





Music and The Drama

This week the Opera House is occupied by the Carleton Opera Company, an organization which has been the recipient of much favorable advance notice.

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Calve responded by throwing kisses from her pretty fingers and shaking her head in the most pathetic way.

The stage manager addressed them in very positive language stating that Mme. Calve had finally retired to her dressing room, and that it would be absolutely impossible for her to appear again.

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Ellen Terry recently played in England the title role in "Madame Sans-Gene" and scored a notable success, although it is said she rather "overdid the washer-woman scene."

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A new piece entitled "The French Maid" by Messrs. Hood and Slaughter was played in Toole's theatre London last Monday for its initial.

The "Columbia" the "Amphion" and "The American" theatre in Brooklyn were all closed last week it being Holy Week.

A farce comedy in four acts entitled "A Tarrytown Widow" was on at the Park theatre in Brooklyn last week.

Carl A. Haswin, who appeared here at the Mechanic's Institute as Drelincourt, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now at the Star theatre, N. Y., appearing in the principal role in "A Lion's Mouth."

It is said that Henry Arthur Jones' new play "The Payee" suggests the recent content between a woman client and a well known London physician as to a medical man's right to reveal secrets entrusted to him professionally.

The rents for theatres in London have gone up this year. In some cases the increase is as high as one hundred per cent.

Madame Eleanor Duse after a phenomenal season in Russia is now acting in Italy.

BICYCLES.....



Agents Wanted in every town for the King of Scorchers Special Grade Cycle.....

And the High Grade Crawford SPEED KING and QUEEN.

We have these in THREE HEIGHTS OF FRAME, variety of color, seamless tubing, with Dunlop tyres, built-up wood rims, plated detachable chain wheels, adjustable handlebars, two piece cranks, the latest hygienic saddles and oil-retaining dust-proof bearings, at \$75 00

Our Mr. LOVE is now in the Maritime Provinces appointing Agents. Write us and make appointments if you are open. Catalogues free.

E. C. HILL & CO., 101 Yonge Street, Toronto.

BIUYCLING IN CORSIKA.

Wonderful Roads, No Brigrand, and a Picturesque Unknown Country.

If the confiding cyclist will open his map of Corsica and suppose himself safely transferred from the mainland of Italy to the town of Bastia, on the east coast of the island, he will be transported on a three weeks' tour such as is not easily to be matched in Europe, if perfection of roads, air, and scenery are desired.

For a considerable portion of the route the road and the railway are within means of communication with each other. We may, therefore, mount at Bastia with a light heart and the certainty that the morning train will, at its own slow leisure, safely convey our ward-robe to Ponte Vecchia, where the first night will be spent, and after as desired, to Corte, Vizzavona, and Ajaccio on the road of our intended journey.

It is as well, when possible, to send a day's warning to the inns of your arrival, that there may be time given to kill the fatted kid—the Corsican's favorite food—and put your rooms in order, for though fresh eggs and bread and good native wine (the latter given, as water is in England, free of charge) are always to be had, meat requires time to be caught, killed, and prepared.

no difficulty. French will, at least in the towns and larger villages, be all-sufficing; and though in the country districts the picturesque peasants will jabber and gesticulate only in their native patois, they are as a rule intelligent enough to understand the travelling Briton's classical Italian, especially if this be helped out by some of the charming signs and gestures of which these interesting islands are masters and adepts.

It would seem as though there must be some magic controlling the mending of the roads, for loose and new-laid stones are rarely to be met, while as for dust, mud, and broken glass, it need only be said that the Corsicans pride themselves upon the total absence on their roads of the first and second of these cyclistian horrors, and as regards the third—if we may judge from the fact that in the country districts glass windows are a rarity, wooden shutters alone being used as protection from weather and from personal foes—we need not fear a lavish distribution of this scarce article upon the highway.

It is just possible that sometimes—as, for instance, on the ascent to Vizzavona, which lies more than 4,000 feet above sea level—the train bo-peeping at us through the openings of the constant tunnels, may indulge in a temporary glimpse of advantage as he sees us toil some ascending foot by foot, the mountain passes he has conquered in scale. But when once the height is reached, and we on the wings of the light bike find ourselves freely flying down and round the marvellously graduated slopes—the seats of white heather, rosemary, cistus, and the wonderful machie shrub mixing with the fresh mountain air intoxicating our senses with the aspirations of a new world—it is our turn to triumph.—St. James Gazette.

Leave Their Wives at Home. It is a strict rule with the big transatlantic steamship companies that the wife of the Captain shall not travel in his ship. The company strongly prohibits its Captains from taking their wives aboard with them.

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PILL- OSOPHY

There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 20 cents a vital lead in demand. The sale borders on the phenomenal.

Trimmed and Untrimmed MILLINERY.

A large and fashionable stock of all the latest novelties in TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED HATS, TOQUES and BONNETS. Prices moderate. Ladies invited.

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



Humphreys' No. 10

promotes DIGESTION.

By curing Dyspepsia; strengthening the Weak Stomach; stimulating the Liver; invigorating the Kidneys; renewing the Gastric Juices; toning up the System; making new Blood; quieting the Nerves; inducing sleep and thus raising the spirits; dispelling despondency and allowing the Dyspeptic to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

It is one of Dr. Humphreys' favorite prescriptions and is just as reliable as his famous

"77" FOR COLDS

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases of your Druggists or mailed Free.

acknowledgements. After Calve and the

prepared. As regards language, there is

scale. But when once the height is

preparation, from plants—is a... otherwise than... Depended On! At All Times... satisfaction... Every One Guaranteed... in house... SHER... for the season... of... card in one of the... of W. C. RUDMAN... STORE, advertisement... 10c, 3 for 25, and 2... special prices in dozen... other window you will... OF SOAP at prices 3... 6 cakes for 25c, 7c per... 25c, and 10c per cake... sure and see these at... Remember the Store... PHARMACY, 35 King... Prescriptions are accur... Telephone 239... NES... "Escalona"... in quarter case... and Octives... low... BOURKE... STREET... STER... and Poultry... AS DEAN, Market... KETT'S... Cure,,... itive cure for... Colds in... Prepar... CROCKETT, St. Cor. Sydney... LEARY, DEALER IN... and Liquors... Ales and Cigars, STREET.







ST. STEPHEN AND GALILEE.

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

April 21.—The climax of the season's entertainments...

There were many elegant costumes worn by the married ladies...

Mrs. Ernest T. Lee, heliotrope silk with over dress of black Brussels net...

Mrs. Frank E. Macartney, handsome gown of rich ottoman silk...

Mrs. Kate Washburn, pretty gown of white silk trimmed with white tulle...

Mrs. Lillian Mally, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mallory...

Miss Katherine Copland, pink silk gown with over dress of white muslin.

Miss May John, pretty dress of white silk with over dress of white gauze.

Miss Ethel Waterbury who will graduate at the Boston Kindergarten school...

Another Easter has come and gone, and although there was a suspicion of an icy cold wind...

The number of the Easter costumes and bonnets were most noticeable, especially the bonnets...

Yesterday being Easter Tuesday the ladies of Trinity church gave their annual supper and sale.

Miss Lillian Mally, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mallory, who has been spending several weeks in Belmont Mass...

Throat Kumforts "KUMFORT HOME REMEDIES" (Registered). "Throat Kumforts" will stop that tickling, irritating cough...

A bright and talented young priest gave promise of a useful future.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones' Bookstore.

April 21.—The usual number of holiday visitors have been in town during the past week...

Miss Edith Sumner is at home from the Girl's school at Botheay spending a few days with her parents...

Mr. A. E. Wilkinson of the general freight agents office, I. C. R. left home on Thursday evening...

Miss Fanning, vocal instructor at Mount Allison Ladies' College, spent the Easter holidays in town...

making an Artificial Skin. A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin...

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir...

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy...

For Nine Years—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with rheumatism on my legs..."

MISSISSIPPI—Why are you going to leave? Haven't we at ways treated you right? I never got drunk in my life that I didn't get out...

SUCCESSFUL GROWERS USE THE STEELE BRIGGS SEEDS. LEADING DEALERS IN CANADA CATALOGUE FREE.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir...

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS. During the Year 1897.

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

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

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

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. STAFFORD, ABE., 4th, 1893.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Grace Darling. Fifty-eight years ago the 7th of September, Grace Darling and her father, through their heroic efforts, saved from a watery grave nine precious souls.

K. D. C. PILLS are splendid for the Liver and Bowels. Fifty-eight years ago the 7th of September, Grace Darling and her father...

French Skirts. Fire a light shining Excellence has clothed skirts without buy the in interlin to spoil the best dress-genuine.

Grace Darling. Fifty-eight years ago the 7th of September, Grace Darling and her father, through their heroic efforts, saved from a watery grave nine precious souls.

Successful Growers Use The Steele Briggs Seeds. LEADING DEALERS IN CANADA CATALOGUE FREE.

