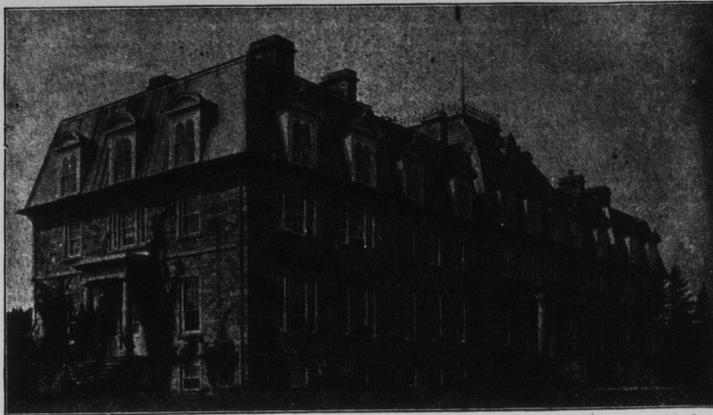


THE UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL.

Scenes About the Old Institution and Portraits of Some of Her Graduates.



J. V. ELLIS
Recipient of an Honorary Degree.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.



J. D. HAZEN M. P. P.
A former Registrar of the University.



THROUGH THE GROVE A SHORT CUT TO THE "WANINGAN."

Camorra.

The Camorra has an enormous influence over common life in Naples, and the visitor there must also suffer. It became, long ago, an association of thieves and murderers, sworn to help one another in the hour of need, and to share the proceeds of the combined picking and stealing from the rest of the world. This was the obsolete form of the Camorra, and being a foe to the government, it was proscribed; but even nowadays there are kindred societies which owe their existence to it. Temple Bar says that, as a rule, its influence is felt chiefly by outsiders in a methodical and public assault upon their pockets.

The stranger anxious to reach the Capri steamer steps into the little boat at the landing stage of Santa Lucia, and bids the handsome bronzed boatman row him with all speed to his goal. The man shows his teeth with a merry smile, and a hearty "Si, signore."

Half-way there, however, he may take it into his head to rest his oars.

"I go no farther, signor," he says, "unless you pay me five francs."

"Five fiddlesticks!" exclaims the stranger, "I'll pay you, since I can't help myself!"

"The money first, signor" and only when he has it in hand, does he fulfil his under-

taking. If the stranger complains on reaching the steamer, the captain shrugs his shoulders and holds his tongue. If on his return, he tells the police, they shrug their shoulders and make no suggestions. These officials know better than to get into the Camorra's bad books.

All About a Signatore.

Tellers and clerks of savings-banks have a rare opportunity to study human nature. All sorts of people with many strange notions of the methods and purposes of banks come before them. A teller of a Boston savings bank sends to The Companion a true story of a good Irishwoman who came to the bank to open an account.

"Please write your name on that line," said the official, pushing toward the woman a book and a pen.

"Do yez want me first name?" she asked, taking the pen in her hand.

"Yes, your full name and middle initial if you have any."

"Do yez want my husband's name?"

"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"Oh, me name before I was married?"

"No—your given name—Ellen or Bridget—"

"Sure, then, me name is nayther wan o' them!"

"Well, what is it then?"

"Sure, it's Mary."

"Very well. There are others waiting for you, so please hurry and write your name."

"Ah, sure, do yez want the 'Mrs'?"

"No, never mind that. Now go ahead."



DR INCH.
President of the Senate.



F. THOMAS HARRISON, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.



ST. JOHN RIVER FROM THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

"Ah, sure, mister, I would, honest; but ye see, I can't write.

A Clever Mule.

"As clever as a mule" may well replace the old saying in regard to that animal's stupidity, as numberless incidents are appearing in print illustrative of the mule's intelligence. The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives this one:

"A pack-mule that has seen service gets very cunning," said an ex soldier. "We had one old fellow who had been in the army for twelve or fifteen years, and he knew as much as most of the men. He was occasionally used as a leader, and was very fond of the job, because in that position he had no load to carry. To see him maneuvering to get to the front was very comical."

"The regulation pack weighs two hundred pounds, and the mules soon learn to 'size it up' to a nicety, refusing to carry anything more. For that reason they are blindfolded while being loaded, else they would be continually looking around to see whether the pack was inside the limit."

"On one occasion we received a coffin to be sent to Siboney, and the old mule referred to was selected to carry it. The coffin weighed only twenty five pounds, but he must have concluded from its size

that it weighed a ton, and he immediately began to groan in the most pitiful manner exactly like a human being.

"When the coffin was put on his back he pretended to stagger, and sagged down as if he were carrying a ten inch gun. At the same time, he turned his head and looked at me with a mournful expression that was as easily read as so much print. 'Good Heavens!' he seemed to say, 'Are you going to allow me to be crushed by this enormous burd-n?'"

"We were all shrieking with laughter, and tried to make him take his place in the line, but not an inch would he budge. At last he deliberately rolled over and knocked the coffin off. That settled it. We let the old rascal take the bell, and I could almost hear him chuckling as it was looped around his neck."

"Another mule was the blindfolded, and took on the coffin without much trouble."

Cautious Brakeman.

"How long does the train stop here?" the old lady asked the brakeman.

"Stop here?" answered the functionary. "Four minutes. From two two to two two."

"I wonder," mused the old lady, "if that man thinks he is the whistle!"

HUMPHREYS'

TELEPHONE No. 905
LONDON.

When in Brussels telephone Chs. Delacre et Cie. Pharmacie Anglaise, 58 Rue de la Montagne de la Cour, they will send to your hotel or tell you the nearest pharmacy that keeps Humphreys' Specifics. '77' for Grip and Colds. Specific '4' for Diarrhea, very important when travelling.

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Specific '10' for Dyspepsia, Indigestion
Specific '8' for Rheumatism.
Specific '16' for Malaria.
Specific '26' for Sea-Sickness.
Specific '27' for Kidney and Bladder.
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32 Rue Etienne-Marcel, 32, Paris.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERONES.

Charles K. Harris, new song "Just one Kiss" is making a tremendous hit.

A daily paper is to be started shortly in Chicago in the interests of music and drama. Monroe Rosenfeld of New York will take charge of the paper temporarily.

Charles L. Young is going to give one or two American concerts in Paris this summer. He is going to reverse the usual order of things and give Europeans a chance of hearing some talent from this side of the water.

The Harmony club minstrels gave a very enjoyable performance at the Institute last Friday evening which in spite of several rival attractions was well attended. The programme was interesting and attractively arranged, and those whose names appeared thereon did themselves much credit. The jokes were new and timely, the music bright, and in fact the entire performance left little to be desired. The club went to Fredericton on the holiday.

Lillian Blauvelt will be the leading soloist at the coming Har del triennial festival to be given at Crystal Palace, London on June 25 26. The prima donna, who by the way has not been heard in America for two years will spend the summer in Switzerland and return to this side early in October for a concert tour of the principal cities, under the management of Henry Wolfson. She will go back to Europe in January for a tour of the continent.

Besides Mme Blauvelt, Wolfson has made arrangements for concert tours next season with the following artists: Mme. Schumann-Heink, Clara Butt (with or without her own concert company), Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel (vocal recitals) Ernst von Dohnanyi, the violinists Maude Powell and Fritz Kreisler, the cellist Hugo Becker, B. Frangcon Davies, the baritone, and Augusta Cottlow, the American pianist.

Edward Strauss and his fifty musicians will arrive in New York on Oct. 18 next. The inaugural performance will consist of a welcome to the conductor, and his orchestra at an initial gala Strauss recital on Oct. 20, when Herr Strauss will play a new waltz composed especially for the occasion called "Welcome to America" as a compliment to the American people. The difficulties to be overcome to bring the orchestra to America was very great. The Emperor of Austria gave his permission for Herr Strauss to leave his dominions and on this tour the actual orchestra which has made itself famous under the baton of the great conductor for so many years will come with him in a body. Herr Edward Strauss, his father and brothers have been the Imperial and royal musical directors of Austro Hungary for over half a century and during their long service for the amusement of the public they have composed over 1,500 dances and operas. The tour of the orchestra will take in the whole of the continent of America including Mexico and Canada.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum theatre company closed a short engagement here on Saturday evening in a performance of "The Merchant of Venice." An interesting feature of the company's visit was the remarkable diversity of opinion on the part of the newspaper critics in regard to the merit of the performances and the performers. As a matter of fact the Lyceum company had a good deal that would recommend it to public favor and the star Mr. Edmond D'Oyze did some very good work while here. The left Monday for Halifax.

The great event of the spring season in theatrical circles in this city, is of course the annual visit of W. S. Harkins, the manager to whom the people of St. John are greatly indebted, for having brought to this city, in other days, and indeed very recently, people whose names are now at the top of the list of fame. Mr. Harkins is the one manager who has been most consistent in his treatment of the provinces, showing care and conscientiousness in the selection of his company, and offering at all times, all that is best and purest in comedy and drama. This year Mr. Harkins brings a particularly interesting and brilliant galaxy of people. Mr. Arthur

SPECIALTIES

—FOR—

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send 2c stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1145, Montreal.

Elliott, who heads the list, needs no introduction on his appearance here two or three seasons ago he established himself firmly in the esteem of local play-goers and that feeling has been intensified during the present week. As Mr. Brabazon in "Sowing the Wind" "He was wonderfully effective. His work was smooth and finished and of that artistic nature which it gives more than ordinary pleasure to witness. Next to Mr. Elliott comes Miss Kate Dalglisb, an actress whose name up to Monday evening was known to compar-

burg, N. J. Her company includes some very good people.

Frank Karrington will play an important role in "The Bowery After Dark," next season.

Dick Knowles the American comedian has cleared \$50,000 on an English and European tour.

Mrs. Coghlan, mother of Rose, and the late Charles Coghlan, recently celebrated her eighty-third birthday.

J. Jay Shaw and A. V. Smith have

her frantic endeavors to act through five acts of that play. It was the limit.

Richard Mansfield has entered into a contract with Harriet Ford and Mrs. Beatrice de Mille, authors of "The Greatest Thing in the World" to write a play for him, to be ready at the beginning of next season. Its first production will be given in New York where Mansfield will spend most of next winter.

Maude Adams, who has concluded her extraordinary run of eight hundred and forty-one performances of the "Little

the stage. She had no acquaintance with theatrical people but finally made the acquaintance of a lady, who through an actor friend got her a letter of introduction to a London manager. For three months she tried to present her letter and it was not until the letter had been in his possession six weeks that she was granted a five minutes interview. Difficulties had led to the first steps toward success for she left his presence with a part and the promise of an engagement. The play in which she appeared was called "Harvest." She was ambitious to play in London but for two years she travelled around the provinces working with an earnestness that was almost desperation. She played many parts with a travelling company that played a different play each night. She was asked to take a new part at twenty four hours notice. All night she studied the part, and rehearsed it once and that night played it. A London critic happened to be in the audience and gave her a most favorable notice in a London paper. A London engagement came within a month. The fight was not won, for the London critics were chary of praise, but the three years she passed as a member of a stock company, were the most comfortable of her existence. Miss Netherole was not content to enjoy the favorable tolerance of a London audience. Her restless ambition wished a larger recognition. She organized a company and went to Australia. She was most successful, and on her return to London became leading lady at the Garrick theatre. Miss Netherole came to America and was at once declared one of the leading emotional actresses of the day. She says she used to spend the time when she was not on the stage in standing in the wing, watching the work of others and endeavoring to gain ideas from it. She was rarely without a copy of some standard play in her hand and could have played any of the leading roles at a moments notice. Among her cherished memories are two letters; one from the celebrated John Toole and the other from Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Toole strongly urged her not to take the stage as a profession, while Irving encouraged her, at the same time pointing out the difficulties in the way.



