 'to tell me this? Your ring was forwarded to me. I received it last night, and came on here as soon as I was able to do so. Could I have done more?'

She glanced at him, still half-doubtfully.
'I thought,' she said, 'you had forgotten, or, perhaps, did not wish to remember.'
'You misjudged me,' he answered. 'I am not a man who forgets—least of all would I forget the woman I love.'
'After six months?' she said, with a nervous laugh. 'A man's fancy changes so quickly.'

'A fancy, perhaps—a passion, no.'
She had longed for him to come to her, she had almost prayed that he might come; but now that he was here beside her, a feeling of revulsion seized her, and she wished he had not come.

His gaze seemed to scorch her, and to raise within her a self-disgust and contempt for her weakness where this man was concerned.

She moved across the room and sat down.
He followed, and took a seat near to hers.

'Now,' he said, twisting up his long grey moustache, 'what is it I am to do for you? I am here to obey; you have but to command.'

'I only want your advice,' she replied.
'I—we are in great trouble. Henry tells me nothing. I felt you were the only friend I could turn to, for you know something of his affairs. Forgive me for troubling you, but things are looking very serious.'

'I expect they are. Your husband is a fool. He has rushed headlong into speculation without sufficient capital to tide him over a run of ill-luck. If he could have held on, he would no doubt have netted a neat little pile. As it is—but why talk business to you? Those shell-like ears were never meant for such commonplace matters. Ayerst and I will talk things over, and see what can be done.'

'He says he is on the brink of ruin.'
'Then he must not go over the brink.'
His firm, decided manner reassured her.
The dread and apprehension she had endured during the last few days began to clear away like a dark cloud.

'But can he be stopped?' she cried. 'Is it possible? Oh, Lord Carsborough, I have been so unhappy! Henry talked as if, in another month, we should be penniless.'

'The brute, to burden you with his cares! But, foolish woman, what had you to fear? Did I not tell you that, while I lived, no desire of yours need pass ungratified? Have you no faith?'

He leaned forward, and laid his thin, strong hand over hers.
She let her own lie passive beneath it, shrinking from, and yet permitting, the familiarity.

'It is not want of faith,' she argued, her eyes falling beneath his. 'You are very generous, but it is not always possible to accept generosity. The world has laid down certain rules and regulations, and those who value their good names must keep to them.'

'Money never had a bad name. It is the strongest power in our lives. With it one can do all things. Rules and regulations are for the poor; the rich are free.'
'It is unfair,' she said.
He shrugged his shoulders.
'It is the way of the world. Why complain? We are amongst the free. If you come with me to-day, what would happen? There would be a great stir; everyone would talk of it; your husband would get a divorce; you would become Lady Carsborough. Do you think you would lose caste by the change? Do you think society would close its doors to the wife of one of its richest peers?'

She drew her hand sharply from his, and rose from her chair.
'I do not know,' she said, haughtily; 'and I must confess the subject does not interest me.'
'I did not flatter myself that it would,' he returned also rising. 'There is your husband's voice.'

Almost as he spoke, Sir Henry flung open the door.
'Are you there, Madge?' he said; and then, seeing who was with her, uttered an exclamation of genuine pleasure.
'Cars enough by all that's holy! Where did you spring from? By gad, it's good to see you again! You have come to stay, of course?'

'It convenient to Lady Ayerst.'
'You know,' Madge said, not meeting the glance she felt rather than saw, 'we are only too delighted to have you. Are the others coming in, Henry?'

'Yes; Kemp came over. It was really a treat to see Shirley's face. Come, Carsborough, and have a cigar with me.'
He slipped his arm through Lord Carsborough's and the two men left the room together.

Madge went into the hall where a servant was arranging the five o'clock tea.
A huge log was burning in the great fireplace, two dogs lay sleeping before it.
They picked up their ears, and lifted

their heads, as the skating-party came trooping in.
Shirley, with bright color in her cheeks, and her sealskin cap stuck jauntily on her ruffled hair, was looking bewitchingly pretty, and two or three admirers paying her every attention.

She accepted their homage with the utmost indifference, and dived with all of them in a callous way, which was quite unlike any of the small harmless flirtations she had indulged in of old days.

Captain Kemp brought up the rear, looking decidedly sulky.
He was very much in love with Shirley, and she obstinately refused to have anything to say to him.

'She was a beastly little coquette!' he savagely told himself half a dozen times every day. 'She was proud of her conquest, and wanted to show off about it; but he didn't intend to hang round her any longer. There are dozens of pretty girls—'

But somehow, no other girl took his fancy as Shirley did, and so he continued to flutter round her, singing his wing, and growing daily more ill-tempered.

Madge considered him a very desirable person; he was well bred, immensely wealthy, and devoted to Shirley—more suitable, in every way, than handsome, ill-fated Vivian West.

She made Captain Kemp very welcome and on this afternoon invited him to dine with them on the following evening.
'You are extremely kind,' he said under cover of conversation that was going on merrily. 'But, indeed, Lady Ayerst, I think I would be wiser for me to stay away. You must have seen my feeling for your sister.'

'I have noticed that you appear to admire her.'
'I love her, Lady Ayerst. I want to marry her; but I fear it is a hopeless wish.'
Madge smiled.

'If I were a man,' she said, 'and loved a girl, I would never admit it was hopeless. I would make up my mind to win.'
'You think then there is some hope?'

'It would not be fair to say; but Shirley favors no one specially.'
'She has half-a-dozen fellows following her about!'

'There is safety in numbers.'
'You have given me fresh courage.'
'And you will dine with us to-morrow?'

'Thank you, I shall be charmed.'
That evening, Madge found an opportunity of speaking to Shirley alone.
It was after dinner, while the men were sitting over their wine.

The younger girl was in the conservatory, playing with a couple of cockatoos.
She looked up, laughing as her sister entered.

'These are so ridiculous! What are their names?'

'Monsieur and Madame.' They are rather spiteful. I would be careful if I were you.
'Who would not be spiteful, tied to a stick for life? How they must hate one another; or, do you think they are superior to the ordinary human being, and can care for each other for a lifetime?'

'I would drop that style of talk, if I were you. It does not suit you; you were never meant to be cynical; you are young here to give you a small lecture, which, of course, you will not like.'
'If it pleases you,' Shirley said, indifferently, 'I'll endure it.'

'To begin with, then. I consider you flirt too much.'
'Yes?'

'You make men think lightly of you.'
'I don't mind what they think of me.'
'That is absurd. You must.'
Shirley gathered a flower, and fastened it in her dress, without answering.

Madge watched her impatiently, then said, with an added sharpness in her tone—
'You really are a fool to wilfully spoil all your future. I tell you that your behavior is keeping a good and nice man from proposing to you.'

'And who is the good and nice person?'

'You know whom I mean. Captain Kemp. He belongs to a good family; he is wealthy, and devoted to you.'
Shirley looked up with a storm in her eyes.

'I loathe him,' she said, emphatically.
'It is childish to talk like that. There is no reason why you should dislike him. Do be reasonable, Shirley, and think of what his offer means. I have only your welfare at heart when I beg of you to put sentiment aside and look at facts.'
Madge spoke in her most persuasive tones.

She knew that the only way to manage Shirley was by appealing to her feelings.
'The girl's lip quivered.
'I am always looking at them,' she said, with a piteous little laugh. 'I find them very ugly and uninteresting.'

'I know they are,' Lady Ayerst replied sympathetically, 'nevertheless they have to be faced. I know, dear, you have experienced a bitter disappointment, but I do not think you are the sort of girl to spend your days pining after a man who, according to hearsay, has so soon forgotten you. Perhaps you have heard that Cora Rozier is living in the same house with him. There are various scandals about him, none very creditable. Henry hears them amongst his friends. I did not intend to hurt you by repeating anything, but, perhaps it is better you should know.'

'Shirley had grown first crimson, then so white, that Madge feared she was about to faint, and, going forward, would have put an arm round her, but she drew herself away, saying, almost harshly—
'Don't look so terrified. There is nothing the matter. If you have said all the hateful things you came to say, perhaps you would not mind leaving me.'

'You think me unfeeling, unkind,' Lady Ayerst said, vaguely uneasy at the effect of her words. 'But I am not—it you know all, you would know that I am not. Things have grown very serious of late. I mean business affairs—and even our position is not secure. It is possible Henry may lose all he possesses. It would mean beggary for us all; for then we could no longer help mother.'
She waited a moment or so; but Shirley remained silent.

Then, hearing her name called, Madge returned to the drawing-room and her duties as hostess.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was a stormy afternoon—the sky was one mass of threatening clouds, from which snow and again, snow flakes fell.
The wind whistled in from sea, and bent the bare brown trees beneath its fierce strength.

With a coat buttoned to her chin, and a neat little hat firmly fastened on her bright hair, Shirley braved the elements, and, with hands thrust into her pockets, and head bent against the wind, walked, with quick light step through the deserted country lanes.

The dreary winter scenes that met her on every side, and the moaning of the bitter blast suited her mood; for, needless to say, her thoughts were anything but happy ones.

Poor Shirley! her little world, which, so short a while before, had appeared a veritable paradise, was now a wilderness in which there was no light, nothing of beauty.

