

PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 416.

ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HOW HE MET HIS DEATH.

BUCK MORAN'S FATE EXPLAINED AT LAST.

Found Dead on the Back Shore Six Years Ago—The Story of His Murder and Who Did It—The Confession of the Murderer Corroborated by a Companion.

"There is a haunted house" said a policeman to PROGRESS a few days ago.

"Where" asked the somewhat startled reporter.

"There, where Laura Francis lives" was the prompt reply "and it has been haunted since the night Buck Moran was murdered."

The house in question is the large three-story wooden structure on Sheffield street, South end known as "The Sailors Return." It, like most of the dwellings on that street has a shop on the first floor, where the tenant takes a dollar in selling liquor without a license.

Six or seven years ago when the tragedy occurred the place was kept by one George Moore, better known as "Shinney" Moore and there the raff of the district used to gather and indulge in the wildest orgies. There were women there as well as men and the chief of the gentler sex was one Margaret Sullivan who in the parlance and slang of the street was termed "Mag." She was the favorite of Moore and the pair reaped a rich harvest off the sailors who found their way into that den of drunkenness and wretchedness.

Among those who gathered at this resort was one "Buck" Moran who lived with his maiden aunts in another part of the city. Moran was one of the gang that was always on the lookout for sailors and other unfortunates who found their way into that locality.

When New Years Eve of the year 1889 came round Moran was in Moore's place. The day had been a hard one for even so battered a customer as himself. The season was the boi lay one and the inclination to "celebrate" came just as truly to the denizens of Sheffield street as to those in the more respectable parts of the city.

So Moran "celebrated" and when he arrived at Moore's in the evening he was in a half-mad, sentimental condition to bewail his hard lot and the want of capital to have a good time.

It was in this fashion that he began to talk to the Sullivan woman and his picture of his aunts in want had some powerful influence upon her for she handed "Buck" a note and told him to take it to his aunts. Had this been unobserved by Moore, Moran would probably have been alive to day but just as the note was passed to Moran "Shinney" staggered from the inner room and in his drunken, jealous rage seized a big stone beer bottle from the counter and struck Moran on the head. The blow was an awful one and without a cry or a groan Moran fell to the floor dead.

The drunken party was sobered by the awful suddenness of the act, and the wild confusion followed. Self preservation was the first consideration. All of them had seen the murder committed and each of them was implicated. The first thing to do was to hide the body. This was done by carrying it into a rear room and throwing carpets and mats over it. Then came the awful wait until the street was quiet when they might get rid of the body. Moore was dazed and in this condition almost unable to realize what he had done. Hours afterward when the new year had been ushered in, the body was taken to the Pitt street beach and there laid upon the sands.

Removing Buck's body to the shore was no easy task, but it had to be done to insure safety and throw the police off their guard. The mates were jointly implicated in the crime, and it was their duty to assist in placing a veil over that new year's tragedy. So "Shinney" and Jim O'Neill took the murdered man after the fashion of leading or assisting a drunken companion by catching the corpse under the arms and carrying or dragging it in an upright position from the Sailors Return to the back shore beach where it was next day found.

Jack Fisher, Enos Diamond, and Gen. Fox found Moran's remains where the midnight "gang" had placed it, on the sands. The police were notified of the discovery and Wednesday afternoon Jan. 3rd, Coroner Berryman held an inquest, at which, among other witnesses "Shinney" Moore gave evidence. "Shinney" did not want to testify but Coroner Berryman compelled Moore to appear at the inquest.

Moore had to be locked up in order to make him sober enough to tell all he knew. According to the daily newspaper report of the inquest, when the court re-assembled George Moore, considerably under the influence of liquor, came forward and gave his evidence, which was substantially, that on Sunday night he and the deceased had been drinking together and that they both lodged at Mag Sullivan's that night. Monday morning, deceased, who was first up, in company with witness proceeded to Sam Dunham's, and there got a bottle of whiskey. Afterwards they went back to

Sullivan's where witness went to sleep, and after this time he had no more knowledge of Moran.

To a juror—I did all the treating and paid for everything, with the exception of the bottle of whiskey which was paid for out of Mag Sullivan's money. I did not see the deceased struck in the house. I heard that the reason Mag Sullivan gave for striking the deceased with a dipper was that she accused Moran of setting me drunk and causing me to break my pledge.

Another witness Wm. Rice said that he and the deceased had been drinking together on Sunday night in Sheffield street. About midnight witness left the deceased and went home.

To the foreman—We were in "Mag" Sullivan's, on Sheffield street, and while there this woman struck the deceased with a tin dipper, inflicting a wound on the back of the head and causing the blood to flow freely down his neck. His coat was covered with blood. George Moore, who was with us, was asleep upon a bench in Sullivan's. The blow was given without any provocation, so far as I know. I can only account for the blow because the woman was drunk and was not aware of what she was doing. Saw him again on Sheffield street about 8 o'clock Monday morning. His eye seemed to have been bruised. Witness again met the deceased in Sheffield street and they drank together. They parted company between 9 and 10 o'clock. Monday night, witness going home. Witness could not tell where deceased went. That was the last time he saw him alive.

Dr. James Christie said that he made a post mortem examination of the body, and found after removing the clothes, which were full of sand, an abrasion of the skin of the left leg, also abrasion on the nose and forehead. There was a slight fish wound over the left eye, and a slight cut, about an inch and a half in length, on the top of the head, behind the left ear. He opened the body and found all the organs in the abdominal cavity in a healthy state, and the stomach empty, which latter fact proved that the deceased must have died before going into the water. There was a slight swelling on the top of the head. He also found that there had been a fracture and a displacement of the spine, from which latter injury, he believed, the deceased came to his death.

The jury returned the following verdict. That the deceased was last seen alive in an intoxicated condition and unable to take care of himself at 11 o'clock, on Monday night, the 31st December, and from that hour until the finding of his body nothing was heard or known of him. The medical testimony establishes the fact that the man's neck had been broken, but how caused the jury could not say.

Moran was buried and his murder was unavenged, save by the restless movings of his "spook" which even to this day disturbs the remaining two or three who witness that night crime.

Moore was a changed man after Moran's death. He more finished what drink he had begun. The spirit of the murdered man haunted him; his crime was always before his eyes and he began to drink worse than ever to drown the voice of conscience. The police say that from the time of Moran's tragic death Moore was not sober an hour. He could not bear the thought of sleeping in the house where his victim was killed and was never known to do so afterwards. All this time he wanted to free his mind by confessing his crime and six months afterward he did so, but it was upon his death bed and many regarded his wild talk then as the ravings of a man in the horrors of conscience as well as drink.

The police did not pay much attention to the confession. In fact it was only brought to the attention of a few of them and they thought that with the murderer dead there would be little use in following up a story which reflected upon the astuteness of the detective portion of the force.

Moore did not die in the haunts of vice but in his brother's house on Sidney street and it was just six months after Moran's death that he confessed and died.

Moore's confession was corroborated by Jim O'Neill in 1893 when he too died. Before this he told substantially the same story as Moore had.

The Sullivan woman is still in the city and at times figures in police court circles. The shade of Moran seems to haunt her still for when in liquor she raves and talks of the murdered man.

Another witness of the murder, now in the United States, gives some idea of the impression created in the minds of that particular gang that Moran's spirit haunted the house. "The police were after me," he said, "and seeing them on Sheffield street I hid in the old house but I was not there long before I saw the form of Moran upon the floor with a stone beer bottle by his head. Rather than face that I came and gave myself up." This he told to one of the officers now on the force.

Buck's ghost does not seem to trouble any but those who were in the house the night of his murder; but to the few remaining

witnesses of that night's crime, the "ghost" if such there be, his ghostship must be a terror judging from the mortal fear which overtakes them when they cross that threshold of blood.

Taking with Coroner Berryman about Moran's death that gentleman said he knew well that Moran was not drowned, and also that he had heard of Moore's confession on the man's death-bed.

The Coroner said he had many times heard Buck spoken of, and he further related how the self-confessed murderer had once threatened to kill him.

Dr. Berryman said he was shortly after he held an inquest on Bucks body that he was proceeding up Charlotte street when two men followed him and one remarked in an undertone "I will kill him. The Doctor turned quickly around and recognized "Shinney" Moore. The latter finding he had been recognized ran off.

Some of the police throw discredit upon Moore's confession but they do not attempt to deny the ghostly character of the house, nor can they account for the peculiar ravings of the Sullivan woman about Moran.

NOT PART OF THE COMEDY.

The Harkins Company is Incorpenated by the Conduco of the Comedian.

HALIFAX, April 23.—W. S. Harkins has the sympathy of all in the trouble he has experienced with the opera company which he brought to this city. The company is a good one, but has been unfortunate. Partly owing to backwardness in the rehearsals, and partly to the illness of Mr. Wilke, the academy was closed last week and the time spent rehearsing "Falks," and in the recuperation of Mr. Wilke from the effects of a severe cold.

A chief source of trouble has been the conduct of Mr. Flint, the comedian who well nigh disorganized the combination. He created a scene one day last week at the Queen hotel when he and Mr. Wilke were engaged in a rough and tumble game of fisticuffs. It seems that Wilke found Flint in the waiting room of the hotel and upbraided him for neglecting rehearsals. This enraged Flint who was not quite himself, and he struck Wilke, the leading man of the company, over the head, dealing him a violent blow. Wilke is not the man to take such a thing without remonstrance and promptly let out vigorously in return blows, proving quite too much for Flint. Mr. Dominick Farrell, one of our wealthiest and most estimable citizens, happened to be the only man besides the fighters in the room at the time, and he did his best, at last with success, to separate them.

On Saturday night Flint, who takes the comedy parts, was in condition to rehearse, and he went through his work fairly well. On Monday however, he was nowhere to be found. It was known he was in the city, but exactly where was the question.

Mr. Harkins and a policeman searched over the city, visiting every saloon in town, but the chase was vain. The time came for the ringing up the curtain for the evening performance, and still that precious comedian was under cover, no one knew where. Bitter maledictions were hurled upon the missing comedian's "flinty" head, but these brought him not back. The house was well filled by an audience that expected a good performance. The comedy in "Falks" is essential, something had to be done, and quickly done. Accordingly one of the chorus men was brought to the front and given a book, from which he read the lines that should have been spoken and acted by Flint.

The performance went off as well as could be expected. Indeed the company showed what a fine presentation they would have given had not the cast been broken by the fighting and missing comedy man.

After the show on Monday night the search was resumed, but still without result, the succeeding day brought him to light looking anything but a "comedian." Mr. Wilke must have been sorry that he did not do the comedian up completely that day in the Queen hotel when he had the chance and he thus would have had time to obtain another man for Monday.

Fooled By The Italian.

An Italian struck town last week with a travelling scissor grinding "mill". Passers-by are attracted by the novel combination of bells which sound as the vehicle is wheeled around town, and more than once have the miniature chimis worked a "sell" on some citizens. A few days ago the grinder was wheeling his cart past a well-known fire department station. The driver's acute ear soon caught the sound and thinking the small alarm bell on the upper floor was ringing pulled the stable door attachment and harnessed the horses ready for the fire. By this time another fireman came in and was surprised to see the horses in the cart and ready to start. When informed of the real cause of alarm the driver jumped off the box and with a look of disgust as he liberated the horses said, "That's the second time to-day I've been fooled by that smoked Italian."

RUEL HEADS THE LIST.

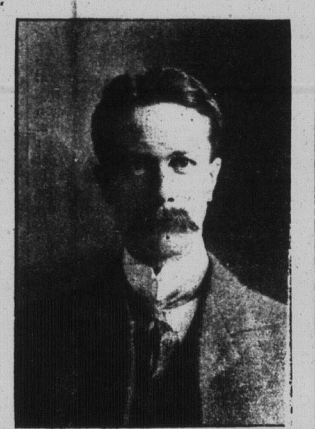
YOUNG MEN TAKE OFF THEIR COATS FOR HIM AND McARTHUR.

Mr. Baxter Left Home and Alderman McCarthy Settled—Robertson's Big Majority—Incidents of the Campaign—A Warm Time in Duffin.

The interest in the result of the civic elections this year was peculiar inasmuch as the contest all along the line was different from that in any recent year. The result was also peculiar since the unexpected happened in one or two cases and disappointment and rejoicing rested where they were not looked for.

All through that fine Tuesday the workers hustled. There were more of them than usual but their work was divided. Each man had his friends and the interests were divided. There were no "tickets" except so far as two or three candidates were concerned and this fact did not appear to benefit them any in the end.

But every hustling candidate was represented. The organization of Mr. Ruel was especially complete. The young men and personal friends of the young lawyer turned out in great force to help him along. He was pitted against one of the strongest men at the board, Alderman Blizard, who had served the city for nine years and was not too well pleased at the idea of being opposed by this young man. Alderman Blizard's confidence when the candidates



GERARD G. RUEL.

were all announced did not dismay Mr. Ruel or his friends and the organization and canvass went merrily on. It was not until nomination day that the friends of the veteran alderman began to think he was going to have a fight and then they took off their coats. It was too late and the vote stood Ruel 2280, Blizard 1168, when the ballots were counted.

So did organization tell in the case of Douglas McArthur who went into the fight against such men as Puddy and McCarthy and came out with a strong majority over the latter. McArthur had earnest, indefatigable workers and they gave him the best kind of work. In Dufferin ward he and his three brothers stood the brunt of such old timers as Alderman McGoldrick, and ex alderman John Kelly. They are old campaigners and know how to work the ward. More than that Dufferin ward is always lively on election day and hard words and fighting are things to be looked for in any contest in this division of the city. Perhaps this accounts for the presence of the following who are known the city over as men who delight in a good hard battle. John Kelly, Inspector of Light-houses was there in the interest of Ald. McGoldrick; Alex Lang, S. Ontario and other for ex-ald. McLaughlin; A. E. Macintyre, and Thos Crockett for Robertson and Ruel while Ex-Ald. J. A. Likely and George McArthur represented D. J. McLaughlin and Douglas McArthur respectively. Later in the morning Ald. McGoldrick and Douglas McArthur arrived and things began to move in lively shape.

The first encounter was between Lang and Kelly and the former gave the latter a piece of his mind. "The ex Boss" took the matter in his usual free and easy manner an although reminded that he had a government position continued to work for his friend John. Every now and then Geo. McArthur would have a preliminary skirmish of words with Billy but nothing which looked serious occurred until after "a duel" had been consummated between Kelly and McArthur and had received Macintyre's consent, so long as every ballot was marked to suit him. At dinner time Kelly brought in a lady voter who had reached the ballot box while the returning officer was enjoying some light refreshments; before the voter had a chance to give her name George McArthur was on hand and asked if she was giving "Doug" a vote to which she replied her ballot was made up and there upon Mr. Arthur took possession of the ballot and found at once that his brothers name had been erased. This brought forward some strong language from McArthur. During the speech of McArthur the lady endeavored to obtain the ballot but was unsuccessful. The returning

officer restored order and Kelly prepared a new ballot with McArthur on the ticket and the lady voted. But the end was not yet; McArthur followed it up on the sidewalk and delivered a pointed oration studded with gems of eloquence not frequently heard of an election platform and at times many thought blows would follow.

But finally the polls closed and very soon the vote began to come in. The first returns were those from Sydney, Guys, Starley and Brooks, and they gave some indication of how the battle would end.

Robertson led McLaughlin almost all along the line. The friends of the latter counted upon 200 to 300 majority in the North end but that was not given. They claimed that the people who promised to stand by them did not do so. But the defeat was taken in good part and no hard things were said.

Mayor Robertson had more than 1000 majority, Alderman Baxter was beaten by 40 votes; McArthur had nearly 400 majority over McCarthy; Ruel had 1112 more votes than Blizard; Hamm led his nearest opponent, McLaughlin by nearly 500 and Ellis by 1349; Robinson had 112 more votes than Sexton and McGoldrick's majority over Holder was 89.

The results in the different wards were curious and indicated how the workers split their tickets and struck off this name for this one and vice versa.

Lock at Sidney, for example; of course Alderman McCarthy led but instead of having a sweeping majority Douglas McArthur was only six votes behind him. In Kings ward he had a more decided lead but even there it was only 25 votes. His friends thought that McCarthy was sure of a decided majority in Prince, but McArthur leant eleven more supporters than him. And so there were surprises of this nature which accounted in the end for a considerable majority.

The vote between McLaughlin and Robertson was closer in Queens, considering the votes, than in any other ward and yet the mayor had 127 of a majority there. That was nothing compared to the figures from Dukes where 153 of a majority was placed to his credit. With such votes as these it does not take very long for a majority of a thousand to roll up. This must have been apparent to an ardent Robertson man who felt like backing his opinion that his worship would have 500 of a majority, to the extent of \$50. He found a taker early in the day and when the returns began to come in was scanning them anxiously. The smile that began to dawn upon his countenance when the figures began to tell was bewildering. He won his money easy.

Sued in the Wrong Name.

HALIFAX April 25.—Karl Doering of the Doering-Brauer conservatory of music in this city, is a German, who has come to this country to gain fame and fortune as a musician. His singing has been received with some acceptance and he has, if I am not mistaken, been heard in St. John Bay to insure perfect success he will have to learn more of Canadian law, or his lawyer will. The fact which causes this opinion is the outcome of a recent suit in which Karl Doering was the plaintiff and Miss Marion McNichol was the defendant. Miss McNichol was a pupil of Doering's and whatever the reason she did not feel called upon to pay to him the sum of \$9.05 Doering brought an action for the recovery of the amount, and the case was brought out in the court with the result that he obtained judgement. In the meantime the lady married and became Mrs. Power, in the bliss of her new estate probably forgetting all about Doering's judgement for the paltry \$9.05. Doering, however, had not forgotten it, and a few days ago he issued an execution, not against Mrs. Power but against Miss McNichol. Herein he made the mistake of the suit, getting a bad set back. He found there was now no such person as Miss McNichol, and however it might be in Germany, in Nova Scotia he could not levie under his execution against Miss McNichol the party named in the writ, for the person he was after was really Mrs. Power. So, up to date, Doering is minus his \$9.05.

Hustling For The Bicycle.

The lads and lassies are making great efforts to get those bicycles offered by PROGRESS. Some of them have more than half enough orders already and promises for many more. But they must remember that there is a long time yet. The boys and girls in this city have until May 23rd to try for the wheel—almost a month yet while those in the country who are in for the cycle will have a longer time. There is a chance for everybody and the wheels are beauties.

A Question at the School Board.

There were some questions asked at a recent meeting of the board of school trustees in regard to the fact that both Recorder Skinner and Mr. Baxter were apparently appearing for the trustees in the March case. Nothing very satisfactory

was elicited. In fact there is no record in the boards minutes that either of these gentlemen were retained. It will be remembered that Mr. Skinner in the police court expressly stated that Mr. Baxter did not represent the school trustees. No explanation was given at the board meeting however, though the board was well represented.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLAR FAVORS.

Who Are Honored by the License Commissioners With Payments.

There are few unhappy liquor dealers to day because most or all of those who applied seem to have obtained a license. Among those who are not yet favored are Jas. H. Slater, John Hays, Tom Burns, Mrs. Costigan and Geo. P. McLaughlin. The commissioners have some of these under consideration it is said.

Some surprise has been expressed that the number of licenses in several wards is in excess of those under the former law, but PROGRESS is informed that this is the way the law is construed by the commissioners who have decided to issue licenses irrespective of wards but keeping within the limit of the total number for the city.

This construction is in favor of the liquor dealer who is not forced by law to have his location in a section of the city where "business" may not be good.

The Pelican club did not get a license either. The reason has not been given yet but probably the fact that the club was not incorporated was an argument against the application. The friends of Messrs. Clark and McBriarty will be glad both of them will be able to run under the law and Mr. O'Neill who was afraid that his recently acquired property would not be of much value to him can now regard this new law with some satisfaction.

Slater appears to be in hard luck and his application has not appealed to the commissioners in the same favorable light as others have. It is a long time since Slater had a chance to work under the law and in the generous distribution of favors he might be allowed an opportunity to keep a clock and learn the hours of closing.

Three hundred dollars is the license; whether it is "spot" or so much on account will no doubt depend on the humor of the officials. There are many who can find the necessary amount to their credit at the bank but there are others who will have to make or borrow it before they can pay it.

The Flat Iron's Victory.

One day this week a lady resident on Hilyard street was called from her work to answer a door bell call. On opening the door a typical Hebrew with a large case solicited the copying of her "photo" or that of anybody else she wished. Mrs. L. informed the bland Israelite that she did not wish to add to her art gallery at present, but the agent insisted. The lady was kind enough to remonstrate with the canvasser in a lady like way, but soon changed her tactics for the Hebrew quite unused to such a reception, deftly slipped his arm around the lady's waist and endeavored to make a sale by this method of persuasion. It was only a second's distance to the stove where the lady of the house procured an 8lb. flat iron. The Hebrew fled, so did the iron. Mrs. L. was a good shot, and that sample picture will not be shown again.

A Popular Song For Nearly Nothing.

Messrs Edmanson, Bates, & Co. 45 Lombard Street, Toronto offer to send to any reader of PROGRESS who will mention this paper and enclose five cents in stamps to them, the very latest popular song "My Dad's the Engineer" with words and music, full sheet music size. This music sells for fifty cents but this firm offers it for this remarkable low price as an advertisement. They have also printed over half a million large, six page papers, containing interesting stories, reading matter and good music. The popular song "You Can't Play in Our Yard" is printed with words and music in full. A free copy of this valuable paper will be sent to anyone sending for "My Dad's the Engineer."

A Case For A Dark Closet.

A few days ago a North End lad was given a half dollar by his mother to pay a small account at a well-known grocery. The lad instead of carrying out his mother's injunction spent the fifty cents; and of course sticky hands and loss of appetite betrayed the "innocent" boy and a warm-boxed case were quite in order. The now thoroughly excited parent to prevent a hasty retreat captured the lads hat and coat, and this did not stop him. He fled to the city barbers and in his shirt sleeves, made straight for a leading furnishing firm and procuring the missing articles of clothing, charged them to his father's account. He had his revenge.

A Novel Way of Introduction.

One gets a better idea of how little known candidate Holder of Stanley ward was on election day when he is told that Douglas McArthur carried a large cabinet photograph of him around and satisfied lots of people that Mr. Holder was a pretty decent looking sort of a man even if they never saw him.

A FIRM AMONG FIRMS.

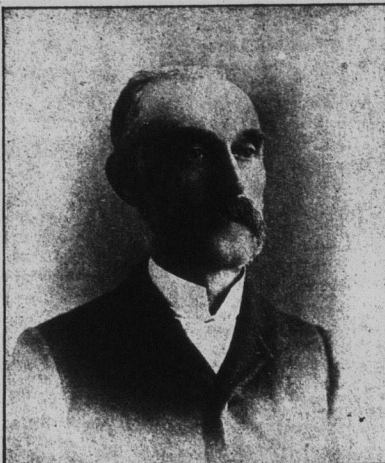
THE BUSINESS OF AN ENTERPRISING AMHERST GENTLEMAN.

Messrs. Dunlap, Cooke & Co., the Head of Which is Connected With Some Large Business Enterprises—A Brief But Comprehensive Sketch.

The county of Cumberland is recognized as one of the most productive agricultural sections in Nova Scotia. The energetic farmer finds nature at her best in the soil which she gives him. Being centrally located as a distributing point and surrounded as it is with an element so necessary for the success of large manufacturing, it is not surprising that Amherst, the shiretown of Cumberland, has made rapid strides of progress within a decade. If plenitude of monetary institutions is any indication of progress, Amherst is making good headway. For a number of years the Bank of Nova Scotia and Halifax Banking Co., have been doing a thriving business and in January last the Bank of Montreal gave evidence of its appreciation of the commercial importance of Amherst by establishing an agency there also.

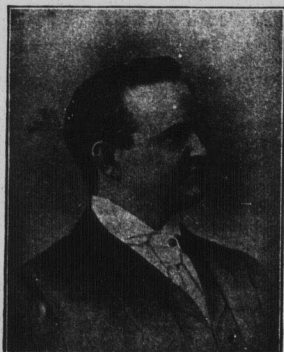
When Thomas Dunlap, the subject of this sketch, arrived in Amherst in 1866, the place was then known as "the corner" with but few business places to distinguish it from the surrounding country; today its stores and business places are magnificent structures, superior in many instances to those in our larger cities. The four firms

parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia. Besides this very important industry in connection with Dunlap, Cooke & Co.'s Amherst business, the firm's fur department, which has been added to the business since Mr. Cooke assumed the management, yearly grows in importance. Everything in both ladies and men's fur and lined garments is made to special order. Garments from the rare and costly sea otter as well as seal and seal dyed otter, chinchilla and other variety of fine furs as well as less expensive kinds are to be had from Dunlap Cooke & Co.'s valuable and well kept stock while the garments produced



THOMAS DUNLAP.

ed are of superior design and quality. Since the addition of the firm's fur department there has been a gradual demand for ladies' tailor made dresses and jackets. In order to more fully meet the demands of this department, Dunlap, Cooke & Co., have this season made special arrangements for the extension of this important branch. A magnificent line of ladies' tailor made dresses and skirts will be carried by the firm, together with a superior line of ladies' silk waists. In order to more fully meet the increasing demands of the business Dunlap Cooke & Co., have added to their present extensive premises a magnificent saleroom, 24x65 with 14 feet ceiling and a handsome plate-glass front which will enable them to meet every possible requirement of their patrons and the general public.



GEORGE W. COOKE.

which bear the names of Thomas Dunlap are of first importance in their respective localities and there is probably no man in Amherst so widely and favorably known throughout the provinces in connection with the rapid and healthy growth of his business, as Thomas Dunlap.

The firms of Dunlap Bros. & Co., and Dunlap, McKim & Co., of Walla Walla, are engaged in a very large general business—the business of Dunlap, Cooke & Co., Amherst and Vancouver is devoted to mens furnishing goods ladies and mens fine tailoring—and the manufacture of fur goods.

Geo. W. Cooke, the managing partner of Dunlap Cooke & Co., Amherst, of which the Vancouver store is a branch has been connected with the business since 1884. For many years the firm has enjoyed the reputation of producing a grade of high class goods in the different departments that must ensure for them a liberal and influential patronage from all

Mr. Dunlap the head of these different progressive businesses continues to take an active interest in everything that effects the welfare of the town. When Amherst was incorporated he was chosen mayor and for



THE AMHERST ESTABLISHMENTS.

three years gave the newly incorporated town the benefit of his long business experience. He was also one of the first to take an active part in procuring the removal of the car works from St. John to Amherst.

SOME FAMOUS PLAGIARISMS.

Clergymen and Authors Who Have Used Material Not Their Own.

A German satirist has said that there is no eighth commandment in art, and that the poet and man of letters may help himself whenever he finds material suited to him; that he may even appropriate entire columns with their carved capitals, if the temple he thus supports be beautiful and artistic. This seems to be the ethics of plagiarism enunciated by Sheridan, who in his "Critic" makes one of his characters say:

"Steal! To be sure they may, and, egad—serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."

There have been some notable instances of wholesale plagiarism which have far exceeded the limits of even Sheridan's ethics. A tragic poet, addicted to plagiarism, read a work to Alexis Piron, in which he had introduced several borrowed verses. While the poet was reading Piron frequently took off his hat and made a low bow.