W. S. HARKINS COMPANY OF 1897.

The popular manager had with him this year the Kentucky Minstrel troupe along with his other people. The above illustration shows the actors and actresses, also the St. John press members at their big picnic of Mahogany Island. Tom Wise who is "hooped up" with Editor Bows of the Gazette, simply owns London these days. Manager Harkins is between these two.

tively few here. It is safe to say that now however, no greater favorite has ever trod the opera house stage. Miss Dalglisb, in addition to her great talent a pleasing presence, and a voice that is music itself. So clear and beautifully modulated is it that her lowest spoken word is heard in the remotest parts of the house. Her work is quiet but intense, and in the scene in the third act which she dominates, she is simply magnificent. Her impersonation of Rosamond the singer, the woman buffeted by unkind fortune is an ideal piece of work, and the audience expressed their appreciation of it by most enthusiastic applause. At the close of the third act Miss Dalglisb and Mr. Elliott, were throughout all the performances given repeated calls before the curtain, six being given on Monday. Miss Dalglisb wears the most exquisite costumes ever seen in this city. Mr. Joseph Brennan is a name, and a man well known here and his work in "Sowing the Wind" was wonderfully clever. In Watkins he has a part that suits him thoroughly. The supporting company is excellent and Miss Hall, Miss Weaver and Miss Wakelee give support that makes the performances far ahead of anything seen here in the last few years.

Mr. Robert McWade Jr., as Sir Richard Cursitor, a sporting English nobleman was wonderfully clever, and his essentially sporting and very English expressions supplied bright, breezy comedy. The balance of the male element was good. Every one whose name appeared in the cast of "Sowing the Wind" deserves the very highest praise, and the performances of this week are an earnest of the superior production that will be given "Quo Vadis" next week. The costumes for the last mentioned piece arrived on Wednesday. "The Kafir Diamond" was given on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. "Sowing the Wind" will be played at the matinee this afternoon.

"Hello Bill" closed its season last week.

Jennie Kennark goes with "Arizona" next season.

Kate Claxton has obtained a discharge in bankruptcy.

Boyd Carrole's play "Round the clock" is booked solid for next season.

Nellie Castle will play the ingenue role in "A Grip of Steel" next season.

Annie Russel will reopen the New York Lyceum on Sept. 6 in "The Royal Family."

Arthur E. Sprague and George Seabolt go with "Slaves of the Orient" next season.

Gracie Emmett will star in a new play next season under management of Geo. A. Morrill.

Maude Hillman, here two or three seasons ago is rehearsing this week at Ogdens-

burg, N. J. Her company includes some very good people.

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Germany is now in the same moral state as several of the leading cities of the United States. A leading politician is trying to revive the old and famous blue law called Les Henry Law, which is now being burlesqued and parodied in all theatres, music halls, and newspapers. It has had two readings and has been laid on the table to be recalled in October. The law reads that no performer can appear before the public in tight, short dresses, or low neck dresses, or, in fact, in any different dress from that worn at a party or on the street. It also prohibits the singing of suggestive songs and the production of immoral plays, etc. The most laughable part of it is that there is no fine or imprisonment imposed upon the performer, but if any of the audience should make a complaint to the mayor of the city the proprietor of the theatre gets no less than one year in prison loses his license and his citizenship papers. There is an awful stir over the affair, but it is so absurd that it is hardly believed it will ever be passed.

The Jurors who sat upon Olga Netheroles famous "Sappho" case have written her a letter to which is appended their signatures saying that they saw nothing wrong in the play presented by her. Miss Netherole has received more notoriety than usually falls to the lot of stage favorites but it is doubtful whether she is willing to accept the notoriety for fame. Miss Netherole is a very hard worker and scorns the idea that acting holds any easy prizes. She has the habit common to all who succeed of discouraging any one from an attempt to enter her profession. It is natural that all who succeed should have a vivid realization of all the hard steps that have led to success. Olga Netherole has been on the stage ten years. She was a governess before she became an actress but in spite of the opposition of her family the wish was within her to try

Dreaded Meal Time.

THE STORY OF A DYSEPTEIC WHO HAS FOUND A CURE.

There is an Intimate Connection Between Good Health, Happiness and Good Digestion—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring About These Conditions.

From the Tribune, Deseronto.

Without good digestion there can be neither good health or happiness. More depends upon the perfect working of the digestive organs than most people imagine and even slight functional disturbances of the stomach leaves the victim irritable, melancholy and apathetic. In such cases most people resort to laxative medicines, but these only further aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic; something that will build up the system, instead of weakening it as purgative medicines do. For this purpose there is no medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood and strengthen and stimulate the digestive tract from first dose to last. In proof of this insertion the case of Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the well known and genial proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, Deseronto, may be quoted. To a reporter of the Tribune who mentioned the fact that he was suffering from dyspepsia, Mr. Stewart said:—"Why don't you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Asked why he gave this advice Mr. Stewart continued:—"Simply because they are the best medicine for that complaint I know of. For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, and during that time I think I tried a score of medicines. In some cases I got temporary relief, but not a cure. I fairly dreaded meal times and the food that I ate gave me but little nourishment. On the recommendation of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a little over a year ago. I soon experienced relief and no longer dreaded meal time, but as I was determined that the cure should be permanent if possible, I continued taking the pills in light doses for several months. The result is every vestige of the trouble left me and I have as good an appetite now as any boarder in the house, and my digestive organs work like a charm. I may also add that my general health was greatly improved as a result of using the pills.

"Well, I have no desire for publicity," said Mr. Stewart, "but if you think it will help anyone who suffers as I did, you may publish the facts."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

"Wasn't it terribly lonesome and dreary living away up there among Eskimos for a whole year?"

"It was delightful in the spring, ma'am. They don't do any housecleaning up there."

IAL.
Some of



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Specific "1" for Fevers, Congestion.
Specific "10" for Dyspepsia, Indigestion
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Specific "17" for Malaria.
Specific "18" for Sea-Sickness.
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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 26

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

GREATER PROTECTION NEEDED.

The new board of water and sewerage has a problem before them that must be solved in the near future—that of improved water supply. This has been a vexed question for years, the fire underwriters contending that the supply is utterly inadequate to afford fire protection and the council on the other hand, that the expense would be too great to extend the system so as to satisfy the companies. Only a short time ago the underwriters notified the people that unless the supply was improved the insurance rates would be increased on the 1st of July. Nothing has been done by the council as yet save improving the fire department by ordering some additional apparatus.

The argument in regard to expense must have appeared frivolous when the Spruce Lake extension was undertaken. It was not too much to spend a couple of hundred thousand dollars in improving the supply beyond all the needs of the people of Carleton and that amount spent on the East side would no doubt have accomplished all that was immediately necessary. True the estimate for an adequate supply that will provide for the future as well as the present greatly exceeds that amount but it appears to us that our present needs are pressing and require prompt attention.

In support of the underwriters, contention the somewhat startling announcement was made this week by Mr. JAMES F. ROBERTSON of the firm of MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON that their intention to considerably improve and extend their premises was blocked by the fact that they would be unable to obtain more insurance with the water supply as it is. This is a serious matter and one that the council should grapple with at once. The question has ceased to be one of speculation. It is a matter of business and of the enterprise of the merchants as to be hampered by the inactivity and unwillingness of the aldermen, the necessity of reform will be so apparent that even such busy men as these may be forced to take the affairs of the city into their own hands.

HYSTERICAL NEW YORK.

The sensible people in New York must have been pained at the reception given the Boer delegates by the Secretary of State at Washington and the firm refusal to interfere in the South Africa conflict but when these representatives of KRUGER arrived in the big city, one paper sarcastically remarked that they were arousing enthusiasm and receiving receptions that should be reserved for a pennant winning baseball team.

"They may be the duly accredited delegates from the republics of South Africa, now fighting against the British, or they may not: the principle is the same. In order to get an adequate idea of just what this cordiality of greeting to these muddy old burghers means, it might be well to imagine Agoncillo and a few other representatives of the revolting Filipinos being received with ostentatious display by the Mayor of London and the population of that town. It would set the jingo blood boiling with rage, and many furiously worded resolutions would be introduced in Congress calling for explanations. There would be a tumultuous beating of the war tom-tom, and a free and enlightened press would curdle the blood of its readers with its shrieking cries for apologies from England.

"The attitude of those cold blooded, very sensible people, the British, must call

for our applause. They have paid no heed to our hospitality to the representatives of their enemy, although they would be justified in regarding it as a very poor return for the several fraternal things they did when the war skies clouded for us in 1898, and it began to look as though Continental Europe would pull us off their little brother. It is only two years since the British flag, entwined with the Stars and Stripes, could be seen in every section of New York, and the bands played only "Hands Across the Sea."

"If this sort of thing continues New York will soon be rated with that hysterical home of paralytics and degenerates, Paris. We are certainly not establishing a desirable reputation for stability and sound common sense."

EXHIBITION MATTERS.

Exhibition matters should at once engage the attention of those merchants of this city and province who intend assisting to make the annual show a success. But quite as much depends upon the management of the exhibition as upon the exhibitors. It is their part to induce the people to participate and assist. After all, exhibitions come down to a business basis and with the competition that exists between rival provinces and cities the manufacturers and merchants almost expect to be solicited to show at one or another of the big fairs. The arguments in favor of St. John are so many that it is not necessary to repeat them here but the executive should impress it upon the management that some active and persuasive man should be engaged at once to make a canvas of the manufacturing enterprises in the province or, for the matter of that, in the maritime provinces and to induce the presence of the most attractive, interesting and instructive exhibits in machinery hall. The time has gone by when the people are satisfied with a show of agricultural implements there. These remarks are offered in the friendliest spirit and we are sure that those who recall the appearance of that department the last two or three years will recognize the truth of them.

Timely Warning of Some.

A short time ago PROGRESS called attention to the willful destruction of printed and lithographed matter on, the licensed billboards and dead walls about town. This vandalism is still going on but it is the intention of the management of this paper to give the habit a severe check. For several weeks past as soon as PROGRESS bulletins were posted in certain sections of the city some person or persons have either torn them off again, or have mutilated or defaced them. The bulletins of a contemporary have remained unscathed on the very same fences and walls. This sort of monkey-play ceases this week for the names of several have been handed into the business department of this paper by outside friends, and arrests will surely be made if the bulletins are again destroyed. One place in particular where the bulletins are never allowed to remain intact is on Mill street hill. Friends of PROGRESS however have noted a few of the vandals in this locality and they are being watched. The advertising public is at the back of this paper in pushing this new phase of vandalism into the courts.

The Bench Appointments.

The Chatham World says that it must have required all his gall to enable Mr. Blair to ask Judge Yanwart to resign because of financial complications inconsistent with judicial dignity. For did he not appoint Mr. Wilson to a judgeship, and wasn't Mr. Wilson notorious for financial operations of a kind likely to get a man before the bar instead of on the bench? He was short in his accounts as Secretary Treasurer of York County and as Registrar of the University of New Brunswick, and had been deprived of both positions on that account. The board bill he incurred at Moncton, when he was there as a government commissioner, hadn't been paid when he was appointed to the bench. The man was notorious as a financial deadbeat, and his appointment was a disgrace to the government and the judiciary.

Another Police Hero.

Another member of the police force is to receive a Victoria Cross. On Tuesday he gloriously arrested little Master Daley on lower Charlotte street for firing off fire crackers and despite the child's cries and entreaties he was taken to the Central Station. A grocer named Doherty offered to pay the little fellow's fine and go security for his appearance, but that of course would prevent the copper becoming the subject of all eyes as he lugged his prisoner to the drunk kraal. The lad, who is about twelve years old, naturally was incapable of digesting the import of the Chief's posters on the dead walls, and therefore fell the victim of his childish innocence, also of the officer's

This energetic member of St. John's "finest" should have been put on an uptown beat on Mafeking night. He would then have had to hire a convoy of teams to lug his prisoners to their legal fate.