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Minard's "King of Pain" Liniment. MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
CORNICANS.
Chaperons—Mrs. Flewelling, Mrs. Barry.
Miss Isabel McMullen Miss Ethel Hanson
Miss May Donahoe Miss Annie Smith

GYPSIES
Chaperons—Mrs. Fenety, Mrs. Tibbits.
Gypsy Bride, Miss May Donahoe.
Mrs. A. Gibson Miss Jennie Cooper
Miss Beckwith Mrs. Chas. R. Berts

QUEENS OF THE SEA.
Chaperons—Mrs. E. J. Payson.
Miss Minnie Guter Miss Jennie Cooper
Mrs. J. A. Edwards
Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety

FLORAL ARCH.
Chaperons—Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Torrens.
Miss Annie Ryan Miss Minnie McCoy
Miss May Ryan Miss Davida Manzer

FLORAL ARCH.
Chaperons—Mrs. Flewelling, Mrs. Tibbits.
Captain, Miss Donahoe.
Miss Myra McLeod
Miss Lou Burchill

PROF. and Mrs. Downing left Friday for Philadelphia on account of the ill health of the Professor.
Mr. and Mrs. Downing made many friends during their residency in the city who will regret their departure exceedingly.

Great Sales proved by the statements of leading druggists everywhere, show that the people have an abiding confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Cures proved by the voluntary statements of thousands of men and women show that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does possess

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.
Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

BABY HUMORS

Instant relief for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.
The only speedy and economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors of the skin, scalp, and blood.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass.
"Cuticura" is the name of the great skin cure.
BABY BLEMISHES
Presented and Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WOODSTOCK.
[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loun & Co.]
April 21.—Miss Nan Bull returned from Boston Friday, where she spent the winter in musical studies.

APRIL 22.—Quite a number of visitors came to Dorchester to spend Easter, which made it pass off very pleasantly.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Campbell of St. John returned home on Tuesday while here they were guests at the rectory.

APRIL 21.—St. Mary's church of England and the Methodist church were both prettily and effectively decorated with flowers on Easter Sunday, special music was given in both and the services were all well attended.
Mrs. R. H. Davis and family arrived in town on Wednesday last, they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Weeks.

BATHURST.
April 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gilbert are receiving congratulations from their many friends on the arrival of a daughter.
Mr. Fred Bishop went to St. John on Thursday to spend Easter.

COLEMAN'S... SALT
Best for Table use
Best for Dairy use
UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.

Miss Bessie Neale, white dotted muslin, '000 pink flowers.
Miss Blanche Dibblee white and violet muslin, violet ribbon trimmings.
Miss McGovern white silk and gause pink ribbon.

Miss Cora Smith white muslin, pink trimmings.
Miss Munro golden brown silk chiffon trimmings.
Miss Kairas white muslin, over yellow silk, yellow satin ribbons.

Miss Hilda Bourne, black net over silk, pink carnations and smilax.
Miss Nellie Beardsley, white dotted muslin over yellow, yellow ribbons.
Miss Stoddard, white muslin, chiffon and pink ribbon trimmings, pink carnations.

Miss Bertha and Eva Welling of Shediac were here on Saturday returning to re-open their respective schools.
Mr. T. Kent Scovil, representing the Queen Biscuit Co., of St. John was in Harcourt on Monday afternoon en route north.

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CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.



A WELL PAINTED FLOOR
with a rug is always clean. It saves your time, your back, and your patience. At the start it costs less than a carpet. It is cleaner, healthier and easy to take care of.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT
is the best floor paint made. It is easy to put on, and will stand the hard uses a floor always gets. Color cards showing shades, will be mailed free upon application.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
CLEVELAND
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
MONTREAL

DORCHESTER.
[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]
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MUSQUASH.
APRIL 20.—St. Ann's church looked very bright and attractive on Easter Sunday morning it being profusely decorated with potted plants and evergreens. The music rendered by the choir was most appropriate. And the beautiful anthem "Why seek ye the living among the dead," was sung with great expression. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Smith of St. John in the absence of the rector Rev. Mr. Bascham who has been granted two months vacation on account of ill health, and with Mrs. Bascham is visiting their daughter in Montreal.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
Week Commencing APRIL 26
An entire New Show from start to finish. Not an Old Face on the bill.
NEW FARBES.
NEW SPECIALTIES.
PRICES 10c. AND 20c.
Be sure to see this mammoth show, eclipsing all previous efforts. See the Farce Comedy, THE SPECULATOR.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 24 1897.

WILL NOT CELEBRATE

BECAUSE THEY CAN'T AGREE UPON A WAY TO DO IT.

Moncton Citizens are either too poor, too indifferent, or too economical to do honor to Her Majesty in the 60th Year of Her Majesty's reign—the Committee decides.

MONCTON April 20.—The present indications are that Moncton will have no celebration of any kind to mark the Jubilee year, but will place herself on record as being either too poor, too indifferent, or too economical to take any part in a demonstration which will be almost world wide. After working manfully in the face of opposition, criticism and worst of all apathy, the general committee appointed by the citizens to take charge of the proposed celebration, have given up the unequal fight, and at a meeting held in the council chamber last Friday evening handed in their reports of lack of progress, and unanimously tendered their resignation to the mayor. A. J. Weldon read a report from the finance committee stating that every effort had been made to raise the required five hundred dollars, a subscription list had been prepared and circulated but as yet it remained blank, no one seeming inclined to contribute, and in view of their lack of success, the sub committee on finance asked to be discharged. Other members of the general committee expressed the opinion that it would be quite impossible to raise the required sum by private subscription, and though there were a few cheerful enough to think that it might yet be done, the general feeling of the meeting was that the repeated delays and postponements in order to obtain further information were merely rendering the committee ridiculous and exposing them to adverse comment, so that the more dignified course would be to resign, and allow their places to be filled by men who might possibly succeed where they had failed, accordingly they tendered their resignation.

The acting of the general committee in asking to be relieved from further service has not been prompted by any shrinking from the responsibilities of their position, or the hard work it entailed, but rather from a feeling that neither the city council nor the citizens seemed to be in accord with them, and that others might be found who would be more fortunate in carrying the public with them.

To anyone acquainted with the gentlemen of whom the different committees are composed, this view of the matter is manifestly erroneous, as it is far from likely that anyone will succeed where they have failed. The true reason for the non success of their efforts is the lack of unanimity on the part of the citizens: some want one thing, and others want another, while the papers are filled from day to day with varied, and often impossible suggestions for the proper celebration of the day, as well as the permanent memorial; but as far as the outside public can judge, no one is particularly anxious to help the enterprise along with anything but advice, hard cash, which is the one thing most needed does not seem to enter into the calculations of these enthusiasts. Each man has a pet hobby of his own, and he is most generous in trotting it out for the benefit of the public through the medium of the papers. This one is in favor of a procession of school children, local societies and militia, on the common, supplemented by a parade of the firemen of the city who are to decorate their engines and hose cars at their own expense, a few small field pieces are to be borrowed from the militia department, also a royal standard, and a competent person is to be employed to manipulate those same pieces in giving a royal salute—presumably in giving a royal salute—in twenty one rounds of blank cartridges, and five hundred rounds more, for a few days' joy. Now this modest display of military pomp, would indeed be impressive, and when followed by the singing of the national anthem by the assembled school children led by the city bands, would indeed be a feature long to be remembered if the performance at all resembled that which took place when Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited Moncton. Doubtless it would prove a source of unalloyed pleasure to the parents of the children—but it must be remembered that we have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Moncton, which, being the only society of the kind in the city, also endeavors to prevent wanton cruelty to children, as well as animals, and it would certainly step in and forbid any such proceeding as a parade

of helpless youngsters marching around the common under a burning July sun accompanied by the local militia, and three small field pieces, and standing in the heat while the salutes were fired, and then "forming in marching order," and proceeding as per program". It would certainly be a sight to make the angels weep to see those unfortunate children, at least five hundred strong, with the local militia, and the firemen, not to mention spectators, field pieces and populace in general, all crowded together on the narrow, and swampy limits of what is now left of the common! There would scarcely be standing room, much less space for the proper display of so imposing a procession! Fireworks, on the common again, and a torch-light procession. Probably a repetition of the morning's pageant, will appropriately conclude the day, all citizens being asked to illuminate their houses along the route. The promoter of this scheme adds the additional bait, to the rules already enumerated of assuring the citizens that it can be done at a very small cost.