She was groping blindly in the darkness, torn by the thorns which beset her path, and drew her breath sharply, as if some thought more painful than others had crossed her mind, and, once or twice, she stumbled as if paying no heed to where she walked, yet always going on and on, with the wind beating in her face, and dragging at her skirt, or whirling with it the frozen drops that fell from the ever-darkening sky.

As they beat against her ice-cold cheek, she was reminded of a day, long ago, when the gathering storm had suddenly burst, and, blinded and bewildered, she had struggled across the lonely heath at Coddington.

She thought of how Vivian West had come to her then.
He would never come so again—never, in storm or shine, would he come to help her again.

She had tried to harden her heart against him—to believe that she did not regret the loss of one who could love so lightly; but it was all in vain.

And now, as she realized the utter desolation which had come upon her, a great tearless sob escaped from her lips.

She stopped in her hurried walk, and clenching her hands together, struggled to keep back the scalding tears that, filling her eyes, threatened to overflow.

Her steps had led her to the outskirts of a wood—a wood to which, in summer-time, many a gay picnic party came.

In it there were strange dark caves, and it was a subterranean passage leading to the sea, used, in olden times, by smugglers on the coast.

It looked weary and wretched enough on that chill December afternoon to scare any ordinary girl from entering its sombre gloom; but when one is heartbroken, one thinks little of outward surroundings, and Shirley only found a sense of restfulness in the dead silence, save the wind in the tree-tops, and in the dim light, which grew even dimmer as she penetrated further into the wood.

It was the sound of something stirring which first awakened her to the fact that she had come a very long distance and that it would be quite dark before she could reach home.

It was not the darkness she minded but, if Madge now, she would be annoyed and would read her a lecture on the absurdity of being different from other people—and Shirley was growing very weary of lectures.

She was about to retrace her steps when the slight noise which had attracted her attention occurred again.

It was accompanied by the groan of a human being.
She started and listened intently, for

the first time becoming aware of the utter loneliness.
She was not exactly afraid, but a sense of awe stole over her.

She tried to call out, to ask who was there, but her voice failed her.
She stood quite still, with every nerve strained to catch the slightest sound.

Once, in a mighty gust of wind, she fancied that through the stir of waving branches and whirl and rustle of dead leaves, she heard a cry; then came a sudden lull, and during that lull, a long groan of pain.

It came from the direction of a cave.
She went forward and peered into the darkness, but could distinguish nothing.

She paused again, and now she could distinctly hear something breathing.
She was trembling with excitement and dread as to what it might be.

Her voice was scarcely above a whisper as she said—
'Who is there? What is the matter?'

There was no reply.
The breathing seemed to cease.
She repeated her question.

There was silence again; then something stirred and came nearer to her, and, in the dim light her horrified eyes rested upon the ragged form of a man, dragging himself on hands and knees along the ground.

'I'm dying,' he gasped, in an awful, breathless way. 'Help me—water!'

Some distance further on was a wide, deep pool.
She went towards it with all speed, searching, as she ran, for something in which to hold the water.

Fortunately, on the very brink of the pool, she found an old iron pot; it leaked, and the water ran out in a thin stream, but she managed to reach the cave with it half full.

Kneeling down, she held it to the man's lips.
He grasped it with claw-like hands, and drank it greedily.

'More!' he panted.
And, in the same way, she brought him more.

'You have been hurt,' she said, gently. 'I am going to roll my coat into a pillow for you, while I go for help.'
The frozen bony fingers fell upon her wrist.

'You have been kind,' he said, speaking more clearly and with greater strength than he had done before. 'I've got one favour to ask of you—don't put anyone on my track. If I've got to die, let me die in peace.'

There was something oddly familiar about the voice, yet she could not recollect when or where she had heard it.
'You cannot lie here,' she protested; the cold is awful.'

'That's true,' he said. 'I've lain here for the last three days without food or drink. I've broken my leg I think. Anyhow, I can't stand.'

'It is dreadful,' she cried. 'You must have it seen to—you could go to the hospital. Think of lying here again all night!'

'I've got to do it,' he said, with grim despair. 'I've been hiding here for weeks, and managed to get what I wanted until I met with this accident. It's a queer fate that has brought you here. You always hated me; but I don't think you'd take a mean advantage.'

She bent lower and peeped at his face.
'Who are you?' she asked.
'Don't you know?—I thought you did, as I recognised you at once. There are some matches; strike one, and see.'

He had pulled an almost empty box from his pocket.
Shielding a match from the wind, she struck it.

The flicking, uncertain light illumined a ghastly countenance—dirty, emaciated, with great wild-looking eyes.
'You don't know me?' he said. 'Gad, how I must have altered!'

A turn of the head, and Shirley recoiled in horror, exclaiming—
'Captain Dorrien!'

'Yes,' he said; 'I'm Captain Dorrien—though I sometimes doubt my own identity.'
He tried to change his position, moaning with pain as he did so.

Shirley had shrunk away from him.
This was the man the police had been looking for, and all the country-side wondering about, ever since the murder of Gilbert Metherell.

Those few who believed in Vivian West's innocence held that Dorrien was the guilty man.
Shirley never doubted the fact.

As she looked down at the miserable wretch, lying on the cold hard earth, she recalled the suffering and the unhappiness he had caused, and her pity for his lawful condition was swallowed up in anger and resentment.

'You are hiding from justice,' she said, shrinking yet further from him. 'Have you never heard of what an innocent man had had to endure through you? Do you know that your crime has blighted another's life? don't add to your sin by saving yourself at the cost of another.'

'You mean the murder of young Metherell,' he said, lifting his sunken eyes to hers. 'I had no hand in it. I swear I had no hand in it.'
Shirley's lips curled scornfully.
'You must, indeed, be bad,' she declared passionately, 'if even now you refuse to make what little reparation you can.'

'It cannot be for an honest reason.'
He turned again, glancing sharply at her stern young face.

'I don't say that it is,' he said, lowering his glance. 'What I do say is this, that it isn't for the murder of Gilbert Metherell. He would have been more alive to me than dead, poor fellow.'

His voice was becoming weak and faint again.
The exertion of talking was too much for him.

'You still doubt me—but I—can—prove my guilt. Yes, if you set—the police on me, it won't do your friend any good.'
She saw he was almost exhausted—every word was an effort.

'This is true?' she questioned, bending over him to catch his answer.
'Before Heaven.'

'Do you know who the murderer is?'

There was a long pause, in which Shirley waited and listened, in breathless suspense.

Then at last a feeble "no" reached her ears, and Dorrien fainted.

It was very late when she at length got back to Royal Heath.

The dressing-gong had sounded, and every one was shut in their rooms.
She had barely time to make a very hurried toilet, and was the last to appear in the drawing-room.

It was the evening on which Captain Kemp had been asked to dinner.
He came forward directly the girl appeared in the room, to shake hands with her.

She gave him the tips of her fingers and passed on.
'We were waiting for you,' Madge said. 'Where have you been all the afternoon?'

'You surely did not go for a walk? One of the girls staying in the house exclaimed. 'I put my nose outside the door, and nearly had it cut off. The wind was bitter!'

'It was all right walking quickly,' Shirley said. 'I rather like the wind.'
At this point the butler announced the fact that dinner was served, and the guests paired off to the dining-room.

Captain Kemp came up to Shirley and offered his arm.
She made no attempt to place her hand upon it, but opened her eyes very wide, while the colour deepened in her cheeks.

'I don't think—I am sure my sister,' she stammered, 'cannot have intended you to take me. There must be some mistake.'

'I assure you,' he protested, 'there is not.'
He followed Shirley through the gay little throng of people.

His face wore a bland smile, but inwardly he was boiling with rage.
He believed she was going to make a scene before everyone by refusing to go in to dinner with him.

His feelings were relieved when she said to Lady Ayerst, in her quietest way—
'Am I to go with Captain Kemp?'

Madge smilingly nodded her head; but even she rather quailed before the silent anger and indignation of the glance that met hers.

The fire was still burning in her eyes when she turned to Kemp.
'You are right,' she said, but did not take his arm.

A bracelet had come unfastened; it apparently took all her time and attention to re-clip it.

To her the dinner appeared a long and tedious affair.
She could not keep her thoughts from Dorrien, lying alone and dying in the desolate wintry wood.

She had gathered together dead bracken and leaves, and had tried to make some sort of a couch for him. It was all she could do—and it was so horrible little.

She shuddered as she thought of his awful fate.
'Are you cold?' Captain Kemp inquired. The wine was beginning to cheer him, and he was growing tired of the sulky silence he had at first maintained.

Shirley had forgotten his existence; she turned at the sound of his voice, and regarded him rather vacantly.
'I beg your pardon, did you speak?'

'You shivered; I fancied you felt cold.'
'No, thank you; I am quite warm.'
'Your manner, at least,' is enough to Continued on Fifteenth Page.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sun

who with a disti... which no ot... tures in say... can possib...

Some... The th... All... And h... What... Yet al... By C...

A glim... May... The gl... Diah... Oh, for... This... But, al... By C...

A her... To r... May h... Who... O wa... Like... Know... By B...