Who is He?

The following clipping is from a Provincial paper. D. D. Sharpe, the man mentioned in it does not seem to be known in this city and it is possible the fellow has been giving his "bouncers" the wrong address.

Drummed out of Town.

"A crowd of young men last night met D. D. Sharpe on the street and notified him to leave town at once under threat of rough treatment if he failed with their request. He said he had no money to pay his board bill or to get a ticket. They accompanied him to the Albion hotel, paid his board bill in part, took him up to the station and put him on board the express with a ticket for Bathurst. The crowd professed to be acting in the interests of public morality. Sharpe says he belongs to St. John. For sometime he was a bar tender at the Commercial hotel here, but lately he has been out of employment."

A Small Piece of Insurance Business.

About as slick a trick as was ever done in the insurance business in these parts was that of a St. John agency, who after giving assurance to its policy holders that his insurance was renewed for another year with the understanding that the premium then due would be paid in a short time; which is a very common transaction with any reliable agency. The property shortly afterward was destroyed by fire and the company cancelled the insurance before the proof sheets had time to reach the agent. This is one way of doing business, but PROGRESS readers will probably agree with it that such greasy transactions do not accomplish much in the long run.

Exceedingly Cruel, if True.

A city father who lives on the western side of the harbour cannot be a very hearty supporter of the S. P. C. A., for it is said that only a short time ago, about a week in fact, he threw a poor forlorn cur off the ferryboat in the middle of the harbour, simply because the aforesaid canine indulged in a bout with his own pet. Others say he inflicted injuries on the poor cur before he gave it its involuntary bath. Those on the ferry who claim to have seen the occurrence were disgusted. The dog thrown overboard swam ashore, but no thanks to the unfeeling legislator.

Kent Lodge, Wolfville, N. S.

The anniversary exercises of Acadia colleges in Wolfville, N. S. take place on the first of June and as this is always an interesting occasion which attracts a large number of visitors to this charming town. PROGRESS has pleasure in recommending the Kent Lodge as a comfortable, clean and homelike house. It is first class in all its appointments and the guests can be assured that they will receive courteous treatment.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Irrepressible as well as "Tony." (Turo News) Young Sydney is not too busy to attend to its Golf Club. Preparations are being made for an active season's play.

Old Sol's Absence Explained.

The sun must be getting ready for the eclipse, for its shining face has not been seen for days, except for a moment or two now and then.

First of May in the Country.

A dining chair belonging to Rev. M. Addison was lost last Monday between Albert and Alma. Mr. Addison would be thankful if the finder would inform him where it is.

A Cold Touch.

Angus Ice, charged with causing a disturbance was sentenced to three months in the city prison with hard labor.

"And We'll all Tag on Behind!"

(St. Andrews Beacon.) The cable car is a new feature in war. 'Bohs' is manipulating one of these affairs in Africa just now. Like Bohs, it is not very big, nevertheless a whole empire is clinging to its tail-board.

Erect One For Goodness Sake!

(Union Advocate.) Our brass bands deserve encouragement. The erection of a band stand in the square would be an efficient testimony to prove that we appreciate their efforts to gladden our hearts and soothe our savage breasts. Why not erect one?

An Eye Feast for Both Sexes.

(Bridgetown Monitor.) Middleton is to have a big time on Tuesday next, when the merchants are to hold their annual bargain day. While the women take advantage of the big trade inducements offered, the men will enjoy an exhibition of some of the finest horses in the two counties.

Chatham's Burning Question.

(Miramichi Advance.) A handsome flagstaff, the trees for which were generously donated by Judge Wilkinson, and the expense of making and erecting which was jointly borne by private citizens and the Town Council, stands in Chatham Public square in need of painting to prevent it being attacked by rot. It should be painted by the Public Works committee before the Queen's birthday.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Daffodils.

She stood among the daffodils, My life but she was sweet; I saw them all bow down to her In loveliness complete. The golden glory on their leaves, And in their faces fair— 'Till from the light surpassing them, Upon her suburb air. We walked inside the garden wall, Her laugh was like the beams— The sun leaves on a rippling stream, To fill a poet's dreams, Since that sweet day her loving voice, The soul within me thrills, In music others never hear Among the daffodils.

"Regard" for her was heavenly, So sang the flowers true; The language of the daffodil, Took from me to you. In saintliness my sweet Laurence, You stood more fair than all, The very queen of daffodils, A scene I still recall. And ever so you are to me, While in the balmy spring, Sweet daffodils on passing winds The songs of memory sing. Your voice is in their melody, The song we know so well, The old charm lingers in it yet, In words we never tell.

Daffodil Path, May 1900.

Bon Voyage.

It's ho for the gale and the thrashing sail; and it's ho for the bellying wack; For the wind in the shroud and the lowering cloud that sweeps on the liner's track! Helho! for the roar of the surge before and the school of the angry sea! For at last I have kissed every friend on my list, With my sympathy sent to the ones I have missed, And I'm off for La Belle France!

I smile for the rest in my peaceful breast as I list to the throbbing screw; No thanks to pack—no broken back—and nothing at all to do! Farewell to the rear at my lowly door—no truckman is now hauling me, For the wind in the shroud and the lowering cloud that sweeps on the liner's track! I showed my gaze with a thankful grin— I am off for La Belle France!

Then it's ho for the gale and the thrashing sail! And it's ho for the bellying wack; For the wind in the shroud and the lowering cloud that sweeps on the liner's track! What ho for the roar of the surge before and the school of the angry sea! For the wild sea-slang that the vikings sang, Is loud in my ears—and care may go hang— I am off for La Belle France! Bob Burdette.

Torrello, the Lion Tamer.

Signor Torrello was a tamer of lions— His name in the Bible was Brown— He could make the fierce brutes jump the rope, And turn somersets and lie down— Signor Torrello Was quite a gay fellow And rapidly winning renown.

Signor Torrello one day met a maiden Who, charmed by his soul stirring art, Stood in front of the cage and applauded the lions As each played its wonderful part— Signor Torrello— In words that were mellow, Laid siege to the fair maiden's heart.

Signor Torrello could look at a lion And cause it to cower in fear, But the look that gave Leo the chills had no terrors For the lady who figured here— Signor Torrello— Alas! the poor fellow— Was condescended around by the ear.

Signor Torrello no longer tames lions, The beasts turned against him, one dry; The look that once charmed them had ceased to be potent, They roared and refused to obey— Signor Torrello, Unfortunate fellow, All bloody, was hustled away!

Rock a-By Land.

Ho and away for the Rock a by land— The rollicking, rollicking Rock a by land, Where the little ones go on the lullaby by cars To play peek a boo with the silvery stars, 'Tis the sweetest, fairest land that I know— Is the land where the dillies and sugar plums grow For the

Rollicking, Rollicking Rock a by land. Rock a by land— Sweet Rock a by land— Dancin' and singin' while bluebells are ringin', Close your eyes little one, Soon you will stand On the borders of far away Rock a by land.

Such a queer little cat for the Rock a by land— The rollicking, rollicking Rock a by land, The wheels are the rockers 'tis deep and 'tis wide, All quilted and cushioned for b-d-y's long ride; Past slumberland hills and the heights of By low— We are off on a journey, beautiful and grand For the

Rollicking, Rollicking Rock a by land. Rock a by land— Dear Rock a by land! Stars are a gleaming white baby is dreaming— Dreaming sweet dreams: Of a fairykin band In the far away beautiful Rock a by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock a by land— The rollicking, rollicking Rock a by land— There's dancin' and singin' and music that's sweet And peek a boo dreams that are tiny and fleet. We glide past love's river, which ripples and gleams Through blossoming meadows in silvery streams; At Sound Asleep station we finally stand For the

Rollicking, Rollicking Rock a by land. Rock a by land— Charming Rock a by land! Fairies are winging while baby is winging, Nestle close, little one! Now hand in hand We'll wander and dream in the Rock a by land! —E. A. Brimstool.

MARTIAL LAW IN FREDERICTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

still lingered with the hardware clerk, who upset and worried by his unfortunate mix-up with the military sought, the soothing influence of his pillow, never for a moment thinking that he was Crocjd.

The night grew older and soon none save the lathkeg contingent were straggling toward their several abodes. Tramp, tramp, tramp, with now and then a muffled military command sounded from the alley afore-mentioned. Otherwise all was silent. Every two hours the sentries were changed and the weary vigil maintained. It was a long dreary night for the poor soldiers, but safe within the four walls of the guard-house the object of their watchfulness was sweetly dreaming a conglomerate dream in which Maleking, the wild joy of the people and his own little struggle, were blended together in a budget of thoughts, from which he merged a hero.

At daylight the ruffled dignity of Her Majesty's respected soldiery at Fredericton had become smoothed down again, and brilliant bayonets sank scabbardwards. The dogs of war were called off, and again the alley was tenantless. Nothing further transpired in the matter but now that the hardware clerk has learned how carefully his slumbers were guarded and that "angels hovered near" on that eventful night, he has grown fully an inch taller with pride and his hat—well, his little brother wears it now.

The poor soldiers who let the clerk escape are doing seven days "C. B." (confinement to barracks), and the ex-prisoner is contemplating false arrest proceedings.

Baseball Opens Big.

One of the sights about town Thursday evening about tea time was Johnny Scott the baseball manager, trudging to his hotel with a valise full of shekels, the day's crop at the B. & A. grounds. But when the heavy expenses of the day were wiped out, imported players appeased and a thousand and one "little matters" attended to, the pile of silver wilted very considerably. Yet the people want to see "Scotty" come out all right in his big venture, and now that the old professional days look as if they were going to repeat themselves owing to his careful figuring, the crowd are whetting up their appetites for the game, which is going to go with a big swing this summer. The Alerts didn't do a thing to the poor Roses, which should be a wholesome lesson to the North End colts that practice and organization works wonders. Still their catcher in the afternoon game had only been in town a couple of hours, arriving on the Atlantic Express, and was a blank stranger to everybody and everything in St. John, except baseball, but even in this he was playing a stranger's game, with so many new people.

Close up Saturday Night.

The "arrangement" by which the two leading restaurants that have bars upon their premises close every Saturday night at seven o'clock means more than appears upon the face of it. An energetic effort is to be made to enforce the Saturday night closing regulation and this means that hotels will have to follow suit as well and close their bars hard and fast. If Inspector Jones succeeds in this effort he will please the temperance people and many of those in the business who do not know what it is to violate the law.

A Bank Clerk's Mistake.

A clerk in a leading banking institution gave out quite a sum of money too much one day last week, but did not discover his mistake until the recipient was quite out of reach. Efforts to get the extra funds back proved futile and on Tuesday it was understood Chief Clerk and Captain Jenkins were working on the case.

Curtains, and Blankets, 25c.

Per pair. Carpets dusted and renovated either on floor or at our works, satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works, Telephone 58.

'I see Aginaldo is dead,' said the British aide.

'More American luck?' granted the general. 'Now why couldn't it have been Kruger instead?'

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

SPECIAL LAW IN FREDERICTON.

Continued from first page. ... with the hardware clerk, who was worried by his unfortunate mix-up of the military sought, the soothing of his pillow, never for a moment that he was crossed.

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... Baseball Opens Big. ... of the nights about town Thursday about tea time was Johnny Scott, small manager, trudging to his hotel, his face full of shekels, the day's crop of B. & A. grounds. But when the expenses of the day were wiped out, the players appeared and a thousand "little matters" attended to, the silver witted very considerably.