Another public spirited citizen wants the above programme carried out with the addition of the Princess Louise cavalry taking part, and the date being changed to that set apart in England, and rather irrelevantly gives as his reason, that he is opposed to giving the athletic association a hundred dollars for fireworks and then paying twenty five cents to see them set off. Each man who writes to the papers on the subject usually winds up with the hope that others will come forward with suggestions, and the others are not slow to respond to the call, so suggestions are plentiful if cash is scarce. No one doubts that many of these propositions could be carried out with comparative ease, and little expense, but it must be remembered that it is not the ordinary observance of a public holiday that is contemplated but the fitting celebration of an event unknown before in the history of the empire and if it is not to be done in a proper manner, it had much better be abandoned altogether. It is this conviction which has led the committee for the celebration to resign; they are all of one accord in the opinion that a poor and mean demonstration would be worse than none at all, and as their efforts have met with no encouragement up to the present time, they prefer to give up the struggle. When first appointed they prepared a careful estimate of the probable cost of the entire celebration, and submitted it to the citizens who thought it too high and refused to vote such a sum; since then even the five hundred dollars promised by the city council has not been voted; the subscription list remains blank; the form the celebration is to take has not yet been decided upon, and there remains but a scant two months in which to make the extensive preparations required for such an event. Under such circumstances the action of the committee is scarcely to be wondered at, and it will be surprising if a sufficient number of men can be found who will be brave enough to take their place.

With regard to the permanent memorial things are not in a much more advanced condition. As long as we could keep the propositions within ordinary limits and confined ourselves to the completion of the relative merits of hospital, park, and public library we did pretty well, and even made a little progress, but the circle is ever widening and the more it extends the farther we seem to get from a decision. One person thinks that a new school building on the central grounds would be a fitting memorial, while another considers that a nice system of permanent sidewalks would be more appropriate, and we shall probably hear from some enthusiast before long who is in favor of an improved system of sewerage, the introduction of a few more electric lights, or the extension of some of the side streets, as a memorial of the longest and most prosperous reign the world has known. It is all very interesting of course, and calculated to impart a pleasing variety to the somewhat monotonous work connected with any large public undertaking, but there seems to be some danger that by the time the citizens have duly weighed the relative merits of the different suggestions, and given a proper consideration to individual taste and opinion, so as to avoid hurting anyone's feelings the jubilee year

will have become a thing of the past, and Moncton will suddenly awake to the fact that she has been left behind in the race and her own indecision is entirely responsible for the rather ridiculous position in which she finds herself.

Two Entrances {27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 {39 and 41 Germain St. } GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEPT TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEPT TELEPHONE, 979.

P. N. CORSET IS THE BEST.

All genuine have this "Trade P. N. Mark" printed on the inside of each Corset. o o o o o o o o

This Corset, after many years' trial in the United States and Canada is acknowledged to be superior to all others. It has served as a model for many imitations, none of which have ever equalled it in form, finish or material. Its points of excellence are a perfectly formed waist, gracefully curved back, properly shaped and easily fitting hips, with the bust and shoulder lines so proportioned in each model as to insure a faultless fit, combined with perfect comfort and freedom to the wearer.

P. N. CORSETS are made in every variety of shape and style, and the prices range from 85 cents to \$5.25 per pair.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

GRUEL IN THE PARLOR. The Cook was Designated at the Entertainment Given a Stranger.

The old-time hospitality of the South included certain established customs, the importance of which were felt by all, from the master to the youngest servant on the place. How sacred these observances were may be judged from the difficulty which Mr. John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," once had in obtaining a humble (bowl of gruel instead of the more elegant refreshments usually offered to visitors. He was living at a little tavern in a Southern town, and went with woe-begone face to a friend's house one morning.

"Miss Mary," he pathetically inquired, "do you know what gruel is?"

"Indeed, I do. Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, these horrid biscuits at the tavern seem compounded of saleratus, lard and half-baked flour. Could you give me a dish of gruel prepared?"

"Certainly I can," she answered, and hastened to the kitchen to lay the case before Aunt Minda, the family cook.

"Lor, Miss Mary," exclaimed the ebony priestess of pots and pans, "yer know yer maw not gwine ter like that! I never knowed gruel carried inter her parlor ter company. Yer got no pride chile."

"'Go 'long inter the house an' give yer frien' fruit-cake an' pineapple cheese, Miss Mary."

"Don't keer, chile! Gruel ain't ter be carried inter the parlor, nowhow."

"But Mr. Payne has dyspepsia, Aunt Minda. He's sick, and doesn't want anything but yer gruel."

This appeal conquered the old negress, who pried herself as much on nursing as on cooking, and the gruel was prepared.

But Rob, the house-boy, had yet to be reckoned with. He was as flustered as Aunt Minda by such a compromise of dignity. He would have proudly and promptly presented cake and wine, but gruel in his opinion, would besmirch the family escutcheon forever. He entered into a long argument, which ended in his sulkily carrying the tray of gruel to the visitor. His wounded feelings were mollified, however, when he saw the steaming beverage quaffed like nectar.

"Rob," said Mr. Payne, "is there any more gruel where that came from?"

"Lor, yes, Mr. Payne! I here is bushels!"

"Well, bring me another bowl then," said the visitor, gratefully, slipping a dollar into the boy's hand.

AN ENEMY OF STARFISH. Oystermen Hope That a Remedy Has Been Found for Foes of the Oyster.

The starfish is one of the worst enemies that the oyster planter has to contend with. There is a fortune for the man who can devise a cheap plan to rid the oyster beds of this pest. Oystermen have spread nets over their beds, and the starfish could fold its fingers and push its back up through the meshes, but could not return because the fingers would not bend backward. Patents have been issued for "swab tangles," which are strands of rope yarn arranged on a bar, and are dragged over the beds and the starfish are entangled in the threads by reason of their many rough points. But these processes require much labor, which the value of the crop will hardly warrant.

Capt. Daniel Van Velsor, an extensive oyster grower in Oyster Bay, went down the bay some time ago with James Thomson and J. D. Velsor to take up the oysters for the day's shipment to New York. Among the oysters they found a lot of dead and dying starfish. These which were not dead seemed to have portions of their anatomy covered with some small form of animal life, and where the small creatures were congregated the parts of the starfish were bleached and dead. An enemy of the starfish had appeared, the oystermen thought, and they rejoiced. Dead starfish and the new enemy were carefully gathered and sent to Major Fred Mather, the pisciculturist, who pronounced the enemy a form of marine life unknown to him. In a letter to Capt. Daniel Van Velsor he said:

"I find these small animals to be crustaceans; that is, in the class with lobsters, crabs, shrimps, sand fleas, &c., and therefore they are scavengers and can live on animal matter, living or dead. Zoologists would call them isopods, because their feet are all alike or equal; they are nearly one-fourth of an inch in length, and have some characters of Limnoria, which feeds on wood and is destructive to piles and other woodwork in water, and also resembles a very small crustacean known as Limnoria terebra, which is much smaller. I do not know the little animal which you send, but will send the specimens to the experts at Washington, in alcohol."

The little crustacean has not been described in the publications of the Fish Commission, or Major Mather would have been able to name it; but it is really a new enemy of the starfish it is to be hoped that it may be propagated. In the economy of nature there are parasitic animals that live quietly on others for years, and then, by force of some natural conditions, multiply in such numbers as to destroy their hosts and then, deprived of feeding grounds, they diminish in numbers for a while, and so the cycle of animal life goes on.

NOTHING DAUNTED. The Man Who Conquers Despair is one of the World's Heroes.

There are brave men everywhere, among all classes of humanity, but the man who has the courage to fight despair, who sets himself resolutely to work out a future from what would seem to be the ruins of a shattered life, is not the least of the world's heroes. Forty years ago such a man met fate, and conquered, and in the conquering laid the foundation of an industry that had before existed only as an adjunct to another calling.

The making of models of newly patented machines, models that embody an inventor's idea, and yet are so small that they can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in a hand-bag, is an industry very useful, and indeed essential, in this age of invention. Without it the inventor could not well sell his goods, for a customer cannot be induced to wade through a pamphlet of description, though he will look at a miniature working model, and at once see its advantages. The making of such models used to be left solely to watchmakers. These men had no knowledge of practical engineering, and sometimes could not follow the idea of the inventor. Yet to them he was bound to apply until about forty years ago. At that time a misfortune befell a skillful London mechanic, intrusted with the most delicate work in a large engineering establishment. He was attacked by partial paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his legs, but left his arms unimpaired. He could never again hope to leave his chair, and his former work was now an impossibility.

He was, however, too brave a man to despair. His arms were free, and he determined to devote himself to such engineering work as was still possible to him. He turned his attention to miniature models—microscopic models, they might be called since it was impossible to make out the parts without a magnifying glass. To his efforts it is due that the making of working models is now a distinct branch of industry.

Two of his models, described in Chamber's Journal, were masterpieces of workmanship. One was a model of the engines of the iron clad Warrior, and the other a tiny copy of the steamship Great Britain, engines and all. The first was the most minute pair of engines the world had ever seen. They stood on a three-penny piece, and the same coin balanced them in the scales. Every detail was there in its exact proportion, and the engines worked with amazing speed when simply blown with the breath.

The other model was equally wonderful. It was the smallest steamship ever fashioned. It was eight inches long, and its screw propeller was hardly larger than a pea. Its whole weight when ready for sea, was an ounce and a quarter. The engines weighed less than half an ounce. It was a sight to see the tiny ship plowing its way across a bath-tub.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Our I's and Other Eyes. Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes: "I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A MIDNIGHT DRIVE

Some years ago I was sadly in need of a change in the country, and, most opportunely, a doctor in Arlington was anxious to winter abroad, so I took his practice for six months.

and sobbed out his young life in his arms. I was horrified, although in my professional capacity I had attended scores of deathbeds. In silence I advanced to help the poor young man, but he laid down the lifeless form and came to my side, saying coldly:

possible undertaking, as the animals were not sufficiently skillful to climb a rope ladder to the upper deck. But the trainer knew his beasts, and was equal to the situation.



SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

SO DOCTORS SAID CONCERNING RICHARD B. COLLINS. He spent months in the Toronto Hospital Without Any Benefit—Pink Pills Cure Him After All Other Treatment Failed.

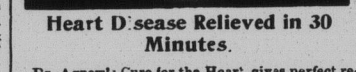


May, they discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks and then returned home. I, however, did not recover, and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital where I remained three months, getting worse all the time.

Who pays for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with Pearline, and with Pearline only.

WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL TO EFFECT A CURE IN CASES OF ECZEMA TRY RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE. IT HAS A RECORD OF CURES UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF ANY REMEDY.

There is no escaping the fact that Eczema is one of the most intractable of diseases. Its symptoms are so severe and the irritation it causes so great that a sufferer would gladly give anything, do anything, to get relief.



Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pains in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart.

THREE CURIOUS PLANTS.

The Cannibal Tree, Grapple Plant and Vegetable Python. Three of the most dangerous of vegetative plants in the world are the 'cannibal tree' of Australia, the 'death' or 'grapple plant' of South Africa, and the 'vegetable python' of New Zealand.

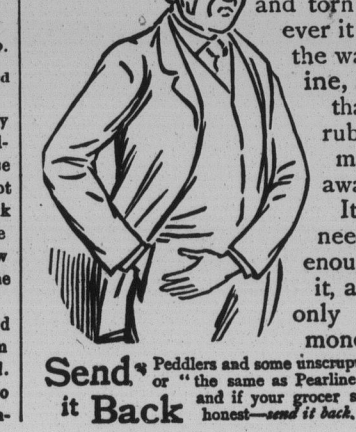
CHERRY'S TROUBLES

Were of the Heart—Human Skill was Almost Defeated When Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Fell Into the Branch, and in a Few Minutes After One Dose He Found Great Relief, and Five Bottles Made a Bad Heart a Good One.

Sand Cranes Playing Leapfrog.

S. W. Cunningham describes in Forest and Stream the curious antics of some sand-hill cranes he saw on the Des Moines River in Boone county, Ia. He was riding along in a buggy one day when his attention was attracted by the actions of a group of about a dozen of the cranes on a bare spot near a small lake that may have been cleared for the purpose by the birds.

Who pays



for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with Pearline, and with Pearline only.

PUTTING THE ELEPHANTS ABOARD.

The Elephants Had to be Hoisted Aboard But Were Good Swimmers. A troupe of five elephants was lately shipped by steamer from Chicago to Milwaukee. At the wharf the question arose as to how the big animals were to be got on board.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.



### Notches on The Stick

A Singing Shepherd.  
 "Flow my Ettrick! it was thee  
 Into my life that did first drop me;  
 Thee I'd sing, and when I do  
 Thou wilt lend a nod to hap me  
 Pausing swains will say, and weep,  
 Here our Shepherd lies asleep."  
 Among the poets who have arisen from the Scottish or British peasantry, and, without the aid of teachers and schools, have been able to distinguish themselves, no one is more remarkable than James Hogg—better known by his poetical title "The Ettrick Shepherd." He occupies, in most respects, a place apart in Scottish poetry; or, if he remembers any—except as he affected their manners—it is Allan Ramsay, whose style is like his own, discursive, playful and farcical; but never distinguished as Burns, for its burning passion or intellectual grasp. He is more voluminous than Burns—though less uniform in excellence,—and more imaginative than Cunningham, Tannahill, or Nichol, and of much wider range than Bloomfield or Clare. And, if there was less in him of personal charm, of winning manner, and the pathos of human and poetic life, than may be found in some others, his history cannot fail to be of interest from the uniqueness of his character, and the number and brilliancy of his literary associates; nor his poetry, from the blithe serial sweetness of its occasional strains, and the fairy delicacy of its imagination and descriptions. The reader is beguiled away from the hills and glens, and the common joys, sorrows and occupations of his kind; from the serene wood and the waning moon, and the smoking cottages, where the "ingle lowes with an airy leme;" away, even, from "linn and ford and bolt and dean," and the "red fringe on the westlin hill as gloamin time,"—yet not without a sense of human affection mingled with this pageantry of unearthly beauty,—to the sunless, lighted land of Kilmory, where—

"The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
 The fountain of vision, the fountain of light;  
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
 And the flowers of everlasting blow;  
 Where deep in the stream her body they laid  
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie  
 In the stream of life that wandered by;  
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
 She knew not where, but she sweetly it rung  
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.  
 "O blest be the day that Kilmory was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirit see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!"

No tenderer, more perfectly constructed fairy tale was ever told; no scene of more artless loveliness can be anywhere found,—even in Spenser. There is almost magic in the account of the return of Kilmory:  
 "When seven lang years had come and fled,  
 When grief was calm and hope was dead,  
 When scarce was remembered Kilmory's name,  
 Late, late in a gloamin Kilmory came ham!  
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,  
 And still and steadfast was her ee;  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no prids nor passion there;  
 And the soft desire of her maiden's e'en,  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melody,  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raise the lovely gey,  
 And kept her far frae the haunts of men,  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sink,  
 To stink the flowers, and drink the spring!"

While all the creatures of the wilderness gathered entranced about her. We are constrained to say, this is a bard, and no mechanical rhymester. In his moorland spirit dwelt a weird mystic power, unsuspected till it spoke forth its message. The Delphic laurel, or Coila-wreath, he may claim unchallenged, by right of native energy and immediate inspiration; and among all his competitors, on our Parnassus, there is no one who gives more telling emphasis to the familiar Latin dictum,—  
 "Poeta nascitur non fit"

In a little valley, that opens to the sea, on the coast of Maine, we first read "The Mountain Bard," and "Forest Minstrel," of the Ettrick Shepherd, together with others of his choicest songs, and the finer portions of the "Queen's Wake." Years before, in our school days, we had had the lyric spirit within us stirred by such songs as "Bird of the Wilderness," and "Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail"; but then, for the first time, could we abandon ourselves to the time-forgetting glories of his poetical fairy-land; the fanciful scenery, and letting wildwood melody peculiar to the Minstrel of Mount Benger;—impressions that have perhaps grown something less definite in outline and vivid in color, but which with the most precious things that lie upon the dim horizon of our life will doubtless ever remain.

He, who is known in literature as the Ettrick Shepherd, was a shepherd's son, descended from a line of such, in the Vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, Scotland. It was his boast and pride to have been born on the anniversary of Robert Burns, whom in

### Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small a space. They are a whole medicine.

## Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

his songs he emulated; but that his birthday was Jan. 26th, 1775, is doubted, because it is entered in the parish register that he was baptised on the 9th December, 1770. He tells us that he was the second of four sons of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, and that his father, having acquired a little capital, as a shepherd, had taken the farms of Ettrick-house and Ettrick-hill. He was, as needful among peasant families, put to service early, as a cow-herd, and had but slight school privilege,—himself almost boasting of the fact in his complacent admiration of after success. He perhaps did not consider how greatly the defectiveness of his prose style, and the frequent coarseness of his verse style, might have been remedied had he possessed the scholarly privileges he affected to hold lightly. However, his peculiar mould shaped him; the scenes and occupations among which he lived determined largely his thought and character; and, take him with all his foibles, we look upon him with full as much of admiration as of critical dissent. As soon as he was old enough he was entrusted with a flock of sheep, and entered upon a term of quiet hours, in which nature exerted herself upon his passive spirit to develop the poet within him. His poetry gives us some idea of the lonely life of his childhood,—lonely, not because of the absence in him of the social nature, (for that he had in ample degree;) but because of the "wilderness and the solitary place" which were his habitation. We find him learning—

"The mystic lore sublimed  
 Of fairy tales of ancient time,"  
 in the glens of long rambling hills, seldom sought by human visitor; as then the country had no spell upon it for the traveller; having never been invested by its haunting spirit, with the "consecration and the poet's dream." These were, in the conception of the young shepherd—

"The last abodes of living men,  
 Where never stranger came our way  
 By summer night or winter day;  
 Where neighborly hand or foot was none—  
 Our converse was with heaven alone—  
 With voices through the cloud that hung  
 And brooding storms that round us hung.  
 O lady, judge, if judge ye may,  
 How stern and ample was the sway  
 Of themes like these when darkness fell  
 And gray haired sires the tales would tell;  
 When doors were barred, and eldest dame  
 Fled at her task beside the flame,  
 That through the smoke and gloom alone  
 O dim and unnumbered faces shone—  
 The bleat of mountain goats on high,  
 That from the hill came quavering by;  
 The echoing rock, the rushing flood,  
 The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;  
 Undeafened and mingled hum—  
 Voice of the desert never dumb!  
 All these have left within this heart  
 A swelling tongue can ne'er impart;  
 A wildered and unearthly flame,  
 A something that's without a name."