"What is the reason," said the pillering poet, "of your singular behavior in lifting and bowing so frequently?"

"My conduct," replied Piron, "is not singular, for it is always my custom to make a bow whenever I meet any of my old acquaintances."

Alexander Pope published the first edition of his "Essay on Man" anonymously, and the authorship was immediately claimed by a certain scribe of Gray street. The audacious claimant met Pope one day and asked:

"How do like that last poem of mine in my 'Essay on Man? Don't you think it

pretty fair, considering that it was written one afternoon while I was skulking from the bailiff?"

"Pon my honor," replied Pope. "I think it a first-rate performance, and intend to claim it as my own at some fitting opportunity."

A similar story is related regarding the first production of George Eliot. The possessor of this pseudonym was not recognized at first. In the mean time a clergyman in the neighborhood of Leamington allowed himself to be credited with the authorship.

Dr. Richard Rolt, who after losing his place in the excise by joining the rebel army in 1745, lived for some time in Ireland and eventually became a great writer, once got an early copy of Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination" and published it as his own. The Rev. Mr. Inn published a similar thing with Dr. Campbell's "Authenticity of Gospel History," but in this instance the reverend thief was rewarded with a fat living as a token of gratitude from a patron who read the book before the robbery was discovered.

There have been some curious instances of clerical plagiarism. Dean Swift, in the course of one of those journeys to Holyhead, which it is well known he performed several times on foot, was travelling through the little town of Church Stretton, in Shropshire, and put up at the Crown Inn. Finding the landlord genial and communicative, he inquired if there was any agreeable person in the town whom he might invite to partake of dinner. The innkeeper replied that the curate of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Jones, was a very agreeable and companionable man, and would not, he supposed, have any objection to spend a few hours with a gentleman of the Dean's appearance. Dean Swift directed him to wait on Mr. Jones with his compliments, and say that a traveller would be glad to be favored with his company

at the Crown, if it were agreeable. When Mr. Jones and the Dean had dined the former made an apology for leaving, saying that at 3 o'clock he had to read prayers and preach at the church. The Dean replied that he would also attend prayers. The service being ended, and the two gentlemen having resumed their social intercourse at the Crown, the Dean began to compliment Mr. Jones on his delivery of a very appropriate sermon, and remarked that it must have cost him (Mr. Jones) some time and labor to compose such a good sermon. The curate observed that his duties were rather laborious, as he served another parish church at a distance, and that he had not much time at his disposal for the composition of sermons. In fact he could only devote a few evenings to that purpose.

"Well," said the Dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent. For my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me a very considerable time in composing."

Mr. Jones looked somewhat alarmed, and then recognized his companion, the eminent Dean, whose sermon he had stolen.

"Don't be alarmed," rejoined the Dean, "you have such an excellent delivery that I honestly declare that you have done more honor to my sermon this day than I could do myself. You gave it altogether fresh force and power."

Mr. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," mentions that the Rev. John Trusler, LL.D., a well-known bookseller and compiler who flourished in London at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, was the first to print manuscript sermons and to sell them to the clergy for insertion in their sermons. These sermons were plagiarized from existing publications. But more recently there has been a system widely prevalent in England of obtaining original sermons, written by invalid clergy and sometimes by ladies, and lithographed, so as to have the appearance of manuscript sermons. These sermons had a large circulation and are often purchased by men who have not either the leisure or the brain to produce their own compositions. The following incident took place in a cathedral city in the south of England. In this cathedral city there resided a Canon Brown, connected with the cathedral chapter, and a Mr. Brown, a Methodist minister, who thought that he had a perfect right to prefix the title "Rev." to his name. It ought perhaps to be explained that until a decision taken in the English courts about twenty-five years ago there was an objection to the title "Rev." as the sole prerogative of the State clergy. It happened that the Rev. Mr. Brown opened by mistake a number of letters intended for the Rev. Canon Brown, and he sent them to the cathedral dignitary with an apology. The Canon acknowledged the receipt in the following caustic terms:

The Reverend Canon Brown presents his compliments to Mr. Brown and accepts his apology, but he would remind him that if he would not say claim to a title to which he had no legal right such mistakes as these could not occur.

Some months afterward a packet of lithographed manuscript sermons came addressed to the Rev. Mr. Brown and was delivered at the house of the Methodist minister, who opened it. Mr. Brown immediately sent the packet to the cathedral Canon with this note:

Mr. Brown, Methodist minister, regrets that he has opened the packet of lithographed sermons by mistake; but the Reverend Canon Brown would not be so kind as to exercise an office for which he has no musical qualification such mistakes as these could not occur.

A clergyman once preached a sermon at Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, England, which was a plagiarism, but which one of his auditors commented:

"Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it."

This was told to the preacher, who resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will do so. I said that you had stolen that sermon. I find that I was wrong, for on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there still!"

A correspondent of the Athenaeum some time ago discovered a far greater piece of Paley's Natural Theology, which is copied from a series of papers, which appeared about the end of the seventeenth century in the Leipsic Transactions, by a Dutch philosopher named Nienwenydt. It is extraordinary that this discovery was not made before, seeing that the papers, after being published at Amsterdam about the year 1700, were afterward translated into English by Mr. Champerlyne, and published by Longman & Co. in 1818, about fifteen years after "Paley's Natural Theology" appeared. As Paley quotes Nienwenydt from the Leipsic Transactions, he, of course, must have known and re-used them. Paralleled passages are printed side by side in the Athenaeum.

It has been said that nearly all the leading incidents in Christian's journey in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" are taken from a book written in the fourteenth century by De Guilleville, a work which had great popularity and was translated into English early in the fifteenth century. It is probable that this captivating story impressed John Bunyan when a youth, and that it occurred to him in his solitary moments in Bedford jail.

Moore once observing Lord Byron with a book full of paper marks asked him what it was.

"Only a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to crib, as I do whenever I can, and that is the way I get the character of being an original poet."

In Moore's diary, Mr. Hallam is reported to have said that one of his friends exclaimed:

"I don't know how it is, a thing that falls flat from me seems quite an excellent joke when served up by Sheridan. I never like my own bon mots until he adopts them. Ruskin has said that all men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped. They are taught by every person they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been ottestest aided. Originality is the observing eye. It is in connection with this thought that Mr. Emerson, in writing of Shakespeare, has said: 'It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought

is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts but as soon as we have learned what to do with them they become our own."

Voltaire says somewhat indulgently that of all thefts plagiarism is the least dangerous to society. And Andrew Lang, in remarking upon this saying adds that of all forms of consolation, to about "plagiarism" is the most comforting to authors who have failed or amateurs who have never had the pluck to try. And it is for this reason, probably, that a new play seldom succeeds on the stage but some unlucky amateur produces his battered and cut-rejected manuscript and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from him, who hath fortune for his foe. Indeed, without this resource it is not known how unaccepted theatrical writers would endure their lot in life.

Isaac Disraeli tells of a certain man named Richesource who called himself "Moderator of the Academy of Philosophical Orators," who published a work under the title of "The Mask Orators," in which he endeavored to teach the way of disguising all kinds of composition—briefs, sermons, panegyrics, funeral orations, dedications, and speeches. This skillful writer says that all who apply themselves to polite literature do not always find from their own funds a sufficient supply to insure success, and that it is for such that this book is intended. He teaches them to gather in the gardens of others those fruits of which their own sterile grounds are destitute. And he shows them how to place these gathered flowers that the public shall not be able to perceive the theft. Richesource dignifies this fine art by the title of plagiarism, and thus explains it:

"The plagiarism of orators is the art or an ingenious and easy mode which some adroitly employ to change or disguise all sorts of speeches of their own composition, or that of other authors, for their pleasure or their utility, in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognize his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skillfully shall the whole be disguised."

Mr. Hardy, in an article in the Saturday Review on "The Ethics of Plagiarism," remarks that such ethics ought not to be very hard to fix, and he ventures to propose three lenient rules which he thinks may clear many great men, now falsely accused, of plagiarism. First, he would permit any great modern writers to recast and set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the middle ages. Thus Virgil had a right to all he conveys from Homer and Apollonius. Nor can Lucretius be blamed for his adaptation of the beautiful passage about the homes of the gods. Plantus and Terence, in the same way, might blamelessly adapt ideas from Menander. Mr. Hardy's second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common stores of humanity. For example, no one thinks the worse of "Called Back" because the idea had been used by Xavier de Montepin in "Le Medecin des Folles," and, to a certain extent, by Lord Lytton in the "Strange Story." And in the third place, Mr. Hardy thinks that an author has a perfect right to buy or borrow with the permission of the original author, and to publish it as his own. This rule would justify a clergyman preaching a sermon as his own provided he has obtained the writer's permission.—New York Sun.

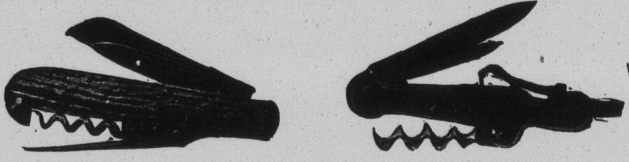
Columbia and Hartford

BICYCLES.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Ltd.

Market Square, St. John - Agents.

English Cutlery.



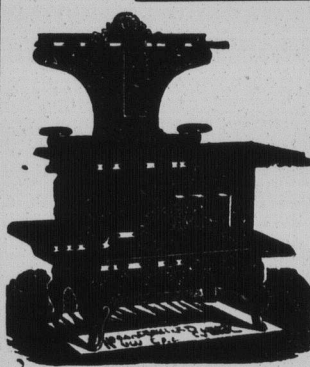
Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears.

A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Everybody Wants the Best

IF THEY CAN MANAGE TO GET IT.



No trouble to do this in the Stove line if you give us your order, for the reason that making our own goods, we can give you the best values and we know just what the goods are.

Further, we guarantee every Stove we sell to be just as represented or the money returned.

As to price, we can suit you in this respect fully and invite a close inspection and comparison.

EMERSON & FISHER.

75 to 79 Prince William Street.

Do You Want A Second-Hand Bicycle?

We have them in good running order and of almost all makes, from

\$35.00 to \$65.00.

LOOK AT THE LIST

Singers, Raleighs, Betlsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.

ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

Quick Repair Shop.

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.

Bicycle Academy, Singer Rink.

Musical and Dramatic.

MUSICAL GIBBETS.

In the matter of musical entertainment since the close of the Lenten season the citizens generally have had little to complain of in respect to the supply, whatever may be the individual opinion as to the quality. The supply has been fairly abundant, and varied enough to please all.

In the line of real musical merit and excellence the concert given at the Opera house last week under the management of Prof. L. W. Titus is, in my opinion, justly entitled to first place. Every anticipation expressed in this department last week was more than realized. Miss Tarbox of Portland Maine and Mr. Hitchcock of Boston, as every one who reads the papers is aware, were the principal soloists. The lady had been heard here before—about two years ago—and she then made such a very favorable impression that a cordial welcome was on this occasion given her by the very large and very fine audience assembled to hear her. Her first solo was Arditis "Parla" given in an admirable manner throughout, though some of her notes suggested that she was suffering from a cold, and there was an attendant sensation of regret and disappointment for a short time, because, as the piece was proceeded with this impression abated so far at least as concerned all but the lower tones. Her next numbers were "When thrums the bee" and "When the land was white with Moonlight," two beautiful songs to which she did ample justice, and during which she sang B, so easily, that comparatively few in the audience had any idea, she was singing so high, the more especially that she articulated a lengthy word on that note. Not only was this done smoothly but she sang in perfect tune throughout. It is of course almost needless to remark that she was enthusiastically encored and she graciously responded to the popular demand.

Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock was the baritone soloist and from him much was expected, because of the advance assurance of his cleverness. As a matter of realization he more than surpassed any idea that had been formed. His first selection was Schubert's "Wanderer" an old song all too seldom heard, and his interpretation and articulation joined to his mellow rich voice, in this piece was a positive delight to every

listener and won for him a prompt demand for more. To this demand he responded with "Gipsy John" for which he received almost equal applause. Just here I may say however that it occurred to me it would have been better had he finished the song with the alternative note in the clef than with the low tone of the octave. "The Vagabond" and "The Lost Chord" were Mr. Hitchcock's other principal numbers and in each instance he did himself additional credit, his rendering of the latter piece being a revelation and demonstrating in full measure the beauties of that splendid composition. More enjoyable singing has, probably never been heard here, for the special reason that every word, every syllable, was as distinctly heard, as if spoken. There was no swallowing of words as one so often listens to, rendering it oftentimes impossible to tell in what language the piece is being sung. None of that in Mr. Hitchcock's work. He sang in the vernacular, in good old-fashioned, easily understood and unmistakable English. I trust we may hear him in this city again another season. One of the finest pieces on the programme and one in which this gentleman appeared to advantage was the trio "Praise Ye" by Verdi, Miss Tarbox and Mr. Titus singing the other parts. It was so well done that its repetition was vigorously demanded and it was done over again. It is beautiful.

While paying just tribute to imported voices it must be borne in mind that the rest of the programme which was furnished from among home talent, was rendered in a most creditable manner. This local talent is well known and comprised Messrs. Titus, Carmichael, Allen and Ritchie with readings from Miss Ina S. Brown.

The accompaniments were all played by Mr. N. H. Athoe, organist of St. Andrew's church and this work was done by that gentleman in admirable form. He seemed to appreciate a fact that so many other accompanists either forget or do not know viz: that the instrumentation is for the purpose of supporting the voice and not the reverse. Mr. Athoe's judgment and good taste was admirable and general remark was made among the audience in praise of the manner in which he accompanied. He fairly earned the thanks of the soloists which were duly paid him. A man of less judgment playing the accom-

paniments could easily have spoiled the best vocal effort. The success was not a little enhanced by Mr. Athoe's good work.

Tones and Undertones.

The Hubert Wilkie Opera company will not come to this city at present.

Anton Seidl will conduct the Brooklyn Orchestra Concerts at Brighton beach this summer.

The late Jennie Kimball, mother of Corrinne left all her money to her daughter with a request to see that her husband Thomas Flaherty, does not come to want.

The opera "Rob Roy" has reached its 500th performance.

A report from London, England says that William Horace Lingard is dying there.

John Knowles Paine, musical professor at Harvard College, speaking of the Castle Square theatre production of opera says they "give proof of what can be done by American artists, trained in America and singing in the English language."

Last Monday was observed as Patriots day in Boston, and the opera "Faust" was given at the Castle Square theatre with tickets at the matinee price viz. twenty-five cents for every seat in the house, all reserved.

Frank Daniel's comic opera "The Wizard of the Nile" has made a most favorable impression on the people of Boston.

Sousa's Band open their summer season by a concert in the Boston theatre tomorrow (Sunday) evening. The organization has just returned from a tour to the Pacific coast. Miss Myrta French is the soprano soloist and Miss Carrie Duke continues to be the solo violinist with the Band.

Signor Mole, the eminent flutist, will resign from the Boston Symphony orchestra in the spring with the intention of residing permanently in Nice.

DeWolf Hopper's new opera "El Capitan" has received its Boston initial at the Tremont theatre last week. It is by Sousa and abounds with march music. A critic says "There is only one character in "El Capitan" and that is himself, and DeWolf Hopper is his worthy exponent. The music of "El Capitan" is not high class and the music for the principals hardly worthy of their vocal powers, but the choruses, and there are plenty of them, are marked with a swing, dash and vigor that is Sousa's own, and more than one of them will be heard from theatre orchestras, and the puckered mouth of the musical street urchin."

Reports from Berlin says that arrangements are being made for Herr Arthur Nikisch and the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra to visit the United States next fall. If they come it is possible they may delight audiences in some Canadian cities.

It is estimated that Mme Adelina Patti has received \$5,000,000 for her singing.

Mancinelli's opera "Hero and Leander" is to be performed for the first time at the Norwich festival in England, with Mme Albani, Edward Lloyd and the basso Milk. It will also be given in London, at the Covent Garden, with Mme Malba and the two De Reszkes in the cast.

It is now definitely announced that Mr. Mancinelli will return to New York next fall, as chief conductor of the Metropolitan opera house and of its company while visiting Boston, Chicago, and other important points.

Madame Nordica has many admirers in the United States and a recent presentation to that lady singer is described in the following account of the occasion.

Mme. Nordica was crowned with the \$5000 tiara of diamonds presented by her admirers at the performance of "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera house, N. Y., Wednesday evening of last week. The presentation was simply made after the first act, amid the shouts of the audience and wreath after wreath was thrown to the handsome singer, who appeared hand in hand with Jean De Reszka. When the handclapping had somewhat subsided, Conductor Seidl presented Mme. Nordica with a beautiful basket of flowers, into which Jean De Reszka thrust his hand and drew forth a large blue plush jewel case and handed it to Mme. Nordica, and she opened it and showed 233 glittering diamonds in their platinum setting. As soon as they caught sight of the treasure the spectators renewed their plaudits and the curtain was lowered. It was raised once more and Nordica appeared crowned with the beautiful tiara. Attached to the basket was a large envelope containing the following address to Mme. Nordica: "To Mme. Nordica—We beg your acceptance of the accompanying ornament as a token of regard from some of your friends and admirers and in recognition of your deserved artistic success, of which, as your compatriots, are we justly proud." This brief greeting bore the engrossed signature of 128 donors.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The death of John Steaton in Boston last week was a cause of much regret to his

large circle of friends and acquaintances. His death was due to heart failure which followed an attack of pneumonia. Two years ago last September he had an attack of apoplexy and one year ago last month he had another. From these he had never entirely recovered. He was sixty years of age, during thirty of which he was actively engaged in the theatrical world. His wife who survives him, was Miss Kate Stokes, once a popular actress.

Oga Nethersole's American tour of this year closes to day at St. Louis. She will sail for England on the 29th inst. on the American liner St. Paul.

The Tremont theatre Boston will be the scene of Georgia Cayvan's first Boston engagement.

John Hare, Olga Nethersole, Southern John Drew and Chevalier will all be under the management of the Frohmans next season.

Ada Rehan and company from Daly's New York theatre, delighted the Bostonians last week in an excellent repertoire. Among the plays was "The School for Scandal" in which Miss Rehan was Lady Teazle. A notice of her work says, "her performance abounded in grace, brilliancy and those swift changes of mood at which she is an adept. This character has long been one of her best."

Miss Elita Proctor Otis has made a pronounced hit in the play "The City of Pleasure" in Boston. Her role was that of a coarse, dissipated woman who wins one's sympathy by her devotedness to her young sister whom she has brought up, amid her life of debauchery, to be a pure beautiful woman. The play is in four acts and a prologue and is adapted from the French of Messieurs Decourrelles and Tarbe's "Gigolette" by George R. Lewis.

The season of several theatrical companies closes with the current month.

Lottie Collins of Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-ay fame, and of whom little has been heard recently, may be seen on this continent next season in a piece called "The New Barmaid."

Sidney Rosenfeld's play "A House of Cards" has proved a failure and the company has disbanded.

As Miss Elita Proctor Otis is about giving a production of Carmen, the question is being asked in Boston will the Otis kiss in "Carmen" equal the Nethersole kiss in the same play?

While with Frohman, Cissy Fitzgerald—she of the winking eye and mischievous

glance—has drawn a salary of \$500 per week.

Thomas Nelson Page is dramatizing a work entitled "Polly."

Charles Richman, who is Augustin Daly's new leading man, has repeated in Boston the favorable impression he made in New York.

Eugene Tompkins who purchased Hicks and Edwards' new military drama "One of the best" will change the title to "The Second Regiment." The piece is now having a run at the Adelphi in London Tompkins will produce the play shortly at the Chicago grand Opera House.

Carrie Turner who made such a success in "The Crust of Society" some time ago, has now a new play by Clyde Fitch.

A critical notice of "The Countess Guck" in which Ada Rehan plays the title role, says "The comedy as a whole is not of special merit, either in conception or in construction. It has many bright lines, and some scenes will illustrate social conditions at that time, but the merit of the production lies far more in the interpretation by the brilliant company than in the play itself; a weak company would make very little of it."

The New York Shakespeare society gave a dinner to Augustin Daly at Delmonico's last Wednesday.

Spring and Summer MILLINERY.



A grand display of all the latest novelties in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

Inspection cordially invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.
87 77 KING STREET.

'WAY DOWN IN GEORGIA.

A SIMPLE LOVE SONG.

Words by BARTON ADAMS.

Music by T. A. DARBY.

Moderato.

mf

1. The mock-ing-bird is sing-ing in the gen-tly sway-ing trees, 'Way down in Georg-ia; The
 2. Oft to that old plan-ta-tion I'd go wan-der-ing at eve, 'Way down in Georg-ia; And
 3. But stronger now the flame of love she kin-dled in my breast, 'Way down in Georg-ia; And

songs of dark-ies min-gle with the whispers of the breeze, 'Way down in Georg-ia; The
 Cu-pid's fair-y fin-gers wove the love-web strong-er weave, 'Way down in Georg-ia; She
 soon a-gain I'll tread the path my feet have oft-en pressed, 'Way down in Georg-ia; I'll

soft and melt-ing a-zure of the cloud-less south-ern skies, Is pic-tured in the mir-rors of a
 bluish-whis-pered to me, "I'm too young to mar-ry yet, And some fair north-ern beau-ty will soon
 clasp her un-re-sist-ing hand as in the days of yore, And soft-ly whis-per words of love as

Copyright, 1894, by The New York Musical Record Co.

CHORUS.
Tempo di Valse.

Gen-tly swing-ing in the cool-ing shade.....

Queen of beau-ty was that lit-tle maid:..... In

dreams I wan-der to her, And in my fan-cy woo her,

Down in that sun-ny land of Georg-ia.....

'Way down in Georgia—

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Carterbury street, S. John, N. B.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

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

Discontinuations.—Except in those localities where copies are easily reached, Progress will be stopped if the time paid for discontinuances has only been made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halfpenny Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

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

CIVIC ELECTION COMMENT.

The event of the week from the point of view of local interest was the civic election and the vote which returned Mayor Robertson by such a handsome and unexpectedly large majority and changed in some measure the complexion of the new council.

The flattering vote received by Mr. RUEL and the defeat of the veteran Alderman BLIZARD was one of the results of the contest that caused much comment.

It was unfortunate that so well informed, experienced and capable a representative as Alderman BLIZARD has proved himself to be should have been pitted against so popular an opponent.

At no time since the reorganization of the council has the advantage of the new system of voting been so apparent as at this election.

The young liberals declare TUCKER must retire and they favor the selection of McKOWN. There is talk of another convention from another list of delegates.

Mayor ROBERTSON came out of the contest with such a majority as even his warmest supporters did not hope for.

veyed in the requisition to the mayor to accept a third term and continued as alderman for Queens and deputy mayor there would have been little doubt of his return next year.

The defeat of Alderman McCARTHY and the small majority of Alderman McGOLDRICK cannot be accounted for except in one way: the former was apathetic and the latter underestimated the pride of the people in their city and institutions.

Why should the city have a branch office for the issue of bonds? Why should the school bonds as well as any other civic bonds bear the signature of the mayor and common clerk?

Good men are not always appreciated. D. J. McLAUGHLIN was one of the best finance chairmen the city ever had, and with the mayor negotiated the big loan two years ago on such favorable terms.

THE DOMINION CONTEST.

At least the Dominion elections are upon us. June 23rd is fixed as the voting day and the 15th for nomination.

In this city there is some disorder in both parties but not nearly so much in the conservative ranks as in those of the liberals.

The conservatives are not in a happy frame of mind because many of their sturdy followers do not like or countenance the support of remedial legislation by Messrs HAZEN and CHESELEY.

The young liberals declare TUCKER must retire and they favor the selection of McKOWN. There is talk of another convention from another list of delegates.

The recent accident on the C. P. R. will remind many readers that there have been many accidents on that section of this railway, which have been due to the roadbed rather than to any foreign or unforeseen cause.

According to the inquiry at the board of school trustees at a recent meeting there seems to be some lack of knowledge on the part of many members of the board in just what relation Recorder SKINNER and Alderman BAXTER stand to that body.

would always have an accurate and faithful record of the proceedings before them the next morning in such a compact shape that they could easily be preserved for reference in scrip book form.

JOSEPH B. HAMM gets the reputation of being a notable election canvasser. His vote shows it. It was certainly one to be proud of.

Why should the city have a branch office for the issue of bonds? Why should the school bonds as well as any other civic bonds bear the signature of the mayor and common clerk?

Good men are not always appreciated. D. J. McLAUGHLIN was one of the best finance chairmen the city ever had, and with the mayor negotiated the big loan two years ago on such favorable terms.

The ex-boss of Deffenry JOHN KELLY found it hard to keep out of civic politics and he had his cut off and worked for all he was worth Tuesday.

THAT WINDSOR CHURCH MATTER.

An explanation of how the DISTRESS arose and continued.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Reference was made in a previous issue of PROGRESS of a meeting for the purpose of calling a pastor to supply the Baptist church of Windsor, which proved to be of an extraordinary character.

The above meeting having been called to order and a worthy man called to the chair the balloting was carefully and cautiously performed and was satisfactory to all concerned.

Love has gone a-straying— Call him back to me, Up the silent wind-ways When will he return again? I wonder where he's gone, Since sweet love departed.

Winter Tired. I was a settler by my window, Looked out the other day, On the air all white with snowdrifts— I look you over which way?

Soon to be Issued. The Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, of Fredericton, will be issued in a short time.

A Good Thing in a Small Box. Mrs. S. N. Knowles is introducing an admirable metal polish on the local market. He is the agent and solicits orders for delivery.

Washing Windows With Tea. Try saving the tea that is left over and use it for cleaning windows, mirrors or other glass.

THE OLD-TIME GARDEN. O for a garden of the olden time Where none but long-familiar flowers grow, Where pebbled paths go winding to and fro, And honeysuckle and daffodils do grow.

THREE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

We miss her so, our blessed one, The silent step of path; Comes ever with the morning sun, But she comes not again.

We miss her so when morning light, Breaks through the long, shaded gloom; We weep to learn her feet, About her certain room.

We miss her so as fades the day, When in the shadows cool; The child on all along the way, Are coming home from school.

We miss her so the old hearth stone, No longer has its charms; It looks so desolate and lone, Since she went from our arms.

We miss her so, how can we see, Why thus our loved ones go; We miss her so, how can we see, Why thus our loved ones go.

We miss her so, how down my heart, Thy God now watcheth night; His will is still love's noblest part, Faith never ceases to be true.

We miss her so when we recall, Her last home spoken word; In sorrow deep her lips let fall, For 'tis the heart that is so sore.

Guava Vine, April 1896.

Ujico. When years have fled and time lies dead, On some future April day; And bright hopes of life have fled, To the distant far away.

The soul speaks in a thoughtful eye, And ever loves to find; What is not for each passer by, A treasure to the mind.

Guava Vine, April 1896.

Lost Love. Love has gone a-straying, Let a cloud in May, Down the silent wind-ways, Past the bonnie a day.

Love has gone a-straying— Call him back to me, Up the silent wind-ways When will he return again?

Love has gone a-straying— Call him back to me, Up the silent wind-ways When will he return again?