... Close up Saturday Night. ... "arrangement" by which the two restaurants that have bars upon premises close every Saturday night at 11 o'clock means more than appears the face of it. An energetic effort is made to enforce the Saturday night regulation and this means that will have to follow suit as well as their bars hard and fast. If Inspector succeeds in this effort he will please appearance people and many of those who do not know what it is to the law.

... A Bank Clerk's Mistake. ... clerk in a leading banking institution had quite a sum of money too much in his pocket last week, but did not discover his error until the recipient was quite out of the bank. Efforts to get the extra funds back failed and on Tuesday it was reported Chief Clerk and Captain Jenner were working on the case.

... Carpets, and Blankets, 25c. ... Carpets dusted and renovated on floor or at our works, satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Ungar's Laundry and Carpet Cleaning Works, 58.

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... spoken ten words before she made a hit. Her beautifully clear voice sounded through the auditorium like a silver bell, musical and winning. Then again the naturalness of action that accompanied it, made a combination of grace over irresistible to an audience in this town.

... The return to this city of Prof. L. W. Titus the well known tenor and instructor, is a matter of much satisfaction to the musical inclined as well as many others. During his year's absence Prof. Titus has been studying under one of the best New England teachers and is now in possession of the newest methods of voice culture, which profession he has resumed in this city.

... Miss Wilfred Fales, who has been stopped by her sister Mrs. J. G. Shewan, 70 Summer St., has returned to her home in Wilmet, N. S.

... Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hooper are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the arrival of their son and heir, whose birth occurred on the 13th—a little Loyalist.

... Miss Lullia Robison went to Fredericton on Wednesday. Miss Carolyn Barnes spent the holiday in Bloomfield.

... Rev. Dr. Roy, who has been occupying the pulpit of St. John's Stone church, left for Quebec and Niagara Falls the first of the week accompanied by Mrs. Roy.

... Miss Mary Ballie's pupils assisted by some friends gave a very interesting entertainment in the Mechanics' Institute Monday evening. Those who took part were Orca Sharp, Margaret Seaton, Constance Climo, Birdie Tufts, Carrie Ballie, Madeline Bridges, Edith Doherty, Hazel Campbell, Lillie Raymond, Bertha Fales, Millie Fausch, and Owen G. Col.

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... It did take all the old fencing from around the post-office, and officers quarters to make a blaze worthy of the occasion. Fredericton was not slow nor grudging in the donation and we all breathe all the more for it.

... This was Empire day, and as the Celestial is nothing if not Patriotic, we fully demonstrated the fact of our Patriotism and never have we had a finer procession parading our streets than today when hundreds of school children happy in the novelty of a parade and all floating flags marched from the High school to the parliament square where the celebration took place.

... Invitations have been issued by the President, officers and members of the Associated Alumni of the University for an "At Home" in the college building for the evening of Thursday, May 31st.

... Mrs. Harry Robertson and child are here from St. John's visiting Mrs. Robertson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. McKee, Jr.

... Miss Jennie Edwards of Halifax is visiting relatives in the city.

... The floral offerings were many and beautiful. Pillow from the family.

... Basket, Mr. J. Rodgers. Basket, Mr. F. S. Sadler. Basket of pink and white roses, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hodge.

... Basket, Margaret and Christine Colwell. Basket, Miss MacFarlane, St. John.

... Basket, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tibbitts. Wreath, Mrs. C. Whitaker.

... Basket, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fowler. Basket, Margaret and Christine Colwell.

... Basket, Miss MacFarlane, St. John. Floral mound, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bebbington.

... Basket of pink roses, Miss Anna Yanwart. Cut flowers, Miss Bird.

If You Want A Camera, Opera Glasses, A Watch, The latest and best Books, Handsome Pictures, Photogravure Souvenirs for the Parlor, Writing Paper and Envelopes for the Ladies, Toys for the Children, The best Soap for all household purposes, Buy the famous WELCOME SOAP. Save the Wrappers and send for particulars of our Premium offer. THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

White's Snowflake Chocolates Have the Letter S on Top. Imitations are out. Look out for them.

Corticelli Skirt Protector is all wool and the wool is selected for its elasticity, fineness and softness. It has a porous, elastic weave. It will not chafe the finest shoes. It is better than any other Skirt Protector because there is no cotton in it. Any "binding" with cotton in it will shrink and pucker the skirt. When the pile wears off it will wear the gloss off your shoes. Corticelli Protector will outwear the skirt. Sewed on flat, not turned over. The genuine is labelled Corticelli.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

News and Opinions OF National Importance The Sun A LION'S SHARE CONTAINS BOTH Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year PREPARED ONLY BY W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Druggist and Seedsman, 87 Charlotte Street. Telephone 239. Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house.



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feisty and J. H. Hawthorne. MAY 25.—A whole week of celebrations and the end is not even yet in sight. News of the relief of the starving reaching here quite late on Friday, necessitated the celebrating of so grand an event by a series of bon-fires on the evening of that day and

Progress Job Print.

MR. SERRIN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom Co. in Calais at G. F. Tremblay.

MAY 25.—St. Stephen is to have a holiday and a grand celebration on Thursday of this week, the twenty-fourth of May. The L. O. F. have completed all arrangements for their grand Field Day to be held at the St. Stephen Driving Park. The programme will consist of the following amateur events:

1.—1 Mile Bicycle (novice), 3 prizes. 2.—1/2 Mile Bicycle (open), 3 prizes. 3.—100 Yard Dash (men), 3 prizes. 4.—1/4 Mile Bicycle (open), 3 prizes. 5.—1 Mile Bicycle (boys), 3 prizes. 6.—1 Mile Bicycle (open), 3 prizes. 7.—100 Yard Dash (boys), 3 prizes. 8.—200 Yard Dash (men), 3 prizes. 9.—3 Mile Bicycle (open), 3 prizes. 10.—1/2 Mile Bicycle (boys), 3 prizes. 11.—Tug of War.

The prizes are handsome and many of them valuable and are the best ever given here. They are on exhibition at Oak Hall. Excursions from all points are expected, and arrangements have been made for one fare on the C. P. R. Shore Line and Washington County Railways and also on the various steamboats. The town is to be decorated for the occasion, and a general holiday will be enjoyed by the citizens. In the evening the Uniform Bank K.

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

On the 25th of May, 1900, the following names were on the list of those who were present at the celebration of the relief of the starving in Calais, N. B., on the 25th of May, 1900.

ON AN EDITORIAL REPORT, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and centres.
MORROW & CO. ... Barrington street
CLIFFORD BROWN ... Cor. George & Granville Sts
CASSIDY NEWS CO. ... Barrington Street
J. B. FIDELAY ... Brunswick street
J. W. ALLAN ... Dartmouth N. St
Queens Bookstore ... 109 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreytas ... 181 Brunswick St.

It is no wonder that women everywhere are full of unbounded praise and gratitude for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It does away with all suffering due to the diseases of the organs peculiarly feminine. It regulates the periods, stops the disagreeable conditions, and cures female weakness. It brings all the delicate female organs into natural, healthy and harmonious action.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
This Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

It is scientifically affirmed, that in the thirty years which follow the change from the girl to the woman, beginning at fifteen and ending at forty-five, the average woman spends ten years of that time in physical suffering, caused by irregular periods, disagreeable drains, female troubles, or other derangements of the functions of the delicate female organs.



Think of it! One-third of the life spent in a struggle with pain.
There is no opium or other narcotic, and no alcohol, whisky or other alcoholic stimulant in "Favorite Prescription."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, without charge. Write freely. Every letter is treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cleanse the skin including patriotic songs and lessons on the "Empire." In circular sent to teachers "Supervisor McKay says: The idea of Empire Day is said to have been first suggested by Mrs. Fessenden, of Montreal. It was taken up and strongly advocated by the Hon. George W. Ross, now premier of Ontario, who wrote to the members of the Dominion Educational Association meeting in Halifax in 1898 a king for their endorsement.

The program of exercises in each school promises to be quite interesting and no doubt a large number of citizens will assemble at the respective schools.
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. DeWolfe will be at Home at Bedford May 23, 24 and 25.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Parsons, while returning to Halifax from New York, became seriously ill at Yarmouth, but on Friday was recovering.
Hon. J. W. Longley is to deliver the principal address at the Bridgewater celebration of the Queen's Birthday. The Attorney-General was to have taken part in the Empire Day celebration in Halifax, but was misinformed as to the time. He finds he cannot speak here and reach Bridgewater in time for the celebration.

Mr. Watson W. Bowes, of Boston, is a guest of Mrs. Alpin Grant, Victoria Road.
Miss Fleming, Mrs. Fleiding and C. S. Schmidt left by the D. A. R. this morning for Boston.
Major Eckford, of Scotland, arrived in Hamilton last week, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, of the Homestead. Major Eckford is a retired military officer and lives near Glasgow in the Indian mutiny he had the misfortune to lose one of his arms. He is the father of Mr. Herbert A. Eckford, of High River, Alberta, N. W. T., whose engagement has been announced to Miss Christina Hendrie, and the marriage will take place in June.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.
Progress Job Print.
AMHERST.
[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]
May 22.—Mrs. George Hibbard has returned to her home in River Street, after a few weeks' visit with Mrs. Stere.

Mr. Froggatt, wife and child will sail on July 7th for England to visit the former's parents. They expect to be absent about ten weeks.
Mrs. Freeman Quigley and Miss May Quigley, intend leaving shortly for Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Quigley will join them later.
On June 6th one of Oxford's charming ladies will enter the estate of half money. The fortunate young man who carries off the prize balls from Colchester One of the most popular young ladies of Westmorland is to be married on June 20th and will reside in another part of the province.
Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Chapman were on Sunday hastily summoned to Albert, N. B., to the bedside of their daughter-in-law, wife of Dr. Lorenzo Chapman, who is dangerously ill.

The death of Henry Cochran occurred at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday last week of pneumonia. Mr. Cochran married Miss Josephine Black, second daughter of the late William Black, of River Philip and a sister of Mrs. George Hewson of Oxford.
The band and orchestra are going to have a great program of concerts on the 24th, and those who go fishing will miss more than they think.
Mrs. Job Embree of Park St. is seriously ill.
Mrs. George MacFarlane left last week for Boston where she will be the guest of her sister for about two months.
DIOBY.
May 23.—Mrs. W. B. Howard returned home from Boston Wednesday via St. John.
Miss Peters of Hazelton, N. B., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. DeVeret, Birch street.
Miss Armstrong of St. John, is in town the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. D. Daley.
Mr. Geo. Boggs, the popular pursuer on the S. S. Prince Rupert, is enjoying a short vacation.

Miss Mary Trahan, who has been at Quebec for over two years, returned home on Wednesday.
Mr. Chas. Sabean, who has been visiting his parents at Marshallow, returned to Boston on Saturday.

Mr. Hugh Fowler of Bridgetown, passed through Digby on Wednesday, returning home from Yarmouth.
Mr. Chas. Miller of Manchester, N. H., was in town this week. He was visiting his former home at Beaver River.

Miss Angie James of Bridgetown, who has been the guest of Mrs. McCormick, Queen street, returned at home on Wednesday.
Mr. A. W. Fullerton, formerly editor and manager of the Courier, is in town this week.

Messrs. F. Giffins and McGregor, superintendents of the D. A. R. system of railways and steam boats, were in town on Wednesday.
Mrs. J. A. Treby, proprietress of the Treby home, returned to Digby on Wednesday, having spent the winter at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. McBride returned Saturday from a three weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Ritchie at Yarmouth. Miss Winnie McBride returned to Yarmouth on Monday.
Capt. Elias Hudson of Grandville, formerly master of the schooner Waukena, and who was reported as a prisoner (as he is going to Halifax hospital), returned home on Monday last. We regret to state that the captain's health is but slightly improved.