Jesus

The story... twelve year... terest for m... cause it show... side of his li... irresistible p... sacred histor... reveal to us... silent years... and manhood

We often... period, but... tates but tw... rection of fu... one point fur... where on earl... ly north of i... ning in the... the second v... Pole. A li... trols human... and some... in the life of... may with cert... of the man o... hood almost... brave, true, e... point will a... hood.

Given the... point, and t... twelve as the... of his life dis... might almost... manhood with... pure babyhood... an exalted, gl... eternal, upli... destiny upon... natural steps... they not step... ed in the lives... 'Wist ye not... Father's busin... ence of the do... fact that, boy... of his great... already begin... him. There... years of thoug... with God, you... grew clear and... his soul; but... absolute poss... this early ag... had come into... purpose, and t... being must be... of that work w... to do.

And was not... he must be a... must not we... should do th... Christ's prepar... gan more than... his birth. Did... of Man owe s... cecstry? thoug... Father's side j... his mother's s... the divine comp... there not some... sublime in tae... genealogy clos... emn import, '... which was the... I can imagine

CAN

6c pain. For Car... book—25c, writ... Co., 277 Shattou...

Sunday Reading

Reviewed by Christ. Who helps a child helps humanity... Sunday Reading... Reviewed by Christ.

Jesus in the Temple.

The story of Jesus in the Temple at twelve years of age is one of marvelous interest for many reasons...

We often wish we knew more about this period, but perhaps this is enough. It takes but two points to determine the direction of a line...

Given the babyhood of Jesus as the first point, and that scene in the Temple at twelve as the second, even though the line of his life disappears for eighteen years...

What ye not that I must be about my Father's business? That question, asked of his mother in the Temple, in the presence of the doctors, revealed the one great fact...

And was not Christ our example? If he must be about his Father's business, must not we? Is it not time that we should do this? Humanly speaking...

I can imagine it every one of the human search the Scriptures.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay... God himself commands it. It has been given us to be a light unto our feet...



To Introduce \$1.00

ours will 99 models early... we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00.

INTRODUCTION PRICES FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 Piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$1.50; fitted with Darlington Tires, \$2.00.

race had been as true to the light that was within them as were the individuals of that royal line through which the lineage of Jesus is traced back to Adam and back to God...

Specifically the training of Jesus began from the day of his birth. As one point ever so near another point gives eterna direction to the line uniting the two, so the first day of life on earth begins the direction of an immortal soul.

At the age when we think our boys and girls should be interested in frivolities and follies and nonsense, at the age when we are inclined to think our boys and girls to young to be religious...

Every boy and girl ought to manifest the clear dawnings of greatness at the age of twelve. We help to ruin our boys and girls, we help them to grow up into nonentities, into senseless, thoughtless, selfish men and women...

We do not know, we cannot know, what the next life has for us; but we do know that this life is a great, high, solemn, sacred trust committed to us by the God of this universe for some great and eternal purpose.

I would not eclipse one ray of joyous sunshine from the pathway of childhood, I would not sound one discordant note into the music of innocent laughter; but I would teach them that life is truly great and truly happy only as it is attuned to the high, holy and eternal purposes of God.

God himself commands it. It has been given us to be a light unto our feet, and a lamp unto our path. It shows us not only how to live rightly here, but also how having walked in the way of his command,

ments here, we may obtain peace and pardon and an inheritance of joy and everlasting life in the heaven beyond.

Money is the representative of labor, energy and skill. It is a great power, and when properly used and invested it returns large dividends of stock which may be made useful in helping toward an honorable and honest livelihood.

The Scriptures place a different value upon money; they teach that we are expected to consecrate some of our dollars to the Lord's service, and the most liberal we are in this requirement, the greater will be our blessings.

Many Christians there are blessed with a liberal spirit, who not only bring their tithes to the Lord's storehouse systematically upon the Sabbath as an assurance of their gratitude as the recipients of his bounty, but respond readily to the calls which come from time to time outside the regular weekly offering.

Proportionate giving, as recommended in the "tenth" of the Old Testament, is the rule of other Christians of the present day; a certain sum is set aside from the weekly earnings in strict observance of this method of supporting and assisting the Lord's work.

Some very interesting tests are being made in connection with the building of a new yacht to defend the American Cup. A number of tests of metal have been made, and it is understood that nickel steel is among those considered.

The world has been experimenting on the metal of manhood through all the centuries, and in all civilized lands, by common consent, Christian character is the one metal that will not corrode, and is beyond all criticism.

In Greenland a child is never buried alone; a live dog is placed in the coffin with it, in order to guide the child to the other.

Find the way Home. In Greenland a child is never buried alone; a live dog is placed in the coffin with it, in order to guide the child to the other.

Vitality FOR WEAK GIRLS AND BOYS Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.



Make More Muscle

And keep the same in firm flexible condition. A brisk rub down after exercise or severe work, then bathe with JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, the great muscle nerve will strengthen the muscles invigorate the tired nerves and make you feel like a new person.

THESE ATHLETES USE AND INDORSE JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT use and indorse it.

The Leading Physical Culture Teacher of America, Prof. ROBERT J. ROBERTS, of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, of Boston, says:

DEAR SIR:—I can only speak of the "old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" in the highest terms. I have used it in the gymnasium when the boys have strained or overworked their bodies. It has worked like magic in reducing swelled joints and in removing soreness of the parts.

Seeking in the Darkness for the Light. A gentleman who is interested in mines in Arizona recently had this experience: He went down the shaft with the superintendent, and went along following him for a time on one of the underground tracks, along which the ore was brought out to the shaft.

Quoits as a Pastime. There are some games which have never had their boom, and quoits is one of them. Still, as nothing happens but the unexpected, it may be that the time is nearly ripe for quoits to be taken out of its undeserved obscurity, to be exalted to the status of a National game.

The Power of the Word. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life,' said Jesus. By this Word we are born again, 'not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.'

An Unmusical Foot. W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, is said to have so little ear for music that he cannot distinguish harmony from discord.

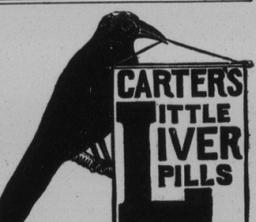
CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY CURED.

Hard to keep the children from catching cold—will run out of doors not properly wrapped—get wet feet—kick the bed clothes off at night.

What's mother going to do about it? Mustn't neglect the children's Coughs and Colds—might end in Croup—and Croup end fatally or weaken the lungs for life.

LAXA—Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any gripping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

cannot be for an honest reason... Sunday Reading... Reviewed by Christ. Who helps a child helps humanity... Sunday Reading... Reviewed by Christ.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, indigestion and Too Hearty Eating.

LITERARY TOPICS.

Mr. William Harvey Brown, the author of 'On the South African Frontier,' went to the west coast of Africa in 1889 as a naturalist of an expedition sent out by the United States Government.

Frederick Palmer, the author of the recently published book, 'In the Klondyke,' has gone to the Philippines as correspondent for a New York paper.

'A Texas Ranger, or the Narrative of the Adventures of a Young Man on the Rio Grande Frontier' is the title of a book soon to be published by the Scribners.

The Scribners have just brought out the little volume of newspaper stories which Josse Lynch Williams has written.

Mrs. E. Lich Wharton, the author of 'The Greater Inclination,' was Miss Edith Jones before her marriage to Edward R. Wharton, a member of an old and well-known Philadelphia family.

'The Amateur Crackman,' is dedicated 'To A. C. D. - This Form of Flattery,' A Conan Doyle being Mr. Hornung's brother-in-law.

An elaborate illustrated biography of Oliver Cromwell similar in scope to the lives of Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria and Charles I., already issued, is in preparation and will be published by the Scribners.

TRAINING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS

African elephants were trained to work, in ancient times, just as their cousins in India are now taught to carry burdens and draw loads.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Penicryol, &c.

Just a word

PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

FOR BOX-CALF

AND ALL BLACK SHOES

Perfect as a Preservative A Cleaner, a Polisher. NEVER STICKY, NEVER SOILS NEVER CRACKS

PACKARD'S MAKES IT PACKARD'S OF MONTREAL L. M. PACKARD & CO.

draught and portage purposes in Africa, where domestic animals are scarce and the elephant would be a great boon if he could be made to labor.

The few experiments made in Africa to train the elephant have generally failed, and on account, doubtless, of improper training the animal has a bad reputation he does not deserve.

The young animal was purchased soon after he was caught from the natives of the Pabouin tribe who live in the Gaboon region, near the west coast.

After two months of prison life the next stage of training began. In Asia sharp, iron-pointed sticks with which to prod the wild animals are prominent in the process of taming, but the fathers of the African mission prefer a milder regime.

As he was destined to see a great many negroes all his life, it was desirable that he cultivate more friendly relations with them.

After his day's training it was often difficult to make him enter his prison yard again, but when ripe bananas were used as a bait he was enticed within the inclosure without difficulty.

To-day Fritz is an accomplished and willing draught animal, perfectly gentle greatly attached to those who treat him well, and one of the most useful attaches to the Fernan-Vaz Mission.

success, and probably no better method of training and utilizing the African elephant can be devised than that which they employed to make Fritz a useful animal.

HILLS IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS.

The Project to Use Waterfall to Generate Electric Power.