Winter Tired. I was a settler by my window, Looked out the other day, On the air all white with snowdrifts— I look you over which way?

I was a settler by my window, Looked out the other day, On the air all white with snowdrifts— I look you over which way?

I want to see white turn to brown, And then the brown turn green, The hillsides put their mourning on, As if they were in pain.

Out among the trees I see A woman, not yet old, And round her fall the yellow leaves, Shining like flakes of gold.

But look, from out that wind-swept tree A happy sparrow flung, Back to her young starling, Its glad song rings, and dies.

An Old-Time Garden. O for a garden of the olden time Where none but long-familiar flowers grow, Where pebbled paths go winding to and fro, And honeysuckle and daffodils do grow.

Try saving the tea that is left over and use it for cleaning windows, mirrors or other glass. It will give a fine polish and is good whether used hot or cold.

GREAT SALE OF BICYCLES.

What Mr. Cornwall Says—Wrote About the E & D Bearing.

There are two large advertisements of The Ira Cornwall Company in this issue of PROGRESS, one of them upon the tenth page which occupies the full page and the other upon the ninth, which touches upon the merits of the Cleveland bicycle, which is perhaps one of the very best machines made.

Mr. Cornwall, tells PROGRESS that his advertising has made the sale of his bicycles very large indeed and that the evidences are that the people will buy more bicycles than ever this year.

The following article from the Referee one of the leading bicycle journals in the United States touches upon the 'E & D' bearing as follows:

The Evans & Dodge patent bearings are made by the Canadian Typograph Company, of Windsor, Ont., and it is claimed by the patentees that their design approximates the ideal bearing.

The following claims are made for this patent: 1. The axis of the balls and the axis of the hub are at all times parallel, preventing the possibility of any twisting or slipping.

The strain or load cannot be carried beyond the lines of balls, and does not, as in the ordinary bearing, make a lever out of the axle with the balls as its fulcrum.

The points of contact are flat, which makes it practical to grind them after they are tempered until they are absolutely true and expose the smallest possible contact between the balls and the bearing; the speed of the ball at all points of contact is precisely the same, doing away with as much friction as it is possible to do away with and still have contact.

The pathway of the balls is the lowest point in the bearing and the natural place for the oil to accumulate and with no possible opening for it to escape, so that every time the wheel is revolved every ball and every part of the pathway is perfectly lubricated.

The outside cone which gives the adjustment to the bearing, forms in connection with the check nut on the axle, a solid box for the felt washer, the two openings being at points diagonally across the washer, so that the dust in order to enter must pass two sides of the felt washer, which is an impossibility. The felt must absorb the dust before it can pass so much surface and turn the corner.

Perfect quality in the bearing points is guaranteed at both ends by securing one spool to the axle solidly and allowing the other spool to slide on the feather and spine so that the balls will at all times find the absolute centre of the bearing's points, and no matter what the wear or adjustment may be, will travel perfectly even on the four point bearing surface.

The load is supported on both sides of the point on which it is carried, and it is carried directly over the centre of the balls.

The Ira Cornwall Co. (Ltd) are general agents for this wheel in the Maritime Provinces Newfoundland and the West India Islands.

ROMANCE OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.

Deserted Twice for Love of a Woman— Twice Repented and Surrendered.

The story of a French soldier named Massiau, recently acquitted by the court martial of Montpelier, reads a little like a romance. Young Massiau enlisted in 1882 in the Ninety-first Regiment of Infantry at Metziers. He proved an excellent soldier, and was promoted successively to the grades of corporal sergeant, sergeant-major and adjutant.

But in this they were mistaken. She found out where he was, and soon she arrived at Narbonne. Once more he deserted and went with her, this time to Spain. This second desertion was aggravated by the fact that he carried off his uniform and arms.

entered the service of the Foreign Legion Stock. He was sent off to Tonquin, where one more he proved himself to be a good soldier, and rapidly regained the galons of corporal, sergeant and sergeant-major.

But his recollection of his desertion weighed upon his mind, and his false name troubled him. Moreover, for seven years he had not seen his parents. He became homesick, and longed to visit his native place in the Ardennes. His term of serving being about to expire, he went to the colonel and told him who he was. He was sent back to Narbonne, and thence to Montpellier, where once more he appeared before the court martial. He was tried and acquitted on account of his good record, and the soldiers and spectators who were present at the trial cheered him. But he had to be again reduced to the ranks because Sergeant-Major S'ooock no longer existed in the French army.

All About A Telegram.

'What is it, Sarah?' 'It's a boy, mum, with a telegraph.' 'A telegraph! Oh, ask him if James is killed!' 'He says he don't know, mum.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do? Here, Sarah, here's the purse. Pay him— pay him whatever he asks. Oh, my poor James! I just knew a something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home in an ambulance, Sarah?' 'I s'pose so, mum.'

'Oh! it serves me right for not kissing him but three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time, too!' 'Why don't you open the telegraph, mum?' 'Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell you how I dread it.' (Reads telegram.) 'Will bring friend home to dinner. James.'—Exchange.

ON THE DOCTOR.

A well known physician tells a good story on himself. He had just arrived in town and not feeling well had left his grip at the hotel and started out for a stroll about 9 o'clock, wearing his travelling cap, and with his coat well buttoned up. In the shadow stood a ragged man.

'Cheer up, old fellow,' he said, 'stick to me and I will see that you get a good square meal.'

WAR OF THE FUTURE.

'Lieutenant!' 'Yes, sir.' 'Have you a platoon of scientists ready for active services?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Deploy them in front of the fortifications opposite our right wing with instructions to turn on the cathode rays and find out how large a force the enemy has behind those walls.'—Chicago Evening Post.

HIS NEVER-FALLING TEST.

'Old chap, I've been duck shooting, don't you know?' 'Duck shooting? Why, you don't know a tame duck from a wild one.'

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF LOVE.

'Love me little, love me long,' she warbled. 'Yes,' said he, 'But will you love me when I am short?'

NONE TOO COYDIAL.

The Hostess—I suppose this is no use of asking you to stay to dinner? The Caller—Not in that way.

Harriet Forj, who is well remembered and was much admired in this city, as a member of the Frawley Stock company at the Opera house, was playing last week in New York in the cast of a new piece entitled 'A Village Schoolmaster.' The play is descriptive of New England life, some what on the lines of 'The Old Homestead.'

So successful has the telegraph service been between London and Paris that a second cable is to be laid across the Channel, when direct communications will be established between Paris and Liverpool and Manchester as well.

More than 60,000 persons paid a shilling apiece at Glasgow lately to see Scotland beat England for the football championship. This is a record for attendance, the previous record being 45,000 at the same grounds two years ago.

The ice crop on the Kennebec River, Maine, this winter was 733,000 tons, and on the Penobscot 150,000 tons. The ice-men expect to get eighty or ninety cents a ton for ice this summer.

A queer pig story is told by the London Telegraph. A sow that had lost her tail by an accident had a litter of ten little pigs, but seeing that they all had tails, placed them all in a row and bit off the tails one by one.

The Boston Press club benefit took place last Thursday afternoon. Sir Henry Irving and his company with other special talent appeared on the occasion. Beer costs twenty-five cents a glass, or \$2 a gallon, at Circle City, Alaska.

Windsor Salt, Forest and Best.

IT'S A TREAT TO DRINK

"Tetley's" TEAS

FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.

VERY GOOD - 40c PER LB.
EXTRA GOOD - 50c " "
STILL BETTER - 60c " "
THE BEST - 70c " "

WELCOME SOAP

FOR FAMILY USE.

It is the Best. Ask your Grocer for it.

WELCOME SOAP CO., - ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE ALBERT TAR SOAP

BURTON'S ALL HEALING FOR THE SCALP AND MATERNITY CASES

THE MASTER MECHANICS EXTRAORDINARY SOAP

IS A STRONG DETERGENT, BUT POSITIVELY MAKES THE SKIN SOFT & Pliable.

ON THE Wine List

O'Keefe's Ale and O'Keefe's Lager

Are always found as the leaders. Ask for them.

Agent: Geo. P. McLAUGHLIN,

O'Keefe Brewery Co.,

St. John, N. B., 11 and 13 Water Street.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2

—IMPROVED—

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER

\$10?

Ira Cornwall, - General Agent

For the Maritime Provinces.

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

There has been very little social gaiety during the week, most of the housekeepers being deep in the unromantic work of spring house cleaning—a pleasant little diversion before which all other occupations, or amusements pale into insignificance in the feminine eye. There have been, however, one or two quiet little evening parties that were spoken of as exceedingly pleasant.

Last Friday evening the Thirty Club met with Mrs. H. S. Bridges of Orange street and a most delightful evening was spent with the three composes chosen for the evening, Haydn, Gounod, Barnby. Some excellent papers were read and the vocal and instrumental numbers were very original. Two not on the programme were read by Mrs. Carter and Miss Bridges that were rendered in a charming manner and received much flattering comment from the present. E. H. Matthews were served during the evening. Mrs. Bridges' room is very large and well adapted to entertainments and upon this occasion several who are not members of the club enjoyed her hospitality. The programme was as follows: Paper on Barnby, Miss Brown; quartette, Sweet and Low, Barnby, Miss Harrison; Miss Godard, Mr. Cruikshank, Mr. Harrison; (a) recit, and God Said, Haydn; (b) Aria, Rolling in Foam, Mr. Ritchie; solo, Spring Song, Gounod, Mr. Barbour; paper on Gounod, Mrs. Ritchie; Cavatina from Faust, Gounod, Mr. Cruikshank; quartette, Misses Fietest, Barnby, Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Scovill, Miss Hea; piano solo, Gounod, Miss Godard; solo, The King of Love, Mr. Titus; solo, The Worker, Gounod, Miss Hea; quartette, Forever with Thee, Gounod, Mr. Howard, Mr. Noble; paper on Haydn, Miss Peter; violin solo, Haydn, Mr. Watson; trio, After Night Dawns the Morrow, Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Hea; quartette, Now the day is over, Barnby, Mendelssohn quartette. It was noted that Mr. Robert Lockie, Jr. of Middleton spent a short time in the city last week and was a guest at the assembly ball last Thursday evening.

The executive of the Women's Council met with Mrs. J. Boyle Travers last Tuesday evening. Miss Bishop and Miss Burns of Bathurst are spending a short time in the city.

Miss Laura Burham of Portland Maine is in the city visiting her uncle.

Miss Mollie Robinson of Dorchester is visiting Miss Mello Yroom.

A dance is spoken of to take place in a short time, to be given by the younger matrons of society.

Mrs. J. E. B. McCready will leave shortly to join her husband in Prince Edward Island. Mrs. McCready has a very large circle of friends here who will very much regret her departure. She has been prominently connected with the Women's council and various charitable institutions and her services were highly valued by her co-workers.

Mrs. George W. Daniel of Moncton arrived this week to visit friends for a few weeks.

The dinner of St. George's society at the Aberdeen hotel last Thursday evening was one of the most successful that has been given by any society for a long time. The magnificent dining room of the Aberdeen was most gorgeously decorated with red and white roses, red and white carnations, with which was generously mixed smilax and green leaves. The same flowers formed the table decorations and the favor were red and white rosebuds. The floral decorations were supplied by Mrs. W. H. Jones and they retained their beauty and freshness for an unusually long time and were just as fresh and lovely at the close of the banquet as they were in the early part of the evening. Toasts and speech after the close of the very largely indulged and the air was filled with bright and cheerful words. It is needless to say the menu left nothing to be desired and altogether St. George's Society to k upon Thursday's celebration was the most successful they ever had.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardiner Taylor are moving into their residence at King street east this week.

Rev. Dr. Carey has given up housekeeping and will in future board with Mr. and Mrs. John McCinty of Paddock street. Mrs. Carey who has very much enjoyed her life in the city will return shortly to St. John and Miss Carey will return to Ottawa to be with her sister Mrs. Tyrell whose husband goes on an extended surveying trip to the North West.

The marriage of Mr. Herbert B. James of Annapolis and Miss Maud C. Milikan, eldest daughter of conductor James Milikan took place Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. Dr. Macrae officiating. The bridal party was unattended and the immediate relatives only of the contracting parties were present. The bride looked very pretty in a very becoming dress and was the recipient of many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. James will make their home at 75 Hazen street.

Still another event of equal importance was the marriage of Mr. Samuel Steele the newly appointed engineer of No. 1 engine company, to Miss Lizette, daughter of Mr. John Riley of Queen street. Mr. Steele's comrades in the department gave him a testimonial of their good will in the form of an elegant present.

Brussels street church was the scene of a bright little entertainment on Thursday evening in which the children of the Mission Band took part. They were very graceful in their rendition of the work entrusted to them and looked exceedingly pretty in their white dresses and wreaths of flowers. There was a hoop drill in which the children were particularly graceful and were evidently well drilled. Miss Grace Smith worked indefatigably for the success of the affair and her efforts were well rewarded.

Miss Minnie McLeod of Amherst is here visiting her sister Mrs. Leonard.

Miss Ella Hillson of Amherst is here visiting her friend Miss Milligan.

Miss Helen Miles returned from a visit to Nova Scotia recently having been recalled by the death of Mr. George Miles.

Messrs Robert and George Gillingham of Fairville have gone to Annapolis, N. S. where they will permanently reside.

An excellent concert was given in Union hall, North end on Thursday evening for the Sunday school fund of the Mission church of St. John the Baptist. The following programme was given in an excellent manner: Selection Portland male quartette duet, Rev. Mr. Davenport and Miss Massey; solo, Rev. Mr. Davenport; solo, Miss Massey; solo, Miss Matthew; clarinet duet, Messrs Williams; auto harp solo, Mr. Frodsham; reading, Miss Codner. The success of the concert was chiefly due to the efforts of Miss Codner.

Miss Estelle McNaught of Fairville has gone to Sussex to reside with her mother.

Rev. Mr. McDonald of Fairville who has been suffering from an attack of influenza is able to be out again.

The funeral of Mr. George H. Myles which took place on Monday afternoon was very largely attended. The funeral services were especially beautiful and sumptuous.

Mr. Wm. A. East, president of the Freeman's National Bank, Boston, was in the city this week and on Monday afternoon was entertained by a number of friends at the Union club.

The ladies of the Main street Christian church held a very successful concert this week in Union hall. The programme which was rather a long one was ably arranged and was sufficiently varied to maintain the interest of the audience. The vocal numbers were as follows: piano solo, Miss Pearl E. Clarke; reading, Miss Alice Leonard; reading, Miss A. Wilson; quartette, Messrs Fowler, Ford and Jesse, Mr. Kirkpatrick; reading, Bert Jordan; violin solo, F. L. Tully; tambourine solo, Messrs Gunn; reading, J. Barry Allen; violin solo, Geo. Dinsart; clarinet solo, W. G. Stratton; reading,

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

INFLAMMATION

Causes Every Known Disease!

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of unsound tissue, causing pain and disease.

External inflammation accompanies bruises, bites, cuts, stings, burns, scalds, chaps, cracks, strains, sprains, fractures, etc., and is the chief danger therefrom. Internal inflammation frequently causes outward swellings, as instances familiar to all mention pimples, tooth-ache, stiff joints and rheumatism. Yet the great majority of internal inflammations make no outside show, for which reason they are often more dangerous than the external form.

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation; such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete plan mutually dependent; therefore inflammation anywhere is felt more or less everywhere, and impairs the health. The late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned Family Physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in 1810, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy.

Send us at once your name and address, and we will send you free our New Illustrated Book, "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES," caused by inflammation. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CALL AND SEE THE Mascot Dish Washer

The only Washer with which you can wash and dry dishes without putting your hands into the water.

PRICE \$3.00.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SOLE AGENTS, J. E. WHITTAKER & CO. Successors to Whittaker & Whittaker, 38 KING STREET. P. O. Box 104 and Wool Martlets and Grocers, Tiles, etc., always on hand.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oil, it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth, and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

Look for this Print in the Snow

It is the pattern of the heel of the Granby Rubber and Overshoe. The next time you buy a pair of rubbers or overshoes ask for Granby's and look for this pattern on the heel. There is no need to take a Granby that is not the same shape as your boot, because they are made to fit every shape of shoe. A rubber that does not fit the boot will draw the foot. Granby Rubbers are thin, light, elastic and fit perfectly. They wear like iron.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MADE IN 1893.

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

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

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

E. G. SCOVIL Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 832, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

Bisquit Dubouche & Co.

COGNAC.

Shippers of the most FAMOUS Vintages of Brandies.

In Wood and Case. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

of the Foreign Legion sent off to Tonquin, he proved himself to be a rapidly regained the sergeant and sergeant-major of his desertion, for seven years he recovered, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. He was once more he appeared in uniform. He was tried martial. He was tried account of his good record and spectators who a trial cheered him. But he reduced to the ranks. He no longer ex- army. At the present admirers are making a view of getting him in rank.—From the Unit.

at a Telegram.

an, with a telegram.

th, ask him if James is

't know, mum."

he knows about it."

he knows about it is legat, and he wants

dear! What shall I do? the purse. Pay him— he asks. O's, my poor w something would hap- went away this morn- ing him home in an am-

um."

me right for not kissing es when he left. And such a short time, too!" on open the telegraf,

se I must; but, oh, I y I dread it." (Reads end home to dinner.

the Doctor.

physician tells a good He had just arrived in g well had left his grip started out for a stroll aring his travelling cap, well buttoned up. In the ged man.

er," said he, "I haven't at tonight. Can't you ed the doctor, clapping er. "I haven't had a do not know where I

oice had such a pathetic d man was touched. ellow," he said, "stick to you get a good

is now touched, and in- rained in the best re- the two sat down to- fine supper.—Louisvil

the Future.

toon of scientists ready

front of the fortifica- right wing with instrac- cathode rays and find on the enemy has behind ago Evening Post.

r-falling Test.

been duck shooting,

Why, you don't know wild one."

the wild ones got away!"

the Short of Love.

love me long." she

"But will you love me

eo Cordial.

suppose the, is no use y to dinner?" in that way.

ho is well remembered rained in this city, as a playing Stock company at as a weekly last week in ast of a new piece en- choonmaster." The play w England life, some- "The Old Homestead."

the telep service don and Paris that a he laid across the Chan- communications will be in Paris and Liverpool well.

persons paid a shilling lately to see Scotland e football championship, attendance, the pre- 45,000 at the same ago.

the Kennebec River, was 732,000 tons, and 150,000 tons. The ice- ighty or ninety cents a ton.

is told by the London that had lost her tail a litter of ten little pigs, all had tails, placed and bit off the tails one by one.

a club benefit took place noon. Sir Henry Irving with other special talent occasion.

by-five cents a glass, of the City, Alaska.

Farmer and Bead.

STEPHEN AND CALIAH.

Stephen is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

April 22. The current news club were entertained...

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Percy Lord gave a most pleasant party...

The "Travelers" club, was entertained by Mrs. Charles King...

Monday afternoon and could not receive the traveling party...

Mrs. Charles Collins entertained the "No Name" club at tea...

Mrs. R. L. Blaggett arrived from Houston on Monday...

Mr. John Stevens of Edmondston is in town on a brief visit...

Mr. Frank Thurber is in town this week and registered at the Windsor hotel...

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her mother Mrs. Eaton, who have been visiting in St. John returned home...

Mr. E. B. Snow went to St. Andrews on Tuesday to attend the funeral services...

The handsome residence on Prince William street which was the home of the late Dr. W. H. Todd has been sold...

It will be heard with regret by her many friends throughout the province that Miss Hannah Marks is seriously ill...

Miss Isabel Smith, who was returned home from Wolfville, owing to the death of her father, has been discharged from the hospital...

A pretty sight were the children of the Kindergarten school, taught by Miss George McAllister and Miss Salie Gardner...

Mrs. Albert Sawyer returned from Boston on Monday, bringing the body of his mother, Mrs. Thomas Sawyer...

The Harmony club met at "The Sims," the home of Miss Mrs. Maxwell on Tuesday evening...

Mr. R. B. Jack, C. E. who is engaged in railway construction in New Brunswick, arrived in town on Saturday...

Miss Borden, student at Mount Allison Ladies' college spent Sunday and Monday in town with her parents...

Mr. George B. Willett left town on Friday for a short trip to Boston...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

William Morris has been seriously ill, but is once more well enough to attend to his literary and artistic work...

Bangor, where they are spending a few days with their daughter, Mrs. R. P. Bontelle.

Mr. George D. Eaton has returned from Colorado, where he spent the winter.

Mrs. MacNichol and her sister, Miss Helen MacNichol have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Frederic T. Rote has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. Edward Harris left on Monday for Boston to consult physicians in regard to his falling illness.

Miss Della Lowe is visiting her friend, Mrs. Frikle in Houston, Maine.

Dr. Frank I. Blair arrived from Ottawa on Saturday, having spent a fortnight in that city with his brother, Mr. W. L. Blair of the finance department.

Mr. Frederic Morrill of Bangor spent a few days in town during the past week.

Mr. John Stevens of Edmondston is in town on a brief visit.

Mr. Frank Thurber is in town this week and registered at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her mother Mrs. Eaton, who have been visiting in St. John returned home on Monday.

Mr. E. B. Snow went to St. Andrews on Tuesday to attend the funeral services of Mr. Fletcher Stevenson, who died suddenly at Truro, N. S. on Saturday.

The handsome residence on Prince William street which was the home of the late Dr. W. H. Todd has been sold to Mr. William Dinmore, who will occupy it with his family early in May.

It will be heard with regret by her many friends throughout the province that Miss Hannah Marks is seriously ill at the home of her sister Mrs. William E. Vaughan, in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Miss Isabel Smith, who was returned home from Wolfville, owing to the death of her father, has been discharged from the hospital in the vestry of the congregational church on Tuesday afternoon.

There was a large attendance of parents and friends of the little scholars, who were greatly pleased with what they heard and saw, and the young ladies received many compliments and praise for the successful manner they conducted their work.

Mr. Albert Sawyer returned from Boston on Monday, bringing the body of his mother, Mrs. Thomas Sawyer, who after a long illness passed away on Friday last.

The Harmony club met at "The Sims," the home of Miss Mrs. Maxwell on Tuesday evening. The evening was devoted to Grand, and singing, and the following programme was given: paper on the life and compositions of Greg; by Miss E. Smith; piano solo, Watcher's Night song, Miss Carrie Barker; song, "When to Thy Vision," Mrs. Frank Grimmer; piano solo, Miss Bontelle Taylor; song, "Oh that we were Maying," Miss Jean Sprague; paper on the life and works of Gounod, Miss Josephine Hamm; song, "Nazzareth," Mrs. Hansen Grimmer; piano solo, "Pavilion" Mrs. John Black; song, "There is a Green Hill far away," Miss Cora Maxwell; piano solo, Miss Bontelle Taylor. After the musical programme refreshments were served. This was the last meeting of the club for this season, and as it has been so much enjoyed and so successful in every way, the ladies interested have decided to reorganize again early in the autumn.

After an illness of a fortnight Miss May Webber passed away suddenly on Friday morning at the residence of her brother, Mr. Harry A. Webber. She was thirty three years of age and was the fourth daughter of the late Henry Webber, who for many years was collector of this port. He was a earnest christian and was respected and esteemed by those who knew her and were her friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. O. S. Newham, from the residence of her brother and was largely attended.

A telegram was received here on Tuesday morning containing the news of the sudden death of Mr. Edward Cope at his home in Boston. Mr. Cope was a young man and for several years resided in St. Stephen where he has many friends who regret exceedingly his early death.

Mr. Elmer Anderson who spent the winter in New Hampshire arrived home this week.

Mrs. Edmund Daggett returned to Grand Manan on Friday, having spent a week in town.

Captain and Mrs. D. A. McArthur are preparing to occupy the residence on Union street, for several years has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sedgewick Webber, who intend to move into the Stewart cottage, Mrs. Webber's girlhood home.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter, on the birth of a son.

Rev. C. G. McCall is enjoying a rest and a pleasant visit in Boston and vicinity.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley spent a day or two in town during the past week and were the guests of Mrs. Chapman at the "Godwin."

Mr. Thomas T. Armstrong has returned to his home in New Haven Conn.

Miss Annie Stevens has returned from a delightful visit of several months spent in Halifax.

Mrs. E. Vroom has returned from a pleasant visit to St. John.

Miss Smith of Hampton is visiting Mrs. O. S. Newham at the Church street rectory.

Mrs. A. A. Neill has recovered from her illness and is able to drive out and visit her friends again.

Mrs. E. A. Pike returned home on Tuesday, having spent several months in Baltimore and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eaton have returned from their Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amden are visiting Boston.

Miss Beattie Wetmore arrived home on Saturday, having spent four months most pleasantly with relatives in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lowell, who spent the winter in Florida are on route for home, having reached

Mr. George D. Eaton has returned from Colorado, where he spent the winter.

Mrs. MacNichol and her sister, Miss Helen MacNichol have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Frederic T. Rote has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. Edward Harris left on Monday for Boston to consult physicians in regard to his falling illness.

Miss Della Lowe is visiting her friend, Mrs. Frikle in Houston, Maine.

Dr. Frank I. Blair arrived from Ottawa on Saturday, having spent a fortnight in that city with his brother, Mr. W. L. Blair of the finance department.

Mr. Frederic Morrill of Bangor spent a few days in town during the past week.

Mr. John Stevens of Edmondston is in town on a brief visit.

Mr. Frank Thurber is in town this week and registered at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her mother Mrs. Eaton, who have been visiting in St. John returned home on Monday.

Mr. E. B. Snow went to St. Andrews on Tuesday to attend the funeral services of Mr. Fletcher Stevenson, who died suddenly at Truro, N. S. on Saturday.

The handsome residence on Prince William street which was the home of the late Dr. W. H. Todd has been sold to Mr. William Dinmore, who will occupy it with his family early in May.

It will be heard with regret by her many friends throughout the province that Miss Hannah Marks is seriously ill at the home of her sister Mrs. William E. Vaughan, in Vancouver, British Columbia.

April 22.—Mr. Joan Stark of Richibucto is the guest of Mrs. Philip Woods.

Miss Katie Stevenson is quite ill.

Dr. R. P. Doherty, D. D. S. of Moncton, spent part of last week in Harcourt.

Rev. F. W. Murray of Bass River, returned yesterday from a meeting of the clergy at Charlottetown.

Mr. John T. Pannoy went to Newcastle on Monday night.

Mr. Duncan Stevenson of Moncton is in town today.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto was here part of last week.

Mr. George D. Eaton has returned from Colorado, where he spent the winter.

Mrs. MacNichol and her sister, Miss Helen MacNichol have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Frederic T. Rote has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. Edward Harris left on Monday for Boston to consult physicians in regard to his falling illness.

Miss Della Lowe is visiting her friend, Mrs. Frikle in Houston, Maine.

Dr. Frank I. Blair arrived from Ottawa on Saturday, having spent a fortnight in that city with his brother, Mr. W. L. Blair of the finance department.

Mr. Frederic Morrill of Bangor spent a few days in town during the past week.

Mr. John Stevens of Edmondston is in town on a brief visit.

Mr. Frank Thurber is in town this week and registered at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her mother Mrs. Eaton, who have been visiting in St. John returned home on Monday.

Mr. E. B. Snow went to St. Andrews on Tuesday to attend the funeral services of Mr. Fletcher Stevenson, who died suddenly at Truro, N. S. on Saturday.