PARROBORO.
[Progress is for sale at the Parroboro Bookstore]
May 23.—The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia administered the rite of confirmation to thirteen persons in St. George's church on Sunday morning and also preached in the evening. Confirmations were held at Diligent evening, and Port Greville on Monday. On Tuesday evening the bishop presided at a parish meeting to elect a rector for St. George's parish. Rev. Robert Johnston having been obliged to resign very greatly to the regret of the parishioners on account of throat trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston leave very shortly for England. Rev. Mr. Driffild is the rector elect for this parish.

The continued wet weather has interfered with the programme planned for the Queen's birthday. The sports have been cancelled, owing to the condition of the race track and the excursions from Windsor Wolfville, Kentville and Amherst.
Empire Day has been duly celebrated in the schools with flag drills, patriotic songs, addresses recitations &c.

Miss Janet Cameron left last week for Boston where she is to receive a nurse's training at the Massachusetts General Hospital.
Mr. Frank Outhill spent part of the week at his home in Kingston, Kings Co.

Mr. Alfred Porter, St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gullord.
Miss Marion MacKenzie left on Monday for Toronto to meet her mother returning from California.

Ms McMurray, Moncton, is paying a visit to the Misses Gillespie.
Soldiers have been such a demonstration in Parroboro as that on Friday evening after the news of the relief of Mafeking had been received. Part of the proceedings was the burning of Oom Paul at the apex of a very high pyramid of oil barrels the crowd gathered around cheering and singing. Guns were fired and there was a procession, not all boys by any means with bells and horns and every available thing that would make a noise.

Rev. J. Dood of Sprinchill was in town on Thursday the guest of Rev. T. J. Butler.
A number of people drove to Halfway river on Monday afternoon to attend the funeral of Mr. Burgess Fullerton.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness?
No; good pure tea, properly steeped will never prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a Tea like that sold in Toley's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

TRURO.
MAY 23.—Mrs. Geo. Donkin, spent a few days last week in Sackville visiting her daughter Miss Gertrude, who is attending school there.

In the death of Mr. C. J. Wallace, late clerk at the present hotel, which occurred at the General Hospital, Montreal, last Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Learmont lose a most efficient and popular clerk and a highly esteemed friend. The remains arrived here on Saturday, and were interred on Saturday at the Tenace Hill cemetery, from St. John's church. The funeral despite the very inclement weather was a large and representative one independent of the Knights of Pythias, under whose auspices it was, and who attended in a body. Beside a handsome floral tribute, from the "Knights" there were many beautiful tributes, from friends of the deceased.

Miss Helene Bygelow left today to visit Frederick friends.
Mrs. S. L. Walker and her young son are visiting Mrs. Jas. Page at Robesay.
Fno.

ANNAPOLIS.
MAY 23.—Mrs. J. Herbert Runciman and Miss Nellie Runciman were passengers to Boston on Wednesday last.
Deputy Sheriff Burnham of Digby, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Blanche Falter is visiting her aunt Mrs. Sam Mills at the Ferry.
Miss Gussie Spurr and Charlie Spurr came home from Boston on Wednesday to attend the funeral of their sister, Alice May.
Miss Nellie McClinterty is home from Middleton on a visit.

CAMPBELLTON.
MAY 21.—Thos. Malby has accepted a position in J. P. Jordin's grocery store.
Word received from Jacques River stated that Mrs. Andrew Dornely is seriously ill.
Jno. Haquial was at Metapedia Monday.
Miss Gertrude Jardine returned from Millerton Thursday.

The Restigouche Island Club at Metapedia, is erecting a large summer residence for the use of the members of the club. This will be quite an acquisition to their grounds. It will be 44x24 feet M. G. Mann has the contract.
The trout season is now well advanced but was heralded at Tide Head last week by the landing of a 4 1/2 lbs by Miss Mary McBeath, of that place.
The Salvation Army local corps is now in charge of Camp, Moncton, of Newswell. Capt. Jackson of the same place will arrive in a day or two and take charge.
The ladies of Campbellton are organizing a lawn tennis club and we understand that Dr. Leman has consented to assist the fair ones by allowing them the use of his beautiful lawn. The club will prove a beneficial recreation as well as an enjoyment to its members and we wish the promoters every success in their efforts.

F. M. Anderson and family have left for New Mills. Dr. Doherty has moved into the residence vacated by Mr. Anderson and will have his office in the same building. It might be interesting to note that Dr. Baxter resided and had his office in the same building when he practiced in Campbellton some 23 years ago.

Arbor Day, 18th inst., was celebrated at Tide by trees being planted in the morning and a picnic to Athol grounds in the afternoon. A few others besides the pupils attended the picnic. The teacher Miss McPherson, is to be congratulated on the advancement of her school and the improvement in the appearance of the grounds since she took charge.

"As I reached home last night I saw our cow running off down the road."
"Will?"
"I chased her a mile and a half in a pouring rain. "Catch her?"
"Yes; but when I got the old thing back to our yard I found out she wasn't our cow."

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A Delicious Tubbing

and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL.

Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soaps.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 509 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Bucouche Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

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

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

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

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

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

OUR MAGNIFICENT NEW WALL PAPER DEPARTMENT IN OUR New Building WAS OPENED Monday, May 27th, 1900. The finest examples of Wall Paper Art Exhibits from Japan, Germany, France, Belgium, Great Britain, United States and Canada, are to be found in our new building which is devoted exclusively to the Wall Paper business. FREE Samples and booklets free for the asking. The G. A. Holland & Son Co. 2411 St. Catharine St. Montreal.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Rheumatism, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/4d each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

DYE WELL this can be done with that sure HOME DYE MAYPOLE SOAP A child can use it. Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Dr. C. Without the expense of Dr. Chase's Is imitated not duplicate Just as there but none that of Dr. Chase's, tions of Dr. C. that can effect brought about er. The suppres of the Dr. C. been known to ter of what for This can be said discovered. You need no the truth of the Read the evidence Mr. Lee Joh for Messrs. A. S., states: "I Dr. Chase's Oint case of itching for ten years, a edy recommending relief. On ment cured me. Mr. Amos F. county, N. S., states: "I have by using Dr. bothered with and suffered Thanks to Dr. tired cured an suffer from the You can test out cost by the age of a single 60 cents a box, from Edmonson Don't cough Chase's Syrup will cure your bottle, family si



A Delicious Tubbing... refreshing sleep... there being better for any baby... use the "Albert"...

BY'S OWN SOAP... child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled in diseases.

Cure For Men... which quickly cures sexual weakness, emissions, premature discharge, etc.

Bar Oysters... served this day, 10 Barrels Buctouche Bar Oysters, west of the Spring coteau, and 23 King Square.

ribner's... FOR 1900... INCLUDES... BARRIE'S "Tommy and serial)."

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NORMAN'S The Russia... is by WALTER A. WY... thor of "The Workers".

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

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BLEART FEATURES... OMWELL ILLUSTR... by celebrated American... gn artists.

Chavannes, ...HN LAFARGE, illus... in color.

Illustrative schemes (in... in black and white) by... R APPLETON CLARK, ...XETTO, HENRY Mc... DWIGHT L. ELMEN... and others.

Illustrated Prospectus... to any address. ... SCRIBNER'S SONS, ...lishers, New York.

A Book for Women Written by a Woman... in Mrs. Richardson's latest best-seller "Women in Health and Happiness." It is a guide for the young girl, the wife and mother.

MONTREAL. Progresses for sale in Montreal at Miss Estelle Tweedie's Bookstore, and M. B. Jones' Bookstore. May 22.—Mr. David McLeave of the Windsor hotel, has returned from a trip to Sydney, C. B.

HILLSBORO. May 20.—Mr. C. Allison Peck left Tuesday morning for St. John to spend a few days. Mrs. Sherwood spent a few days in St. John last week, the guest of her sister Mrs. G. L. Brown.

WOODSTOCK. MAY 24.—Miss Francis Rankin has returned from her New York visit. Miss Lizette Bull is home from Boston to spend the summer.

Dr. Chase Cures Piles.

Without the danger, pain or expense of an operation, Dr. Chase's Ointment is imitated, but its cures are not duplicated. Read the evidence.

Just as there are many recipe books, but none that ever approach to the value of Dr. Chase's, so there are many imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but none that can effect such cures as are daily brought about by means of this great healer.

The supreme test is found in the curing of piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment has never been known to fail to cure piles—no matter of what form or of how long standing. This can be said of no other remedy ever discovered.

Don't cough yourself to death. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will cure your cough and cold; 25 cents a bottle, family size 60 cents.

shows will now have the same privilege. There will be just as much military sold in the season, and he proprietors, we hope will stick to this arrangement, thereby making the twice-a-week early closing general.

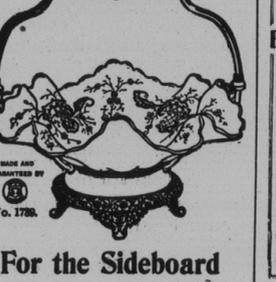
THINGS OF VALUE. Nodd.—This servant question is a great nuisance, isn't it? Todd.—A wail! But I'm out of it. My cook has left me so long that she is just like one of the family.

Why will you allow a cough to locate your throat or lung and run the risk of filling a coffin? Why will you allow a cough to locate your throat or lung and run the risk of filling a coffin?

Carried to Extremes.—Yes, I know the governor of my state and the shoe-maker. He's awfully assertive in boots for years. He's awfully assertive in boots for years.

An Exciting run. The following incident in Lord Wolseley's military career is recorded as having taken place when he was in his twenties, and had been in the British army three years.

60 Specialists on the Case.—In the ordinary run of medical practice a greater number than this have treated cases of chronic dyspepsia and have failed to cure—but Dr. Von Sina's Pineapple Tablets (60 in a box at 35 cents cost)—have made the cure and put to rout the mistaken notion that proprietary remedies are trash, and may help but never heal.



For the Sideboard. We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's "Silver Plate that Wears." This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article.

"1847 Rogers Bros." Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always in our stock.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM... CROUP is the most deadly of all diseases of children. It gives very little time in which to seek remedies.

Wedding Cards and Invitations. Invitations and Announcements in all styles and quantities are promptly furnished by us at short notice.

Get Our Prices. To those wishing any work in the line of Job Printing we would say that it will pay them to consult us before placing their next order.

Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion.

WANTED. Bicycle salesmen wanted in every village and town in Canada. Good positions for smart young men, clerks, and others, to add to their income.

BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" 1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 1 1/2 in. tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail.

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

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

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

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

of F. will give a grand ball in the cutting rink from which much pleasure is anticipated.

Mrs. Delstadt and Mrs. Almon I. Teed leave for Sackville on Friday to attend the closing exercises of Mount Allison college, Elmsworth, Dalhousie and Bertha Teed are students of the college.

During their stay in New York city Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Fanny Gilman, Mrs. F. F. MacNichol and Miss Bertha Smith were guests at the Westminster hotel.

Miss Skinner of St. John is visiting Mrs. Charles W. King in Canada.

Miss Kate Maxwell is recovering from her illness Mrs. W. F. Toad expects to leave soon for Andover, Mass., to attend the graduating exercises of the Abbott hall where her daughter, Miss Winifred Toad, is one of the graduates.

Miss Louise Bourkman is visiting friends in Bangor and vicinity.

Mrs. J. D. Chipman spent Sunday in Fredericton with Captain Chipman, who is attending the military school.