Waterfalls are being used more and more to produce electric power. Scotland has no coal with which to make steam to run her industries, and so her waterfalls have been the driving force.

The British Parliament has before it the project to obtain electrical power, equal to 38,000 horse power, by means of the chain of lochs along the border of Perth and Argyll counties to the west of the Grampian Mountains.

In our Western mining regions the process of producing and reproducing ores is being considerably reorganized by the utilization of water power to produce electricity for driving the machinery.

Germany has been much wide awake, and while electric street cars in England are still in the experimental stage, sixty-eight cities of Germany have introduced them with great success.

Birds' Food of Play.

Some birds, like all children, like to play and Australia and New Guinea produce the 'bower bird,' which builds regular playhouses. These houses are not a part of their nests, but are constructed usually in the shape of covered archways of little boughs two or three feet long, eighteen inches high, and about as wide.

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS

1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

a perfection that is astonishing. In some countries it is the custom of the weaver birds to colonize and build one big flat topped platform two or three yards across, which is admirably put together as to shed the rain as well as any roof could do.

SIEGOT EVEN.

The Revenge of a Girl Whose Sweetheart Wrote her a Long but Narrow Letter.

One day a smart young man got a long piece of ribbon paper out of a stock ticker and wrote a letter on it to his girl. As he wrote he rolled the paper up so that the outside of the roll contained the closing remarks of the letter, which were:

'Of course you will not repeat what I have told you in this letter about Helen. It was given to me in strictest confidence and I wouldn't think of telling any one except you.'

To find out what this was the girl was compelled to unwind the letter and wind it up again, starting at the end. But she could find nothing in it about Helen, although she read it twice very carefully and looked along the back from one end to the other.

'Dear Jack, if you persevere in reading this letter you will find it something you greatly wish to know. If you do not read it you will never know it. There was something he did wish to know, and only she could tell him, so he buckled down to it. At first he turned the paper around slowly as he read and in a few minutes almost toppled over with dizziness.

'Take away women,' asks a writer, 'and what would follow?' 'That's easy. The men. Some men can take new furniture and make it look as if it was made a century ago,' says a journalist. So can children.

Mr. Wilkins: 'Arthur, you used to say you loved the ground I walked on.'

Editor (to aspiring writer): 'You should write so that the most ignorant can understand what you mean.'

'Hardcopy tells me he never destroys receipted bills.'

'No,' he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlors as curiosities.'

'Poppin (just returned from America): 'When I was in New York, I stopped at the best hotel.'

'Buddy: 'R'other costly, wasn't it?'

Poppin: 'No; I only stopped to admire it.'

Pete: 'Jim, do you know the height of impudence?'

Jim: 'I don't know the interpretation of the word impudence.'

Pete: 'Well, it is taking shelter in an umbrella shop during a thunderstorm.'

Family Doctor (solemnly): 'Your wife is very ill—do you want to know the worst?'

Husband (who had been there before): 'Certainly, certainly! Tell me the worst—is it to be Brighton, Hastings, Paris or the Riviera?'

Dick: 'I wish we had a great big dictionary in the house.'

Father (proud of his son's thirst for knowledge): 'Do you want to look for something?'

Dick: 'Yes; there's some jam on the shelf that I can't reach standing on the chair.'

Southern, the comedian, was extremely sensitive to interruption of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: 'Hi, you, sir, do you know there is another act?'

The offender was equal to the occasion, he turned to the actor, and answered, cheerfully: 'Oh yes—that's why I'm going!'

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills, and illustrated by diagram of the frame of man. 'That,' he



He knows, His patron knows, and everybody knows that this can contains the purest, best, and most delicious Coffee that expert buyers can procure. It's Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, that's the reason.

explained, pointing out a totally different spot 'is where man's liver is.' 'Excuse me,' observed the man in spectacles, 'but I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is.'

DISEASED KIDNEYS

Are Rebuilt and Restored by DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No Kidney Diseases are Found Where DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are Used—New Brunswick Testimony—Cure of a Prominent Public Man.

OTNABOG N. B. Apr. 24.—Some little time ago, a report appeared in an Ontario newspaper, stating that Kidney Diseases (including Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Diseases of Women, and all Blood Impurities) were decreasing rapidly, in all sections in which DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS were used.

This statement was read by thousands of our people, and by some (who did not know the magical virtue of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS) it was doubted. The discussion grew warm, and it was decided to investigate, in some locality here, where the pills are in general use, to ascertain whether or not, similar results attended their use in this part of Canada.

A committee appointed to hear evidence concerning the point in dispute, got together a list of names of persons who had been afflicted with Bright's disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, or other forms of Kidney Disease. These people were questioned and they all testified that they had been cured by DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One gentleman answering a question as to whether or not he knew anyone who had had Kidney Disease, and had not used DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, said, 'I do not. They are all dead.'

The evidence of Commissioner G. J. Wickham, of Wickham, who was cured of Kidney Disease, by DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS after twenty-five years' suffering carries conviction with it. It cannot be doubted. It is the solemn declaration of one of our most popular public men.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or they will be sent, on receipt of price, by The DODD'S MEDICINE CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Open to Discussion. Scrivener: 'I've just finished the novel that will be the most talked of book of the year.'

Friend: 'What makes you so sure it will be successful?'

Scrivener: 'Why I've got a tittle for it that there are nine different ways of pronouncing it.'

Young men try to air their knowledge old men try to avoid airing their ignorance. True happiness is found in pursuing something; not in catching it.

STAINED GLASS

Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal Write for catalogue B.

anything... There's one bright... May-day... songs... the girls... with roses... partners... among... I just know... you man... Mrs. T... Rob's cur... said... 'What... Frost an... try to an... 'Here... and Jenn... looking... fied expr... bright fac... the girl... many othe... garden w... which th... flowers—... it grows... ware of it... wood, an... garden m... Perhaps... tiny roset... tacles, bu... where the... ward ad... went out... hour, dur... in and di... Mrs. Tho... Walts' w... turned to... blue, but... joy some... the sunne... and soon... Taorm felt... Miss Hays... the Maype... first query... 'Yes de... and Marg... Martin, Thora—... McDonald... near, Will... R. b; I thi... consent to... and hope... your part... school. F... Tommy F... back a tea... as well as... Donald do... with Robbi... get all the... us be part... with that... never stand... fidgets' on... cause Bro... Frost nam... partner—... the same... Parker—... to us' she... correctly, a... keep time... in school... teachers w...

Chat to... Boys and Girls.

JENNIE'S FAULT.

"A May festival! hurrah! I never knew anything half so jolly" cried little Rob Thorne, bursting into the house, after school one bright April day; "mamma, mamma," he called more gently, "oh here you are—guess how our school is going to celebrate May-day—by a festival—Maypole dance songs, recitations, and everything tiptop; the girls are to wear white dresses and ribbons and things, the boys, black velvet with rosettes on their shoes to match their partners' sash—Jennie and I are elected among the dancers, if you are willing, and I just know you'll say yes right off won't you mamma dear?"

Mrs. Thorne smiled kindly, as brushing Rob's curls from his heated forehead she said, "Whatever your good teachers, Mrs. Frost and Miss Hayes wish to do I shall try to assist in; but where is Jennie?"

"Here mamma," answered a sober voice, and Jennie appeared from the hall-way, looking anything but pleased; her dissatisfied expression a decided contrast to Rob's bright face; and yet Jennie was a dear little girl, affectionate, obliging, truthful and many other good things but in her heart garden was planted one ugly little seed, which threatened to over-run the lovely flowers—the name of the plant is "jealousy" it grows fast, and takes deep root, so beware of it young folks, for it is a poisonous weed, and makes the owner of the heart garden most unhappy!

Perhaps mamma guessed there was a tiny root of this weed in Jennie's heart, but she only drew her little daughter forward and tenderly kissed her, then Robbie went out to play, and Jennie practised an hour, during which time Miss Hayes came in and discussed the May festival with Mrs. Thorne. When the "Mountain Bell Waltz" was fairly conquered Jennie returned to the sitting room, looking very blue, but when mamma called her to enjoy some delicious oranges and a chat in the sunny window she brightened up, and soon the troubles were told, as Mrs. Thorne felt they would be in time. "Did Miss Hayes tell you whom she wanted for the Maypole dance mamma?" was the first query.

"Yes dear, she would like to have Lena and Margery Dare, Polly Hayward, Eva Martin, Marie Garnet, and Jennie Thorne—then, for her six boys, Bruce McDonald, Tommy Parker, Lewis Garnet, Willie Dare, Walter Price and little Rob; I think the parents of all will readily consent to the small trouble of costumes and hops you will all take pains to learn your parts well, and do credit to the school. 'But I don't want to dance with Tommy Parker'" said Jennie, winking back a tear "he doesn't know how to dance as well as our cat even, and Bruce McDonald does, for he went to the same class with Robbie and me last year, and knows all that we do, so I thought she would let us be partners, but no, I must be put off with that hateful Tommy Parker, who never stands still a minute and gives me the fidgets" ended Jennie with a sob. "It is because Bruce dances so well, that Mrs. Frost names flighty Polly Hayward as his partner—he will help her to learn, and for the same reason, she gives you Tommy Parker—" Jennie will be of great assistance to us" she said "for she takes her steps so correctly, she will make heedless Tommy keep time, better than any other little girl in school" so dearie if you can help your teachers won't you lay aside your own

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

wishes, and try to make Tommy do you credit!"