The handsome residence on Prince William street which was the home of the late Dr. W. H. Todd has been sold to Mr. William Dinmore, who will occupy it with his family early in May.

It will be heard with regret by her many friends throughout the province that Miss Hannah Marks is seriously ill at the home of her sister Mrs. William E. Vaughan, in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Miss Isabel Smith, who was returned home from Wolfville, owing to the death of her father, has been discharged from the hospital in the vestry of the congregational church on Tuesday afternoon.

There was a large attendance of parents and friends of the little scholars, who were greatly pleased with what they heard and saw, and the young ladies received many compliments and praise for the successful manner they conducted their work.

Mr. Albert Sawyer returned from Boston on Monday, bringing the body of his mother, Mrs. Thomas Sawyer, who after a long illness passed away on Friday last.

The Harmony club met at "The Sims," the home of Miss Mrs. Maxwell on Tuesday evening. The evening was devoted to Grand, and singing, and the following programme was given: paper on the life and compositions of Greg; by Miss E. Smith; piano solo, Watcher's Night song, Miss Carrie Barker; song, "When to Thy Vision," Mrs. Frank Grimmer; piano solo, Miss Bontelle Taylor; song, "Oh that we were Maying," Miss Jean Sprague; paper on the life and works of Gounod, Miss Josephine Hamm; song, "Nazzareth," Mrs. Hansen Grimmer; piano solo, "Pavilion" Mrs. John Black; song, "There is a Green Hill far away," Miss Cora Maxwell; piano solo, Miss Bontelle Taylor. After the musical programme refreshments were served. This was the last meeting of the club for this season, and as it has been so much enjoyed and so successful in every way, the ladies interested have decided to reorganize again early in the autumn.

After an illness of a fortnight Miss May Webber passed away suddenly on Friday morning at the residence of her brother, Mr. Harry A. Webber. She was thirty three years of age and was the fourth daughter of the late Henry Webber, who for many years was collector of this port. He was a earnest christian and was respected and esteemed by those who knew her and were her friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. O. S. Newham, from the residence of her brother and was largely attended.

A telegram was received here on Tuesday morning containing the news of the sudden death of Mr. Edward Cope at his home in Boston. Mr. Cope was a young man and for several years resided in St. Stephen where he has many friends who regret exceedingly his early death.

Mr. Elmer Anderson who spent the winter in New Hampshire arrived home this week.

Mrs. Edmund Daggett returned to Grand Manan on Friday, having spent a week in town.

Captain and Mrs. D. A. McArthur are preparing to occupy the residence on Union street, for several years has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sedgewick Webber, who intend to move into the Stewart cottage, Mrs. Webber's girlhood home.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter, on the birth of a son.

Rev. C. G. McCall is enjoying a rest and a pleasant visit in Boston and vicinity.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley spent a day or two in town during the past week and were the guests of Mrs. Chapman at the "Godwin."

Mr. Thomas T. Armstrong has returned to his home in New Haven Conn.

Miss Annie Stevens has returned from a delightful visit of several months spent in Halifax.

Mrs. E. Vroom has returned from a pleasant visit to St. John.

Miss Smith of Hampton is visiting Mrs. O. S. Newham at the Church street rectory.

Mrs. A. A. Neill has recovered from her illness and is able to drive out and visit her friends again.

Mrs. E. A. Pike returned home on Tuesday, having spent several months in Baltimore and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eaton have returned from their Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amden are visiting Boston.

Miss Beattie Wetmore arrived home on Saturday, having spent four months most pleasantly with relatives in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lowell, who spent the winter in Florida are on route for home, having reached

Mr. George D. Eaton has returned from Colorado, where he spent the winter.

Mrs. MacNichol and her sister, Miss Helen MacNichol have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Frederic T. Rote has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. Edward Harris left on Monday for Boston to consult physicians in regard to his falling illness.

Miss Della Lowe is visiting her friend, Mrs. Frikle in Houston, Maine.

Dr. Frank I. Blair arrived from Ottawa on Saturday, having spent a fortnight in that city with his brother, Mr. W. L. Blair of the finance department.

Mr. Frederic Morrill of Bangor spent a few days in town during the past week.

Mr. John Stevens of Edmondston is in town on a brief visit.

Mr. Frank Thurber is in town this week and registered at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her mother Mrs. Eaton, who have been visiting in St. John returned home on Monday.

Mr. E. B. Snow went to St. Andrews on Tuesday to attend the funeral services of Mr. Fletcher Stevenson, who died suddenly at Truro, N. S. on Saturday.

The handsome residence on Prince William street which was the home of the late Dr. W. H. Todd has been sold to Mr. William Dinmore, who will occupy it with his family early in May.

It will be heard with regret by her many friends throughout the province that Miss Hannah Marks is seriously ill at the home of her sister Mrs. William E. Vaughan, in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Miss Isabel Smith, who was returned home from Wolfville, owing to the death of her father, has been discharged from the hospital in the vestry of the congregational church on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. George D. Eaton has returned from Colorado, where he spent the winter.

Mrs. MacNichol and her sister, Miss Helen MacNichol have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Frederic T. Rote has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. Edward Harris left on Monday for Boston to consult physicians in regard to his falling illness.

Miss Della Lowe is visiting her friend, Mrs. Frikle in Houston, Maine.

Dr. Frank I. Blair arrived from Ottawa on Saturday, having spent a fortnight in that city with his brother, Mr. W. L. Blair of the finance department.

Mr. Frederic Morrill of Bangor spent a few days in town during the past week.

Mr. John Stevens of Edmondston is in town on a brief visit.

Mr. Frank Thurber is in town this week and registered at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Magee and her mother Mrs. Eaton, who have been visiting in St. John returned home on Monday.

Mr. E. B. Snow went to St. Andrews on Tuesday to attend the funeral services of Mr. Fletcher Stevenson, who died suddenly at Truro, N. S. on Saturday.

The handsome residence on Prince William street which was the home of the late Dr. W. H. Todd has been sold to Mr. William Dinmore, who will occupy it with his family early in May.

It will be heard with regret by her many friends throughout the province that Miss Hannah Marks is seriously ill at the home of her sister Mrs. William E. Vaughan, in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Miss Isabel Smith, who was returned home from Wolfville, owing to the death of her father, has been discharged from the hospital in the vestry of the congregational church on Tuesday afternoon.

There was a large attendance of parents and friends of the little scholars, who were greatly pleased with what they heard and saw, and the young ladies received many compliments and praise for the successful manner they conducted their work.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Rupert E. Sullivan has returned from a trip through New England and the Southern States.

Mr. George Blackburn and Mr. G. Ernest Blackburn of London Eng., are staying in the city.

Mr. Fred S. White of Montreal was here for a few days this week.

Mr. H. H. Schaefer and Mrs. Schaefer of Montreal spent Thursday in the city.

Mr. E. W. Spilke who has been here staying with Mr. Spilke who has charge of the C. F. R. station at Stand point, returned to Montreal this week.

Mr. Thos. Nairn, Mr. Wm. Blair of the Donaldson line and Mrs. Blair, returned to Montreal Wednesday.

Judge Willou of Moncton spent a day or two here lately.

Mrs. A. Putnam of Montreal, N.S., is visiting St. John.

Mr. W. A. C. Mead of Toronto is staying in the city.

Rev. Mr. Burgess and Mrs. Burgess left Wednesday afternoon for their home in California after making a delightful visit to city relatives.

Several families will spend the summer at Duck Cove, and the cottages built by Mr. Jack were all taken several weeks ago.

Dr. Wm. Simon left Thursday for a trip to Toronto.

Mr. J. G. Graham Alkan superintendent of the Cunard, P. & B., returned, and Mrs. A. Kins were in the city this week.

Mrs. David Lynch and Mrs. James Harley returned Thursday from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Barn of Moncton spent Thursday in the city.

Mrs. Daniel G. Davis who used to Honolulu with her son, Mr. George A. Davis returned home recently.

Mr. Thomas Fish, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, at Halifax, visited St. John this week.

Mr. Walter Rennie went up to Fredericton Saturday and spent a day or two with friends.

Miss Annie Hill returned from Fredericton this week with her father Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, M. P.

Misses Johnston of Fredericton spent a day or two here lately with friends.

Mrs. H. Sharp of Marysville is here visiting her sister Mrs. (Dr.) McIntosh, King square.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Ford.]

April 22.—The most prominent function of last week was the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman at their home on Church street when their daughter Miss Nellie Chapman made her debut in society.

Mrs. A. D. Taylor wore a black and white gown with black and white trimmings.

Mrs. N. A. Curry wore one of the prettiest dresses in the room, it was heliotrope brocade silk, and was most becoming to its wearer.

Mrs. C. S. McLeod was in black lace over blue silk.

Mrs. A. D. Taylor wore heliotrope silk, prettily trimmed with heliotrope velvet.

Mrs. R. C. Fuller wore a pretty dress of a peculiar shade of brown, trimmed with cream chiffon.

Mrs. D. W. Robb, pink silk trimmed with pink silk and cream lace.

Miss Main wore a dress of cream satin with cream net with silver, which was very pretty and effective.

Mrs. Ledy, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. MacDonald Spring street, returned to her home in Dartmouth on Monday.

Miss Ella Hamilton went to St. John on Tuesday to pay a visit to her friend, Miss Milligan.

Rev. Mr. Layton of Edmunds, preached at both services in the Presbyterian church on Sunday Mr. McCrever taking the services at Dorchester.

Mr. Rich. Kennedy and sister, Miss Jennie Kennedy, of Halifax, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. Morris MacKinnon has returned home from Dalhousie College for the holidays.

Mrs. Helen Miles who has been visiting Miss Curry was called to St. John on Saturday, owing to the death of a near relative Mr. George Miles of that city.

Miss Annie Jodrey has returned from a very pleasant little visit to Miss Emma Davis in St. John.

Mr. J. H. Crocker and little Ralph Roger assisted at the Y. M. C. A. gymnastic exhibition in Truro on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday evening the junior branch of the Y. M. C. A. will hold an exhibition at which the medals which have been on exhibition for so long a time will be given to the winners of the various classes.

The young ladies of the Methodist church have issued invitations for a birthday party to be given on Thursday evening in the basement of their church.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" which came off last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was not only a great success financially but a splendid revelation of the musical capabilities of those who participated in it.

The ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. have also sent invitations for one to be held in their hall on Friday.

Mass, where she has been visiting her mother Mrs. Lynch for the past five months.

Mr. Wm. Purchase and Mr. E. Golding are in the city for a few days.

The news of the death of Mr. Fletcher Stevenson was received here with deep regret.

Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of the U. N. B. was well known and had many friends in the city.

Mr. Stevenson died at the home of his mother in Truro, N. S.

CRICKET. AN NARROW ESCAPE. Mr. Lucky man Was Innocent, but Could He Have Provided?

"As an illustration of how easy it is to become the victim of circumstances and how the strongest kind of proof may be established against a person entirely innocent of criminal intent merely through false appearance, I wish to narrate to you an incident in my own experience," said a gentleman to a reporter of the Washington Star.

"Some years ago I occupied a house on Blanket street in this city, and as there was more room than the family needed the third floor was rented, the occupants thereof being a newly wedded couple.

The husband's work kept him from home at night, though sometimes, when work was slack, he would get in before daylight.

My sleeping room was immediately beneath that occupied by the tenets.

At the time I speak of there was also another lodger in the house, not confined to any particular floor or room, but having the run of the whole premises.

This was a pet cat, a great favorite with all of us. This same cat came very near getting me into serious trouble.

On one occasion she found a work's leave of absence. We never ascertained where or how she spent the time, and no trace of her could be found.

"But the cat came back." "One night I was aroused from a deep sleep to hear a piteous mew at the upper door."

I hastily arose and without taking the time to even put on my slippers I hurried down and admitted the wanderer.

I then started upstairs to my room, but by some mental aberration I seemed to forget its location, passed it by and went on up to the third floor.

"For a moment I was completely upset and failed to realize the situation. Then, recovering my senses, I softly sole out, without attempting to close the door.

I had been in my room less than five minutes when there was a rattle at the front door as the key was inserted and in walked Mr. Youngblood.

Quietly he sped upstairs, and soon after I heard a somewhat animated discussion, in which the fact of the room door being open seemed to cut quite a figure.

I didn't go up and explain the matter. In fact, I was so impressed with the narrow escape I had made that I was compelled to resort to the contents of a small bottle to steady my nerves.

What a wonderful difference a few minutes may make in the affairs of mankind. I was never before so struck with the value of time.

"The only way in which I can explain my mistake is this: There was a basement to the house and I usually entered it by way of a trap door in my chamber in such event I was, of course, compelled to ascend two flights of stairs, and the habit thus formed was, in my sleepy state, have led to the error.

The first thing I knew I was standing, clad only in one very much abbreviated pair of trousers, in the open doorway.

The door was unlocked, and I had opened it and stepped in without disturbing the sole occupant, the young wife.

There before me, by the light streaming through an open window, I could plainly see madame wrapped in slumber, unconscious of the proximity of a stray man, calmly, yet not quietly, musing, in the tenement room.

"Now, suppose I had been discovered by the young wife as I entered, or by the husband as I came out! What construction would have been put on the situation? Would my explanation have availed? Hardly.

Suppose, as is most likely, a row had occurred, and the matter had gone into the courts. What would a jury have thought of my apparently all too diaphanous story? I hate to think of what the consequences might have been, both to myself and to others.

"It is true, my character was, and still is, fairly good, and the cat was there to testify in my behalf, but I fear that would not have helped me much. But suppose me exonerated by a jury. Would not 'suspicion, strong as proof of holy writ,' have damned me in public estimation? 'I haven't the least doubt of it.'

"The experience of that, to me, eventual night taught me a powerful lesson. I have since been exceedingly careful in passing judgment upon others when the evidence is based on appearances only, no matter how convincing these may seem.

"I sometimes meet my former tenants, now pater and mater families, but I never do so without experiencing an uncomfortable feeling.

"I may say, in conclusion, that I am also mighty particular how I travel about at night, especially when garbed only in rectitude and a very short robe de nuit."

of the affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and it's too big for the conservatory; stick it up on the lawn, and if that isn't your style, put the next lot in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is John," she confessed at last, "I don't know just where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep family trees and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."—Chicago Post.

Quick Eye of the Blue Runner. "Talk about quickness of vision," said the runner yesterday, "I doubt if there is anything else which has such remarkable eyesight as an ordinary blue runner. You know that I am a pretty good shot with a rifle. Well, the other day, I was roaming about the fields, when I saw a blue runner stretched out at the base of a small tree. He saw me also, but did not move, although I could see his eyes glitten in the sunlight. I raised the gun, drew a deliberate bead on his head, and fired. He was still there when the smoke cleared away, but I had not touched him. I fired again and again, and then grew tired. I realized that he saw the bullets and simply dodged them, and escaped. Just then a man came across the field, called him and asked him to attract the attention of the snake for a moment. The moment I observed that the runner had taken in the situation, and was not looking at me, I fired and killed him. Now to show you that he had dodged the balls, I found every bullet that had hit my gun in a space the size of a button just behind the place his head had occupied. Quick? Why a blue runner can see a streak of lightning before it pierces the clouds."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Clara Barton's Victory. "Loss who believed that Miss Cava Barton was depending on a fool's errand when she started for Turkey with relief for the Armenians, in face of the sul's avowal that she would not be permitted to distribute it, are now called upon to witness the success of this noble woman's efforts. With indomitable faith, she refused to take no for an answer from the Sultan, and went along calmly with her preparations, proceeded to Constantinople on her humane mission, and there made a personal appeal to be allowed to administer succor to the miserable Armenians. At first she was only partially successful, but now comes the gratifying news that Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish foreign minister, has given his assent to the demand that all relief afforded to the Armenians by the agents of the American Red Cross Society shall be distributed unconditionally, except that one member of the Turkish relief commission shall be present. Accordingly, the work of relief under these conditions will go forward bravely, and the world will have additional reason to be grateful to Miss Barton for her unflinching selfless and altogether noble efforts in behalf of suffering humanity."—Philadelphia North American.

Popular Course Decoration. It has been the habit to laugh at the "Johnny" with his enormous chrysanthemum. Now the women are taking to the big flower, although not necessarily a chrysanthemum. To be up-to-date, the feminine corsage must be decorated with a flower of tremendous proportions—a poppy, a wild rose, a lily or a single dahlia. Any of these flowers will do, but the blossom must be as big as it can get.

The idea is a great deal like the sunflower of ten or fifteen years ago, when the craze of estheticism was worn by everybody. It is true that the sunflower was not so handsome as some of the flowers that are popular now, so that the woman of today is better than she was when everything was "precious," and angularity was regarded as the outward sign of refinement.

The single blossom must be fastened in the middle of the corsage, and if the woman has some difficulty in seeing over the top of it, so much the more stylish she.—New York Press.

A Thoughtful Wife. The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening's calls, but as he retted back in his easy chair, and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him, he asked affectionately: "And has my little wife been lonely?" "Oh, no," she said animatedly; "at least, not very. I've found something to busy myself with."

"Indeed!" he said. "What is it?" "Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" he asked interestedly. "Oh, I send them to the neighbors so they can see what we can do. There's a lodging house gets most of it. It's great fun."

"Dear little woman," leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always anxious to extend it."—Bargor Commercial.

A German arithmetician has calculated that if the 1,480,000 inhabitants of this globe were all enclosed in one space, just large enough to hold them, a good bicyclist could make the circuit of them in less than four hours. The Isle of Man would be large enough to hold them all.

An improved snake story comes from Calcutta. Two tame pythons were kept together, when one swallowed the other. The inside snake, feeling uncomfortable in the other's midst, proceeded to eat its way out at the other end.

A young woman, on becoming lost in North London, is said to have applied to a post-office, and was safely conducted to her home by messenger, a charge being made for her as a special delivery parcel.

Umbrellas Made, Repaired, Repaired by Dwyer, 27 Waterloo St.

A Story of De Freycinet.

A story is told of the French minister, M. de Freycinet. In the midst of the trial of a man for high treason, he became deeply interested in an argument with the accused to the effect that his crime might have been committed much more easily and cheaply.

M. de Freycinet is a man of fine character and ability. Before he became a politician he was a skillful engineer. When he was president of the judicial council a man who was accused of helping to pull down the Column Vendome in 1871 was brought before him.

The man confessed his guilt, but pleaded that he was young and fanatical at the time, and that he had been drawn into helping to pull down the column by his pride as an engineer in arranging scaffolds and ropes to accomplish the feat.

"You are a criminal," said the minister, severely. "You insulted the history and the glory of the country in destroying that column. 'But,' he reflected a moment, 'How did you do it? As a question of engineering, I would like to know.'"

"Oh, it was very simple," replied the accused, and he sat down at the table, drew out a plan, and calculated lines, curves and angles, while the minister bent over him, following the work with interest.

As it went on, however, Freycinet shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and smiled and when it was finished, took paper and pencil, and said: "This is not bad, but you might have done it more easily and economically."

Then in his turn covering the paper with curves, angles and calculations, he proved that twice as much time and money as were necessary had been expended.

"However," he concluded severely, "you were guilty of high treason against the nation, and must pay the penalty." The engineer did not say a word with a light sentence, but he had much satisfaction in replying: "Ah, monsieur, but did you not just now say that it had cost me too much already?"—Savannah News.

Victoria's Favorite Books. All through her life, although it has been a busy one, the queen has, says a contemporary, been a great reader. There is hardly any book of note that has not passed through her hands.

During her majesty's reign she has made a collection of 80,000 volumes, kept under charge of a librarian and two assistants at Windsor. Lord Bacon's novels and Lord Tennyson's poems with Charles Dickens' works have for years constituted her majesty's favorite reading.

Strange to say, Thackeray's works have never been on the list, although the queen's favorite author, and of his works she possesses handsomely bound sets of almost every edition that has been issued. Sunday is the queen's principal day for reading, when one of Mrs. Oliphant's novels is frequently chosen.—Fitzburg Dispatch.

The Woman's Watch. Fashionable watches are very small; the ordinary size is about an inch in diameter. They are carved with decorations, either encrusted with diamonds or covered with colored enamels. If there is a fob or pin it is decorated to match. There are also plain gold cases perfectly amou h. The old Geneva patterns of engraved concentric lines seem to have disappeared.

There is an awkwardness in placing a watch on feminine dress. If it is pinned on one side of the bodice it looks foolishly like a society decoration, and if it is worn on a long chain dangling from the neck the chain is conspicuous, because it is out of harmony with the dress. Both these fashions are seen, the last one preferable.

The chain in vogue is of fine links, interspersed with pearls. Better than either of these is the fob chain or chateaine clasp, and it is the only method that taste can justify for a watch worn out in sight.—New York Advertiser.

Women holding foreign medical diplomas are now allowed to register as doctors in Austria.

When a gown can be called a "poom," then we have obviously reached the perfection of grace and beauty. The modiste is much; the material is more. Priestley's black dress fabrics are noted for their easy fitting quality, for the refinement which gives them a peculiar distinction. Priestley's new creation, the "Eudora," appears to be their best; it is their famous Henriette can be beaten. In glow, in quality, in buoyant draping effects, the "Eudora" takes the palm. Its superior practical features are greater width, greater weight, and an absolute imperviousness to dust. Wrapped on "The Varied Board" and the name, Priestley, stamped on every five yards.

The Little Circle Broken. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Larsen will regret to learn that their bright little child has been taken from them. Theirs was a happy circle broken all too soon. Mr. Larsen has many friends among Progress readers and all will sympathize with him and his wife at the present time.

Accepted. "So Budger bored you to death until you gave him a job?" "How do you know that?" "Why, he told me he had concluded to accept a position in your office."

Chairs Reupholstered, Gas, Oil, Paint, Perforated by Havel, 17 Waterloo Street.

BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCING HOOD'S WIRE ROPE SELVAGE.

Manufactured and Sold by THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD. Picton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect.

How Long To Keep Lumber.

Three years is plenty to have it air seasoned. Many makers claim to keep lumber 25 years, but such claims are unreasonable, unnecessary and untruthful.

We keep ours three or four years and then we kiln-dry it, by a new process, before we use a single stick of it in our pianos. Wood that is air-seasoned only contains a percentage of moisture that is dried out in the hot air of our hot houses, and the consequent warping ruins the piano to insure durability, and it is not worth the cost.

Our new process is the only perfectly satisfactory way. For a durable, handsome, warless piano, see ours.

For points on pianos read these ads. . . .

Platte Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL. Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

When Ellen Terry played Pack, Kate Terry was the Titania. Miss Terry tells of an incident during the run of that piece, of which she still speaks with feeling recollections. At the end Pack comes through the trap to deliver the final speech.

"Up I came," narrates Miss Terry, "but not quite up, for the man closed the trap too quickly and caught my toe. I screamed. Kate rushed to me and stamped her foot on the floor. But this man, mistaking the signal, closed the trap tighter. 'Oh, Katie, Katie, I cried in agony.' 'Oh, Nelly, Nelly,' replied my sympathetic sister.

"Then Mrs. Keen rushed up and made them release my poor toe. 'Finish the play, dear,' whispered Mrs. Keen, 'and I'll double your salary.' There was Katie holding me upon one side, and Mrs. Keen on the other, and this is the way I did it: I for awhile have off-ended (oh, Katie, Katie) I think but this and all is mended (I hope my toe will).

"That you have stumbled here. While this vision did appear (I can't I can't), and this weak and idle theme. No more yielding than a dream (oh, dear, oh, dear, and a sob).

"But I had my salary doubled and made a life-long friend, for Mr. Keen, president of the St. Bartholomew Hospital, chanced to be in the house that night, and he fixed my toe and remained my friend ever afterwards."—The Stage and Field.

\$2,000,000 Destroyed. "We have done away with the two-million-dollar bundle of money that we used to allow the brides who visited the vaults to handle," says a Treasury guide, "and they do not seem to be pleased with it. Many is the bride to whom I have handed the bundle, marked two million dollars, with the remark: 'Now you can say you had two million dollars in your hands.' It ticked them wonderfully, and they went away happy, but ignorant of what they handled. What was the bundle? I don't remember distinctly, but there was no money in it. The weight I know was made up of two 'o' cent reports. It served them as well as real money."—Washington Star.

When a gown can be called a "poom," then we have obviously reached the perfection of grace and beauty. The modiste is much; the material is more. Priestley's black dress fabrics are noted for their easy fitting quality, for the refinement which gives them a peculiar distinction. Priestley's new creation, the "Eudora," appears to be their best; it is their famous Henriette can be beaten. In glow, in quality, in buoyant draping effects, the "Eudora" takes the palm. Its superior practical features are greater width, greater weight, and an absolute imperviousness to dust. Wrapped on "The Varied Board" and the name, Priestley, stamped on every five yards.

The Little Circle Broken. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Larsen will regret to learn that their bright little child has been taken from them. Theirs was a happy circle broken all too soon. Mr. Larsen has many friends among Progress readers and all will sympathize with him and his wife at the present time.

Accepted. "So Budger bored you to death until you gave him a job?" "How do you know that?" "Why, he told me he had concluded to accept a position in your office."

Chairs Reupholstered, Gas, Oil, Paint, Perforated by Havel, 17 Waterloo Street.

BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCING HOOD'S WIRE ROPE SELVAGE.

Manufactured and Sold by THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD. Picton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect.

Umbrellas Made, Repaired, Repaired by Dwyer, 27 Waterloo St.



Weak, Tired, Nervous. Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse: 'I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier and blood tonic. Hood's Pills, 7, Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.'

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect.

Umbrellas Made, Repaired, Repaired by Dwyer, 27 Waterloo St.

BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCING HOOD'S WIRE ROPE SELVAGE.

Manufactured and Sold by THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD. Picton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect.

Umbrellas Made, Repaired, Repaired by Dwyer, 27 Waterloo St.

BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCING HOOD'S WIRE ROPE SELVAGE.

Manufactured and Sold by THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD. Picton, Ontario.

Weak, Tired, Nervous. Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse: 'I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896.

THE JUDGE AFTER THEM.

MR. JUSTICE TOWNSEND OF THE NOVA SCOTIA COURT.

Reprimands Some of the Legal Talent for not Observing the Dignity of the Court—An Anecdote of the Past and How Justice Preval'd.

HALIFAX, April 25.—Mr. Justice Townsend, of the supreme court bench of Nova Scotia, is determined to maintain the full dignity of his court, and rightly so. In upholding this dignity the other day he found it necessary to speak plainly and administer a severe rebuke to Lawyers Whitman and Fulton and Prothonotary Holmes.

This arose over a copy obtained by Alfred Whitman on behalf of a new York firm of bankers against Charles Stern, a new York broker who was arrested in Halifax. W. H. Fulton was acting on the other side.

Mr. Whitman came in for a double chastisement at the judge's hands.

On the first occasion he had Mr. Fulton and the prothonotary for companions in misery, but on the second he had to stand it alone.

The first offence, in which all three had a part, was this: Mr. Fulton went to Mr. Justice Townsend's house late at night and aroused him from sleep to obtain an order granting a stay of proceedings.