Mrs. Washburn and Mrs. Peabody have returned from a pleasant visit in Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Stead of Fredericton is the guest of Mrs. M. B. Mah.

Rev. W. H. Sampson and Mrs. Sampson of Carleton were in town this week to attend the marriage of their brother, H. A. S. Patrick, to Miss Alice Sinclair.

Miss Beattie Andrews, Miss May Morris, St. Andrews and Miss Alice Byrne of Sussex are guests of Mrs. E. K. Ross.

Miss Margaret Grey and Miss Ethelwyn Love visited a few days last week with Miss Burham of Moncton.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson returned on Saturday evening from Halifax where she has been visiting Mrs. W. H. Torrance.

Mrs. T. A. Vaughan is visiting relatives in Portland, Maine, before going to Chatham to spend the summer months.

Mrs. S. H. Blair is now in Boston, the guest of her cousin, Miss Edgewood.

Miss Alice Cox is in Vazecoro visiting friends. During her stay in town the Right Rev. Bishop Kingdon was the guest of Rev. O. S. Newham at Christ church rectory.

Miss Short arrived from Jamaica, West Indies and will reside with Mrs. Frank I. Blair during the summer.

Mrs. W. H. Cole is improving daily from her long illness.

Miss Kate Newham has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Misses Edith and Gerude Skater, St. John, and Miss Lillian Dodd of Charlottetown, P. E. I., are guests of Mrs. Henry Graham.

Miss Victoria Freeman has returned from St. John. Mrs. Edward Parker of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia is the guest of Mrs. R. K. Ross.

Miss Annie Stevens has returned from an extended visit in Halifax.

Mrs. C. E. Clarke and Miss Noe Clarke left on the C. P. R., for Boston yesterday morning.

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

Progress Job Print.

ST. ANDREWS.

MAY 23—Mrs. R. M. Jack expect to join her husband in North Sydney in a few weeks. They will make their future home there.

Miss Kay Haley arrived from New York on Thursday last an invalid. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Rose Healey, who will remain in St. Andrews a few days.

The Beacon says that Mr. C. W. Manzer, who has been station master at St. Andrews for a number of years, and who has proved himself a good citizen during that time, has accepted charge of the station at Fredericton, and enter upon his duties this week. Mr. Manzer will be greatly missed in church and Sunday school circles. It was chiefly through his instrumentality that the Baptist there has been reconstituted.

Mr and Mrs. C. K. Greenlaw are receiving congratulations over a handsome little boy who reached their home on Sunday morning.

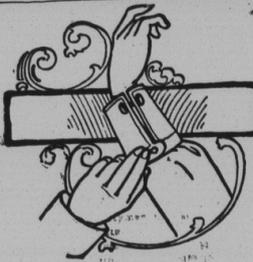
Mrs. Maloney accompanied her husband, Capt. Robert Maloney, on his last trip to Greenport, L. I. The vessel set sail from St. Andrews on Monday morning.

Mr. Fred Mowatt has returned to Allen, B. C. His brother Malcolm will mine at Dawson City this summer. Russell, another brother, who has recently taken unto himself a wife, will make his home at Edmonds, Wash.

Mr. Cyrus H. Acheson has tendered his resignation as principal of the Moriston H. G. school.

Resources of Culture.

A distinguished lecturer once told a story of an engagement he had made to deliver a discourse in one of the interior towns, on the subject of 'The Beacon Lights of Civilization.'



They'll Be Clean.

The desirable feature about Collars and Cuffs is to have them clean. Some laundries fail to wash them clean, and whiteness without a thorough washing is impossible.

We Make a Feature of Spotless Linen—

Take out all the dirt before we iron it—then ironing adds to its fine appearance. Try us and see. Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

"Hit the Nail

On the Head."

If you have eruptions, pains in the head or kidneys, stomach trouble and feelings of weariness, "Hit the nail on the head." Hood's Sarsaparilla is the hammer to use. It will purify your blood. The masses praise it for doing this and making the whole body healthy.

Sick Headache—"I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of salt rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.



"I reached the place," he said, "a little behind time, and went directly to the hall. A large audience had assembled. I was introduced in due form by the president of the literary society under whose auspices I was to appear, and laying my manuscript on the desk before me I opened it and waited a moment for the applause to subside. Imagine my horror when I found I had accidentally brought along the wrong lecture—one on the 'Wonders of Modern Electrical Science'!"

"What did you do?" asked one of the group to whom he was narrating the incident.

"I went right ahead," he replied. "The audience didn't know the difference."

Especially Awakened.

Doctor Blomfield, Bishop of London

hall a century ago, was a man of much wit and also had a keen appreciation of wit in other people, whatever their walk in life might be.

Once when a new church in his diocese was to be consecrated, the bishop received several letters complaining that the architect of the new church had disfigured the interior and exterior with "useless gawgaws."

Consequently the bishop went down to the little town to make an inspection of the building, and summoned the architect to meet him there.

The bishop could find nothing amiss with the exterior of the church, nor with the interior until just as he reached the chancel, he looked up and saw four wooden images apparently guarding the pulpit.

"What do those figures represent," he inquired.

"The four evangelists, my lord," replied the architect.

"They appear to be asleep," said the bishop.

"Do you think so, my lord?"

"That's the way they look to me," said the bishop, decidedly.

"John," called the architect to a man who was at work on one of the pews, "bring your chisel and open the eyes of the evangelists."

The World's Fair Attendance.

Slowly, very slowly, the receipts of the big Exposition are increasing. The gain from day to day is so small as to hardly be apparent, but still it is steady, and leaves room for hope that when the time comes for the show to close there will be some like a paying attendance.

The show itself is still incomplete. Much work yet remains to be done before the visitor can get the full benefit of it. This probably is the reason why many of those Americans who have seen it already declare that in many respects it is inferior to the World's Fair in Chicago.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt when it is really ready it will be the greatest exposition of the kind ever given.

His Superior Officer.

Parson Farrar, the first incumbent of the Congregational church at New Ipswich, New Hampshire, evidently had a strong influence over his parishioners. The New England Magazine says that two of his church members were one day discussing theology.

"What are your views on infant damnation?" inquired one.

"I believe the same as Parson Farrar does."

"Well, what does he believe?"

"I don't know," was the rejoinder. "You ask him about it."

"Have you had a vacation this summer, Mr. Cavil?" asked Tenspot.

"Well, my wife took me to the cemetery once to see the grave of her first husband."

Kruger's Lament.

O give back my aprons and kops, My kopses and my koots, My kraits and kabs, my kirts and kobs. Now tramped with British boots. My Blossoms and Springfountains Have lost the bloom of spring; From Spynfels and Stingerstein The wind had odors bring From Lady Smith and Hart Smith, And Ladybrand we took, From Magersfontein, Jagersfontein, Klip Drift, Ladang's Veld, From Driestons and Bullfontein The cry is waded: "Oh! While all that's left is Nittontain, Where everything is "Hit."

ELECTRIC CAR MEN.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

injuries received while riding on one of the defendant's cars.

10. Policemen: Members of the police force as well as employees of the road not on duty are allowed to ride free. They are entitled to seats even if the passengers who pay money must stand. Women have as much right to stand while riding as a policeman.

11. Never pay any attention to the painted signs on a car. Talk to the motor-man, if you don't like the other passengers will think you are a guy and 10 to 1 that someone tries to sell you a gold brick before the trip is over. The sign, 'No smoking,' is another joke. Smoke all you want. If the conductor says anything about it report him at headquarters.

Farrot-English.

When W. H. Gilder was about to cross Siberia, after a sojourn in the Arctic regions he engaged Constantine, an English-speaking Russian, as guide and interpreter. Constantine knew enough English for such practical purposes, and there seemed to be no reason why he should not teach it. Says the traveller.

Knowing that I should be among the Russians for several months, I thought I would gain the advantage of learning a few words beforehand. So I said to Constantine:

"What do the Russians say for 'yes'?"

"They say 'Yes,'" he replied at once. "That was easy enough to remember, and so I went to the next word."

"What do they say for 'no'?"

"Why, they say 'No,'"

"That seemed a most remarkable coincidence, but it was certainly easier than I had thought. So I went on to something more complex."

"What does a Russian say when he is hungry, and wants something to eat?"

"O sir, he says he wants something to eat!"

This was a little more than I could stand and I immediately took a recess. I saw that the poor fellow had no real understanding of the English he spoke. He did not translate it from one language to another, but had merely learned it as a parrot would learn. But he had great facility like all the Russians; for in two months and a half on shipboard he had picked up enough to be of great service to us. If we would allow him to use it in his own way, all went famously, but it was a half knowledge, which he could not impart.

Helped a Boy.

Twenty-three years ago, says the Plain Dealer, President L. E. Holden of Wooster University came to Cleveland, a penniless boy. A stranger, a physician, gave him a chance to make a living. The president told the story at the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian church on a recent Sunday morning.

"Twenty three years ago to day," said President Holden, "I came to this city, a boy of sixteen, without a friend or relative, and not a dollar in my pocket. I stood on Seneca street wondering what in the world I was going to do, when a man came down a stairway with a case under his arm, and turning to me said, 'My boy, something is the matter with you.' I said, 'No, sir, nothing is the matter with me; but he said, 'I am sure you something is the matter.'"

"I assured him that I was well, but he handed me his card and said, 'Come to my office at two o'clock and tell me what the trouble is.' He was a doctor. I went to his office and told him the story. He gave me an opportunity to do something."

That man saved my life. After leaving Cleveland I did not return until after I was president of Wooster University, but I could not resist the temptation to take my wife to the spot on Seneca street, where I stood that day, and tell her the story. "You never know how much you are doing when you help a boy."

The Lord and Baseball.

Had the authorities of the Pittsburg Ball Club been present recently at the meeting of the United Presbyterian Ministers' Association they might have secured a line on the reason for the club's poor showing to date. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion among the ministers that the Sunday playing away from home, which the club is doing for the first time in its history, will prevent it from landing the pennant.

There are quite a few baseball enthusiasts among the men of the cloth, and one of them, the Rev. George E. Hawkes, of Braddock, was not slow in expressing his opinion. The Rev. Mr. Hawkes said that the Lord had assumed the management of the Pittsburg club and had crippled several of the players for their Sunday work. Mr. Hawkes said he took great interest in the club and had hoped to see them with the pennant this year; but he expressed the belief that Sunday playing left little hope for them.

Conversely, Mr. Hawkes should inform an awe-stricken but puzzled world why the Lord is punishing Boston, a non Sunday playing club, by depriving it of the pennant last year, and keeping it at the tail of the League, procession so far this year. Furthermore, why the Lord has never yet permitted that only another consistent and strict non Sunday playing League Club—Philadelphia—to come even within hailing distance of the championship.

Invested Capital.

The 'Memeir' of J. H. Tuke, who did magnificent work in relieving the starving poor of Ireland, says that, although a man of very moderate ambitions, he had one amusing extravagance. This was an egg of the great auk, which he bought in his boyhood for five pounds.

"I thought I was ruined when I bought it," he used to say, in later life, "but I am sure it will prove a good investment."

The egg was kept in a secret wall cupboard in the dining room, and it was arranged by the family that, in the event of a fire, this precious possession was to be saved at all hazards.

"I believe," said Mrs. Tuke, that if such a calamity had occurred, the whole household would have met around the treasured egg."

But nothing happened to it, and after the owner's death, it verified his predictions in being sold for a hundred and sixty pounds.

An Unailing Method.

"Miss Bird sent \$2 for 'a sure method to preserve the voice.'"

"What was it?"

"Sing into a phonograph."

"Mamma," asked Dorothy in a whisper as she watched a man for the first time unscrew a city hydrant from which gushed a



A Lady of Quality

knows real value and genuine merit; and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason. QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY is the secret of the great success of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY means pure hard soap with remarkable and peculiar qualities for washing clothes.