All of which reminds us of the sense of solitude induced by Whittier in the opening of "Snow-bound." With much liveliness and good-natured egotism, he depicts this early life, in his Autobiography,—than which, because of this very artless self-conceit, it has been affirmed, "There is nothing so amusing." He tells us at the outset—"I like to write about myself, in fact there are few things I like better. . . I must apprise you, that whenever I have occasion to speak of myself and my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity." We are not of the number who can take serious offence at this; but still pursue to learn, how his father, like the sire of Burns, financially ruined, was thrust out of doors penniless, when the poet was in his seventh year; but how, in his compassion, their wealthy neighbor Mr. Brydon of Crosslea, leased the farm of Ettrick-house, and put Robert Hogg and family on their feet again. Here after a few months at the parish school, he went to the service of a neighboring family as herd-boy, and entered on his solitary employment among the hills. "My wages for the half year were a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. Even at that early age my fancy seems to have been a hard neighbor for both judgement and memory. I was wont to strip off my clothes and run races against time, or rather against myself; and in the course of these exploits, which I accomplished much to my own admiration, I first lost my plaid, then my bonnet, then my coat, and finally my hose, for as for shoes, I had none." At the school he learned, at least to stammer through some chapters of the Bible, and managed to "horribly defile several sheets of paper with copy lines, every letter of

which was an inch long." And thus, was his school education finished!

Poet-like, he was an admirer of the fair sex from childhood, and very early fell in love. Indeed, how can poet approve himself, who does not do this! Did not Burns and Byron, being out of petticoats, straightway fall in love? We may not suppose our bard in this juvenile passion to be so closely imitating them as it has been affirmed he imitated all contemporary poets in his poetry; but he tells us how in the summer, "when only eight years old, I was sent out to a heigh called Broadheads with a rosy-checked maiden, to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and had my mischievous cows to herd, beside. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but sit and sew. Then we dined together every day, at a well near to the Shiel-sike head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, and covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself,—'Poor little lad! he's just tired to death;' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knees. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her, and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do." This is almost as pretty as the story of Burns plucking the thorn out of the finger of his first-loved lassie, with a heart throbbing wildly and a hand that inconveniently trembled.

When Hogg was a strapping laddie of eighteen, he was not without his charms in the eyes of the sonnie village maidens. In fact, he was called remarkably fine looking with his light brown locks, prettily curled under his "guid blue bonnet,"—those locks the peculiar envy of many. But a severe illness, brought on by over exertion in the heat of summer, greatly marred him, and changed the fashion of his countenance,—giving it a greater appearance of coarseness than it had worn before. Happily, the defesturing influence could not extend to the beautiful creations of his fancy, nor prevent the winning growth of poetic forms. "In his eighteenth year he entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw, of Black-house, near St. Mary's Loch, on Yarrow,"—the lake that Wordsworth and other bards have sung. Previously, we have glimpses of intermittent service, and short jobs with many masters; the slow improvement of his circumstances,—when, though he had no shirts fit to wear, and was in perplexity how he might keep his trousers from slipping down, he could luxuriate in a fiddle, and enchant the on houses and stable-lofts at evening, after toils and cares were ended. But he was well at home with the Laidlaws. "He had been in the service of two others of the same family, probably relatives by his mother's side, who was a Laidlaw, at Willence and at Elibank, on the Tweed; and now he continued with Mr. Laidlaw, of Blackhouse, ten years, as shepherd. William Laidlaw, the son of his master, and afterwards the bailiff of Scott, [the "Willie Laidlaw" of Sir Walter, and one of his dearest friends], and the author of the sweet song of "Lucy's Flitting," was here his great companion, and here they read much together, and stimulated in each other the flame of poetry. These must have been happy years for Hogg. The year after Burns' death he first heard "Tam O'Shanter" repeated, and heard of Burns as a ploughman, who had written beautiful songs and poems. "Every day," says he, "I pondered on the genius and fits of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself, what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I too was born on the 26th of January, (:) [what has that to do with it?] and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and follow in the steps of Burns! Long the fire smoulders in him, long he yearns and resolves. He has passed the age at which Byron and Keats were famous and is yet unlearned of. A brave man is he who, in our century, or the last, plans a literary career, and yet who cannot write! He has read miscellaneous out of books taken from the Peebles circulating library; for the rest the fitting for a poet, aside from his native endowment, he has been in Nature's proper school."

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,  
 His daily teachers had been woods and hills,  
 The silence that is in the starry sky  
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills."  
 At last, as we are told, the Shepherd, at thirty-one years of age, "resolved to astonish the world with his genius," and in a future paper we may give some account of how he would attempt it, and the measure of his success. PASTOR FELIX.

## SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1820.  
 You can safely trust what time has indorsed for nearly a century.  
 There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generations after generations have used it. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

### Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

I, S. JOHNSON, Esq. My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this.  
 JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1897.

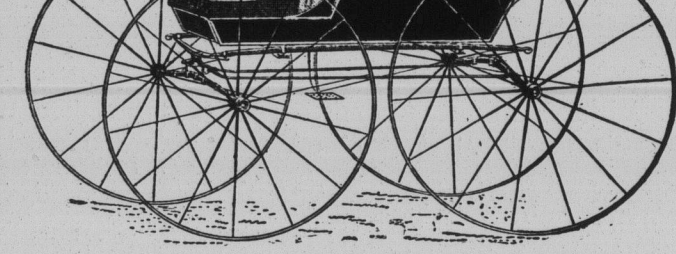
### Parsons' Pills

"Best Liver Pill Made."  
 This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of Jan., 1820, first left at my store some of the same I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing sales.  
 JABEZ KNOWLTON, Newburg, Maine.  
 Our Book "Treatment of Diseases" mailed Free. All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

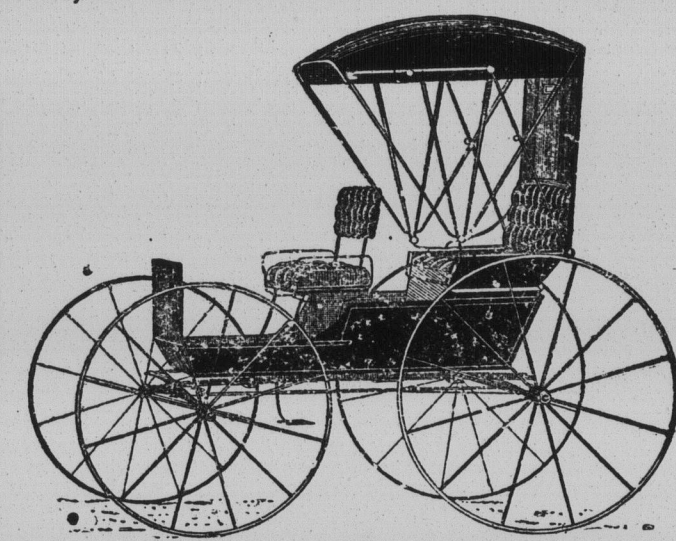
## CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

### Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



SINGLE-SEATED BUGGY. A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes.



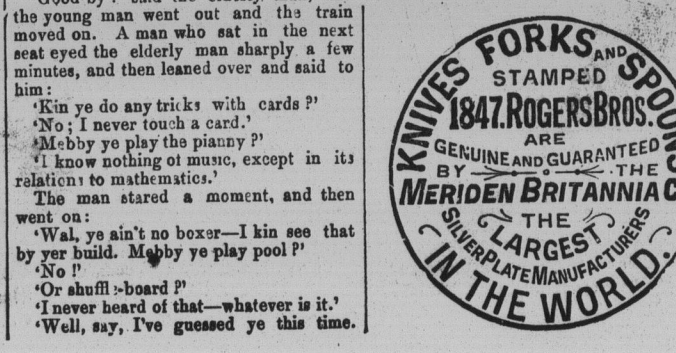
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Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

A QUEER "PROFESSOR"  
 He Wasn't a Bona Fide Man if He Couldn't do the Tricks.  
 The state of things that may result from the persistent misuse of an honorable word is well satirized by a little story told by a Philadelphia paper. A train, it says, was about to leave a station when a young man in one of the cars leaned over the seat of an elderly gentleman, shook hands with him, and said:  
 "Good-by, professor!"  
 "Good-by," said the elderly man, and the young man went out and the train moved on. A man who sat in the next seat eyed the elderly man sharply a few minutes, and then leaned over and said to him:  
 "Kin ye do any tricks with cards?"  
 "No; I never touch a card."  
 "Mebby ye play the pianny?"  
 "I know nothing of music, except in its relations to mathematics."  
 The man stared a moment, and then went on:  
 "Wal, ye ain't no boxer—I kin see that by yer build. Mebby ye play pool?"  
 "No!"  
 "Or ahuff!-board?"  
 "I never heard of that—whatever it is."  
 "Well, say, I've guessed ye this time."