It was granted, on the strength of Mr. Fulton's representations that the case was urgent. Of course it was taken for granted that Mr. Whitman would be served with a copy of the order first thing in the morning, but this was not done, and not till the afternoon, it then, did Mr. Fulton acquaint the opposing lawyer with his proceeding.

He, however, filed the order with the prothonotary. For thus concealing from Mr. Whitman what he had done Mr. Justice Townsend deemed it his duty to administer a severe reprimand to Mr. Fulton, punishment which the young lawyer stood like a man.

Mr. Whitman's share in the offence and for which he was also called on to suffer, was in the fact that though he had not received a copy of the order from Mr. Fulton, yet he, as a matter of fact, knew that it had been granted, but did not govern himself accordingly. He knew that the order had been filed with the prothonotary, or he should have known, yet he had a judgment entered up just as if the order obtained by Mr. Fulton had not been obtained, and had not been filed in the prothonotary's office. For this contempt he was reprimanded, and he, too, took his punishment like a man.

Prothonotary Holmes was as capable as any of the trio. He had allowed Whitman to enter up his judgment despite the fact that an order to stay proceedings, granted by Mr. Justice Townsend, had been placed on his records. This was an offence which could not be overlooked and His lordship did not by any means overlook it, but expressed himself with considerable freedom regarding such conduct by an officer of the court.

On the occasion of the second judicial castigation Lawyer Whitman had to bear it alone. It seems the barrister went to the house of the justice during the evening to urge that a judgment be given next day, as he was going out of town. The case had been heard only that day and it was rushing matters to thus ask for a judgment instantly. The judge was not at home, and a message was left by Mr. Whitman. Accordingly next day, in court instead of a decision the judge again wielded the judicial whip over the lawyer's shoulders, doing it so effectively that one of the evening papers ventured to remark the same evening, that the judge "had severely reprimanded a lawyer in court that day." Whitman eventually won his case, however.

It is perfectly right to maintain the dignity of the bench and all good citizens will give Mr. Justice Townsend credit for his efforts in this direction. Yet how different his conduct was from what has been known in that same court in days gone by, and before a judge who is now numbered with the dead. The case in question under the old regime, had taken several days to fight, and judge, witnesses and lawyers were all tired. Time passed and judgment did not come, however. One night a lawyer, interested in the case, and who is now a bright light in the bar of this province and of this city, made a call on the judge somewhat similar to that of Mr. Whitman. But how different his reception.

The judge admitted that he had forgotten the merits of the case and advised the lawyer to recapitulate the points that had been made on the trial. This he willingly did, completely refreshing the judge's memory. Then the judge suggested that the lawyer write out a judgment in his own favor as it made little difference, for the case would be appealed to the full bench any how. Under those circumstances the lawyer wrote the decision in his own favor and the judge duly delivered it. "O tempora, O mores!"

The Mikado's Old Family.

The Mikado is the religious head of the Japanese as well as their ruler. His place is hereditary, and it has been filled by

members of his family for more than 2,500 years. His is incomparably the most ancient lineage known. The Mikado is the 122nd of the line. The founder of it, whose hope of prosperity in his wildest dreams could not have equalled the result, was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 660 B. C. Of the seven great religions enumerated by Max Muller as possessing Bibles, the Mikado's family is older than five.

HE WILL LIVE AT THE ARM.

Senator McKeen of Cape Breton and his New Summer Residence.

HALIFAX, April 23.—The papers have noticed the fact that Hon. Senator McKeen, late manager of the Dominion coal company has instructed a firm of architects in this city to prepare plans for the erection of a mansion for him at Maplewood, on the banks of the North-West Arm. The North-West Arm is the prettiest and wealthiest residential locality in Nova Scotia, and Maplewood is, in some respect, the most beautiful location on the Arm. Senator McKeen's advent as the future lord of Maplewood is a striking example of the changes which the whirligig of time often brings about.

Maplewood is the old home of M. B. Almon, a representative of what is one of the oldest families in Halifax and what was one of the wealthiest. It was the abode of luxury and magnificence and the home of beauty and fashion. Everything that the heart of man could wish was there provided, the cost not entering into the calculation. Yet this reign of pleasure came to an end some years ago because the money to maintain it on such a scale had melted away. The unbounded hospitality of the Almons at Maplewood became a thing of the past and the place that knew them one knows them now no more. Their fortune had vanished.

Not far from Maplewood is Pine Hill, a former residence of another of the old families of Halifax, and which is now occupied by the Presbyterian theological college. Its old owners left Pine Hill prior to the exit of the Almons from Maplewood, but their history of magnificent entertaining and luxurious living is somewhat similar, and its end the same.

While these people were thus spending fortunes David McKeen, was striving hard to make one, down in the coal mines of Cape Breton. He was an honest, hard-headed Scotman, who knew the value of a dollar. He realized the fact that if a dollar was worth earning it was worth keeping as long as possible, or as long as he honestly could. Fifteen years or more ago, when the Almons were reigning at Maplewood David McKeen was not worth a dollar, above what he knew very well how to profitably spend. But he was working. He became manager of the Caledonia coal mines and subsequently became their owner, though some years ago people would have said perhaps, that he might be just as well off without them. He saw more wisely than those critics if there were any such, and held on to the property. Now it has made him one of the rich men of Nova Scotia, and the commander of as much money as any of the so-called nabobs who were on the North-West Arm before him. The Dominion coal company was organized and out of the sale of the Caledonia mines to the Great Whitney corporation David McKeen drew as much as \$400,000. Now, when he is but little past middle age he is able to retire from business, a senator of the Dominion of Canada, and he takes up his residence on the Arm, among the people who pride themselves as much upon social standing as upon their money, and in a house which he will build superior to any of them.

The exit of the Almons from Maplewood, and the entrance of the McKeens, furnishes an illustration of the rapid changes which time can bring about, and of the fact that a cost must be cut according to the cloth at one's disposal.

This story shows the foolishness of the young man, who lives beyond his means. Had David McKeen done as many young men in this city—spent every dollar that came his way before he earned it,—he would never have become owner of the Caledonia mines; never have become worth at least \$400,000, and would not be a prospective owner of the finest mansion on the north-west Arm. There are many young men in this city who dress in the height of fashion, and who live like fighting cocks, whose credit is N. G. who are "head over ears" in debt, and who often find themselves compelled to dodge round a corner to avoid meeting an approaching creditor. Let all such take a leaf out of David McKeen's book before it is too late, and they are called upon to make a quick exit.

The Season Begun.

"Have you begun making a garden yet, Mr. Outsiders?"

"Yes, we have flung all our old tin cans over into the next neighbor's lot."

STORIES OF THE WIRE.

SHOWING WHAT DEPENDS ON THE RAILROAD OPERATOR.

How One of them Made Up for a Blunder by Saving the Limited—An Engineer's Nervous Accident Where Accidents Were Deemed an Impossibility.

Said the telegrapher: Jones was night operator at a town near Altona, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He had lost a great deal of sleep and was very tired. The night wore along and trains were few. It was hard to keep awake. Finally the operator in the signal tower next to the west r.p.d. No. 4, the express, passing east. The track was clear and Jones pulled the white signal and waited for No. 4. He had almost fallen asleep when he was aroused by the roar of the train as No. 4 swept past the white signal. He saw the red lights at the rear of the train as she disappeared around the curve and he reported her to the operator at the signal towers next east and west. Then he waited to hear that she had passed the tower east. Three or four minutes was all it should have taken her to reach that tower, but he waited long after that and no word came to him. He called up Smith, the operator there, and asked him if No. 4 had passed. Smith said 'No.' They talked over the wire and concluded that she had broken down or been wrecked between the two towers.

"At about that time the train dispatcher called up and asked anxiously where No. 4 was. Jones said that she had passed his tower, and Smith was sure she had not passed his. Everybody was wide awake now, for the train was certainly lost, and a lost train is a serious thing on a railroad. The dispatcher thought that she might have slipped past with out Smith seeing her, but the towers all along the road beyond declared she had not passed them. A freight going west was stopped at Jones' tower and the conductor was asked if he had seen No. 4 between the two towers. He said that there was no sign of her.

"Then the perspiration began to stand out on the operators and dispatchers. The track between the two towers lies along the river. A high stone wall supports it. The only possible explanation seemed to be that No. 4 had gone over the wall into the river. She could not have gone up into the air. Nearly an hour had passed. The river seemed the only place where she could be. The freight conductor received orders to uncouple his engine and run back slowly. He ran back to the express tower and could see nothing of No. 4 on the track or in the river. There was not even a displaced rail where she could have gone over the wall. Then he was ordered to run slowly west to see how things looked there. About half way between Jones' tower and the one west of him the express found, with a broken cylinder head. She had never passed Jones at all. Jones had dreamed it, although he declares to this day that he was wide awake all the time.

Jones was in bad repute for a time, but he was not discharged, as he was a good man, and his mistake had not caused a wreck. He redeemed himself within a few weeks. By his presence of mind and quick action he saved the limited. That was an unusual case also. It was the train dispatcher's mistake, so far as I know, but he may have been misled by some one else's blunder. One day the limited was going east in two sections. It is very seldom that the limited runs in more than one section. A freight was lying in front of Jones' tower waiting for the limited to pass. The train dispatcher sent out an order saying: 'No. 2 (the limited) will run forty minutes late.' But gave plenty of time for the freight to get to the next siding. The message should have read: 'Second No. 2 will run forty minutes late.' The first section was on time. Jones handed the order to the conductor of the freight, who went down out of the tower and started his train on to the main track.

"Just as the big freight engine began puffing the telegraph instrument began ticking, and Jones read a report saying that the limited had passed the tower above. It was just around the curve, not a mile and a half away. It was a question of seconds. There was no time to think. Jones grasped his ink bottle and his red flag. He ran out on the balcony in front of the tower and threw the ink bottle at the engine. Then he waved the red flag and yelled with all his might. The bottle struck the cab and attracted the engineer's attention. He looked up and saw Jones waving his red flag and yelling like a madman. Just at the same moment they both heard the shrill scream of the limited's whistle as she approached the curve.

"The engineer did not stop to question what it was. The engine was clear out on the main track. He reversed his engine and sent her bumping back against the heavy train. The forward motion was stopped, but the train was so heavy that it would not start back. About half the engine was still on the main track. The limited swung around the curve not half a mile away, coming at the rate of forty miles an hour. The engineer of the freight showed wonderful coolness. He ran his engine forward several feet, so as to separate the first few cars as far as the drawheads would allow, and give him a chance to get some momentum in his engine going back, and thus start the train. The plan is known to all engineers, but to deliberately start forward with the limited in sight to a wreck. When he had gone a few feet he reversed again and sent the big engine bumping against the train and she started back. Jones held his breath and watched. It was not a question of seconds now, but of parts of a second, whether the freight engine would clear the switch before the limited or not.

"The two engines seemed almost to melt together as the limited struck the

New Furniture Warehouse At Old London House, Market Square; NOW OPEN. The stock is all entirely new, a large part having been specially manufactured to our order, and the styles and patterns are the same that are now in vogue in the United States and Canada. The goods will be exhibited on the five spacious floors of the London House, which have been entirely renovated and fitted up for this special purpose and we feel assured the public will appreciate our efforts in catering to their wants in this line. This branch of our business will be under the management of Mr. Chas. E. Lordly, who is well known as an expert in the Furniture business. We cordially invite all who are interested in Furniture of any kind to visit our Show-rooms and inspect the stock which has all been purchased for cash and our selling prices are marked on a cash basis. Only one price and no discount.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John. THEIR SOLE BUSINESS Is Manufacturing Cleveland Bicycles. LOOK OUT FOR THIS NAME PLATE. The largest, best equipped and most modern factory in Canada. Capacity:— 50 complete wheels per day. They employ 300 skilled mechanics. IT IS Scientifically Reinforced in every Joint. Built from the Finest Material known. The only Bicycle on earth using Tapered Tubing. Thoroughly Tested in every Part before leaving the Factory. The acknowledged leader of the honest high grade. SEND OR CALL FOR OUR ARTISTIC CATALOGUE. IRA CORNWALL CO. LTD. 68 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

switch, but the great train, with its precious burden, went by unharmed. The switch was open for the freight, but it was an automatic spring switch, and when the limited struck it it was forced open along the main line. As soon as the engineer of the limited saw he was safely past, he put on steam again, and the great train rolled on out of sight, without ever stopping to ask what had been the matter. "A more serious case occurred at a tunnel on the Pennsylvania. It was a single-track tunnel, and the officers of the road had perfected a scheme by which they thought it was impossible for an accident to occur. A tower was erected at each end of the tunnel and the two towers were connected by wire. Every train was compelled to come to a stop and get orders from the operator before she could enter the tunnel. Neither operator was allowed to let a train enter the tunnel until he had called up the other operator and got from him assurance that the track was clear. Jones worked at one end and Smith at the other. Jones could not let a train go into the tunnel until Smith said so, and Smith could not let a train go in until Jones said so. The only way a wreck could occur was for each man to let a train go in at the same time. Even if both operators were to fall asleep at the same time the system would work, for the train conductors going into the towers for orders would awaken the operators. "One night there was a terrible wreck in the tunnel. Two trains had met head on. Several of the crews were badly injured, and I think two died. There was an investigation. "The President of the road himself went to the scene of the wreck. The two operators were called before him. It was impossible to learn anything about the wreck. Each operator was sure the other had reported the track clear, and could give no explanation of the cause of the wreck. Then the President said: "Now, boys, I will tell you what I will do. I feel sure you know how this happened. If you will tell me I will give you my word that neither of you will be discharged. I thought I had a system here that was absolutely safe and it is of

Rewarded the Mayor.

The Mayor of Flint, Mich., performs the duties of his office without compensation other than the satisfying sense of having done his duty. But the Mayor who retired last week had directed the affairs of the town so well during his year of office that the Common Council unanimously voted to make an appropriation for him, as an especial mark of satisfaction. The sum was one dollar.

Not What He Meant.

She—Why, Charles, how can you call Miss James plain? I wish I was only half as good looking. He—You are, Hattie, and you know it.

Lots of Money is wasted buying new clothes when you could have the old ones made as good as new by sending them to UNGAR and having them dyed. Now is the time to look gay and UNGAR can do it for you at a very small cost. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 55-56 Waterloo St., 66-70 Barrington St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

Headquarters for Bicycle Riders and Dealers.

A number of manufacturers have arranged to make our warerooms Headquarters for the Maritime Provinces for distribution of wheels to all their agencies. These include the "Griffiths Cycle Corporation," the largest bicycle dealers in the world; The Canadian Typograph Company (for the great Evans & Dodge 80 gear roadster); The Welland Va'e Manufacturing Company Manufacturers of the Perfect; The Garden City and the Dominion, Seyfang & Prentiss, of Buffalo, N. Y., manufacturers of the Bison and Stag Wheels, as well as other firms which we represent exclusively in this territory.

Do You Ride a Bicycle?

If not, you make a mistake. Young and old, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, should all ride.

FOR THE YOUNG, it develops the lungs, muscles and general health.

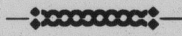
FOR THE MIDDLE AGE, it keeps you in your prime.

FOR THE AGED, it promotes health and sustains your vigor.

FOR THE NERVOUS, a sedative.

FOR THE WEAK, a tonic.

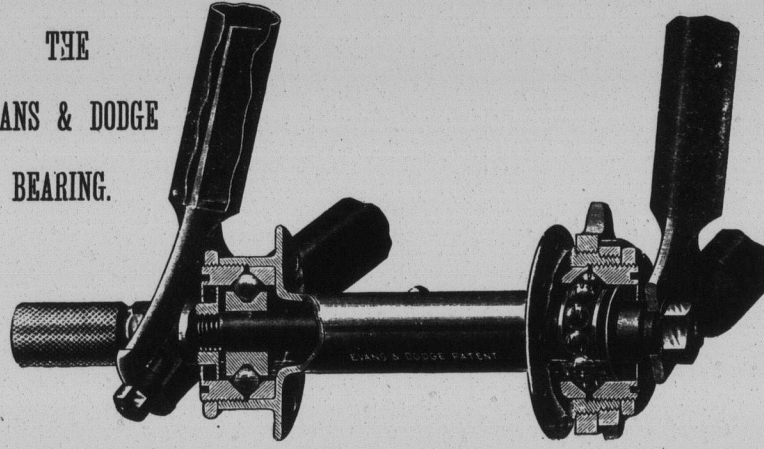
Bicycle riders are not troubled with insomnia.



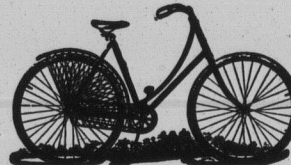
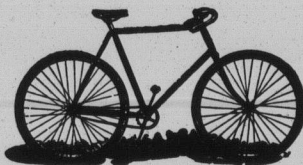
The following is a list of the leading lines of Wheels represented by us, offering the greatest choice ever afforded purchasers in the Dominion of Canada.

Beeston Humber (men's)	\$130
" " (Ladies)	140
Evans & Dodge 80 gear roadster	125
" " " " (ladies)	125
19-lb Keating Roadster	110
Keating Ladies' Wheel	110
" Track Racer	110
" Men's Tandem	160
" Combination Tandem	160
Hyslop No. 1, Roadster	100
" " 2, Racer	100
" " 3, Ladies	100
" " Tandem	150
Perfect Roadster	100
" Racer	100
" Ladies	100
" Tandem	150
Cleveland Sewell Special	100
" " Roadster	100
" " Ladies	100
Griffiths Special Roadster	100
" " Ladies	100
Ariston Model A Roadster	100
" " F Ladies	100
Crescent Tandem (men's)	130
" " (combination)	130
Bison No 9	100
" " 10	100
" " 11 Ladies'	100

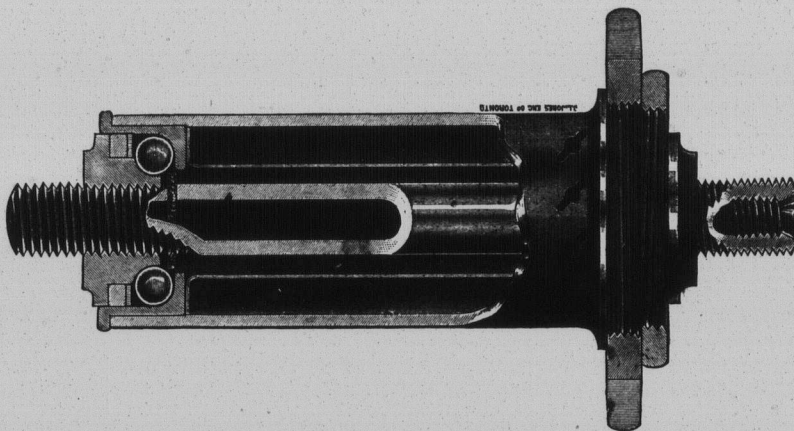
THE EVANS & DODGE BEARING.



BICYCLE RIDERS Should keep up their EXERCISE during the winter months. We can supply you with a home gymnasium THE WHITLEY EXERCISER, as well as other athletic and sporting goods.



Every rider should join their local bicycle club and the Canadian Wheelmen's Association.



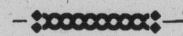
Agents Wanted at All Points.

Riding is Fashionable

with ladies and gentlemen throughout the whole world.

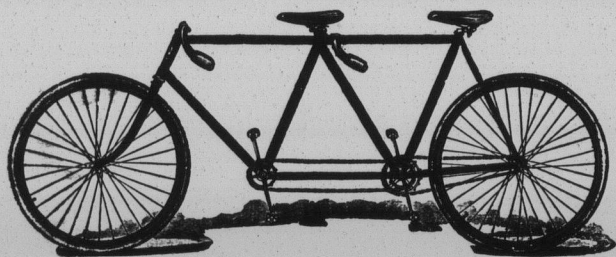
BICYCLING GUESTS AT A DUCAL SEAT.

The "Biking" craze seems to grow. At the country houses now almost all visitors bring their own bicycles. At Dunrobin Castle (says the London correspondent of the Liverpool Post) on the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, there were twenty-seven guests staying in the house, and of these twenty-two owned bicycles and had brought them with them. Lady Warwick, who was one of the "bikers," uses a bicycle enamelled in white.



Griffiths Model '96, men's	\$85
" " " ladies'	85
Regent No 1, Roadster, men's	85
" " 2, Ladies'	85
Garden City Roadster	85
" " Ladies'	85
Crescent No 1, Men's	85
" " 4, Ladies'	85
" " Road Racer	85
The Uptodate	85
"The Stag"	75
Fleet No 1, Roadster	75
" " 2, Ladies'	75
Envoy Roadster, Men's	75
Fleetwing, Ladies'	75
Dominion Roadster	70
" " Ladies'	70
Griffiths Leader, Men's	70
" " Ladies'	70
Griffiths Duke, Men's	65
" Duchess	65
Crescent No. 2, Youths'	60
" " 5,	60
Spartan, Men's	50
" Ladies'	50
Griffiths Boys'	50
" Girls'	50
Crescent No. 4, Boys'	50
" " 6, Girls'	50
" " 7, Boys'	50
" " 8, Girls'	50

These include all agencies held by us during 1895.



Some of the special features represented by us are the EVANS & DODGE, the only four-point bearing (shown in cut) the great 80-gear roadster.

The HYSLOP White Rimmed Flyer, the only Wheel with the invisible "Anderson automatic Brake," the success of the year.

The PERFECT, with the one-piece crank and axle, (shown in the cut) no joint in the middle.

The great BEESTON HUMBER, the standard of the world now, as it has been for the past twenty-eight years. This is no advertising assertion but an admitted fact.

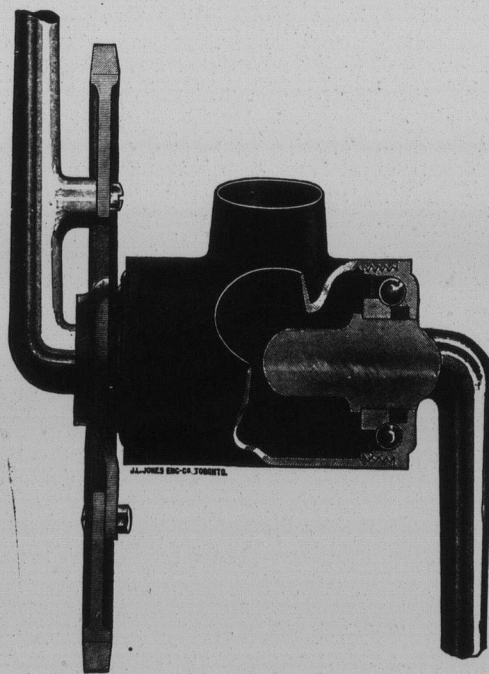
The 19-pound KEATING, the Lightest Roadster. ("See that Curve.")

The world renowned CRESCENTS, all styles, from 6 to 60 years, including men, women and children's, and the smallest wheels made.

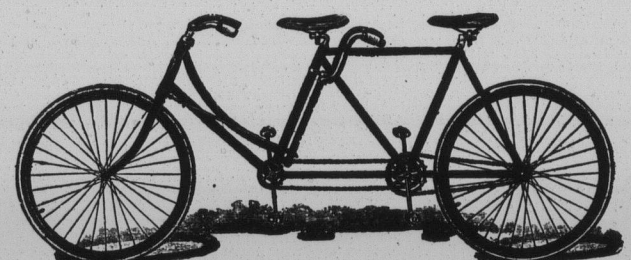
Many other taking points too numerous to mention.

If you are thinking of buying a wheel this year, we would be very glad to have you call in and examine our samples. They are good, honest machines, built to wear and to last—light, graceful, easy-running, and entirely reliable, thoroughly modern in every feature, and containing besides, a number of valuable improvements most of them exclusive, for which experience has shown the necessity.

AGENTS WANTED AT ALL POINTS.



CRANKS AND SHAFT IN ONE PIECE.



Encouraged by the liberal patronage and general success of our Agents during 1895 we have determined to give our patrons the choice of all leading wheels during 1896 to meet every class and requirement both in quality and price, MANY OF WHICH WE CONTROL FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

We supply Ladies' and Gentlemen's, Girls' and Boys' Wheels, Road Racers, Tandems, Tricycles, and Special Wheels made to order. Remember, we control the largest and best line of Wheels of any house in Canada, representing the largest importers and manufacturers. Examine our list of Wheels and send for catalogues before committing yourself to any dealer.

We replace without charge all important parts (including wooden rims), returned express paid within one year from date of purchase providing breakage has not been caused by accident, misuse or neglect. This guarantee applies to all wheels from \$60 and over.

All other repairs promptly and satisfactorily made at moderate charges.

REPAIRMEN and JOBBERS. REMEMBER—We keep on hand a good stock of Dunlop and other Tires as well as Bicycle parts and accessories, on all of which we will allow them manufacturers trade discount thus saving them the delay of ordering direct.

Second Hand Wheels for Sale Cheap.

ALSO, FULL LINE OF CYCLE ACCESSORIES. SEE OUR SAMPLES AND GET OUR CATALOGUES BEFORE PURCHASING.

REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, INCLUDING ENAMELLING AND NICKEL PLATING.

THE IRA CORWNALL CO. Lt'd, 68 King Street, St. John, N. B.

THE LOST CAR FOUND.

ONE OF THE CARS OF A WESTERN ROAD STRAYS.

And the Company called Upon to Make up the Difference—How It Left the Road and Was Discovered Some Time Afterwards by a Cowboy.

There was an accident on the mountain division of the Union Pacific in the year of 1897, when a car loaded with merchandise of the value of over \$50,000 was lost between Green River and Laramie, Wyo., and its whereabouts for over a year was a mystery.

Now the steamship which brought the cargo of which the 907 received a portion, was five days overdue when she made port, and the silk special lost forty-eight hours among the snows of the Sierra Nevada.

From Green to Bitter Creek station, a mere side track and water tank, stopping about 100 miles east of the former place, the main line of the Union Pacific follows the serpentine course of the famous and most fearfully and wonderfully constructed stream known as Bitter Creek.

When the "number snatcher" at Laramie made his rounds to check up the train he counted but fifteen cars. He examined his way bills, and found they called for the usual number—sixteen. He took another look over the train, with the same result. Then he examined the car numbers on the way bills and compared them with those on the cars.

When the conductor appeared the next day at the trainmaster's office he was called "in the carpet" and requested to explain. He swore he brought the train in just as he received it from the other district.

In June of the year following the disappearance of 709, a cowboy, who had been out on a round-up, was riding across the Red Desert in search of a missing steer.

From Green to Bitter Creek station, a mere side track and water tank, stopping about 100 miles east of the former place, the main line of the Union Pacific follows the serpentine course of the famous and most fearfully and wonderfully constructed stream known as Bitter Creek.

The special, which included the 907, passed Bitter Creek all right, passed Tipton the same way, and was in a fair way to have time to kill when, in going over a hill, the train broke in two. In such cases the engineer pulls out for all his engine is worth, or, rather, the engineers do, for all trains of this sort are run as "double headers."

As for the cowboy, he was the recipient of as handsome and valuable a gold watch and chain as could be found in the city of Omaha, and don't you think cowboys don't wear gold watches and chains, and use their tools.

FOOD THAT WAS DEADLY.

The Fate of Some Animals That Bit Off More than They Could Chew.