EVERY WEAK MAN

SHOULD read for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i. e. without stomach medicines). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grant this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain seal and envelope, free of charge.—E. NORTON, 28 & 29, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. Estab. over 30 years.

TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next, for lighting the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office. St. John, N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director of the Department of Public Safety.

stream of water, 'is that Moses smiting that hitching post?'

An Absent Minded Beggar.

"My wallet is getting worse every day! Now he has actually put my pug in the wine cooler and the champagne in the dogs basket—the fellow must be in love!"

Sweet Consolation.

Jennie (to her aunt, who is grieving over the loss of her pet canary)—Well, auntie, there's one comfort anyhow; we know he's much better off where he is.

It is said that Lord Clyde once asked his officers to select the bravest men from his small army before Delhi, to lead the forlorn hope in a desperate attack. It was Sunday evening. "There is a prayer meeting going on now," was the answer. "If you go there, you will find all the bravest men."

Advertisement for Cleveland, Massey-Harris Bicycles. Features the text: 'Cleveland, Massey-Harris Bicycles', 'Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics', and 'Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO. ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris, OUR OWN STORE, 54 King St.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Last Saturday's Celebration Had last Saturday been a fine day St. John without a doubt would have gone almost as wild as it did on Lady's day.

As it was the youthful portion of the populace braved the torrents of rain and plentiful mud, and King street, as well as the other principal thoroughfares were vociferous with patriotic songs and hearty British acclaim all afternoon and evening.

Making's relief was celebrated right heartily, but not nearly as vociferously as it would have been had the "chestnut" rain held off for a breathing spell.

Here are a few incidents of the afternoon which the daily papers failed to find:

The clerks of Manchester, Robertson & Allison's turned out in force and emulating the example of their truly patriotic employers, who sacrificed the busy half of Saturday in honor of the occasion, did the town up good with their shouts and joyous capers.

About forty strong they marched into the big stores of Macaulay Bros & Co., whose clerks were not granted the holiday, and after making a circuit of the lower floor departments reached the street again.

The invasion almost created a stampede among the popular firm's help, but the M. R. & A. boys were very gentlemanly and only stopped a minute to exchange courtesies.

One of the members of the Macaulay firm however was a little put out by the demonstration and was very desirous for a moment of having a policeman come within range of his vision.

But he cooled down and laughed the matter off by saying, "Darn it, why didn't you let us know you were coming and we'd have had a reception for you?"

George Beverly, the bustling little hardware man on Germain street couldn't contain his loyalty and found himself incapable of demonstrating as much as he would like to, so he got together a crowd of Fort Howe urchins and presented them with flags and horns.

The leader of the juvenile band rode an old pig of a horse with long shaggy Boer whiskers on his feet. In grotesque get-ups and hauling two improvised cannons, made of stove-pipes, the youngsters went through the principal streets, now and then causing the merchants who "kept open" a lot of anxiety by pointing their "cannon" at their plate glass fronts and with much military form set off a jumbo cracker therein.

But the hottest experience the urchins had was when their mounted general led them triumphantly through the Country Market. Clerk McGonigle nearly had a fit and from the ambush on either side came deadly volleys of eggs of the Louis XVI period. Battered, but nothing daunted the relief column merged into Charlotte street to the consternation of the of the bunch of loafers, who own that particular entrance.

Clarke Bros., the photographic firm, built a ten-foot Kruger and had it suspended from a long pole out of their second-story window.

Poor Oom Paul! he didn't last long. First the rain, characteristically Canadian, melted the glue that held on his whiskers, and the familiar hoop of capillary substance than circles the Boer king's round features "faded away and gradually died."

A few unfriendly brickbats were decidedly efficacious in bringing about the dismantled state of Paul's face. Finally Messrs. Clark had to pull the effigy indoors to save their glass front from destruction, for patriotic bricks, eggs, clubs etc., were aimed at it from all corners of the compass, and the Clark boys commenced to look anxious when they began coming "point blank" fashion.

Saturday evening a crowd of small boys had great fun with the old man who takes charge of the Laborer's Bell on Market Square. While the Artillery soldiers were firing the salute they started to toll the bell in the wildest fashion.

It was only a few seconds before the caretaker was out from his rain-sheltered position under the lee of the corner building in hot pursuit of the mischievous ones, but just as he arrived at the big bell, the cannon roared and a flash of flame shot over in his direction. He was terrified and retreated in quickest order. The boys returned and again changed the bell, and once more the caretaker chased them away, only in turn to be frightened off by the noise and belching fire of the field piece.

This see-saw state of affairs lasted until the salute was finished, when the fun-loving boys were finally put to permanent flight. A thousand people laughed until their sides ached at the joke.

Over in Indian town too the blithering spirits started ringing the fire bell at the head of the public steps until Officer Covay came along. His efforts to storm the heights upon which the bell stood were futile and in this case brass buttons out a very diminutive figure.

front coat." Slater declares he only owned \$35 when he landed in Sydney, but now he's doing well. H. H. Maggee of St. John has one of the best hat stores in Canada over there and has great prospects, while fellows from the winter port city are sprinkled all over the town.

"Start an apple stand over there and you'll make money," says "Bob" and he generally knows what he's talking about in that line.

Persons walking down King street after dark have perhaps noticed away off in the distance, across the harbor, a frequent glare of light, lightning up the very sky in its lurid flashings, and have wondered what it is.

Strangers especially are curious as to the causes of the intermittent illumination. The light comes from the blazing furnaces of the Strait Shore Rolling Mills where for a long time both day and night gangs have had to work, to keep up with the rush of orders.

PROGRESS watched the iron rolling a few nights ago, which proved a very interesting scene. Heaps of scrap iron, tin, zinc, etc., including an indescribable array of cooking utensils, cutlery, horseshoes, nails, spikes, building materials, toys etc., were tied together in dainty morsels for the livid furnaces. Then when they were heated spotless white, a leather-clad man with heavy goggles protecting his eyes picked the big lumps of hot iron weighing about 160 pounds with giant tongs fastened to an overhead trolley.

The opening of the furnace door and shimmer of the heated iron is what makes the glare seen on King street, a mile off. When taken from the fire the hot stuff is trolleyed to the rolling machines and there in a few seconds the melted tin cans, old scrap and general junk, is fattened out in nicely shaped bars of good iron, much of which is used in the nail and horseshoe factory adjoining.

Summer is right on our heels, although at times it doesn't appear very much like it, but some of these days when we least expect it the sun will shoot down his rays with greater force and then we'll be a little sorry we were growling about the unseasonable weather.

And yet in view of this near approach of the sunny months the civic authorities have still neglected to have the fountain in King Square made presentable. It was an unfortunate gale of last winter that caused one of the big trees within the fountain rail to be blown down, breaking the iron fencing, and in consequence the whole railing has been removed. The sodding the labor is greatly facilitated by the drum arrangement upon which the

Majesty finally received the President in private, and his form of greeting was kept secret.

Most Wonderful of All. The broomstick train, as Doctor Holmes called it, the electric car operated by the overhead trolley system, had just been introduced to Aberdeen, when two farm servants came to the Scottish city to spend a holiday.

They made their way at once to the terminus of the street railway, and looked with much wonder at the new creation. Finally they resolved to have a ride. At the end of the ride one of them expressed their united opinion.

"Wall," he said, "this is a grand invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the cars w' an iron rope aneth street; in Dundee they pu' them w' an engine; but, mighty man, wha wad a' thocht they could ca' them w' a fishing-rod!"

Moses Sought Ecstasy. Mr. Jackson: "Mose Johnson got fine two dollahs an' coasts fo' drunkenness, an' his wife came 'roun' an' paid it an' took him home."

Mr. Lankum: "Yes. She suspected dat he wanted to go to jail so's to get out ob house-cleaning!"

R. I. F. 'I am content to be numbered among the politically dead,' said one politician.

'I don't blame you, said the other. 'If I were in your place I'd rather have an epitaph than to have nothing at all said about me.'

So Far as John is Concerned. 'Marry you' cried the widow, 'and dear John dead only a month.'

'Oh, well,' replied the eager suitor, 'he won't be any dearer in ten years.'

Two Show Passes for a Coffin. The stage manager of the Lyceum Company which played here last week has very exact ideas as to the price he should pay for the hire of properties for the various plays put on by his aggregation, especially the hire of coffins. Now a coffin is not the pleasantest thing in the world to make a barter over, but the Lyceum Co., man made no bones whatever in regard to his aversion to paying three complimentary passes for the loan of one belonging to a South End vaudeville troupe.

He considered two "deadhead" tickets sufficient to meet the obligation, but the man with the body box thought otherwise. It was a real pretty coffin too, as coffins go, with black cloth, and silver studding, but three passes was too high a figure. It didn't matter much to the showman whether Ophelia, Hamlet's sweetheart, was enclosed in a silver studded casket or a black painted one, so he negotiated elsewhere and procured a very modest coffin or the two passes aforementioned.

On Monday evening when the Harkins Company opened up their annual engagement in the Opera House with "Sowing the Wind" Mr. Arthur Elliott and Miss Dalgligh were accorded no less than six uproarious curtain calls for their dramatic climax in the third act.

The sensation was delightful to the audience, that of letting its whole soul go out to the artists who had worked them up into such an excited state, and certainly delight of another brand must have filled the breasts of the recipients of such unstinted plaudits, but the poor man away up in the stage flies who hoisted and lowered the curtain, did anybody think of him in the turmoil? Its safe to say he was at that time as far away from their minds as the surrender was to Baden-Powell, but he says himself if there had been another "call" he would have had to let them signal and signal until he took another lease of the atmosphere.

To hoist the heavily painted and varnished Opera House curtain is no easy job, although the labor is greatly facilitated by the drum arrangement upon which the

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St. John Men in Sydney, C. B. "Bob" Armstrong of the Victoria Rink has recently returned from a trip to Sydney, C. B., and, says it's the greatest town in America, that is for business ventures. In support of this broad assertion the genial R. J. says that anything fit to buy can be sold there, and describes the new iron laboring population, as "six thousand men turned loose every Saturday night with a week's wages they don't know what to do with."

George Strang, late of the St. John street car service, is running a restaurant and doing very well while Jim Slater "Bob" describes as wearing a "silk

THE SALUTES OF ROYALTY. The Cesar of Russia is Permitted to Give His Hand to Rulers Only.

If you were a mere monarch you would have to salute each person according to rules laid down painfully by men who have studied these things out for you and your brother monarchs.

Were you the Emperor of Austria the only sign of your friendship that you could give to an ordinary mortal would be to bend your head slightly and smile faintly. You might give your hand to other sovereigns or to ministers or to particular friend but ceremony prescribes that if you do such a rare thing you must merely lay your august fingers into their trembling palms and then withdraw. If they act after the ceremony as if frostbitten you have lived up to the traditions of the imperial house.

The Cesar is permitted to give his hand to rulers only. But he has a great comfort. It is not only his prerogative, but his duty, according to court etiquette, to kiss his cousins, and as most of his cousins are females it is a duty that is the reverse of unpleasant. There was terrible trouble among the old ladies of the Russian court when President Faure of France was on his way to make a visit to St. Petersburg. 'He is a ruler,' said one, 'consequently our august master must shake him by the hand.' 'No!' said others, shocked beyond measure. 'No! His father was only a person in trade, and he himself was only a tanner. Our Cesar can not shake such a creature by the hand!'

So acute did this question become, His Majesty finally received the President in private, and his form of greeting was kept secret.

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improvements are to be made here and what once was the redeeming feature of the ill kept square preserved in what little beauty it possesses.