### Woman and Her Work

That sturdy old literary woman Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, who was a writer of note when most of the literary women of the present day were in pinafores, has been talking some good common sense to the English people on the subject of art, as opposed to comfort, in modern house furnishing. If there is one thing above another for which Mrs. Linton is noted, it is her habit of speaking her mind, and if she has become slightly addicted to scolding of late years, she usually aims those pointed shafts of hers in a direction where scolding is needed, and in any case, even when she talks about something she does not understand as in her fierce condemnation of female cyclists, she never fails to be interesting and one enjoys her thorough earnestness and the vigorous English she uses as a vehicle for her always strong opinions.

It is a good and satisfying thing for a lover of comfort like myself, to read Mrs. Linton's views on the subject of the highly polished floor, slippery to a murderous degree, and embellished at intervals with rugs which slip away from the unwary foot that is placed upon them, and necessitate careful practice before one dares to trust her weight upon them if she would avoid measuring her length upon the floor. Mrs. Linton is quite willing to concede all that lovers of art is opposed to comfort can say as to the greater advantages of bare floors over carpets, and while granting that they are cleaner, healthier, and more airy than the stuffy and unwholesome carpet, she declares herself unhesitatingly in favor of a good thick Axminster which protects the feet from cold, and the limbs from danger of falls.

That cruel invention of modern times, the cosy corner which is usually the most uncomfortable spot in the house, as well as the most draughty is the object of her special aversion, while the sash curtain, and the Queen Anne window pane which breaks the landscape up into the fragments of a Chinese puzzle, come in for a large share of her attention. What the carpetless floor does for the feet and legs, says Mrs. Linton, the window protected by a few narrow strips of art muslin, does for the head and shoulders, one keeps a continual ground stream flowing over the feet and the other a perpetual circulation of freezing air around the upper part of the body, and proves far more dangerous to health than all the carpets ever laid on a floor. Old fashioned furniture with only its ugliness and lack of comfort to recommend it to the art enthusiast, the long legged and easily tilted stool, the wall drapery of silk that soon fades, and acts as pocket for catching and holding more dust and microbes than any carpet could do, the shelves of china, often cracked, broken and hideous in color and design, which are only taken down to be washed or dusted at the spring and autumn cleaning the petticoats of silk, muslin or crepe paper which drape flower pots and lamps, and the cravats of ribbon tied round the throat of jugs and pitchers, and the stains of glasses all receive their share of contemptuous attention from the trenchant pen of Mrs. Linton, who concludes her article with this bit of solid sense—

"Wherever then we turn we find Art at loggerheads with comfort. Comfort wants space here and warmth there. Art cuts up the nobler propositions of a fine room by screens and the like and makes picturesque 'cup-board' houses of Arctic temperature in winter and stifling for want of free circulation of air in summer. Comfort wants good heavy lumbering curtains, and Art gives light and easily drawn cotton wisps. Comfort wants useful furniture in its bedroom, and Art gives color and form instead of usefulness. Comfort wants windows where it can see the whole view uninterrupted; Art chops up the space into small squares, or draws over the whole an art muslin curtain to drap the vulgarity of nature in her simplicity. Comfort likes a room to be as a box, well-lined and well upholstered. Art leaves the side open to the passage and free for all the cold wind of the outer air when ever the front door is opened. Comfort wants a chair in which it can lounge, and art says loftily, 'We have banished the feather-bed from the drawing room,' while employing only the hardest most unrestful and uncomfortable of substitutes. Comfort likes its feet to fall on thick piled carpets which do not slip and which do keep out the cold, and art gives a parcel of flimsy rugs, which it maintains to be the right thing for our climate. For Art has odd ideas about climate and fitness, and thinks itself logical when it would transplant the conditions of the south and east into our northern dwellings,

and make the rooms which have to battle against sterning sunshine and oppressive heat, the models by which to regulate those whose enemy is cold and where the desideratum is warmth." It seems to me that these remarks apply with a singular aptness to the conditions of life in our own Canada as well as in England and that it would be well if we laid some of them to heart when furnishing our houses, or having them remodelled. The rug strewn skating rink for a drawing room floor, and the sitting room which has the whole side removed in order to throw it open to the hall and make the entrance direct from the street to the family gathering place and allow a free circulation of cold air every time the hall door is opened just as it is in the poorer class of houses where space is an object and the entire mansion consists of four rooms, deserve special mention, and next comes the cheerful custom of taking off all the doors, and replacing them with bright colored but flimsy portieres which look very nice, but catch and hold a wotul amount of dust, and keep out very little cold. Of course if one is prepared to live in community, and never have a moment's privacy it is all very well, but there are times when one would be tempted to wish that the servant was not obliged to pass directly through the sitting room whenever she answers a ring at the front door, and also when it would be a real luxury to be able to shut the door and have a more confidential chat than will ever be possible when there is only a curtain to protect one from interruption and eavesdropping. In a country like ours where warmth is the chief consideration for nearly nine months of the year, it would seem as if good thick carpets that cover the entire floor, and keep it warm, heavy curtains and good solid dividing walls provided with solid doors, were a positive necessity under existing conditions and in spite of all the so-called art; but somehow, their claims to consideration seemed to be recognized less and less, and I should not be surprised if some bold disciple of high art were to set the fashion of taking down all the partitions in a house and supplying their places with gracefully hung portieres, or "Moorish drapings." Therefore Mrs. Linton's article is timely, and I have quoted it in the hope that Canadians who are inclined to place art first, and comfort afterwards, may perhaps do a little thinking on the subject, and conclude to give comfort at least a fair show in the conflict between the two forces which seem to be as the veteran writer says, at loggerheads. Artistic comfort is an ideal state of affairs but where we cannot manage that happy combination let us at least have the comfort, and I am sure we shall not only live longer, but be much happier and better natured in the long run.

Of course we must talk millinery just now or we should never feel it was really Easter week! Once upon a time it was Easter eggs, then a little later Easter cards, and now it is the Easter hat and bonnet that holds the floor to the exclusion of all other subjects. It really looks as if this was going to be the last year that the Easter hat would reign unless the church's great festival should come much earlier than it has ever done yet, because if the millinery openings keep on getting earlier and earlier in the season the spring hats and bonnets will be quite passe by Easter. I know lots of girls who were wearing their spring hats the last week in March this year, and I suppose we shall soon be following the example set by American milliners and having our regular openings in February.

To return to the Easter hat, however, its chief characteristic is color, or rather colors, for it would seem as if the rainbow itself could scarcely supply the variety of tints that the new hats and bonnets display. The sample millinery that reached New York from Paris last month contained the wildest assortment of colors that ever reached these shores. With very few exceptions the Paris hats and bonnets were composed of dazzling, blazing shades of scarlet, cardinal, red vivid rose, and still more vivid vermilion. Straw, ribbons, flounces, and feathers all partook of these startling tints and though they were com-

### Children's Shoes

... Are a large item in the family bills.

Customers like their Shoe Bills to be as small as possible. We are trying to meet their wishes this Spring, and our CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT contains many lines at very low prices—SO LOW the most economical buyer will be compelled to admit our prices and values are the best in the city.

### WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

lined with the artistic hand and eye that only a Parisian seems to possess, and in some cases were really lovely, they proved too startling for American taste, and in nearly every case the New York milliners were obliged to copy the French hats in more subdued colors, preserving as far as possible the incomparable style of the Parisian hat but toning down the colors. The American woman is usually gifted with excellent taste in dress and a mere fact that a bonnet is the creation of a high-priced Parisian milliner, is not sufficient inducement for her to make herself conspicuous by wearing headgear that she well knows will excite smiles and comment whenever she appears in public.

The Rembrandt shape is by far the prettiest and most becoming, its brim is frequently composed of violets, hyacinths, or "shattered roses" as they are called, merely crushed roses that look as if they had been torn apart and used piecemeal: the crown is of brightly sequined straw.

The preference is decidedly for large flowers and the tiny forget-me-nots and daisies of last year are quite out of style even the violets come in an enormously magnificent size. Roses are the favorite flowers, and they are shown in every possible and impossible tint from a salmon pink speckled with green, such as never grew on living rose bush, to an equally impossible shade of green. In fact it is a rose carnival this season, and to be in the fashion at all you must wear plenty of them. Don't make the mistake of imagining that you must stick to one shade, or even color in your roses, as you once did, such a proceeding would at once stamp you as behind the times, if not hopelessly countrified. You want a group of roses at one side of your hat aboving as many colors as if you had just gathered them haphazard in the garden, there will be a pale blush rose a vivid pink one two salmon colored, and one or two of a shade of magenta never seen on earth or sea, massed in clusters of foliage in half a dozen shades of green, and then at the other side is a close bunch of green roses, shading from olive to palest lime green, or there may even be a black rose of enormous size tipped with yellow.