This was viewing the matter in a new light and Jennie agreed to do her best. "But why can't I march with either Bruce or Robbie? they are the only two boys who know the Spanish march, and I thought of course I should lead it with one of them; it isn't a bit fair to put Eva Martin ahead of me—she never went to dancing school in her life" cried Jennie, jealousy springing up again.

"Because dear, Robbie is too short for your partner, and Bruce too tall—now Eva though younger is taller than you, and you must be graded in size for the march to look well; Willie Dan is about your height and a dear gentlemanly little fellow whom it will be a pleasure to teach; and Robbie will take little Marie Garnet."

So the weed was sipped for that time and Jennie like a sensible child, took pleasure in thinking she should be able to help Mr. Frost and very well she could, for such a snarl as that Spanish march got into at the first and second rehearsals, was enough to drive any teachers less hopeful to despair! Little Lewis Garnet would put out his right foot instead of his left and thus get out of step, heedless Polly would turn too soon and put the whole line astray Margery Dan pointed because she couldn't have Lena's place, and Tommy Parker was as Jennie said "never still a minute," so it was fortunate for Mrs. Frost that three of her pupils understood the twistings and turnings of the march and could assist the other nine!

But when bright May-day came all was perfect, and a prettier sight I never saw than the fifty-two children in holiday dress doing homage to little May. Walon, their chosen queen, who on a throne of moss and flowers looked like a tiny princess receiving the favors of her subjects with shy sweet grace. Then all joined in singing,

"Gladly now we meet thee, hail hail our queen, Bend low to greet thee, on the meadow green; Gladly bring our offerings at thy feet to lay Crowning thee our queen of May"

The boys each bearing a gay flag, and the girls carrying hearts, anchors, garlands, bouquets and baskets of lovely flowers took their places in time to merry music; the ribbons, red, white and blue were braided about the gaily decorated May-pole as evenly and prettily as Jennie could wish. All was going happily till the little queen distributed bunches of sweet May flowers from a basket of moss at her side—one to each loyal subject, the largest to Eva Martin as being "first lady" in the march, and right up in Jennie's heart sprang such a shoot of jealousy that it almost choked her, and blinded her eyes with tears. All were served now but she—"I am forgotten" she thought bitterly when hark! Miss Hayes is speaking; Jennie never knew exactly what she said, but it was something kind about reserving the most perfect and sweetest bunch for a little girl, who by her willing patience had greatly helped both teacher and school-mates, and seeing the delicate blossoms through a mist of tears, Jennie swallowed down old jealousy with a firm resolve by God's help to root it out forever; and taking it in time, I am glad to tell you she quite succeeded.

AUNT BELL.

Matters Feminine.

Madame Bernhardt makes it a rule not to drink wines or spirits.

If you wish to grow fat take your tea weak and with plenty of milk and sugar.

The Queen's favourite walking-stick is a dark bamboo, given to her some time ago by Princess Henry of Battenburg.

To prevent rain spots from marking cloth, carefully wipe with a soft cloth as soon as possible, and always the way the nap sets.

Boots for pet dogs are among the most recent fashionable fads. Sledge-dogs in the north wear boots to protect their feet from sharp pieces of ice.

At least one lady of title in this country has possessed an ordinary street piano-organ. It stood in the hall of her country residence, and was frequently played by her guests.

The richest woman in the world is said to be Senora Ildora Couzino, a mine-owner, of South America, whose income is at present estimated to be not far short of \$2,000 a day!

UP-TO-DATE FASHIONS.

The finish of sleeves at the wrists is a point in fashion very carefully considered this season. There are points and scallops cut on the sleeves and falling over the hand, and little circular frills set in, and facing of these is quite as important at the trimming outside, if not more so. White satin is the prevailing facing, and this is covered with cream lace or black chintilly, or trimmed with little frills of lace or chiffon.

Pretty evening dresses for young girls are made of cream net over taffeta silk, and trimmed from waist to hem with frills of white satin ribbon.

Belts for the neck are not really novelties, but they have blossomed out in new and varied designs for the summer girl. The latest is a sort of dog collar in silver or gold arranged in medallions with chains between, made in a solid band set with jewels. These are worn over a band of colored ribbon, with a belt for the waist to match.

A parasol which matches the color in your hat is the chic thing to have this season.

A pretty summer cape is made with two accordion plaited ruffles of white chiffon striped with black satin on the edge. The plaitings are finished with a tiny ruche of chiffon, and a ruche of chiffon with long scarf ends completes this dainty wrap made on a white taffeta silk foundation.

Gimpes with sleeves, made of chiffon or silk, can be purchased in the shops for almost any price between \$5 and \$15.

The new moire silks interwoven with floral designs are as soft and pliable as Oriental satin.

Velvet cord neck chains strung with coral beads are one of the season's novelties.

A few yards of tulle, more yards of fine wire and a bunch of flowers form a good recipe for a fashionable toque. Simple enough in the abstract, yet no one but the most artistic milliner can bring anything like success out of this combination.

Making hat crowns of flowers is one of the novel effects in millinery, but the latest form of vegetation used for this purpose is moss, not artificial moss, but the real thing.

Fancy vests and waistcoats are features of the new cloth gowns. There are pique vests and vests of white corded silk, daintily flowered and buttoned with pearl buttons, besides the low cut double breasted waistcoat worn over a chemisette front of lace or chiffon.

The silk petticoat is a thing of great importance in these days when so much depends on the fit around the hips and exactly the correct amount of fullness at the bottom. The new skirt is cut circular at the top and fitted as carefully and smoothly as a dress skirt with no gathers at all at the back. A deep circular or bias flounce is added at the knee, and this is trimmed with pinked, tucked or corded ruffles. Accordion plaited ruffles are very pretty finished with a narrow pinked ruche, and lace insertion and frills are applied in every conceivable form in the more elaborate skirts. Flounces made of alternate rows of satin ribbon and lace insertion are another fancy, and plaitings of black or white net, hemmed and trimmed with rows of satin ribbon, are a very effective trimming. Insertions are set in points and squares in the silk flounces, and if you want a very dainty decoration use plaitings of chiffon.

The high top knot is still the most fashionable mode of dressing the hair, and the Parisian woman's pompadour is thrown well forward in an overhanging puff.

Polka dots are very much in evidence in the new hosiery, and blue and tan stock-

ings are liberally sprinkled with blue, white or red spots. For evening wear the silk hose with real lace fronts are the choice.

A pretty cape is made of gray bengaline, well covered with bold designs in black lace applique. A ruffle of Chantilly over a plaiting of black chiffon finishes the edge, and the yoke is of shirred chiffon, with a frill of lace and chiffon, forming a deep collar.

A large bow of some striking color, with a jewelled button or buckle, gives a smart touch to many of the French gowns. It is made of black velvet, colored silk or chiffon, and at one side of the bodice it is very effective, especially on a black lace or jotted gown which has no other color, and then the collar band should match the two.

Some of the newest shirt waists are made with a sailor collar pointed down to the belt in front. For a dressy effect the collar may be covered with lace.

Very extravagant blouse waists are made of crepe de chine tucked in groups below a yoke of cream lace.

The new double faced satin bengalines are used for bridesmaids' gowns.

A novelty among the laces is called the godet, which means that it is woven in the form of a circular flounce, so that it hangs like a ruff with any gathering.

A new dress material, called irogonil alyste, is in reality two materials, one over the other. The upper a watered gauze or grenadine, with a figured foundation in colour. Black over white, with a black spot, gives a very pretty effect.

Pure white kid gloves are going out of fashion and the delicate tints of cream and coruscades are coming in.

Now that a pocket is an impossibility in the new gowns, little bags of black satin, dotted with paillettes or embroidered are carried by the French women. Brocaded satin is also used, and the bags are drawn up with a ribbon run through a shirr with a double heading.

TRUE SPRING HEALTH.

Paine's Celery Compound

The Great Disease Banisher and Life Giver.

Used by all Classes and Prescribed by Honest and Able Physicians.

Paine's Celery Compound makes people well in spring time. It is as far superior to the ordinary nervines, sarsaparillas and pills as strength is better than weakness. Paine's Celery Compound as a spring medicine has the entire confidence of our varied classes of Canadian population. Nothing more decisively proves the worth, popularity and universal use of the great medicine than the fact that it is now used by our wealthiest people who formerly relied on the best medical skill.

Paine's Celery Compound in spring time builds up the broken down nervous system purifies the blood, regulates and perfectly tones the whole digestive system, gives a relish for food, and bestows all needed vitality and bodily strength. Paine's Celery Compound to-day is prescribed by the foremost physicians for the cure of kidney and liver troubles. It is invariably successful in all its work, making men and women well when they have failed with other medicines.

Now is the time to use the marvellous compound if you desire new blood, new strength, and new life for the work and duties of approaching summer. Paine's Celery Compound has done wonders for your friends and neighbors; you need the never-failing medicine for your case. If you would be cured do not be persuaded to try substitutes.

CARE OF WOOLLENS IN SUMMER.