A curious tragedy in nature's life was told about in the Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung recently. A twenty-five-pound pike was found dead near the Villa Sobos's, at Horn.

A wild turkey was found one time in the Tennessee bottom lands. The turkey, in jumping up to get some berries, came down with its neck through a fork of the bush.

A man named Allard was coming down the Columbia River years ago from Astoria, Or., to another Hudson Bay Company post at Vancouver. He had a crew of Indians for his canoe, and all were pretty hungry, having been living on dried salmon and hard bread.

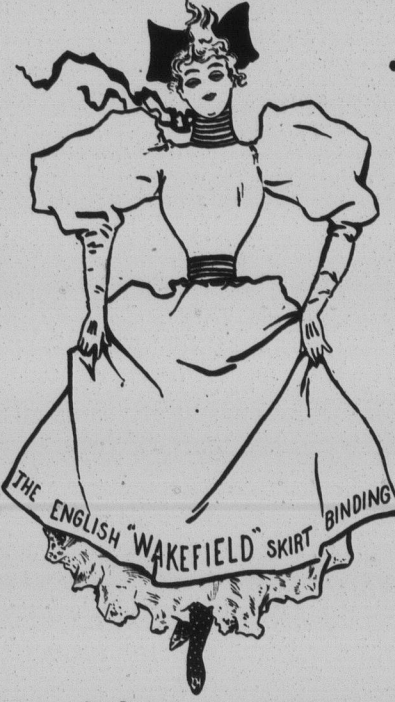
The operator did not credit the story of finding the car with the seals on in such an outlandish place for a self-respecting car to be, but when the cow puncher mentioned the number, 907, he pretty near fell off his chair.

It is not known that rats cannot resist as flower seeds. A trap baited with these seeds is the most effectual method of catching them.

Further particulars will be given in a later advertisement.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE FOR MEN. FOR WOMEN. Not only the best, but the only remedy which can always be relied upon. That is the verdict of every woman who has ever tried Warner's Safe Cure.

A NOTED CALGARY RANCHER. Tells How South American Kidney Cure Eradicated Kidney Disease of Ten Years Standing.



The New Dress. SEASON IS HERE. ENGLISH 'Wakefield' LEATHER SKIRT BINDING! Imparts a stylish appearance to the skirt and keeps the edges always trim and neat.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS.

'SANITAS' NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT. Non-Poisonous. Does not stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

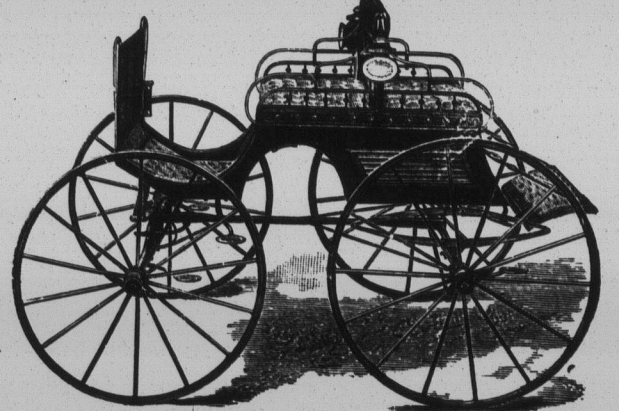
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1896. The Exhibition Association of the City and County of St. John, N. B., will hold its

Exhibition for 1896 on their Fair Grounds ST. JOHN, N. B. Opening—Tuesday, September 22. Closing—Friday, October 2.

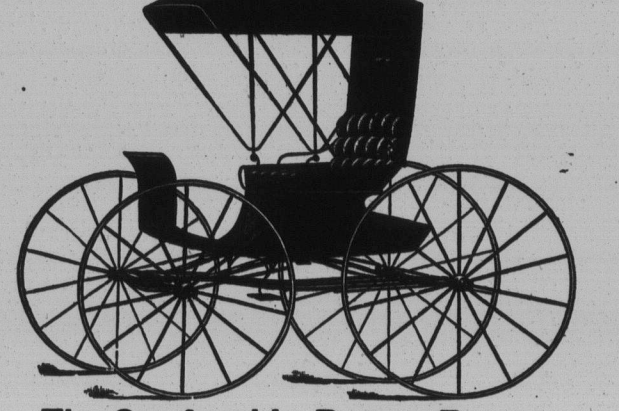
Early application should be made to the Secretary, 10 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., for space and accommodations for Live Stock, Farm Produce, Machinery, Manufactures, and all other description of Exhibits, as also for Premium Lists, which will be issued at an early date.

It Lasts as Long as the Skirt. Used and recommended by leading European and American Dressmakers. To insure yourself against fraud and inferior imitations, see that EVERY YARD is marked in Gold Letters "Wakefield Specially Prepared Leather."

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES! Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Springtime A healthy condition of the kidneys is the best safe-guard against all the ills incidental to the season. Tone the system by using DODD'S Kidney Pills The best blood purifier on earth, and the only Absolute Cure for all diseases of the kidneys

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Are men more faithful than women? Well they are not popularly supposed to be; but then man, like the common domestic cat, is an animal that does not always get quite his deserts in this uncertain and whimsical world. As an individual he often gets a good deal more, and is idealized to such an extent that he would never recognize his own portrait could he see it through the eyes of his mother or sweetheart. Again he is very often so cruelly undervalued, and unappreciated that I am sure his own relatives will be surprised some day in the far off future to see what a high place he occupies in the Heavenly City and what a dazzling halo ornaments the brow which seemed so common-place while he was on earth.

But taken in the concrete I don't believe one can generalize about men and women in their capacity for constancy and faithfulness any more than in their individual tastes. It would be absurd to say that men, as a rule, were much fonder of potatoes than women were; or that women were nearly always fonder of fish, as an article of diet, than men. It is quite a broad question, and one which it is not easy to answer at all definitely. Perhaps there are more women who are faithful whose love lives to the siege of the grave, and often beyond it, but then one must remember that the world is more apt to hear about the tragedy in a woman's life, than in a man's. If she has a sweetheart which shadows her life, her friends rear about it, and some one of them is sure to tell the story once in a while, so the memory is always kept green, and when she is old and gray and no longer interesting there is always someone at hand who has heard her story and is ready to tell it, so the prestige of martyrdom still surrounds her, and makes her an object of veneration not only to her contemporaries, but to the younger generation.

With a man it is different! He suffers also, but is ashamed of it, and the same instinct which prompts the dying animal to creep away from his kind and die alone, leads the man to hide his wound and suffer in silence, silence so absolute that often his nearest friends are ignorant that he ever knew what suffering was. For one thing he has his daily work and that must be attended to with accustomed regularity be his heart ever so sore, so he goes quietly about his usual avocation making no sign, and if, when the day's toil is over and he is out of the range of prying eyes, he gives vent to his sorrow in the long hours of the lonely night, who is any the wiser? Perhaps some of his thoughtless male friends will remark his heavy eyes and hollow cheeks, but the chances are they will merely express the opinion that "Blank is going it pretty steep" and then forget all about him, and his trouble.

But sometimes one will meet with an old man, a quiet unattractive widower, or bachelor whom no one considers of much importance until, by the merest accident their story becomes known, and then the careless indifference with which they were regarded, is changed to a respect that is almost veneration. This one who has a short temper and chronic indigestion lost his young wife when they had been only a few months married. He had loved her almost all his life, and they had been engaged when they were little more than children; and then, just when his income was large enough for them to think of marrying her health failed and the doctors pronounced her case quite hopeless, her lungs being affected beyond all possibility of cure. Then the stricken lover insisted that she should become his wife so he might have the poor consolation of making her last days as happy as possible, and of mourning for her as his wife, when the end came. And he nursed her with a tenderness surprising that of women till at last she fell asleep in his arms, and for over forty years he has mourned her without ceasing, and the thought of giving her place to anyone else has never entered his loyal heart. He is just waiting patiently and hopefully until the call comes for him to join the bride of his youth, in the land where there is no parting.

Once when I was young and foolish with all the intolerance of youth for "old maids" and "old bachelors" I knew, very slightly, a queer old bachelor. He was rather short and decidedly stout, not very unsteady in figure, and he rolled and shambled in walking. His shoulders were stooped, he had a stubby white beard, and he was very untidy in his dress, showing a decided preference for linen "dusters" and rusty black alpaca coats in summer, and wedded to an old fur cap and overcoat in winter. He was well off but cranky and eccentric like so many old bachelors, and he suffered from rheumatism. One evening a lot of young people were talking about love and they agreed that the little blind god winged everybody at least once in their lives, for love was a malady none could escape. Somehow a vision of this queer old bachelor flitted across my brain and I said, "I think I could mention one person who has never had a love affair! I am perfectly sure old Mr. Dasb, never had a love affair in his life!"

"That is just where you make a mistake" said our host who was an old man himself. "For he has had one which lasted all his life and that is more than many of you will have." Then he told us the story. "When he was young, he had loved a pretty girl; they had gone to school together and he always intended to ask her to be his wife when they were old enough, but he was shy and lacked self confidence, so he put off speaking to her, partly because they were both so young, and partly that he felt sure she understood his feelings and since she was satisfied to have him always at her side her humble devoted lover, she must care for him in return. At last he summoned up courage and told her of his hopes, only to learn that she could never care for him except as a dear friend, or a brother; her heart was given to his friend, and they were only waiting till he started in life for himself, to be married.

Strange to say the lover had never thought of that friend of his, as a possible rival, it seems incredible that anyone should marry the girl he loved from him; but he took his dismissal like a man, and none, not even the girl herself imagined that he had received a wound which would never heal. He went about his work patiently and made no sign, and for more than fifty years he lived in the same place with his lost love, seeing her frequently, meeting her husband and children, sitting in the same church with her Sunday after Sunday, always the same firm friend to her, and here but never giving the place in his heart to another. He was never a woman hater, but rather respected all women for the sake of the one he had loved, and he has always a sort of visible providence to his sisters and their numerous children.

I looked at old Mr. Blank with a more interest at first I heard that story, and at its old love too who had always seemed to me a very ordinary old lady indeed, and if I remember aright I shed some sentimental tears when I heard of his death, at the age of 74; but I never forgot the story of his constancy, and it gave me a great respect for masculine faithfulness—in individual cases of course, because we all know that the male sex are proverbially "deceivers ever" when taken collectively.

It is really a fact that some of the best dress-maker's spring designs show very little difference from the winter fashions; except that some little change, trailing in itself, but still quite sufficient to stamp the gown, as new, will be seen in each costume. For instance smoking and shirring have both been revived, and when a plain full skirt and coat or blouse have for their connecting link a vest of silk which is smocked from the throat almost to the bust, and finished with a high Stuart collar which stands up at the back concealing the nape of the neck entirely, and almost hiding the lower part of the ear, but leaving the front of the throat free; then it is sure to be the very latest spring creation.

It is made blouse fashion, and has a shirred yoke which is finished with a shirred collar and high trim of chiffon, it is equally certain to be the newest thing out. Sometimes the upper part of the sleeve is shirred also, in the shape of a small epaulette, and one of the newest sleeves is a bishop shape shirred in at the wrist to a depth of four or five inches. Then another new thing about the well spring costume, is the lavish manner in which it is braided. I often wonder when I see an entire suit almost covered with braiding of the most elaborate description, whether the wearer has not wrought some of the decoration herself, since few dressmakers would be willing to spend the required amount of time, or to include what is really fancy work in the regular scheme of instruction prescribed for apprentices to the dressmaking business.

Mohair, which enjoyed a moderate popularity last autumn, has taken an entirely new lease of life, and appears in several new disguises showing pretty stamped, figured and Dresden designs, and its crisp stiffness which no weather seems to affect makes it most desirable wear for seaside, travelling, and damp weather. The plain mohair, especially in black, is the favorite for such dresses, and next comes dark gray. These gowns can be made as smart as the wearer desires by the addition of quantities of braid.

A good model was of gray mohair, showing a full skirt with quite a respectable amount of stiffening holding it out, and trimmed at each side of the front breadth with three "crow's feet" of black tubular braid, and frogs, placed near the foot. The blouse waist has jacket fronts trimmed in the same manner with military braiding and frogs, and the silk vest is laid in plaits from neck to waist. The collar is of black velvet, made very high and wired into place, stopping just in front of the ears in the Stuart effect spoken of; the belts of black velvet also, and the puffed sleeves have long points over the hands. The rest is finished with a stock collar of folded silk. This model might be very effectively copied in any light weight cloth, and the braiding might be done with narrow silk braid.

Another dress of navy blue mohair shows a most elaborate decoration of suitable braid, yards and yards of braid being used. The foot of the dress has a series of tucks, and these are headed by wide bands of braiding which form a sort of "crow's foot" design at regular intervals, and run up each side of the front breadth. The close fitting coat bodice has a short rippled basque and slanting pockets on each side; it has a high close collar and is fastened plainly from the throat down with frogs set in elaborate braid ornaments. The basque is trimmed all around to match the skirt and the sleeves are similarly decorated. The effect is surprisingly stylish and novel.

A very dashing coat bodice is double breasted and fastens with a double row of handsome buttons from the bust to the waist line. Above the bust the coat is turned away in large revers to show an elaborate trim. This can be adapted for evening wear by turning the revers back from a cut-out front, and either making the back low necked also, or leaving it high and only showing the neck in front. When intended for dressy day wear, the revers are faced with white or light colored satin, and the cuffs and stock collar are of the same satin, lace jabot and sleeve ruffles complete the trimming.

Yokes, and yoke designs in trimming are a noticeable feature, and when properly applied they are very effective; made separately of either lace or embroidery they are very convenient changing a costume almost beyond recognition and transforming a plain dress into quite a dressy garment. Another desirable addition to the wardrobe is a sailor collar of black satin. It should be wide and deep at the back, and have long ends in front which can either be worn hanging loose, or crossed in surplus fashion, or look like a pel and drawn over the bust to the belt. This style of collar can be edged either with lace or plaited chiffon, and it will be found an invaluable adjunct to a limited wardrobe. It may either be worn with a plain dress to "smarten it up" or it can be adapted to a low necked dress, and by covering the neck make it suitable for an informal occasion. It is comparatively inexpensive, and will be found most useful.

Together with the tight sleeves comes a rumor of the return of the overskirt which some modistes have made so many efforts to revive during the past few years, but so far without success. The Dresden designs which seem to have influenced all fabrics, are having the effect of reviving the once popular challie, and now dainty new challies are shown with tiny Dresden bouquets of flowers on a light ground, striped or dotted over with white satin, and others show Persian designs with rose green and violet, prettily blended.

The latest ruche to be worn when the fir box is taken off, is of glace ribbon or liberty satin doubled and gathered very full, to a ribbon band. The newest veils for spring wear, are of white net spotted with black, or black net dotted liberally with white.

KILLED BY IMAGINATION.
The Soldier Thought the Pin Prick of a Joke. Log F. found Was a Fooler.

"In my opinion," remarked the college professor, who rose from the ranks during the last war to the position of Colonel, "the imagination of men does more injury to the cause of courage than all the appliances of war yet discovered. I had a remarkable case happen to me during the battles around Richmond. That is to say, it happened to another man, but I was part of it. It was on a skirmish line, and I was lying behind a log with two other men—I was only a private then—one of whom was an inveterate joker, and the other was the imaginative kind of soldier. In fact he was so imaginative that he was almost scared out of his wits, and when bullets and shells began flying through the wood, cutting off saplings, clipping limbs all around us, and barking the top of the log behind which we lay, I thought the fellow would burst a blood vessel, or go crazy, or do some other fool thing unbecoming a soldier. Tom, the joker, noticed the man's terror and called my attention to it. "Then he reached out and dragged in a



Waterbury & Rising,

61 King, 212, 214 Union Sts.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

stuck out from the trees above us by a bullet, and fixing a pin in it proceeded to have his fun. The man was at the far end of our log, ten feet from Tom, and I was just beyond Tom on the other side, and I am free to confess, was nervous enough to wonder at Tom's manner at such a time. However, I couldn't help watching his movements, and actually laughed to see him sliding the pin-pointed stick along toward the unsuspecting victim. Having got it at the right distance he waited for a smashing volley of bullets, and just as it came he prodded the soldier in the back with the pin. Well, it was really funny to see the chap jump and yell and roll over, and we both fairly howled. But it wasn't so funny when the man didn't move after his first startled action, and Tom looked around at me in a scared kind of way. His surprise found expression in an oath, and he called to the man. There was no answer, and he called again with the same result. Then he crept over to him and gave him a shake. "That brought no response either, and I'm dragged him around so that he could see his face. It was an ashy blue, with the eyes staring wide open, and the man was as dead as Julius Caesar, with never a mark on him save, perhaps, that one pin scratch in his back."—Washington Star.

THE GREAT PANACEA.

FOR SPRING ILLS.

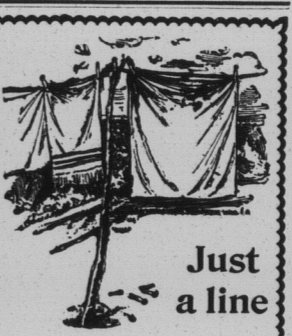
A Radical Cure for all Disorders of the Stomach.

Thousands of Canadians Tell of Its Marvellous Cures.
South American Nerve relieves the worst cases of nervous prostration, nervousness, and nervous dyspepsia in a single day. No such relief and blessing has ever come to the invalids of this country. Its powers to cure the stomach are wonderful in the extreme. It always cures; it cannot fail. It radically cures all weaknesses of the stomach and never disappoints. Its effects are marvellous and surprising. It gladdens the hearts of the suffering; and brings immediate relief. It is a luxury to take, and always safe.

Music Soothes.
A Frenchman has discovered a way to soothe with music the troubled breast of a baby. Animals are well known to be susceptible to the influence of music, and as the baby is an animal, the baby can be circumvented that way. Some people become ill on hearing the first notes of a musical instrument—notably the flute. Not so the baby. Take an ordinary baby at 4 a. m. It wakes up, it is irritated by the silence, indignation succeeds, and it begins to cry. This is the time to bring out the musical box—at least M. Beichlin-sky says so; and then the infant sleeps. A

piano is, the professor says, even better, but either leaves bromide of potassium and the soothing syrup far behind. One nocturnal neutralizes another.

The Land of Used-Ups.
Good night, dear love, may all your dreams be fair—
And haven't you not wakened and to weep;
For tender happiness and hope are there—
There in the sweet and silent Land of Sleep.
Dream on, dear heart, and I'll sleep once again
In that fair land of days of long ago.
Live for a little while those moments when
We knew the joy we never again shall know.
Recall those hours and once more live in them.
In that vague realm where Memory is king,
His scepter joy, and love his diadem.
Where earthly winter is not, only spring.
Wake not, beloved, for night is everywhere,
And dawn will never break for you and me.
Good night, dear love, may all your dreams be fair—
Leave not, my sweet, the Land of Used-Ups.
—London Fun



to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up to date" way, the Sunlight way, without rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must

USE Sunlight Soap

Cleanse clothes and most everything else—with less labor and greater comfort.

Books for Wrappers
For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEVER BROS. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B.,
Agent for New Brunswick.

BICYCLES
KENWOOD, RANTLER, CRESCENT, CRAWFORD and SPECIAL.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.
We sell everything.
Get our prices and save money!
REPAIRING AND NICKELING.
Catalogue Free
T. M. BOYD & SON,
168 Notre-Dame St. Montreal.

3 DAYSURE SEND your name and address and I will show you how to make \$10 a day absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember absolutely sure; write at once. Address, B. T. MORAN, GRANBY, QUEBEC, WINNIP, ONT.

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's
ESTABLISHMENT,
MONCTON, N. B.

Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new-out-fashions.
Dressmaking done in all up to date fashions.
Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

BLANC-MANGE

MADE WITH
BENSON'S
CANADA
PREPARED
CORN

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE.

BLANC-MANGE.
Four or five tablespoonfuls of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; dissolve the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk and when boiling add the dissolved Prepared Corn; boil fifteen minutes, flavor to taste, and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.
WORKS: CARDINAL, ONT.
OFFICES: MONTREAL, P.Q.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELUCUTION

108 Prince William Street
Fall term opened Sept. 2nd 1895. Branches taught: Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elucution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.
ST. STEPHEN'S, N. B.
The "Lecchetinsky Method"; also "Synth. tic System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been protracted for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists.
Prepared by the
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,
Price 75 cents. Montreal
Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

BBB B. B. B. BBB

FOR THE BLOOD

Turns Bad Blood Into Rich Red Blood.

In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action. In this way the sick become well, the weak strong, and those who have that tired, worn out feeling receive new vigor, and buoyant health and spirits, so that they feel like work. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

N. remedy which can always of every woman who has there is no better remedy of weaknesses. It acts overcoming aches, pains sensations. It restores to pale cheeks, gives eyes, and takes away healthy complexion. No her health and strength the great safe cure.

URE

The New Dress
SEASON IS HERE.
ENGLISH
Wakefield
LEATHER
BINDING!

parts a stylish appearance to the skirt keeps the edges trim and neat. leather used in binding, by a special process in preparation known only the manufacturers, made soft and pliable and impervious to the effect of moisture.

Skirt.
can Dressmakers. that EVERY YARD is Leather."
ORES.
Moderate Prices.

IMAGES!
structed and
T STYLES.

ort.

Buggy.
comfortable single Not too heavy
quire of
SONS,
B.

A STORY WITHOUT END, The Mystery of Two Belgians Who Crossed the Narrows of the Firth.

It was on the 2nd of January, 1879, that Gen. Roberts left Hazar Pir Ziarat to subdue the Khost district, an unsophisticated country where the revenue had hitherto been collected in copper, and, up to this date, the semblance of the rupee had not been known.

Hazar Pir Ziarat (the shrine of a thousand saints—literally old men) was hardly even a village; and only the day preceding some six or seven had been added to the number of saints, as a batch of murderous marauders had been executed; and, dying in the faith, shouting the fatmah, and acknowledging nothing; but piety in their attempts on infidel life, their corpses had doubtless rendered their graves sanctified ground, and so added to the Ziarat—in these parts a holy grove, generally of olive, to tell which is desecration.

At the Tenth Hussars spread cheerily in order covering the advance, their bright pouch belt buckles (the last glitter left after even stirrups had been dulled) sparkling in the bright sunlight as they threaded among the camel thorn sprinkled over the plain, the writer diverged from the advance, having to convey with a small escort of cavalry and infantry a long train of some 900 empty camels ordered to the advance base to fill up with supplies. My way lay among hills bordering the right bank of the Kurrum River, and I soon lost sight of the force moving on, and finished the day's march without any adventure. On the third of January the incidents befell which I now seek to narrate.

In a lovely valley a party of my Sikh infantry brought before me a Pathan prisoner saying: "Here is a man who has been caught concealing his arms; it has been ordered by Gen. Roberts that all such shall be dispatched. May we kill him?" Now, this was a hard saying.

The young man appeared by his headgear to be a Waziri, a not unfriendly tribe which, however, furnished not a few lawless depredators. His only arm was the long Afghan knife, necessary for his own protection, perhaps, and in the cold weather it appeared not unusual that he should wrap himself in his thin outer colored scarf worn somewhat after the fashion of a plaid. His face was handsome, open, and fearless; but such was the mien of all Afghans—often seen on the most cold-blooded fiends.

I could not, however, though determined to let the spirit of instructions, at once hand him over to the bayonet, and saying "Oh, his knife is only for harmless use or protection." I took it from him and drew it. It was thickly coated with fair tree blood.

For a moment I could have handed him over to death, but reason told me that this was no additional evidence of murder. He might have slain a goat or a sheep, he might have met an enemy in fair fight—questions, of course, were useless. Finally, with misgivings as to whether I was strictly obeying orders, and amid the scowls and murmurs of my Sikhs, who were quite strange to my command, I gave the young man back his knife, and sent him on his way.

He left graceful and courteously, showing neither in his smiling face or in his elastic gait one sign of guilt or fear, and soon his erect figure was lost to my view over the brow of a low hill. Some hours of march followed, and the care of mending the long, unwieldy line of camels in a column of each small plain, before again filing the next pass, a precaution necessary to enable my rear guard to be within hail, in case of attack, and so tempting and easy a prey, fully absorbed me, and drove the preceding incident clean from my head.

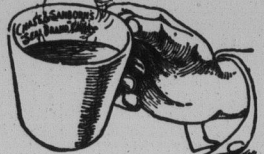
Suddenly I became aware of a young Pathan galloping beside my horse and holding up to me a silver ring set with a turquoise. This seemed to me a very unusual act from a Mussulman, and a Pathan, whose conduct is so strictly his rule, and I had no idea as to the meaning she wished to convey, my Pushtoo being unequal to the dialect she spoke, and, indeed, scanty enough at all times. However, seeing that I was meant to take the ring, I did so, the girl (about 17) showing that she meant I should take it from her. Even then she made no effort to leave, and so, imagining perhaps that she wanted money for some purpose, I offered her a few rupees, which she refused petulantly. I turned to the Hindu sowars who rode behind me and asked what it all meant, but they only laughed and said, as it is said, "The girl is a Mussulman and a woman mean except what is contemptible," so that, angry at their scorn and possible misconceptions, I flung the girl back her ring, and bade her begone. She left muttering, and apparently still anxious to explain; but a troop of horsemen now appeared on the plain, and, cantered shouting toward us. The Sikh infantry closed their files and prepared to receive them, and I went forward to reconnoitre them more closely.

They turned out to be a friendly "jirgah," or deputaion, sent by Gen. Roberts; but this fresh incident drove it all again from my thoughts, and later on I could not march without further baffling. It was not till weeks after that I thought of connecting the act of the girl with a possible wish to express gratitude for the husband or lover who had "such a narrow escape at my hands. But I never heard any further explanation, nor did those who knew best the Afghan character think this interpretation a likely one.

I suppose I shall never know more of the two beings, who, on that day only, literally crossed my path.

Nervous debility, general debility, (then consumption); step by step, that's the way they go. Take a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the greatest nerve and brain invigorator, blood builder, appetizer and digestive aid ever discovered, and you too, reach the final step. Nourish and soothe are speedily relieved by a free application of Dr. Manning's German remedy, the universal pain cure. Do not trifle with a cough, Hawker's balsam will quickly cure it. Fits are speedily cured by Hawker's pills cure.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee



Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON MONTRFAL CHICAGO

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID T. B. BARRER & SONS, and E. J. MAHONEY Indian Law.

MEN & WOMEN

Taught to make Crayon Portraits in spare hours at their homes by a new copyrighted method, by which they can earn \$8 to \$16 a week. H. A. GRIPPE, German Artist, Toronto, Pa.

Baby Wants It.

Martin's Cardinal Food

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

The most palatable food prepared, and is unequalled by any other preparation of its kind. The best food and the best value, put up in one pound Tins, price 25 cts. per Tin.

Sold Retail by all Druggists and Grocers and Wholesale by

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS MONTREAL

Webster's International Dictionary

The One Great Standard Authority. So writes Hon. J. J. Brewer, Justice of the Supreme Court.

Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc.

Succesor of the "Unabridged." Standard of the English Language.

Widely Commended by State Superintendents of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.

THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY BECAUSE

It is easy to find the word wanted. It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation. It is easy to trace the growth of a word. It is easy to learn what a word means.