Green is another of the favorite colors this spring, and the milliners are showing numbers of hat and bonnet shapes in all shades of green straw and fancy braid and these are trimmed either in different tones of green or with a choice selection of other colors. Indeed so fashionable is green that fully eight out of every twelve Easter bonnets this year will be green, and the woman who can afford to pay a small fortune for her spring bonnet, and who very likely has done so, will appear at Easter in a creation that looks as if it might be bought for a very few dollars consisting, as it does of a cluster of green leaves with a knot of fragile looking flowers that look as if a puff of wind would send them flying in all directions, standing directly up in front. There is very little else to such a bonnet, but there is nothing insignificant about the price its wearer paid for it, if it came from Paris.

I saw one lovely picture hat of bright red chiffon relieved with a very little black and white, it was quite large, though large hats are rather the exception this season, and as it had come straight from Paris, of

course it was very chic indeed. Another imported hat of lilac fancy straw was trimmed entirely with ribbon of exactly the same shade and a few violets, and it was about as dainty and pretty a thing as I have seen this spring. It is really wonderful how the violet seems to hold its own through all the vicissitudes of fashion! In spite of the long reign the "modest violet" has enjoyed, no one seems to tire of it, and it is equally as a trimming for the grandmother's bonnet, and the debutante's hat; it is the only flower this season that can be said to share the popularity of the rose, and 't'wen when large flowers came in, so great a hold had it upon public favor that there was no prospect of displacing it, so the manufacturers were obliged to meet the exigencies of the case by enlarging the violet in order to conform to the fashion, and now it has a firmer hold than ever.

#### HOW THEY WERE MARRIED.

He Forgot the Memorandum but They got Married O.K.

Years ago there lived in a Massachusetts town a justice of the peace known as "Square" Simmonds, a man noted for the shortness of his memory. He carried about with him a slip of paper on which he had written the brief marriage form which he used when called upon to unite a pair in the bonds of matrimony. He never trusted himself to begin the ceremony without reference to this document.

One day, at a county fair in a neighboring town, he was approached by an elderly couple, who expressed their wish to be married then and there. After some conversation the "square" agreed to perform the ceremony on the spot; and the three, accompanied by a grown up daughter, of the man and a sister of the prospective bride, stepped into a convenient horse-shed.

There the "square" began a fruitless search for the important paper, growing more and more perturbed as each succeeding pocket played him false. At last he abandoned the search.

"Are you willing to marry this woman?"

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Vegetable Sicilian  
**HAIR RENEWER**  
Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.  
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The Outward Sign of Inward Health.  
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Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers  
—AND—  
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MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP  
Will give You All These.  
If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Flesh Worms, Eczema or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.  
Wafers by mail 50c. and 61 per box. Six large boxes \$3. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c.  
Address all mail orders to  
**H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor,**  
144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.  
Sold by all druggists in St. John.  
The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents.

he asked the man, who replied with a prompt "Yes."  
"And you want to marry him?" asked the justice, turning to the bride.  
"Do," said she, with a promptness equal to the bridegroom's.  
"Then," said the "square" in his most impressive tone, "I hereby pronounce you married, according to the memorandum left at home in my other trousers' pocket."

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**BENSON'S**  
CANADA  
**PREPARED**  
**CORN**  
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**RECIPE.**  
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Four or five tablespoonsful 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.  
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think of it before. Ye're  
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**WILD BOWLS VERY RHY.**  
Plenty of Birds Seen at Resorts About New York, but are Hard to Shoot.

Wild fowls have been seen in countless flocks recently at the wild-fowling resorts about this city. Reports from Barnegat say that geese, brant, and ducks are to be found in large bunches in the vicinity of Great Sedge Island, Mud Channel, and Oyster Channel, while English snipe are seen on the meadows. The ducks and geese are wild as hawks. They will not permit even a sailboat to come within 200 yards. Possibly an aluminum shell with a single rear paddle and a blind made of the rush mats described last year in *The Sun* might bring the fowler within shot of fringes of the bunch, but no ordinary device is of the slightest use.

Reports from the Chesapeake are to the same effect. Birds are arriving and leaving daily, but except with a lucky station occupied before dawn, a very close blind, and decoys placed while dark, sportsmen have had little luck. Fishermen in the Sound report many bunches of towels around the old Lester Wallack pool on the Connecticut shore, and around little Long Island, Norwalk Island, and the Cauken Islands, between there and South Point; but all very wild and flying very high. In the Great South Bay waters quantities of geese have been seen by early baymen, but there is no ice, and the "scooters" cannot get near them, though some ducks have been shot. Lower down, at Good Ground, there are plenty of small birds to empty the gun at, snipe and small waders, but the season is over.

Not for years have there been so many gun accidents as during the past season. Several of them have been caused by the use of hammerless guns, which were described in *The Sun* as being dangerous were numbered fingers were the rule rather than the exception. In many other cases, the accidents were due to carelessness. It was at the South Bay this season that a man in a blind with a companion, picked up at the following headquarters quietly remarked: "What do you use No. 8 shot for?" "It is No. 3. What makes you ask such a question?" the older man replied: "No 3, is it? It looks like an 8 when the wad is seen down your barrels." And the neophyte took the gentle hint, and turned his barrels seaward.

For those who have the time and the money to spare there is now good shooting to be had in the many small salt-water pools south of Rhode Island. Great gaggles of geese are reported there, but the gun must be a far-killing foorbore, or, better still, a Winchester rifle.—N. Y. Sun.

**HE MOVED ON.**  
Butternut Suits were in Demand but Could Not be Smuggled in.

The Chicago Times-Herald quotes a Colonel Richardson as telling a war story which all readers will be glad to believe true.

There was an odd fellow, a Pennsylvanian, on our floor in Libby Prison. He was tall, angular, stoop-shouldered, and had somehow acquired the regular North Carolina dialect. Nearly everybody liked him, and all talked with him. He had been a prisoner some time; his suit of blue had become a bunch of rags. By some means he managed to get a new suit of butternut-colored clothes, and after that we called him "Old North Carolin." One of the Prisoners asked him when he was going to join his "tar-beel" regiment.

"You jest wait and watch."

In those days it was a common thing for citizens to accompany Major Turner, who had charge of the prison, on a visit to the prisoners. One afternoon half-a-dozen citizens of Richmond were with him, and when they marched out our old "tar-beel" soldier fell in and went with them. He was standing by the door in Major Turner's room when that officer, noticing him, asked: "Well, sir; what do you want here?"

"Oh, nothin' in particular; jest thought I'd look around the prison a little."

"Well, you can't look around the prison a little, and you had better move on."

But Cupps—that was his name—stood there looking as innocent as a boy on his first visit to town. Then Turner lost his patience and said, "Come, move on! Get out of here!" and gave him a push into the street.

As Cupps passed out into the road where we could see him from our windows he took off his hat, made a low bow and started on a gentle shambling out of town. He made his escape. After that there was a great demand for butternut suits, but no more could be smuggled into the prison.

ESTATFORD, AUG. 4, 1896.  
MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.  
GENTLEMEN.—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old fell into a tub of boiling water, and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended **MINARD'S LINIMENT**, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkably cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or gave such universal satisfaction.

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Cures Sick Headache

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cures Croup, Coughs, Colds, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

**To Cure an Obstinate Cough**

Leading doctors recommend "GAMBELL'S Wine of Beech Tree Gossots."

It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief.

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**LOST ON HORSEBACK.**  
A Dangerous Chase After a Cayuse by a Little Boy.

On the morning of April 23 last Mr. Sanders, who lives about four miles west of Cleveland, Washington, sent his boy George, eleven years old, cut into the pasture to get a saddle horse. The boy was mounted, bareback, on the old bay mare. The pasture is a great expanse of territory up on the mountainside. The saddle-horse, a cayuse, refused to be caught, and the boy pursued it on the old mare.

Meantime his father at home, began to worry, especially as a strong, cold wind was blowing from the west. He started out after George, but could find nothing of him. The boy must have wandered off into the woods and got lost.

An alarm was given, and soon everybody who had a horse was skimming about the woods hunting for George. It was so cold that the men who rode were in their winter clothes, and people at home shivered indoors.

The woods in every direction were scoured in vain. Night was coming on, and the cold increasing. If George were not found before dark, he must become benumbed with cold, fall asleep, and never wake again.

All through the evening the big steam-whistle at the sawmill at Cleveland was blown in order that the boy might be guided by it, if with in hearing. But the night went by without tidings of him.

Meantime George was wandering far beyond the reach of even the sound of the steam-whistle. He had chased the cayuse so far that that animal, remembering his old range on the Indian reservation on the other side of the Simcoe Mountains, was making for it with all speed. But George had no notion of giving up the pursuit, and rode on.

He caught the pony at last, but when he had put the halter on him, he found that he had no idea where he was, nor in which direction he ought to go. In reality, he was on the north side of Simcoe Mountains.

George looked the ground over, and resolved to strike for the top of the mountain. Once there, he could perhaps make out his course. He rode on, leading the cayuse; but it was a very long way, and before he could get anywhere near the mountain top night had fallen.