Moths Will get at Them Unless Early and Careful Preparations are Made.

This is the time to put away heavy furs and woollens, for the months are already beginning to fly. If furs and clothing are put away with moth eggs in them, all the odors in the world will not save them, as any furrier will tell you. The time when the eggs are laid is when the warm spring days come and the heavy garment is hung in the closet, but not put away for fear it may be needed again. Then perhaps it is worn once or twice and then hung up again, and in the hurry of spring work forgotten until moths are noticed. Then the furs are taken out hastily, perhaps brushed a little, and put away smothered in camp-hor or something else as useless and expensive. In the fall when the clothes are taken out there is a wailing and nobody can understand how it happened when the clothes were put away so carefully and such a lot of moth stuff used. The proper way is to lay the heavy clothing in a chest as soon as it is not in daily

MOST WELCOME WEDDING GIFT!



16 Millions Made and Sold Always Improving. Never better than now. See the Latest Model. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. Factory at Montreal. Offices all over the Dominion.

THAT COMFORTABLE FEELING

Which assures a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair—is possessed by all who wear Palmer's artificial hair coverings. The standard of elegance, fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars. J. PALMER & SON, 1145 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

use, but so that it can be taken out and worn when cold days come. When the cold weather is quite gone, then very article should be taken out and hung on the clothesline on a clear day; if there is any wind, so much the better, as the dust will blow away. After beating with a light switch of some kind brush the clothes carefully. Never put clothes away with soiled spots on them. Sour them all out. When all the clothes are beaten thoroughly and brushed and cleaned, fold each article separately, and with care as to the folding. Then see that the chests are absolutely tight, that there are no cracks in them anywhere. If there are, paste newspapers over the cracks and see that there is not even the smallest crevice for the moth to enter, for if there is one she will surely find it. Wrap up each article separately, either in old sheets or in old towels or in papers; see that all are absolutely clean. Pack them in with care, so that they will not be crushed or wrinkled, and spread a sheet over the top and tuck it in closely all over the things. Close the chest, and if there will be no need to open it during the warm season, paste paper over the edges of the cover. But if it closes tightly there will be no danger from moths. This is the whole secret of keeping woollens safe from moths.

Carpets will be quite safe if turpentine is poured about the edges after each sweeping. If the house is to be closed, sweep all the rooms with great care, put away all the heavy curtains and everything woolen that can be put away and saturate the edges of all carpets thoroughly for about two inches deep. Turn the chairs up and pour turpentine into the seats from the upper side. Close the house as absolutely as possible, and if all this is done carefully and systematically the carpets will be uninjured. The women bent on saving herself time and trouble in future labels plainly every box and package which she will have occasion to open until autumn. She is careful also when using naphtha or other inflammable liquids not to do so in the evening or in the daytime if a light is burning unprotected by a shade nearby.

Triumphs and Successes

When the Diamond Dyes are Used.

Beware of Imitations and Adulterated Dyes

Thousands of pleased and satisfied women write about their successes and triumphs with the Diamond Dyes. Mrs. M. Constantin, of St. Eustache, P. Q., writes as follows: "It is with pleasure that I tell you of my success with Diamond Dyes. A few days ago I dyed an overcoat with your dyes, and the result was marvellously pleasing and satisfactory."

For strengthening weak hair a brisk rubbing with a rough towel is recommended. This stimulates the circulation of the blood, causes a glowing of the scalp, and nourishes the roots of the hair.

Advertisement for Seal Brand Coffee, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman and the text: 'He knows, His patron knows, and everybody knows that this can contains the purest, best, and most delicious Coffee that expert buyers can procure. It's Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, that's the reason.'

explained, pointing out a totally different spot, 'is where man's liver is.' 'Excuse me,' observed the man in spectacles, 'but I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is.'

DISEASED KIDNEYS

are Rebuilt and Restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

o Kidney Diseases are Found Where Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used—New Brunswick Testimony—Cure of a Prominent Public Man.

OTNABOG N. B. Apr. 24—Some little time ago, a report appeared in an Ontario newspaper, stating that Kidney Diseases including Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Stricture and Bladder Troubles, Diseases of Women, and all Blood Impurities are decreasing rapidly, in all sections in which Dodd's Kidney Pills were used. This statement was read by thousands of our people, and by some (who did not know the magical virtue of Dodd's Kidney Pills) it was doubted. The discussion grew warm, and it was decided to investigate, in some locality here, where the disease is in general use, to ascertain whether or not, similar results attended their use in this part of Canada.

The evidence of Commissioner G. J. (riven, of Wickham, who was cured of Kidney Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills after twenty-five years' suffering carries conviction with it. It cannot be doubted. It is the solemn declaration of one of our most popular public men. Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or they will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Open to Discussion.

Scrivener: 'I've just finished the novel at will be the most talked of book of the year.'

Friend: 'What makes you so sure it will be successful?'

Scrivener: 'Why I've got a title for it at there are nine different ways of pronouncing it.'

Young men try to air their knowledge and man try to avoid airing their ignorance.

True happiness is found in pursuing mething; not in catching it.

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorials, Interior Decorations, by Castle & Son, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue B.



The "D & A" Corsets are designed on scientific principles—They are easy and graceful—While giving firm support they permit perfect freedom in every movement—Made of the finest material and beautifully finished.

From \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

FREE

A Library of SIXTY BOOKS, New, Startling, Sensational, Interesting and Complete.

This offer is made for the purpose of introducing SCOTT'S STOMACH AND HEART PILLS.

The whole 60 books absolutely free to those who buy a box of SCOTT'S STOMACH AND HEART PILLS by mail.

A reliable remedy for palpitation, pain about the heart, brain pressure, sluggish circulation, and all complaints arising from derangement of the heart, constipation, sallow skin, biliousness, &c.

Scott's Stomach and Heart Pills Make Rosy Cheeks. For sale by druggists. Send 50 cents to the Scott Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont., and receive the Pills and Books free. Send 10 postage stamp for full list of books.

LETTERS WRITTEN TO THE DEAD.

Great Numbers of Them are Sent—Strange Delusions and Deaths Practical.

The number of letters written to the dead in the course of a year is enormous. Epistles are sent to people on the assumption that they are still on the earth, whereas they have in fact, passed away.

A medical man recently told the writer of an exceptional instance of writing letters to the dead. One of his patients, having had a serious illness, cannot now be made to understand that she to whom he was formerly betrothed is deceased.

After that he apparently thinks nothing more about her till night, when he writes to her again. The strange delusion that his lost fiancée is still alive has now possessed him for months, and it will in all probability long continue to do so.

Among the infinitely more common cases in point there are many of a peculiar character. Not long ago a man in needy circumstances received the most welcome of all letters—one from a firm of lawyers announcing a windfall.

Money is not infrequently sent to people long after their death. It is within the writer's personal knowledge that for three or four years a son has received £10 annually intended for his father, now deceased.

In the same way, numbers of men are drawing pensions to which they are not entitled. Practising this swindle recently involved one rascal in an extraordinary imbroglio.

Great surprises await anybody who reads letters sent to the dead. Some time since a gentleman removed into a house formerly occupied by a mysterious individual of whom very little was known locally.

One epistle addressed to the dead man practically proved that he had committed, or, at least, been a party to, a crime with which the whole country rang many years ago—a crime which is still catalogued among unsolved mysteries.

Sons at times similarly receive blows on

perusing correspondence addressed to their departed paternal parent. An amusing number of bills, for instance, frequently come to light in these circumstances, though some of them are rendered with a full consciousness that the 'debtor' is dead.

The custom of raising the hat had its origin in the days of chivalry when knights never appeared in public except in full armor. When a knight entered a company of friends, he removed his helmet to show that among his friends he was perfectly safe.

A TIME OF DANGER!

Thousands in Peril.

Blood and Nervous Troubles Develop Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound. The Great Modern Blood Cleanser and Nerve Builder.

Paine's Celery Compound is the wonder of the age! Its marvellous virtues form themes of discussion amongst interested medical men, and its cures are talked of at every fireside in Canada.

There are thousands of business men, mechanics, farmers, as well as wives and mothers, who, though able to walk around, are nevertheless sadly 'out of health.'

Follow in the wake of a stomach that is out of kilter—what a story of suffering can be saved in the timely use of so pleasant and positive a cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion as Dr. Van Stan's Pincab's Tablets.

Vegetable life is influenced much more by certain kinds of light rays than by others, and Flammarion, the French astronomer,

Every woman likes to be thought a riddle but not one that can't be guessed.

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY. A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.50 at drugists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent you should apply to a firm who understand the patent laws—beware of firms who offer schemes.

omer, has been enabled to estimate the relative values of the different rays. Four hot houses, of red, green, blue and ordinary glass, were built, and vegetables of the same species were cultivated in each.

Helped in a Trice, and Permanently Cured. Persistent use of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will eradicate almost every kind of skin disease.

What a Trio of Ailments. Follow in the wake of a stomach that is out of kilter—what a story of suffering can be saved in the timely use of so pleasant and positive a cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion as Dr. Van Stan's Pincab's Tablets.

Suspicious Enthusiasm. 'Was the banquet a success?' 'I guess so; the men all wore each other's overcoats off as souvenirs.'