WEBSTER THE STANDARD. The Toronto Globe says:

The International Dictionary is recognized as the most reliable standard dictionary published. In addition to fulfilling the primary function of a dictionary, the International contains a vast amount of general information of great value.—Jan. 11, 1896.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

SHARPS BALSAM

OF FOREHOOD AND ARISBEE.

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGHS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

CAFE ROYAL

Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. PINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM OLARK.

SOME CURIOUS MAIL ROUTES.

How Snowbound Miners Get Their Letters to the World.

Probably the most unique way of transporting mails known to the United States Post Office Department is that in daily use between Telluride and Saugger, Col. The mining town of Telluride is located at the head of a picturesque gulch. The mountains rise in majesty to cloud-piercing heights about the town, and from every precipitous draw between the giant peaks loaming cascades wa efall, and roaring streams come down from the snow-laden summits to swell the torrent of the San Miguel, which rushes through the town. Four miles above Telluride is Marshall Basin, situated among the snowy peaks and far above the timber line, and in this basin is the little mining settlement of Saugger, where the employees of the great Saugger-Union and Tom Boy mines make their homes. Although the inhabitants have a Post Office of their own, the postal authorities do not guarantee a regular service because of the difficulty of keeping a trail open in the winter time. The dangerous snowdrifts constantly threaten destruction to the hardy miners who scramble through the snows up the steep trails to the settlement in Marshall Basin. Until in recent years all supplies for the camp in Marshall Basin were transported thither by pack animals. Timber for the mines, coal for the boilers, and iron rails were dragged over the trails or packed securely about swaying pack saddles and carried to an elevation of 12,000 feet by the burro. When winter closed down and the burro trains could no longer be driven on schedules time, the miners would take turns in going down on snowshoes to get the mails and a few necessary supplies that could be carried upon their backs.

But the practical application of the endless chain by the inventor of the Huson tram has greatly facilitated the transportation of supplies from Telluride up to Marshall Basin. Great iron buckets, each carrying down the mountain a half ton of ore, furnish by their weight the active power which drives the endless chain from which they are suspended. In these buckets, upon their return, the necessary supplies for the camp are placed. One of these buckets is painted a bright red color and the letters "U. S." in black, designate the use to which it is put. The daily mail for the Smuggler Post office is now delivered as regularly as the four miles of precipice, snow-buried gulches, and giant mountain ruggedness with as much safety as between two settlements on the prairies of western Kansas or Nebraska.

A free delivery system is in vogue in the mining districts, though the postal authorities have nothing to do with it. From every mountain peak the trails diverge up every draw and gulch. A miner setting out for his cabin, reached some way up a mountain, will take with him all the mail belonging to his neighbors, though they may live miles from his place. At each turning point, a small box will be found nailed securely to the trunk of a stout old pine tree, and upon this box is scrawled the names of all miners who must pass that tree in going to their respective cabins. In this box the last man from town deposits all the mail belonging to miners living up that particular gulch. From that gulch a miner will occasionally descend by mail, and often he returns up his trail, he deposits in turn the several pieces of mail in other boxes placed at convenient points. In this manner one man can save many a weary step to other miners who live out the long winters in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains. Mails are collected by mail, and often small errands are likewise done. Money deposited in mail boxes for the purchase of stamps, tobacco, and other notions light in weight, is always properly respected, and the mission fulfilled, no matter how much the snowbound pedestrian may be under the influence of good fellowship as he returns from town.—San Francisco Post.

The Queen in a Drama.

Queen Victoria is the heroine of an exciting drama now being acted in the leading Siam theatres. In this she is about to be married in Ceylon, her capital, to the King of Siam, when that outpoken monarch breaks off the match, and in revenge the Queen invades his country. She is repulsed with great loss, in spite of a hand-to-hand combat between the Duke of Cambridge armed with a battle axe and three Siamese fairies, and after an explanation of the misunderstanding, marries the King of Siam.

Luck at Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo's gaming tables took in 18,000,000 francs last year, a reduction of more than a million francs over the previous year, and the dividend is of only 165 francs per share. The loss is due to the luck of two or three plungers. A Russian army surgeon took away 2,125,000 francs and two South American mine speculators 320,000 francs between them. The directors intend to spend large sums of money to make Monte Carlo attractive to visitors for other reasons than gambling.

To Remove Dabs From Silk.

Turpentine will remove paint from woolen or silk fabric. Saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and allow it to remain for hours. Rub the cloth between the fingers and the paint will crumble off without injuring the goods.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. MRS. BRUBEN BAKER, Riverdale.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. MRS. CHAR. ANDERSON, Stanley P. E. I.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. MATHIAS POLY, Oil City, Ont.

trust him

You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it and get it—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect—play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can't trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else.

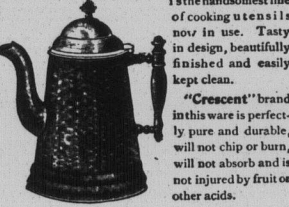
Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE!

A Happy, Fruitful MARRIAGE! EVERY MAN who KNOWS THE GRAND TRUTHS; the Plain Facts; the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for our wonderful little book, called "PERPETUATING MANHOOD." To any earnest man we will mail one copy Entirely Free, in plain sealed cover. "A refuge from the quacks." Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

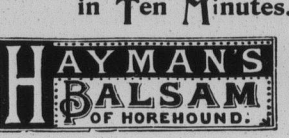
CRESCENT ENAMELLED WARE



Every utensil for kitchen use is made in "Crescent" enameled ware, and each piece is guaranteed. Ask your dealer for "Crescent" enameled ware. If he does not keep it, drop a postal card to

The Thos. Davidson Manfg. Co., Ltd. MONTREAL.

Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes.



HAYMAN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUD.

For Influenza Coughs, Colds, Etc. "Never known to fail to give relief." Mr. Eli Bousher, Fern Cottage, Lamb rue. "Finds it invaluable for bad coughs and colds." Mrs. Eason, London Road, Sleaford.

STOPS COLD. CURES COUGHS. Sold Everywhere.

Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada, EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto

No tongue to speak

but had to be the proof of its perfection. It will keep Charles in constant song all the year round, even when shedding feathers. Especially valuable during breeding. 15c. per cake at drug stores. Free by mail. Free by mail. Free by mail.

Birds love it. Free. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

T. J. COOKE & Co.,

Canadian Depot, 20 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.

SOLE OF THE CANADIAN DEPOT GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, ONT.

Coughing Yet?

BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE

has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives. A trial bottle will soothe, a regular treatment will cure your cough.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

Choicest Liquors.

The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars.

For Sale at Reasonable Prices by THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street, St. John.

MENDACITY OF VANITY.

A Travelling Man's Method of Settling a Disputed Point.

A reporter for the Star was contending that point that however vain a person might be, especially a woman, her vanity was not strong enough to destroy her sense of truthfulness. The opposite side was defended by a New York travelling man, commonly known as a "drummer," and he was not only a stylish fellow, but he had the nerve that is sometimes assumed to that peripatetic fraternity.

"Come," he said, "and I'll prove my point."

It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and the conversation was in an office on F street.

"How?" inquired the reporter.

"I'll show you how, if you'll come with me."

The writer agreed to the proposition, and the drummer escorted him to a dry goods store where women congregated, and led him inside. They moved about the place for fifteen or twenty minutes, the writer asking for an explanation of the strange man's every time he had a chance, and getting no satisfactory answers. Finally the drummer overheard a lady tell a clerk she wanted her packages sent down to the train in time for her to get them there and carry them home for her. The next minute, as she turned away, he rushed up to her, with his hand extended, and the lady shook hands with him.

"How do you do?" he said in a friendly way.

"How do you do?" she responded, but with some doubt in her voice.

"I don't believe you remember me," he said in a hurt tone.

"Your face is quite familiar, but I don't quite place you."

"Don't you remember," he explained, "that I met you at the German Ambassador's not long ago, and also at the dinner dance at the Bices, and again at the Assembly?"

She hesitated a moment, looking him over as she did so.

"Why, yes," she said, smiling very pleasantly. "I remember you quite well now, but I wasn't expecting to see you, don't you know, and didn't recognize you at first. You know how it is in Washington."

She smiled again, and he smiled and chatted with her a while, then they parted, and the drummer came back to the writer and took him out to the street.

"Now what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Think of what?"

"Of my proof that I was on the right side of that discussion."

"I don't see any proof. You merely met a lady whom you had met before and recalled yourself to her. There wasn't any proof in that."

"Wasn't there?" and the drummer laughed. "Think a minute. You know I don't know anybody in Washington outside of three or four merchants I sell to here, and then only in a business way. I never was at the German Ambassador's in my life, nor any of those other places I mentioned. I have read of them in the newspapers, that's all. And the lady? Why, she doesn't live in this town at all. Didn't you hear her order her packages sent to the train to meet her? I never saw her before. Just the same when she saw a well-dressed man identifying her as a member of the fashionable set of the capital, and knew the clerks and other women were hearing it, too, she let it go at that and never said a word to correct me. She never was at any of those places any more than I was, but she was too vain to deny it, even though she had to lie to maintain her position. See?"—Washington Star.

To Clean Plastic Figures.

Plaster of Paris figures and busts are apt to become soiled and discolored. The best way to clean them is to make a strong solution of saleratus in water, stand the figures in it and throw the water over them.

Places badly soiled may be rubbed with a soft cloth. Rinse in clean saleratus water and let them dry without wiping.

Easy Way to Skin Wall Paper.

During the spring renovating, if an old wall paper is to be removed, before going to work close the doors and windows tightly, place an old boiler or tub in the room and fill it with boiling water. The steam will moisten the paper, and the work may be done quicker and more easily.

The Organist of the Jesuit's Church.

Prof. Dominique Ducharme, Organist of the Jesuit's Church, Montreal and Professor of the Piano, has selected and purchased a Prattle Piano for his own use as well as for that of his advanced pupils.

A Woman's Good Reason.

"What makes you so sure that your husband loves you as much as ever?" "Because I never feel called upon to ask him."

DO YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

Many are Deceived When Buying Diamond Dyes.

Many ladies are deceived when they go to purchase Diamond Dyes. They ask for the "Diamond," but many dealers, greedy for gain and extra profit, wrap up some worthless make of dye that proves ruinous to the materials that are to be dyed.

We strongly advise the ladies to beware of the merchants who are mean enough to substitute inferior goods. If your merchant sells only common and big profit dyes, send your order direct to us, and we will send the Diamond Dyes by mail to your address. The Diamond Dyes are only ten cents per package (same price as the worthless dyes) and are always warranted perfect. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal.

Sewing for the Poor

is a double pleasure when you use thread that does not snarl nor break, and is perfectly even, such as

Clapperton's Thread

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKER.

Draws your carpet with the Carpet. No stooping, no pounding, no sagging, no pulling down on the knees. Operator stands upright to stretch and tack carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Every mail trial bottle. Send stamp for circulars and terms.

E. A. GILL & Co., 100 Queen St. East Toronto, Canada.

Pigs Feet and Lamb's Tongues

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues.

At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

DR. TAFT'S ASTHMA CURES ASTHMA SO THAT YOU NEED NOT STOP UP ALL NIGHT gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. Send your name and address, we will mail trial bottle FREE.

DR. TAFT BROS., 186 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

fills a much bigger place in the estimation of even his friends, than when he is shabby and entirely clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (Let door south of King.)

GERARD G RUEL, BARRISTER, &c.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, COMMERCE, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNERS BRANTON, MADAWASKA, N. B.

JOHN R. MOIRNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

QUENBY HOTEL, FREDERICTON N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stables. Coaches at trains and boats.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages very description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canadian Atlantic, Montreal and St. John, New Brunswick and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Rail way, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlotte Harbor and Summersville, F. E. I. with nearly 600 schedules. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continental.

Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Fortland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoyes required for goods from Canada, United States, and Vice versa.

J. B. STONE, C. BRIGHTON, Asst. Sup.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

A Winning Hazard,

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "Her Dearest foe," "The Wooing O'it," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895, BY MRS. ALEXANDER

REPRINT OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Kate and Alicia Carey are daughters of a Dublin solicitor, who, through misadventure, leaves Ireland for Wales with a view to economy. While in Wales they meet Mr. Travers, a wealthy railway contractor, who falls in love with Kate. He induces her father to go to London to seek employment, but she will introduce him to her agents, Messrs. Wicks and Co., who he falls to do. Kate Carey writes to Mr. Wicks, asking him to be her father, and enclosing two letters, one to her father, and another to Mr. Wicks, asking for her presence assistance, asking for employment for her father. She anxiously awaits a reply, but does not receive one. She writes to Mr. Wicks, asking for her father's consent. Dick Travers, advising that he is in London and about to call upon them.

CHAPTER II.—Mr. Carey and his daughter, having been in London for some time, she was pressed by the ill-suppressed admiration shown in his looks and speech. But her misgivings were broken up by the entrance of the "girl" with a note.

"Oh! thank you!" cried Kate, starting up to take it, and recognizing Dick's writing. Though addressed to her sister, she opened it unhesitatingly. It was brief: "Will you and Kate," it ran, "put yourselves into a cab about seven-twenty this evening and call at my diggings where I shall be ready to go with you to the Prince of Wales's. The new play is excellent. Awfully sorry I can't come out to fetch you, but I shall have a rush to be ready at eight. Don't fail."

Kate stood gazing at the lines with bright but thoughtful eyes. "I am so sorry Alicia will miss it! She enjoys a play—though she is not so wild about plays as I am! but, of course, I can go! I will leave a note for her to explain things. What o'clock is it? Nearly five! I shall have some tea and thick bread and butter, and then I shall dress. What shall I put on? I haven't much choice. Black? That black skirt is wondrous shabby, but the evening body is in high preservation. I shall put some fresh white lace on it, just under the black edging, and there are still some lilacs of the valley left in the corner of the garden. I'll not put anything in my hair. I have nothing that fits. Then I am sure Alicia would let me have her black mantilla to wrap around me. It will be quite enough. I will cast a halo over my skirt. Thank heaven! I have a new pair of gloves! It is providential that I chose black on me, but they are too short. I must add some lace to them."

The next moment she was flying down the steps into the garden, from which she soon returned with a handful of the fragrant bell-like lilies, and proceeded to carry out her programme of preparation.

Two hours later the smiling Matilda, who was devoted to the young ladies, had fetched a four-wheeler, not having found a hack in the semi-wilded neighbourhood, and Alicia, with a radiant face, and mood carefully attuned to the best of her ability, set forth on pleasure bent.

She was sincerely sorry that her sister should have missed so great a treat, but too joyous to be seriously grieved by regret. When the driver drew rein at the door of Travers' lodgings in Mount Street, he appeared in propria persona.

"What! all alone, Kate!" he exclaimed, as she stepped into the cab, seating himself opposite to her.

"Oh! yes, I am so sorry. But Alicia had gone to a children's party at Miss Golding's, so I thought you would not mind my coming alone." "Dick?"

"If you are very good and reasonable I may get over it," he returned, smiling, while his eyes dwelt on her with something different in their expression from anything she had ever read in them before—something that made her heart beat, though she would not let her own drop. "I am not looking so badly," was her inner conviction. "He will not be ashamed of me." Meantime they were rolling towards the Tottenham Court Road.

"I did not think so advanced a young lady as you are, Kate, would you have designed to travel in a growler?" "Do you call this a growler? I tried to find a hansom but could not. I have brought my little velvet toque, so I can go back in an omnibus if you like."

"No, I don't like. But as I know you are an economical sort of mind, suppose we walk back?" "I should not mind in the least if it keeps fine and you come with me."

"Oh, no. I shall send you alone."

"I'm not afraid of that, Dick!"—with an upward glance sweet and mischievous at once.

Arrived at the theatre, they were conducted to a private box, where Travers settled his cousin with her face to the stage and well sheltered by the curtain.

"It's rather high up, he said, "but better than nothing. You'll see pretty well, and I can look over your shoulder."

"It is all delightful," returned Kate. "Don't attempt to speak to me, except between the acts."

"I shall meditate on your many perfections in the interval."

"No. Attend to the drama, and be ready to discuss it with me while the drop scene is down."

The play was Robertson's "Caste," perhaps his best. Kate was absorbed, breathless with interest.

"How human it all is!" she exclaimed, after the second act. "It is the best play I have ever seen."

"Your experience is not great," observed Travers.

"No. Still I am sure this is very good. Don't you like it?"

"You young Spartan! Why should she make him miserable for the sake of her own pride—she might break his heart?" "Do you think he would be heart-broken? Men don't often break their hearts."

"Come, Kate, don't take up that rubbish about the qualities of men."

"Who, you don't think them inquisitive. They have always been very nice and kind to us. What a dear Papa is? And you are a dear too. Dick! But men have something else to do than breaking their hearts and crying to their eyes out. They ought to be commiserated. Still, I am afraid that after a while George would be rather sick of old Eccles and Samuel Griggs, as a brother-in-law. Either ought to have saved him from that."

"You torge, Kate, that she loved him," said Travers, almost started by her tone of conviction. "You cannot expect stoicism from the loving heart of a woman."

"Why not? If anything can give strength and perception it is true love," said Kate, thoughtfully; "and imagine what she would feel on it if she saw that he regretted his marriage. Why, she would be more than a man at a dinner-table to Oakeley Villas. Is the driver unhurt, and the poor, dear horse?"

"Come, then; we had better go on." "Take my arm."

"I see nothing fortunate in the affair," said Travers gloomily. He was furious at having lost hold of himself. After months of the most careful self-control, of the most scrupulous of feelings, he had been so overcome by the strength of the moment's overpowering impulse had betrayed all. Kate must be led indeed if he did not understand the meaning of his eager anxiety; and now there was the dangerous delight of this long, lonely walk, when the world was sleeping. Was he not bound to say something explanatory of the feeling he had betrayed. They walked on in silence, as he pondered these things.

"It must be difficult to upset a hansom," she exclaimed at last, in an easy natural voice. "I thought our last hour had come when the horse fell out and did not go over."

Travers was surprised, relieved, and just a little piqued.

"I suppose living in London has spoiled my nerves," continued Kate. "I did not think it was so cowardly. Then everything seems worse in the dark, don't you think so?"

"No doubt," returned Travers absently. "I hope Alicia is not sitting up for me!" Kate ran on. "Mr. Sizer gave me the latch key, so I feel like a young man about town. It is Alicia who will man the hansom all sorts of things, because I shall be late."

"I suppose she will be up," said Travers, "for I am sure your business ought to be attended to."

Kate quickened her pace and continued to talk lightly and pleasantly on many subjects enlarging on Mr. Wicks' peculiarities and never leaving the initiative to Travers for a moment. He followed her lead with a slight wince, but in irritation at being led, yet thankful to believe that no mischief had been done. For mischievous it would be, to add to this young creature's troubles and difficulties, to entangle her in a hopeless lingering engagement.

"She looks on me as a sort of useful bachelor cousin, and so much the better, I am rather an unlucky fellow, she had better keep clear of me," he thought. Gradually Travers took his share in the conversation, though Kate assisted largely in keeping it going.

At last they were at the garden gate of Oakeley Villas.

An ejaculation of "thank God," in an undertone, escaped Kate's lips as they paused to open it.

"I am afraid you are suffering horribly," said Travers.

"Oh! no, not so very much, but I am glad to walk over, here is the key, I think Alicia must have gone to bed, it is quite dark."

She was wrong, as Travers opened the hall door gently, one opposite, which led into the chief sitting room also opened letting a line of light stream down the hall.

"I shall not be long," she stood against it her hand on the lock.

"So glad you have come!" she exclaimed, advancing to meet them. "I have been listening for a cab, and beginning to think you were very late."

"We have had a spill," said Travers, "and I am afraid Kate's shoulder is badly hurt."

"A spill!" repeated Alicia, somewhat dismayed. "Come in to the light and let me see. Why, Kate, dear, you are terribly white. Let me see—"

"Not here!" returned Kate, steady herself against the back of a high chair. "I shall go away to bed. A good night's rest will put me all right. I was frightened, and I am tired. Good night, Dick, and thank you for giving me such a treat."

"Which? The play or the spill?" she asked, as he took her hand. "I am awfully sorry about this mischance. Don't be alarmed by being frightened, when you have the plank to hide it. Let me stay here, Alicia, till you ascertain what harm is done. Come back and let me know."

"I will," she returned, and followed her sister upstairs.

Travers paced the room in anything but a happy frame of mind. It ever there was an unquiet fellow, he was one. Would it be wise to cut and run away to Africa? No! He would not desert these rather helpless relatives. They had no real friend in the huge brick and mortar wilderness save himself. Already he had saved Carey from several indignities, and now that he had made a little success he was likely to commit many more. No, he would stand by them. He ought to be strong enough to mask his own weakness. At any rate Kate had no idea of it, and happily regarded him as a friend only—

"It is a very bad business, but no more," said Alicia, coming into the room noiselessly behind him. "Just in the hollow, under the point of the shoulder, I shall put on some brown paper and vinegar, and get her to bed. I do not think it will signify about her."

"Would it not be well to get a surgeon. There are lots of them about. I could find one close by, I dare say."

"I don't think it is the least necessary."

"Then I had better leave you! Alicia, you will be sure to send me a line to-night. For unless you really want me, I shall be too busy to come out here."

"You may depend on me, Dick. She will be much better tomorrow, though it is very painful now. Good night."

"Good night. I hope for a better report tomorrow."

Having locked and chained the front door and turned off the gas, Alicia went quickly upstairs.

Kate was standing before the dressing table, one hand resting on it.

"I cannot get my dress off!" she said in a low undertone, her shoulder is so stiff. Will you draw down my sleeve?"

Her sister tenderly and carefully assisted her.

"Thank you," murmured Kate. "I am afraid I startled you!" Then she suddenly burst into tears, and threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Why, Kate, dear! this is not like you!" cried Alicia, greatly surprised.

"No, it is not. But I was so frightened, and—"

"I know and I am growing weak and cowardly. I shall be all right and my own self tomorrow. Will you do up my hair, dear, or will be in such a tangle? Oh, all I want is to get to sleep, and not to think. This thing is sometimes very bad. Put out the light. Alicia, dear. I want to be quite quiet."

CHAPTER IX.—A DISCOVERY.

Alicia Carey slept soundly after sitting up to an unusually late hour, and the unpleasant excitement of Kate's accident. She woke with a start, and an almost guilty consciousness that she had neglected her sister; that she was unfeeling and reprehensible for being able to sleep so unbrokenly when her Kate was probably suffering.

She raised herself on her elbow, and looked across to her sister's bed, hoping to see her wrapt in slumber, but instead she encountered a pair of extremely bright, wide-awake, laughing eyes.

"Well, you have slept like a top, Alicia!" exclaimed Kate. "It did me good to see such a pair of eyes, the rose-tint of her cheeks. 'I will get you a cup of tea as soon as I can, and you shall keep quiet!'"

"She slipped out of bed as she spoke."

"Nonsense!" cried Kate. "I am dying to be up and about! I am, oh! so sick of thinking and trying not to think. I feel particularly energetic!"

"That is not a good sign. You had better stay in bed."

But Kate had her way, as she generally had, and was ready for breakfast almost as soon as her sister. On the table they found a letter from Carey, announcing his return at the end of the week, to his daughter's great joy.

"It will be nice to have the dear father back again," cried Kate. "Don't say a word to him about my having hurt myself! It is your turn to write to him to-day."

"I will tell you how I get on," said Kate, with a frank smile. "But I am afraid you have no idea how weak and illigal I am!"

"If you acknowledge these defects you have taken one step towards correcting them." Mr. Wicks said this in a somewhat faint tone, a delectable back in his chair as if weary, putting aside his book.

"I am staying too long, and making you talk to-much," exclaimed Kate, rising.

"No, you do not tire me; but the light is fading and I do not care to have the gas lit. I rather wanted to finish this chapter."

"May I read it to you?" interrupted Kate. "Can you see better well?"

"Thank you, I should be glad if you would. Then I shall, I think, go to bed."

So Kate read for the better part of an hour. When she had closed the book Mr. Wicks thanked her, and there was a short pause, and he resumed.

"Your father returns on Thursday. I am glad I sent him on this mission. I believe he has saved my client from making a serious mistake. I did not think he had such a shrewd business side to his character."

"Oh! papa is very clever. I have often heard clever people say so; but he is too trusting."

"Not a usual fault in a lawyer."

"I suppose not," she returned laughing.

"But I am so glad he has been able to serve you in any way, for you have indeed served us."

Wicks thought for a moment, and then said, "Mr. Brett was in my office a day or two before Mr. Carey left for Ireland, and seemed greatly surprised at seeing him there."

"I do not see that he should be, considering he proposed recommending my father to you him."

"I suppose he changed his mind?" said Mr. Wicks, drily.

"He had no right to do so. He just went away for a long time and omitted to fill his promise. Rich men forget the necessities of their poorer brethren often. I hope you do not regret your kind confidence in me?"

"No, my dear young lady, I do not."

She had never heard her curious old patron speak so warmly before. She bid him a cordial good-night and departed.

Instead of taking the most direct way home she turned to the left instinctively, choosing a longer route, for she wanted to be alone.

"I wish I could rule my thoughts," said Kate to herself, as she strolled on into the soft darkness of the warm night; "but I cannot; I cannot put Dick Travers out of my head. I always liked him, but I never thought it would come to this—that his eyes seem always looking into mine, his voice for ever sounding in my ears. I have always thought of him a good deal, but since last night—"

Again memory recalled the close, tender pressure of his arms, the passion in his voice when he called her "darling." How often had she thrilled at the recollection since. Was she foolish, mistaken, in fancying that he loved her? No; try as she would to reason away the impression, she felt that at the moment at least Dick loved her. Ah! life passed with him would be only too delightful; but it could not be. How loyal and kind he had been to them all in their trials and troubles. Well, she must repay him by saving him all the pain she could. It raged to ruin to him to ally himself with such unfortunate, broken-down people as themselves.

"I wouldn't let him, even if he were so

"Thanks to you. Yes! I have even saved up a little," added Kate, blushing in a charming manner.

"I am glad to hear it—very glad. The man or woman who can gather a little money together has valuable qualities, and so long as they do not develop selfishness will do well. There—there's your tea."

"I see you have brought back Abram-crombie. How have you got on with him?"

"At first I found the book rather dry and difficult, but gradually I began to understand and like it. How hard he must have thought to work out all the problems he treats of. I always wonder how people think consecutively. If a thought comes into my head, before I have time to look at it clearly it calls up another and then another, and all their dance round till I scarcely remember what I started from."

"It is something to be able to describe your own mental confusion," said Mr. Wicks. "A kindly expression gleamed in his small keen eyes. 'But one, perhaps the greatest, obstacle to mental development and progress is this fluidity of thought. All rational individuals ought to be able to marshal their thinking faculties and direct them along certain lines. To take an idea and study it, viewing it in various lights, bringing previous mental acquisitions to bear upon it, and resisting all temptation to wander down the by-ways of the tiny footpaths of idle thought, which are for ever branching off on the right hand and on the left. Imagine the enormous acquisitions which might be added to the storehouse of observation and deduction if men could only master their thoughts instead of being at the mercy of an unrelenting crowd of self-suggesting ideas, which flit and fro like unsubstantial shadows.'"