The boy was hungry, tired and chilled. I was so cold up there that he knew it he dimly thought he should become benumbed. He grew very sleepy sitting on the mare's back, but the warmth of her body kept him from feeling the full effect of the bitter temperature. He tied the cayuse's halter around the mare's neck, and dozed a little. Now and then the animals, starting up roused him from a nap.

Once he made up his mind that he should never get home again, and cried. But he did not let go his hold on the mare's broad and warm back. He cried more and more and at last, after it had seemed many times that the morning would never come, it began to grow light very slowly.

As soon as he could make out the direction of the mountain top he headed the mare for it, and by and by reached it. His hungry and half-torpid body got a new thrill all through it when, in the distant valley, he saw houses.

He made straight for these, and had gone some distance when he heard a shout and saw a man on horseback riding up the mountain. Soon he saw it was Will Faulkner, a young man he knew, hunting for the boy, and had extended his search farther in this direction than any one else.

Will led him straight to the nearest house, but by the time they got there it was thirty-six hours since the boy had eaten. He was warmed and fed, and Will Faulkner rode on at the top of his speed to take the news to the distracted father and mother.

When at last George reached home again he was still leading the cayuse. He insisted that he should have got home all right with it if no one had come after him.

**MATERNAL DISCIPLINE.**  
It Becomes at Times a Family Duty not to be Evaded.

The enforcement of discipline becomes at times a family duty not easily to be evaded. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harpers Magazine*, writing of law and its enforcement in Yellowstone Park, give the following story, which is worth reading by all fathers and mothers.

The story is literally true. If it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says, "The law of the jungle is—Obey." This seems also to be the law of Yellowstone Park.

There is a lunch station at the upper basin near old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she-bear, who used to come to his house every day, and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well-behaved, and would take food from his hand without taking the hand.

One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and having received her portion went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger the cubs were there, waiting for her. She laid down the food and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. He did not cuff them, she spanked them, and then she drove them back into the woods, cuffing them and knocking them at every step.

When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait for her she left them and returned to the house. And there she stayed in the kitchen for two hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience.

The explanation of her behavior is easy. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. This mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. Oh that we had more such mothers in the country!

**SERENADING HIMSELF.**  
He Assists in the Serenade and Then Thanked the Club.

Harpers Young People tells a story of an old gentleman who rushed up-stairs to thank himself for serenading himself. It is amusing, but it also illustrates the power of a ruling passion to overlook incongruities while gratifying itself.

Herr Hotel, merchant and burgomaster, who is passionately fond of singing, is the first tenor and president of the Schnitzelburg glee club. The club consists of only a single quartet; but all the greater is their enthusiasm for the songs of Germany.

Hotel was shortly to celebrate his silver wedding, and the club must give him a serenade; there was no help for it. But what was a quartet without the first tenor? There was no getting a substitute, but for all that they would give Hotel a surprise.

On the eve of the festival day the three members of the club, armed with lanterns, met at the appointed time before the house of their respected president; and after some clearing of throats and twanging of tuning forks, the music began.

A small crowd collected in the street, and the windows in the vicinity were lined with appreciative listeners. The Herr Burgomaster and his family also appeared at the windows of their brightly illuminated sitting-room.

The first bars of the well-known song, "Silent Night," left much to be desired; but the three voices bravely held on their way amid the surrounding stillness, and in a few moments Herr Hotel went down into the street and joined in the quartet.

No sooner was the song finished than he ran upstairs again, appeared at the open window, and in loud, clear tones, thanked the club for their ovation.

**CATARRH**  
Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—  
Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says It is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to procure clothes myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help me, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh." The blower included is a great help to sufferers.

**When Your Wife Has Callers**

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as

MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA,

in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents.

**JOHN P. MOTT & CO.**

**Teaberry** FOR THE TEETH

RESTORES NATURAL WHITENESS PLEASANT AND HARMLESS TO USE—A 25c. S. ZAPESKA-CHEMICAL Co.—TORONTO.

**DRUNKENNESS**

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hammon'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. SEND ONE OF THESE TO THE GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

'Marriage is the saving of a young man,' said my Aunt Tabitha, contentiously. I assented for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.

I shrugged my shoulders. 'Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon.'

'Can Alfred have made a mistake?' entered my aunt hoarsely. The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.

The Kind That Cures.

The Great Spring Health Renewer.

Paine's Celery Compound for Men, Women and Children. Read the following testimony that comes from Miss Blake of 303 Hughson street, Hamilton;

FOCUS OF HABIT.

Habit of Twenty-Five Years Cling to the Motorcar. A motorman on a Woburn street-car gave, not long ago, an amusing illustration of the force of habit.



AN ARTIST'S DISCOVERY.

He Found why the Under Parts of Birds and Fishes are Light. An exceedingly interesting natural law has been discovered by the distinguished artist, Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, who is an ardent observer of bird life.

HELP TO BEAR BURDENS.

We talk a great deal about the burdens and loads we have to carry in life, and we are apt to think our own load heavier than anybody else's, just because it is our own.

There is no occasion for me to tell anyone who has ever had a long illness how true Miss Douglas's words are. Indeed, it is not possible to express in language what one goes through and endures in such a case.

RIGHT FROM THE MINES.

Family Ties may be Broken in the Grand Rush for Gold, but What's Wealth Without Health—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonderful Cure—It Never Fails to Relieve in Ten Minutes.

Fred Lawrie, of Trail Creek, B. C., writes: 'I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have been wonderfully helped. I can recommend it very highly to all sufferers from Catarrh.'



Stands for BLACKS, of this there's no doubt,— The black on these faces will never wash out; For wool, silk and cotton, Black Diamond Dyes Are used without fear by the prudent and wise.

The above is taken from "Excelsior Rhyming A B C Book, Illustrated." Each letter of the Alphabet is 2 1/2 inches long; no two letters of the same color. Just the Book for the little ones. Sent for 3-cent stamp to any address. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal.

them at every spot where she... behavior is easy... I hesitated for... 'You must marry,'... 'I am still very young,'... 'My mother said nothing,'... 'What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?'... 'I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow,'... 'You will choose somebody nice, won't you, Alfred?'... 'With money,' observed my aunt... 'Not too young,' added my aunt... 'And religious,' begged my mother... 'There is no objection to her being good-looking,' I asked, a trifle timidly... 'No, I think not,' said my aunt... 'I will tell her,' I murmured... 'Well, said my aunt impatiently, after a short pause, 'whom do you suggest?'... 'What do you say to Winifred Fraser?'... 'That mix?' cried my aunt... 'Oh, Alfred!' echoed my mother... 'Such a dreadful family!' said my mother... 'But have you ever noticed the sun on her hair?' I asked, innocently... 'So last!' I said my aunt... 'But have you ever noticed the sun on her hair?' I asked innocently... 'My aunt drew herself up... 'We have not noticed the sun on her hair, nor do we wish to see it,' said she with much asperity... 'I was just annoyed. I really think it must be Winifred Fraser,' I said... 'How can you be so cruel to me?' cried my mother... 'My hair is getting gray. You will not have me long.' She drew out her handkerchief... 'You will come to a bad end,' said my aunt... 'I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy, you must not expect my countenance... 'Under the circumstances, I will not marry Winifred Fraser,' I said, with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance... 'My aunt sniffed. 'You had better not.' 'I'm sorry I said that,' I said soothingly, remembering she had not made her will... 'Indeed?'... 'The truth is—I dropped my voice—I am in love with some one else.'... 'And you never told me!' said my mother, reproachfully... 'The girl I love is not free.'... 'Married!' cried my aunt... 'Not married—but engaged.'... 'Who is it?' asked my mother gently... 'I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed... 'It is Constance Burleigh.'... 'It would have been a most suitable match,' murmured my mother... 'Very suitable,' repeated my aunt... 'There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt... 'I did not know Constance was engaged.'... 'It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you.'... 'I don't like these secret engagements,' said my aunt, brusquely. 'Who told you?'... 'She told me herself.'... 'Who is the man?'... 'I do not think I should repeat his name.'... 'You know the man?'... 'Is he quite—quite—?'... 'Again I shook my head doubtfully... 'What have you heard?' my aunt asked eagerly... 'I don't think I ought to repeat these things.'... 'You can surely trust your mother,' murmured my mother... 'And my discretion,' said my aunt... 'Well,' I said, 'I have been told he is cruel to his mother.'... 'Really!' cried the two ladies in a breath... 'His mother told me so herself.'... 'How said?' asked my mother... 'And what else?' asked my aunt... 'Another relation of his told me he was depraved.'... 'Poor, poor Constance!' whispered my mother... 'And would probably end badly.'... 'I expect he drinks,' said my aunt, grimly... 'Does Constance know this?' asked my mother... 'I don't think so.'... 'You did not tell her?'... 'Of course not.'... 'I consider it is your duty to.'... 'I really cannot.'... 'Then I will,' said my aunt, resolutely... 'What I have said has been in confidence.'... 'I do not care.'... 'I beg you not to do so.'... 'It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man.'

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring the product name and 'WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., TORONTO, ONT.'