To the victors belong the spoils, and to the vanquished the privilege of indulging in sarcastic criticism.

Every woman likes to be thought a riddle but not one that can't be guessed.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A Boy's conscience is that part of him which prompts him to eat all the sweets to keep them from making his brother ill.

Friend: 'Does your town boast of a football team?' Suburbanite: 'No; we used to boast of one, but we have to apologise for it now.'

A spinster eighty-two years of age, was lately married in Manchester. She said she was 'determined that no one should call her an old maid.'

She (on the river): 'Oh, how delightful it would be to drit on like this for ever and ever.'

He (who has hired the boat): 'Not at a shilling an hour.'

'That's a relation of yours, isn't it?' said a man to his wife, at the same time pointing to a donkey.

'Yes, by marriage,' was her stinging reply.

The Manager: 'What was all that trouble amongst the freaks this morning?' 'Why, the two-headed man got into a quarrel with himself as to which of him should get shaved first.'

The sister: 'I have become engaged to Fred.' The Brother: 'Whatever induced you to do that?' The sister: 'Why, Fred, of course!'

First Man (to man who has just bumped against him in the street): 'Blithering idiot!' Second Man: 'That's your name, is it? My name is Dobbs.'

Small Boy (who has become interested in coin collecting): 'Papa what is the rarest coin that you know of?' Papa (sadly): 'The sovereign, my son; the British sovereign.'

'You young scoundrel,' said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, 'I'll show you how to treat your mother.'

And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishoner's health. 'Well, sir,' said the parishoner, 'sometimes I feel anyhow; sometimes I feel no how; and there be times when I feel as stiff as a himmidge!'

'Do you find the scarecrows any use for saving the crops?' 'Yes, certainly; you see, it works out in this way. Every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if the clothes are worth stealing. He finds they aren't, but then he's helped to scare the crows away.'

'What shall I get you for a birthday present?' asked a fond father of his little daughter, who was suffering from a tooth-ache.

'I want some teeth like mamma's that you take out when they ache,' replied the small afflicted one.

'If you don't see what you want ask for it,' is the sign displayed over a grocer's counter. And when a man went and asked payment on a bill that had been running for six months he was shown out the front door. He is now of the opinion that grocers are not consistent.

Papa: 'So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?' Mama: 'Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly like the French.'

Inquirer: 'When is the next train to Leamington?' Station-master: 'Twelve o'clock, sir.' Inquirer: 'What, isn't there one before that?' Station-master: 'No, sir, we never run one before the next.'

Lady (engaging new housemaid): 'Daphne! That is much too romantic a name, with young men in the house. I suppose you would not object to be called by your surname?' Applicant: 'Oh, no, ma'am; in fact, I'm quite used to it.'

Lady: 'What is your surname?' Applicant: 'Darling.'

Ahmed Effendi, the former Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, when entertaining company, was in the habit of distributing sweets among the ladies present. On one occasion he gave a certain lady two or three times as much as the rest. She, vain of her triumph, got an interpreter to inquire the reason of his preference.

'Because her mouth is twice as large as that of the other ladies,' was the reply.

The following letter is a rare example: 'My Darling Peggy, I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it; and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darling, and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the tryin'-place, Peggy; for, faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not—Your own, Mike.'

Mabel: 'I must say that for absolute untrustworthiness there's nothing like a man.' Kate: 'Why, what makes you say that?' Mabel: 'Well, you remember when I rejected Mr. Bullfinch, about three weeks ago?' Kate: 'Yes.'

Mabel: 'Well, he said he should certainly pine away and die, and I should be his murderer. Now, I just met him in the street walking with another girl, and actually I believe the fellow has gained twenty pounds in weight!'

At a wedding anniversary of a railway magnate one of the guests, noticing a somewhat lonely-looking and rather shabbily attired man in the corner of the room, walked over and sat down near him. 'I was introduced to you,' he said, 'but I did not catch your name.'

'My name,' replied the other, 'is Swad-dleford.'

'Oh then you are a relative of our host?' 'Yes,' rejoined the 'poor relation,' 'I am his cousin, one hundred thousand pounds removed.'

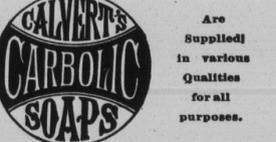
'Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?' Bobby (suffering from parental discipline): 'An orphan.'

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypophosphites. These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent. Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial agents blended into a creamy Emulsion, make a remarkable tissue builder.

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



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

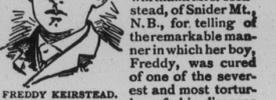
Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.



There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning.

The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter: 'With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.'

'After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial. 'You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength.'

MUSIC, SONG AND STORY is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality. A complete illustrated literary magazine besides, containing the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk-, and fairy-tales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and the most beautiful illustrations.

THERE IS NO HANDSOMER MAGAZINE IN EXISTENCE.

It all costs but 10 cents a month or \$1.00 a year. 'Not at your dealer's send 10 cents for a trial copy with 8 pieces of new music.'

S. W. SIMPSON, PUBLISHER, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Speaks for itself

Pearline. That accounts for its quick and large success. A five cent package of Pearline (follow the directions) shows you the ease, comfort and quickness of washing with little or no rubbing. You won't see all the wear and tear that it saves, perhaps. But you will later when you find that the clothes last longer.



wedding anniversary of a railway... Bobby, what do you want to be on grow up?

keep in mind that Scott's... also contains glycerine, most valuable, soothing healing agent.

OTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Advertisement for Dr. Keirstead's Carbolic Soap, featuring an image of the soap box and text describing its various qualities.

ENTIRELY RAW... irritant water.

Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tell her little boy suffered, and how Dr. B. cured him permanently.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases.

With gratitude I can testify to the full curative powers of Burdock Bitters. Eight years ago our little Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum in a dreadful condition.

At breakfast, she boldly stated her intention of driving over to Coddington, if she might have a trap.

On a day like this! Madge exclaimed. 'I don't mind that,' Shirley declared, eagerly. 'Can I have something to drive?'

Two or three of the men begged to be allowed to accompany her, and one of the girls said she would like to go, too.

MUSIC SONG AND STORY... THE ONLY UP TO DATE STOVE POLISH IN THE MARKET.

Continued from Tenth Page.

freese a fellow,' he declared, in an aggrieved tone. 'Don't you ever intend to be all friendly with me Miss Loraine? Have I done anything to offend you?'

She was about to answer him, when a name, carelessly mentioned by someone on the other side of the table, deprived her of the power of speech, and drained the color from her face.

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

'What a come-down for him!' another exclaimed.

'He has found his level now,' the first speaker said. 'Poor West! he was a nice fellow, and had decided talent. He was one of the lights that flare up and go out.'

'I heard a curious thing about Vivian West the other day. The woman who was down here in the summer as Lady Gildare's nurse turns out to be his mother. History does not record who the father was.'

'By Jove! Sir Henry cried, looking up. 'Is this a fact? I always thought the fellow had no breeding.'

was becoming desperate, and was revolving in her mind the advisability of partly taking her into her confidence, Miss Harding changed her mind, because she found the wind was in the east.

'Nothing makes one so hideous as an east wind,' she said; and stayed at home. As it cut Shirley's eyes, and pierced her through, she blessed it, and thanked it, and felt it had indeed, been a friend in need.

Arriving at Metherell Court, she heard that Sir Martin lay in much the same condition as he had been in during the past six weeks.

Though every moment, that morning, appeared precious to her, she felt it was impossible to go away without seeing the man who had always been kind to her.

Every corner of the now silent and gloomy house seemed fraught with memories.

To stand in the great hall, or to peep into the rooms, was like stepping back into the past.

Voices that were silent spoke to her; faces that had passed away came and smiled at her.

She thought of the gay party that had assembled there for the celebration of Gilbert's coming of age.

She saw herself running down the wide, shallow stairs, up which she was now slowly and sorrowfully passing, and a wonder crossed her mind at the careless happiness of those bygone days.

She reached the closed door of Sir Martin's room; a nurse opened it, and she crept to the bedside and tenderly kissed the poor drawn face upon the pillow.

The fingers of the nerveless hand faintly pressed here, and the haggard eyes looked yearningly into hers with that desperate question in them which she could not understand, and which made her heart bleed with pity.

She stayed some little time with him, talking of things she fancied might please and interest him.

When at last she rose to go, he struggled to utter one word, again and again, while Shirley strove with all her might to understand, the tears running down her cheeks, because of those that were drenching his.

'It is always the same thing,' the nurse said. 'It is something or someone he wants.'

'Oh, if I could only understand!' Shirley cried, and then—was it that the articulation was a little clearer, or was it that her straining brain suddenly grasped the desire he so frantically tried to express? 'Vivian,' she said, and such a look passed over the worn features that she knew she was right.

'It is Vivian West whom you want?' The lips moved.

'I will send to him.'

When she had gone, Sir Martin Metherell sank into a deep quiet sleep.

There was a smile on his face and an expression of peace which made the nurse pause to look at him, and think what a handsome man he must have been.

To write to Vivian West, under the circumstances, seemed to Shirley an almost impossible thing for her to do.

Yet, it had to be done, or she must ask someone else to do it.