Kate listened with profound attention. Mr. Wicks rarely made so long a speech.

"You must have thought a great deal yourself," she said, "and I suppose you are right; but would it not be dreadfully tiresome to be always keeping one's thoughts in order? I am sure I never could. Besides, I fancy that in my wandering hither and thither in the play-time of thought that poetry is found, like wild flowers in the woods, away from fenced-in roads and milestones. And discoveries! Don't they come often unthought to wanderers too? When roaming aimlessly or groping in darkness they happen upon unexpected treasures or sudden bursts of light."

"You seem to think yourself," he returned, though there was a tinge of displeasure in his tone. "But I should like to see you more alive to the value of order in everything, especially thought. You seem to have marshalled your forces against it."

"Oh, no. I never marshal anything. I didn't know I had ever thought about thinking till you said what you did. But, indeed, I wish I could regulate my thoughts," she added, with a sigh and a tone of profound sincerity. "I will try as hard as I can."

"I am glad to hear you say so, and hope you may succeed. In fact, I have strong faith in the power of will, honestly exerted."

"I will tell you how I get on," said Kate, with a frank smile. "But I am afraid you have no idea how weak and illigal I am!"

"If you acknowledge these defects you have taken one step towards correcting them." Mr. Wicks said this in a somewhat faint tone, a delectable back in his chair as if weary, putting aside his book.

"I am staying too long, and making you talk to-much," exclaimed Kate, rising.

"No, you do not tire me; but the light is fading and I do not care to have the gas lit. I rather wanted to finish this chapter."

"May I read it to you?" interrupted Kate. "Can you see better well?"

"Thank you, I should be glad if you would. Then I shall, I think, go to bed."

So Kate read for the better part of an hour. When she had closed the book Mr. Wicks thanked her, and there was a short pause, and he resumed.

"Your father returns on Thursday. I am glad I sent him on this mission. I believe he has saved my client from making a serious mistake. I did not think he had such a shrewd business side to his character."

"Oh! papa is very clever. I have often heard clever people say so; but he is too trusting."

"Not a usual fault in a lawyer."

"I suppose not," she returned laughing.

"But I am so glad he has been able to serve you in any way, for you have indeed served us."

Wicks thought for a moment, and then said, "Mr. Brett was in my office a day or two before Mr. Carey left for Ireland, and seemed greatly surprised at seeing him there."

"I do not see that he should be, considering he proposed recommending my father to you him."

"I suppose he changed his mind?" said Mr. Wicks, drily.

"He had no right to do so. He just went away for a long time and omitted to fill his promise. Rich men forget the necessities of their poorer brethren often. I hope you do not regret your kind confidence in me?"

"No, my dear young lady, I do not."

She had never heard her curious old patron speak so warmly before. She bid him a cordial good-night and departed.

Instead of taking the most direct way home she turned to the left instinctively, choosing a longer route, for she wanted to be alone.

"I wish I could rule my thoughts," said Kate to herself, as she strolled on into the soft darkness of the warm night; "but I cannot; I cannot put Dick Travers out of my head. I always liked him, but I never thought it would come to this—that his eyes seem always looking into mine, his voice for ever sounding in my ears. I have always thought of him a good deal, but since last night—"

Again memory recalled the close, tender pressure of his arms, the passion in his voice when he called her "darling." How often had she thrilled at the recollection since. Was she foolish, mistaken, in fancying that he loved her? No; try as she would to reason away the impression, she felt that at the moment at least Dick loved her. Ah! life passed with him would be only too delightful; but it could not be. How loyal and kind he had been to them all in their trials and troubles. Well, she must repay him by saving him all the pain she could. It raged to ruin to him to ally himself with such unfortunate, broken-down people as themselves.

"I wouldn't let him, even if he were so

"Thanks to you. Yes! I have even saved up a little," added Kate, blushing in a charming manner.

"I am glad to hear it—very glad. The man or woman who can gather a little money together has valuable qualities, and so long as they do not develop selfishness will do well. There—there's your tea."

"I see you have brought back Abram-crombie. How have you got on with him?"

"At first I found the book rather dry and difficult, but gradually I began to understand and like it. How hard he must have thought to work out all the problems he treats of. I always wonder how people think consecutively. If a thought comes into my head, before I have time to look at it clearly it calls up another and then another, and all their dance round till I scarcely remember what I started from."

"It is something to be able to describe your own mental confusion," said Mr. Wicks. "A kindly expression gleamed in his small keen eyes. 'But one, perhaps the greatest, obstacle to mental development and progress is this fluidity of thought. All rational individuals ought to be able to marshal their thinking faculties and direct them along certain lines. To take an idea and study it, viewing it in various lights, bringing previous mental acquisitions to bear upon it, and resisting all temptation to wander down the by-ways of the tiny footpaths of idle thought, which are for ever branching off on the right hand and on the left. Imagine the enormous acquisitions which might be added to the storehouse of observation and deduction if men could only master their thoughts instead of being at the mercy of an unrelenting crowd of self-suggesting ideas, which flit and fro like unsubstantial shadows.'"

Kate listened with profound attention. Mr. Wicks rarely made so long a speech.

"You must have thought a great deal yourself," she said, "and I suppose you are right; but would it not be dreadfully tiresome to be always keeping one's thoughts in order? I am sure I never could. Besides, I fancy that in my wandering hither and thither in the play-time of thought that poetry is found, like wild flowers in the woods, away from fenced-in roads and milestones. And discoveries! Don't they come often unthought to wanderers too? When roaming aimlessly or groping in darkness they happen upon unexpected treasures or sudden bursts of light."

"You seem to think yourself," he returned, though there was a tinge of displeasure in his tone. "But I should like to see you more alive to the value of order in everything, especially thought. You seem to have marshalled your forces against it."

"Oh, no. I never marshal anything. I didn't know I had ever thought about thinking till you said what you did. But, indeed, I wish I could regulate my thoughts," she added, with a sigh and a tone of profound sincerity. "I will try as hard as I can."

"I am glad to hear you say so, and hope you may succeed. In fact, I have strong faith in the power of will, honestly exerted."

"I will tell you how I get on," said Kate, with a frank smile. "But I am afraid you have no idea how weak and illigal I am!"

"If you acknowledge these defects you have taken one step towards correcting them." Mr. Wicks said this in a somewhat faint tone, a delectable back in his chair as if weary, putting aside his book.

"I am staying too long, and making you talk to-much," exclaimed Kate, rising.

"No, you do not tire me; but the light is fading and I do not care to have the gas lit. I rather wanted to finish this chapter."

"May I read it to you?" interrupted Kate. "Can you see better well?"

"Thank you, I should be glad if you would. Then I shall, I think, go to bed."

So Kate read for the better part of an hour. When she had closed the book Mr. Wicks thanked her, and there was a short pause, and he resumed.

"Your father returns on Thursday. I am glad I sent him on this mission. I believe he has saved my client from making a serious mistake. I did not think he had such a shrewd business side to his character."

"Oh! papa is very clever. I have often heard clever people say so; but he is too trusting."

"Not a usual fault in a lawyer."

...silly as to think of such a thing—he is far too sensible to dream of it. I don't want him to worry about me, and probably he will get over it all soon; they say men are inconsistent, and he sees such heaps of charming women. Of course, he will forget me, but I shall never find any man like him; he is so strong and bright, and knows so much about the real world of living people. There is a sort of careless power about him, I am afraid he could make me do anything he liked; but that is wrong, and he must never know—never, never! Ah, Dick, I do love you; and you may forget, soon forget, but you do love me most. I wish I might hear him say no one, though I should be half frightened. His voice is wonderfully expressive—I have heard Alvie say it was, and she never exaggerates. He will come to me, perhaps, to see how I am; and I must be very careful and indifferent. At any rate I shall see him now and then, and will be strong and disagreeable. I never could desert my father and Alvie. Even if Dick had some apointment and could not marry, he could not marry us all, and could I leave those dear things to poverty and struggle, and go away to peace and heavenly happiness by myself. It would be heaven and always with Dick, and belong to him—to be his comrades. Ah! what folly all this! I must rule my thoughts. It is all impossible. I must submit to the unpeppery curse of poverty. "To bear it to conquer our Fate." Shall I ever conquer myself?—ever put Dick away out of my heart? I never wish to put him away, I'll always love him, and think of him to keep my soul alive; but I must harden my face against him and be strong."

This doughy resolution brought her to the corner of the old pleasure ground at the back of their house, and she could see that the sitting-room was lighted up, and the figure of a man sitting at the table. It must be Travers! She wished she had not come so soon, even while she quivered with joy at the thought of seeing him. She stopped to collect her thoughts, and steady her nerves. All this day she had suffered a good deal of pain in her shoulder, and had struggled gallantly to keep a cheerful front to her sister, and now there was a fresh demand on her strength, but she must—she would rise to the occasion. Drawing a long breath, she walked on slowly to the house. Admitting herself with a sob, she opened the drawing-room door, and found Alvie administering tea to Jamie Tulloch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Mr. George McSweeney, Proprietor of Moncton's Well-known Hostelry.

Permanently Cured OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM BY DR. MANNING'S GERMAN REMEDY.

A Great Endorsement. Mr. Geo. McSweeney, proprietor of the Hotel Brunswick, Moncton, writes to the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) as follows:—

"I take great pleasure in stating to you and the public that you are the proprietors of the greatest rheumatic cure I have ever come in contact with or used."

"I suffered for a year with acute rheumatism and after trying everything I could get at the drug stores without deriving any benefit, I tried Dr. Manning's German remedy and found in it a complete and permanent cure."

"I heartily recommended it as the best liniment in the market."

Dr. Manning's German remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B.

Re-bukes From the Bench. Lord Chief Justice Erie was prone to interrupt counsel when it was found that the Judges had already made up their minds against him. On one occasion Mr. Bovill, Q. C., soon afterward made a Judge, was stopped with "Here we stand, we our men, and we have all firmly (emphasizing the adverb) made up our minds that there must be a new trial; but if you think it worth your while going on after that (placively), why, of course, we'll keep on hearing you." Whereupon the Q. C. laughingly sat down. On another occasion he interrupted with, "I beg to inform the counsel there in the name of the mind of every man at which he lets down the floodgates of his understanding and allows not one more drop to enter; and that time in my mind has fully arrived."

PERMANENT DOWN WITH RHEUMATISM. Permanently Cured by South American Rheumatism Cure.

About seven or eight years ago James A. Anderson of Calgary, N. W. T., says that rheumatism began to affect his system. Rather less than three years since it obtained so strong a hold upon him that he became a cripple and had to use a stick to get about. He says: "I suffered untold misery for some time, and, though treated by the best physicians in this country, and spent a term in the hospital; I came away feeling no better in body, and hopeless of my recovery. I also tried local treatment, until all my money and property were gone for doctors are very expensive in our North West. A friend told me of the benefit he had received from South American Rheumatism Cure, and I secured a bottle from the local druggist. To my surprise and delight it got relief almost at once, and after the second bottle I threw away my stick and was able to take up my work, and am now working every day."

Salted Strawberry Seeds. The sunflower crop is one of the best paying in Russia. A good crop is worth, as it stands in the field, \$25 an acre. The seeds are sold by the farmer for from four shillings to six shillings a pound; then the merchant sals them and retails them for twelve cents a pound, and at every street crossing in Russian provincial cities are stands and peddlars with baskets, selling to the passerby the salted product of the big sunflower, which is eaten.—Chicago Chronicle.

NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

No one brought into casual contact with Edward Flint would have suspected that he was of unusual mind. None the less, he was one of the most dangerous lunatics that I had in the X—ylum.

He had been an exceptionally able lawyer, and up to his fortieth year, had been making a large income. Overwork had, however, told upon him, and he was suddenly seized while in the company of some friends, with acute homicidal mania. He had been with me four years, and, on the average, had an attack of mania every six or seven weeks. During his period of lunacy he was so ferocious as to demand constant care and supervision, and, of course, as a result, had to be detained in the asylum.

His sane intervals no man could have desired a pleasanter companion, and it was my constant habit to spend half an hour or so a day in his congenial company. One day, just before his periodical attack, he told me the following story, which is of such unique character that I give it just as he told it to me at his office. When this was done I was introduced to his daughter, a girl about twenty. Ethel Millikin was not what might have been called a beauty, still, I knew at once that I had met my fate. I will not base you with her description; suffice it to say that, trembling, I took my case and went back to my office. There I thought long and deeply over this new phase in my life, and finally resolved that, cost what it might, I would marry Miss Millikin, and that if I couldn't no one else should.

"It was clearly absurd for me to attempt to win her love in the manner I was trying, for my income was too great. So I decided to win her respect first."

"I took time over it and quietly interested myself in her pet projects, subscribed for her sick fund, lent her books, and was of use to her in many ways. Already she regarded me as a very dear friend, and, I have no doubt, would soon have learned to love me."

"One night I was to take her and her sister to the theatre and had booked three seats. At the last minute, however, to my great joy, her sister had a bad headache and was unable to go. We went as arranged, and I decided to put my attention to the test during the performance. On our arrival the theatre was crowded, and, to my intense annoyance, I found a young child of mine, Sir Edward Berkeley, in the next stall to ours. I was obliged to introduce him, and had the mortification of seeing that Miss Millikin made an impression on him. What chance had against a young, wealthy and handsome man? And with jealous eyes I already saw that chateau d'Espagne of love that I had so carefully reared in ruins."

"On our return from the play, Berkeley insisted on accompanying us to Mr. Millikin's house, and was introduced by me to him."

"The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, which I was powerless to prevent; and one day Berkeley burst into my office in a great state of excitement and asked me to congratulate him."

"I could have cheerfully murdered him as he sat in his chair, so bright and cheerful, with the happiness of youth glowing in his face. Suddenly his face twitched and he hastily put up his hand to his brow. "What is it?" I asked eagerly, hoping he might be going to be ill."

"Nothing," only neuralgia. I have suffered from it for years and have tried everything and seen all the doctors, but to no avail. So now I make the best of it."

"So saying, he got up and took his leave, to go and make love—course him!—to his fiancée."

"No one knows what days and nights I spent, although I worked until my body was aching; my brain would not let me sleep. I roamed up and down my room, planning impossible methods of revenge, only to see the futility of it all."

"One morning I crawled down to the office, feeling utterly done up, and listlessly examined my correspondence. Among it I noted one from an old friend, who was practicing as a physician in Paris. Tossing the rest of the letters to the managing clerk, I began to read my friend's long letter. Suddenly a paragraph in it seemed to stand before my eyes as it written in fire. It ran thus:

"You will, I know, be keenly interested in a marvelous discovery that Dr. Luys, of this city, has just made. He is our great authority on brain diseases, and also dabbles in hypnotism and other kindred subjects."

"He has established beyond any doubt that it is possible to remove the delusion of an insane person—previously hypnotized—by means of a thin magnetized steel band worn around the patient's forehead for about a week. This is sufficiently marvelous, but is nothing to the fact that it is a sane man or woman wears the band previously used by the lunatic the delusions of the latter pass

Query as to Restigouche Salmon. A novel question has been raised in Forest and Stream which is of interest to the fishermen who fish in artificially stocked waters. For some reason or other a fisherman got the notion that the salmon in the Restigouche River were not so game now as in past years. Another of the Restigouche fisher's was of the same mind. If there is anything the sportsman angler does not want, and will not have if he can help it, it is the deterioration of the fighting qualities of his fish. He would like to have the fish go into training if possible.

What the fisherman wants to know is what is the matter with the Restigouche salmon? It appears that the stream has been stocked to a considerable extent during late years, and if this stocking has taken the nerve out of the salmon every one who is interested in fish wants to know the reason why, and more yet, the remedy. It is well known that the hand-reared English pheasants are not to be compared with a wild American ruffed grouse in any particular. If the artificial propagation of fishes is going to result in taking the fight out of American game fish, it will be sad thing to the minds of men who fish for fun, and for profit.

Want Accurate Time. Observations made on the pendulum of the Paris Observatory, which is kept ninety feet under ground, with a temperature that varies one-hundredth part of a degree at most during the year, show that it is not quite proof to the variations of atmospheric pressure. It makes an error of one-third of an oscillation in twelve million and it is proposed to remedy his error.

PREPARATION MADE FOR DEATH. A Desperate Case of Heart Disease Pronounced Absolutely Incurable—Completely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Nothing short of miraculous are some of the cures effected by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. This medicine makes no claim to do anything else, but it does save men and women whose cases have been declared by the ablest physicians of the land utterly incurable. "For fifteen years," says Mrs. John A. James, of Warton, Ont., "I was more or less troubled with heart failure. My doctor declared I would be likely to drop off at any time. One year ago a crisis came, and I was completely confined to my bed; dropsy immediately set in, and my physician pronounced my case hopeless, and advised me to prepare to tell my family that my time had arrived. My husband seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, influenced me, as a last resort, to secure a bottle of this medicine. The first dose relieved me immediately, and before the bottle was completed the dropsy had left me, and I was able to go about and attend to my duties. I have completed my second bottle, and am entirely free from every trace of heart disease."

Limitations of Roentgen's Rays. The German doctors maintain that of the pathological alterations of the soft parts only ossifications and calcifications can be rendered visible by Roentgen's rays, while accumulations of pus can be rendered visible only when they have taken the place of lost bone tissue. They have a bright appearance in contrast to the darker bones. The soft parts can be penetrated by the rays more deeply than the bones, but not more than seventeen centimetres. The photographs permit only limited diagnostic conclusions, and seldom reveal anything new to the practised eye of the doctor.

The replacement of the bone tissue by soft limeless tissue is the symptom which more than any other can be utilized in diagnosing a tumor of the soft parts; but in this case, too, cautious and expert examination of the photograph is necessary, and a correct diagnosis will rarely prove attainable by means of the photograph alone. On the other hand, Roentgen's rays afford an important aid in ascertaining the presence, and especially the exact position, of alien bodies, especially of small alien bodies in the hand and arm. During and after future war bullets and fragments of bullets will easily be discovered by means of Roentgen's rays, and such discoveries will be of great value in judging of the complaints of patients, and in estimating the degree of invalidity and in operating. The use of Roentgen's rays is also very advantageous in cases of bone fractures and dislocation, of doubtful statements regarding very small alien bodies that have entered the flesh, and of morbid fancies.—London Standard.

With a bound I was upon me. I fought for my life, but fortunately assistance was at hand, and, fighting, yelling and struggling, the maniac was secured.—London Sketch.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents, except Nos. 28 and 32 are made \$1.00 plus only. Humphreys' Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES MAILED FREE.

- No. 1 Cure Fever.
- No. 2 " Worms.
- No. 3 " Infants Diseases.
- No. 4 " Diarrhea.
- No. 7 " Coughs.
- No. 8 Cures Neuralgia.
- No. 9 " Headache.
- No. 10 " Dyspepsia.
- No. 11 " Delayed Periods.
- No. 12 " Leucorrhoea.
- No. 13 Cures Croup.
- No. 14 " Skin Diseases.
- No. 15 " Rheumatism.
- No. 16 " Malaria.
- No. 19 " Catarrh.
- No. 20 Cures Whooping Cough.
- No. 21 " Asthma.
- No. 24 " General Debility.
- No. 25 " Sea-Sickness.
- No. 27 " Kidney Diseases.
- No. 28 Cures Nervous Debility.
- No. 30 " Urinary Diseases.
- No. 32 " Heart Disease.
- No. 34 " Sore Throat.
- No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

BORN.

- Halifax, April 15, to the wife of F. G. Major, a son.
- Windsor, April 10, to the wife of Wm. Maylor, a son.
- Noel, N. S., April 2, to the wife of Jacob O'Brien, a son.
- Halifax, April 2 to the wife of Arthur Fenner, a son.
- Halifax, April 15, to the wife of John McIntosh, a son.
- Portauque, April 4, to the wife of Noble Fleming, a son.
- Debert, April 7, to the wife of E. C. F. Fleming, a son.
- Buenos Aires, April 10, to the wife of Robert Gas, a son.
- Antigonish, April 13, to the wife of C. W. Walden, a son.
- Pembroke, April 18, to the wife of Gilbert P. Allen, a son.
- Wolville, April 1, to the wife of G. E. Torrie, a daughter.
- Amherst, April 15, to the wife of Ernest Black, a son.
- Moncton, April 10, to the wife of Harry Carter, a daughter.
- Chatham, April 11, to the wife of Timothy McDonald, a son.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

MARRIED.

Kenville, April 9, William A. Forsyth to Ella Best. Bridgewater, April 8, Deaa Croft to Martha E. Weale.

DIED.

Millon, April 16, Wm. Watt, 71. Newport, April 4, Wm. MacFarlane, 21. Bernside, April 6, Isaac Fulton, 62. Jordan Bay, April 15, William Kane. St. John, April 19, Geo. H. Miles, 57. Carleton, April 18, Wm. Hatfield, 81. Westport, April 12, Charles Lent, 21. Little River, April 16, Peter Frost, 66. Halifax, April 15, Teresa Granthley, 25. Great Village, April 14, Ezra Lydon, 65. Halifax, April 13, Charles A. Broche, 53. Hampson, N. S., April 8, John Dunn, 77. Sandport, April 14, William Hancock, 74. Jordan Falls, April 16, Stephen Barclay, 23. Upper Northside, April 1, John Ramsey, 70. Merigonah, Apr. 6, Charles Robertson, 58. Marydale, April 10, Archibald Chisholm, 48. Burlington, April 11, James B. Robinson, 62. Point Aix Car, Mar. 28, Angus F. Russell, 76. South Boston, April 10, Mary Eliza of N. S., 46. Hampton, April 12, Capt. Stephen Palmer, 72. Rossay, April 10, Miss, Miss Crosscomb, 87. Nappan, April 16, Anna, wife of A. O'Brien. Lower South River, April 4, Botricia Chisholm, 69. Four Mile Brook, April 9, George McKinnis, 69. Larry's River, N. S., April 8, Thomas Gerrard, 21. Noel, April 16, Mary, daughter of John Murray 13. Truro, April 12, Edith, wife of Harry J. Bryden, 23. Truro, April 12, Edith, daughter of Harry J. Bryden, 23. St. John, April 17, Louisa, daughter of the late Wm. Brezza. Waterville, Mar. 24, Mary, widow of George Swinmer, 60. Boston Highlands, April 13, Malcolm Currie, of N. S. North Grant, April 10, Anne, daughter of Daniel Grant, 67. Cornwallis, April 8, Jennie, daughter of George R. New Glasgow, April 17, Christina, wife of W. G. Matheson. Cambridge, N. S., April 9, Fannie, wife of Moses Batchelor, 6. Masstown, April 11, Elizabeth, widow of Duncan E. Creelman, 81. Beaver River, April 9, Margaret, widow of Daniel Y. Corning, 52. Salem, Mass., April 10, D. D. Boudreau of Tazet Wedge, N. S. 76. Ellersburgh, April 10, Rebecca Glassey, widow of John Glassey, 75. Lockport, April 2, Allan, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Locke. Antigonish, April 10, Flora, child of Allen and Elizabeth Gillis, 1. Middle Le Have, April 7, Margaret, widow of Charles Russell, 52. Antigonish, April 7, Willie H. son of John and Alice MacEachern, 7. Halifax, April 16, Catherine, daughter of Andrew and Mary Duggan, 14. Halifax, April 14, Albert, only son of Peter and Sophie Smith, 4 months. Thornburn, N. S., April 13, John son of John and Catherine McDonald, 25. St. John, April 11, Mary S., only daughter of Wm. and Margaret Elliot, 25. Antigonish, April 12, Catherine, daughter of the late Alex McDonald, 56. Halifax, April 13, James Clifford, son of Wm. and Louisa Riley, 9 months. New Glasgow, April 11, Margaret McLoughlin, wife of Newman Beitz, 47. Halifax, April 16, Maud T., daughter of William and Charlotte Johnston, 20. River de Chate, April 11, Charlie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wolverton, 14. Wolville, April 10, Florence, child of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Dunsanson, 4 months. South Cove, April 14, Stanley, child of Mr. and Mrs. Anna E. Bridge, 13 months. Truro, April 14, Agnes J., only surviving daughter of the late Rev. J. Donald McCurdy, 62. Halifax, April 17, Percy T., only son of William G. and the late Marion Taylor Pender, 30. Roxbury, Mass., April 20, Elizabeth, child of Robert G. and Stella Larnes, 1 year and ten months.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. On and after WEDNESDAY, the 9th September 1895, the trains of this Railway will be Sunday excepted as follows:

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax	1.00
Express for Halifax	2.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11.00
Express for Sarnia	12.00

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Sarnia, 6.30; Express from Montreal (Monday excepted), 7.30; Express from Pictou (Monday excepted), 10.30; Express from Halifax, Piquash and Camp, 11.00; Accommodation from Moncton, 12.00.

Trains will leave St. John: Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax, 1.00; Express for Halifax, 2.00; Express for Quebec and Montreal, 11.00; Express for Sarnia, 12.00.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Trans-Pacific STEAMERS. LEAVE VANCOUVER, B. C., FOR JAPAN, CHINA, & C.

SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA, & C. At daybreak on April 30, May 30, June 30 and July 30, 1896.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

INTERNATIONAL ...S. S. Co. 2 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON.

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

To Wolford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under, 5 cts. per lb.

To Sarnia, Annapolis, Digby, Roy, Pictouville, or Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, 15 cts. per lb.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. On and after WEDNESDAY, the 9th September 1895, the trains of this Railway will be Sunday excepted as follows:

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax	1.00
Express for Halifax	2.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11.00
Express for Sarnia	12.00

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Sarnia, 6.30; Express from Montreal (Monday excepted), 7.30; Express from Pictou (Monday excepted), 10.30; Express from Halifax, Piquash and Camp, 11.00; Accommodation from Moncton, 12.00.

Trains will leave St. John: Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax, 1.00; Express for Halifax, 2.00; Express for Quebec and Montreal, 11.00; Express for Sarnia, 12.00.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Trans-Pacific STEAMERS. LEAVE VANCOUVER, B. C., FOR JAPAN, CHINA, & C.

SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA, & C. At daybreak on April 30, May 30, June 30 and July 30, 1896.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

INTERNATIONAL ...S. S. Co. 2 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON.

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

To Wolford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under, 5 cts. per lb.

To Sarnia, Annapolis, Digby, Roy, Pictouville, or Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, 15 cts. per lb.

VOL. MCCOY

HALIFAX war between pendency whole the able Fielding justice in the whole carrying on the business that, when they address for a license the liquor far as the case is to the local He adheres sign summary who have taken exact claims that the whole act is infru that the m just as it is Mr. McCoy he institut supreme Fielding The case Recorder against the Mr. Dwyer suming the himself in he untid was conce \$300 with summons damus cheaper a fight. But the host with John Glas Fielding, summons Recorder by man I do so. It will right, or luminar Fielding, jurisdiction cannot to order Mr should an and that fat fees. There liquor lit illegal hundred equal dist the time spring, o tor Bank question; there rounding distance been Inspecti enes before signature the may than sign parchment specter opinion i den, the Nova Se legal Yet, when they were doing by right. The may \$100 fin sign. What H. H. had bett a velopme men who signed he loose up where v came in for the men the sympath half of eye o pov.