The only person she could think of was Madge; yet, if Madge consented to write, she would speak of it to Sir Henry, and she—Shirley—would probably have to endure the torture of having it discussed, or hearing Vivian's name lightly mentioned, or, worse still, in tones of contempt.

Then, too, how was she to find him?—he was in London, that was all she knew. She had reached the wood before she had arrived at any answer to this problem.

Fastening the horse securely to a tree, she drew from the cart such things as she had been able to collect at Royal Heath and purchase in Coddington.

Her arms were full, and more than once she had to rest before reaching the cave.

As she stood at the opening, and laid her burden down, a sudden fear assailed her that the man might have perished in the night.

She called softly to him there was no answer. She timidly took a few steps into the darkness, and, crouching down, stretched out her hand.

It touched a head. He was lying where she had left him. She had brought matches and a candle with her.

With trembling fingers she lighted it, and fixed it on a large, flat stone.

As she did so Dorrien moved, then started up, his wild eyes peering at her.

'You!' he cried, hoarsely. 'Have you brought anyone with you? Have you set that she-cat on my track? All night I heard her creeping about, searching for me. She will never rest until she has revenged herself. If she found me lying here, helpless, she would torture me. Ah! what is that? Save me! Don't let her come!'

He pointed, with a shaking finger, at his own shadow.

Shirley saw that he was delirious, and endeavored to soothe him, though his ravings filled her with terror.

'I have told no one,' she declared. 'I have come here quite secretly. I have brought you food, and these things to keep you warm.'

She did what she could for him, feeding him like a child.

After a while he grew calmer. She remained with him as long as she dared; then, having placed within his reach the things she had brought, she knelt beside him and uttered a short prayer.

It was a strange scene—the man lying stretched on his bed of leaves and ferns, his eyes staring up at the shadowy roof of the cave, the girl with her clasped hands and beautiful, tender face, praying for the soul of one who was steeped to the lips in sin.

As Shirley left the cave and walked quickly away, a man, who had been hiding in the wood, came from his place of concealment and stealthily followed her,

never making his presence known until she had reached the road and was looking in some consternation, at a riding horse tethered beside her own.

Then he came justly forward and lifted his hat.

'Good afternoon, Miss Loraine.'

The voice was the last on earth that Shirley wished to hear, and the owner of it quite the last person she wished to meet.

'Captain Kemp!' she said, in a tone of annoyance. 'I had no idea you were here.'

'Apparently not,' he said with an unpleasant laugh. 'May I ask who the friend is to whom so romantically visiting just now?'

She saw at once that he had been watching her.

'You have been playing the spy,' she said, with a curl of the lip. 'A very manly action.'

'There was nothing unmanly,' he hastily declared. 'I saw you go into the wood. I followed you. What I saw was such a surprise to me, that, on the spur of the moment, I—er—hid. Of course, if you want to keep it dark you can trust me. You know I am only your slave. You know I am a step nearer to her—that I love you.'

'Please do not speak of it!' she cried, imploringly. 'I do not love you—I am quite sure you are aware of that. But, if you will not mention what you have seen to-day, I shall be very grateful to you.'

'That is a cold word,' he said, 'when I was so much more.'

'You want,' she said, 'what I cannot give.'

'You can give me yourself.'

Her face flushed hotly with disgust. 'I do not even like you,' she said. 'I am sorry, but it is better to tell you the truth.'

He laughed.

'You don't know your own mind. You are only a girl. Just think of what I can give you—any amount of pretty things to wear, and a home to be proud of.'

She thought of the new red brick erection, with the patent window-fasteners, and shuddered.

No, thank you, she said.

His face turned a deeper red at that faint disdain of her tone, but he kept his temper under control.

'Both Sir Henry and Lady Ayerst are in favour of me,' he argued.

'That does not raise you in my estimation.'

She crossed the road, and began to unfasten her horse, which was becoming impatient.

He followed, and offered his services, which she gravely declined.

'Thank you; I can manage quite well myself.'

'You are very independent.'

She did not consider that this remark required an answer.

Her chief desire now was to escape from him as quickly as possible.

He watched her swiftly-moving hands with an ill-tempered sneer.

Then, as she lightly sprang into the cart, he took hold of the reins, and looked up at her.

'You treat me as if you hated me,' she said, angrily; 'yet you expect me to obey your slightest word. You have behaved to me always in an abominable manner. What right have you to expect anything from me?'

'I expect nothing,' she replied coldly. 'You have just asked me to keep a secret for you.'

'I imagined you had sufficient gentlemanly feeling for that.'

'How do I know that it isn't my duty to tell your sister of what you are doing? Don't you think it looks uncommonly queer—a young lady comes out on the sly and carries things to a man hiding in the woods? It is a common tramp why this secrecy? Why not tell the police, and have him removed to the workhouse?'

Shirley was well aware that her conduct would shock and horrify all those amongst whom she lived; she did not feel at all comfortable about it herself.

She was helping a suspected murderer to hide from the police.

Her warm, impulsive nature had been touched by the man's miserable condition. Viewing her behavior in a purely common-place light, it was preposterous.

She felt certain that no one would understand the feelings which had prompted her to do what she had done.

An expression of perplexity crossed her face, and she thought in her mind escaped her lips.

'Oh! if there were only someone to advise me.'

'Cannot I?' he said, eagerly, his bad temper vanishing. 'There is nothing I

would not do for you. I swear there; is nothing I would not do to help you!'

She hesitated, and he went on, quickly—'You think I'm the sort of fellow who can't be serious about anything, but there you're mistaken. I am in love with you, and there isn't a thing I wouldn't do for you. If you will try me, you'll see.'

He was very much in earnest; perhaps he had never been so much so before.

He felt that, to gain her trust and confidence, to share a secret with her, would be taking a very long step towards gaining her.

Hitherto she had kept him outside the pale of her slightest friendship; she had never accepted the smallest service at his hands.

Probably it was the difficulty of obtaining what he desired which made it appear so necessary to his happiness.

During the brief minute that Shirley sat in the dogcart and reflectively and perplexedly scanned her companion's gravely pleading countenance, she managed to take a survey of all her friends and admirers, trying to find amongst them one to be trusted, competent to give advice, and near enough to help her.

For, if anything was to be done, it must be done at once.

In that

JEANNE'S BRAVERY.

Felix Labardie had been a French tireur in the great war of 1870, and I liked nothing better in the evening than to sit and listen to his stories of the terrible time when France lay gasping and bleeding. One evening we had been silently smoking for some time when he said: 'Did I ever tell you, monsieur, how I fell into the hands of the Germans and out again?'

Crept along cautiously when I neared the enemy's lines, for my plan was to get through the sentries without being challenged. When I heard the pickets I dropped on the ground and crawled like a snake. And yet I was nearly caught. A German officer was leaning against a tree, and I almost touched him. I lay still without breathing till he had moved away.

Conclusion. An amusing story comes from Japan of a native doctor who had so far assimilated his practice to European methods that an English resident, being ill, sent for him in the absence of the only European doctor in the district.

Koladermic Skin Food. 'FOR A PURE SKIN.' Cures all forms of acne or impure skin. Penetrates to the inner cuticle and makes the flesh firm and healthy.

BORN. Wollville, April 13, to the wife of J. J. Edis, a son. Lockport, April 6, to Dr. and Mrs. Lockwood, a son.

MARRIED. Yarmouth, April 15, Richard Gann to Annie Suttie, Somerville, Mass., April 10, John Ellis to Mary E. Crosby.

EVERY CAN OF THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS is marked with the purpose for which it is intended. It is the best paint for that purpose. Every can will cover better, look better, and last better than any other paint.

F. A. YOUNG. 736 Main St., North. If you want good reliable Knives or Scissors buy WALTER'S POPULAR TRUE BRAND CUTLERY.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. A TOURIST CAR. What It Is. A Canadian Pacific Tourist Car is similar in general appointment to the Company's Palace Sleepers.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

S.S. Prince George. BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday.

Intercolonial Railway. and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

VOL X. THEY AB. ALL KINDS. The Sole Large Price was Mr. Mowat's.

It is quite to be paid to the tickets here in they are sold not object, the The demand during or 'Loed has been of the tickets a few months the suit has been out of the city of winning so on or Montre n a patroni extent but agents are such a place portion of gu quite as large.

The newspaper vertements get the busi would take th by Sir John only paper in rick had to d columns. In this ci lotteries at c instances the Commercial thing that h have had to Honduras, E to say nothing of change g Every body ge one. T but by expr allow their p purpose but ain allowed prize winner for the next prizes, I've man named the Bank of one day. T also held tic result and d the drawing have had \$500,000.

Rev. Mr. byterian mi Fredricton is now in 'sades again treat He p words will idea of how He says the as never be and the pu ed and arou the evil. ' brighter de itual health throwing al into the fi horrible o is draggir promise an blackness s works. Me tation, the of gambin on the c condens of vic ters. We in the shap lishments, of the peo lars annu who patr wrecked to ed h pces, our educa cream of are attrac lip-spiced high and ting their of educati their con noble and are those recei character, are so m goes to sl Students ance, bar

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Sydney..... 12.00

Express from Soreau..... 8.00 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 12.00 Express from Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.00 Accommodation from Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.00