Chief Clarke of course did his duty by posting those "firecracker, squib etc." posters all over town in view of the 24th, and other celebrations, but he might just as well have issued a proclamation advising everybody to use all the explosives possible, for it appeared as if that is just what they did.

Whoever saw or heard so many fire crackers on the streets of our city as on Monday night when the Mafeking celebration was prolonged? Every boy and man, yes and lots of the gentler sex too, seemed to have the fire cracker fever. It was next thing to dangerous to traverse on the public way, so fast and furious was the fusillade. Beverley, the hardware man ran out of crackers and telegraphed away for hundreds of dollar's worth more, Watson's were almost depleted of their store of this class of goods and the other places about town did an unheard-of business. If this is for Mafeking what will be done on the capitulation of Kruger and when Pretoria is scooped in?"

Mr. Belyea of up river is a selection as caterer in Rockwood Park this summer. Of course Mr. Belyea has been impressed long before this with the enormity of the crime of selling cooling drinks for parched people on the Sabbath day, no matter how inadequate the "cup of cold water" system is, or how hot the day may be. He is about laying in a good supply of beverages and penny sweets, for sale only on week days when a crowd at Rockwood is a very uncertain quantity indeed. But its altogether likely Mr. Belyea knows his position in the matter, however PROGRESS prophesies he will be wiser on the subject before many weeks.

A merry-go-round, made up river, is being placed in position by the new park caterer, by which means Sunday losses are expected to be made good throughout the week. Hundreds are still dubious nevertheless.

"What effect has the war spirit on the recruiting of your battalion?" asked PROGRESS

of a 62nd officer this week.

"Its brought in a very superior class of men," was the answer. "Men of excellent physique, and beyond their majority in age, also a better type of citizen socially. The war spirit has enthused a class of men who would take little interest in military affairs if not especially aroused, and instead of an overabundance of more youthful newcomers we have a whole lot of big burly and intelligent fellows."

Better Recruits in 62nd Battalion.

Proved Too Much. The troubles of housekeepers with their 'help' are endless, and many that actually happen are quite as funny as those that find their way into print through the active imaginations of the gifted young men who write for the comic journals.

The mistress of an establishment went into the kitchen one morning to see how her new cook was getting along.

There was a wash basin in the sink, half-full of water, and a cake of soap was floating in it.

"This is wasteful, Keturah," she said. "When you wash your hands, always take out the soap and empty the water."

"I haven't used that wash-pan at all today, ma'am!" replied Keturah, indignantly.

The next day Keturah was hunting for a new situation.

The Villain Triumphs. "For the last time I ask you," he hissed, "will you give up the notion that you can recite melodramatic poetry."

"Never!" replied the woman, his wife, pale but resolute.

His face grew terrible to behold. "Then," he cried, in a voice vibrating with passion, "I shall assume that I can tell Irish dialect stories."

Now she grovels at his feet and implores him to be merciful.

So Far as John is Concerned. "Marry you" cried the widow, "and dear John dead only a month."

"Oh, well," replied the eager suitor, "he won't be any dearer in ten years."



Quality

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A Descriptive Treatise on the Modern... of Nervous Diseases and Physical... including Premature Exhaustion and... with other allied affections by lead... (without stomach medicine). Revised and... the most advanced... numerous recent testimonials showing... Write at once and grasp this opportunity... restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain... free of charge—E. ROBERTSON, 23 & 24... London, E.C.4. Established over 25 years.

TENDERS FOR NET LIGHTING.

TENDERS will be received of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of St. John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of the 29th day of June next, for a streets of said city according to plan to be obtained at said

N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director Department of Public Safety.

water, is that Moses smiling past?"

An Absent Minded Beggar.

Let it getting worse every day I am actually put my mug in the cooler and the champagne in the net—the fellow must be in love!"

Sweet Consolation.

(to her aunt, who is grieving over her pet canary—Well, auntie, he comolort anyhow; we know he's ter off where he is.

said that Lord Cltpe once asked to select the bravest men from l army before Delhi, to lead roun hope in a desperate attack. Sunday evening. "There is a meeting going on now," was the "If you go there, you will find bravest men."



ris

CLES

Canadian mechanics, or Canadians or the manufacturers of Bicycles modern and well out wheels unscrupulents everywhere.

Motor Co., Ltd.

ATIVITIES: NE & CO. ON & SON.

harris, ORE, 54 King St.

Sunday Reading.

The Pew and the Man in It.

By IAN MACLAREN in Ladies' Home Journal.

Various changes have been wrought in the interior of the church since the days of our fathers, but no change is more significant than the opening of the pew, which in its way has been almost as great a change as the lowering of the franchise in England and the abolition of political disabilities.

When the Pew-Owner Was of Importance. If the tenant of the pew belonged to the upper circle of the district he covered it with cloth—red or green—furnished it with a cushion three inches deep—which contained in its recesses the dust of twenty-five years—hid a box for bibles, with a lock, where the books of worship could be kept in security from a stranger's hand.

It was an interesting sight, and one cherished in its grateful remembrance, when the local dignitary came in on Sunday morning to take possession of his mansion and to share in divine worship. The pew-opener, a shrewd old man brought up in the atmosphere of kirks, and whose very face suggested the most abstruse doctrines, had been speaking on professional subjects with the deacons of the place, and had allowed fifty of the commonalty to pass without more than a faint nod and a reference to the weather—crouched in subdued tones—comes forward to receive the chiefs of the synagogue and to lead them to their seats.

The Pew Door was Fastened With a Hasp. On arrival at the mansion house door the pew-opener, dexterously unhooking the door with one hand and wheeling around on one foot, faces the procession behind the open door as it stretches half way across the aisle, and stands there after a little bow looking straight before him, deferential, yet not unconscious of his place in the hierarchy of the church, and the members of the family file in and take their places till at last there is hardly room for the great man himself. It will be enough, however, if he can just sit down, for in that case the influence of a heavy body will gradually make room for itself, and the lighter bodies in the pew will have to give up as the service goes on till at last Dives is comfortably settled.

Certainly the door was closed with an effort, and more than once during the service you heard it creak, and could not help hoping—but that was in the days of one's boyhood—that by some fortunate chance the door would one day give way, and Dives, who depended too utterly upon it might be felled in the aisle. The hasp, however, not to say the hinges also were strongly made, and the pew-opener saw that everything had been done for safety as well as dignity, and then he processed back again to the door, not unconscious that he had acquitted himself with credit, and that he had created at least a sensation by his ceremonious disposal of the rich man and his family in their pew.

The Pewholder Made Himself Comfortable. And Dives unlocks the Bible box with a key which is upon his ring, and distributes the books as if he were presenting prizes to a school. The mother of the family gives to its youngest members such provision in the way of sweets as will sustain exhausted Nature through the next two hours.

There were cases where Dives was unmarried and had on other occupants for his mansion save his honorable self, but he was conducted in all the same, and set himself with dignity at the end of the lonely pew. And if you suppose that any stranger desiring a seat would be put in

ARE THE

children growing nicely? Stronger each month? A trifle heavier? Or is one of them growing the other way? Growing weaker, growing thinner, growing paler? If so, you should try

Scott's Emulsion. It's both food and medicine. It corrects disease. It makes delicate children grow in the right way—taller, stronger, heavier, healthier.

Scott's Emulsion, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

upon Dives, then you do not understand discretion of the pew-opener, and if you imagine that a casual, dropping into that church, would himself try to break in upon that majestic vacancy your imagination is held enough, but it has not yet mastered the expression on Dives' face.

People then Went to Their own Churches. Strangers, it appears to me, did not in former days appear in churches unless they were visiting with some of the family, because everyone had his own church, and he went to it through rain and shine, whoever preached and whatever was going on either there or elsewhere. People boasted in those ancient times that they never wandered, and an absolute and unidentified stranger might have staggered the pew-opener, but being equal to any emergency he would have conducted him to his own pew, which for purposes of convenience, was near the pulpit so that he might not interfere with any other person's property and might be under surveillance. There was an appearance of solidity when the church was full, and of respectability; there was also a suggestion of dignity and prosperity, and it is right to add some flavor also of family unity and homely comfort which was most agreeable and comforting to that old-time congregation.

Open-Handed Hospitality of Modern Church. In an old-fashioned parson, and one perhaps too much enamored of the past with all its faults, desires to receive a shock, he has only to visit one of the modern churches of the extreme type, which are usually called free and open, as if they were public houses or pieces of waste ground on which rubbish is landed. Openness has been carried to its full length, for not only are there no pew doors, and no Bible boxes, and no cloth for your back, and no cushion into which you can sink—there may be a mat, and there may be hassocks—and hardly any division between one pew and another, but perhaps there are no pews at all, only chairs, and you stick your hymn-book into a rack in the back of your front neighbor's chair, who moves when you do so, and you kneel against that chair—if you are able to kneel at all—and then you push your front neighbor, which he naturally resents. Of course, there is no pew-opener, because there is no pew-door to open, and more than that, there is no particular place for you to sit where you please and take a different seat at each service if you wish.

In the Church of To-day all are Strangers. No pilgrim nor stranger need be ashamed in the modern church, for there is no other person there except people like himself; all are strangers since they have no right to an inch of ground, and all are pilgrims since they need not sit twice in the same place. No one can complain of any person's selfishness, since all things are held in common.

If Dives, locked within his door, suggested exclusiveness, it may be said for him it was the exclusiveness of home, and within the pew there was a little community—the original community of life which is the family. And if something can be said for general free and openness on the ground of Christian brotherhood and human equality, one still clings to the belief that he is entitled to be with his own people—his wife, that is to say, and his children—in the House of God, and that he is more likely to worship God with reverence when he has some slight privacy.

The Family Existed Before the Pew. Possibly a visitor may feel more freedom in a free and open church, but, on the other hand, the family is broken up into units at the door, and no mixed multitude can ever make so strong a congregation, or one that appeals so powerfully to the eyes, as the long line of pews, let us say with doors and furniture, but each contain-

ing a family with the mother at the head of the pew, and the father at the foot, and the young men and women between. For the family existed before the church, and if the church is not to be a mere possession of priests or a lecture hall, the church must rest on the family.

The pew is a testimony to the family, and ought to be maintained with its doors removed, and it does not matter whether a man pay fifty dollars a year for his pew or fifty cents. The church authorities should see that the householder has his pew, with room enough in it for himself, his wife, and the children which God has given them. There is no reason in the world why the rich man should not pay a handsome sum for his church home. And some of us have never been able to understand why an artisan should not give something for his church home also. Surely, every man wishes to do what is right in the direction of his church.

Sunday Beggars and Monday Beggars. Every self-respecting man likes to pay for his home whether it be large or small, and it touches a man's honor to live in a workhouse, where he pays no rent and depends on the public. There is no necessity that this home feeling and this just independence should be denied in the house of God, but it rather seems a good thing that the man who works and gives to provide a home where he and his children can live in comfort and self-respect six days of the week should do his part to sustain the house where they worship God on the seventh day.

He is a poor creature who will allow a rich man to pay his rent for him on week days, and I have never been able to see where there is any difference between being a beggar on Sunday than on Monday.

Possion of a Pew is a Test of Character. One, however, wishes to add, and with emphasis, that the possession of a pew in the sense in which a man possesses his house is a test of character and an opportunity for hospitality. There is one kind of man who not only regrets that he cannot now have a door on his pew, but who would have it roofed in if he could, who will resent the introduction of a stranger—although there will be plenty of room—as a personal affront, and order strangers to be removed if, unhappily, they have been placed in his pew by mistake before he arrives. If he only occupy half the pew the officers dare not put in another set of tenants for the other half, because he will quarrel with them as to which half they are to occupy, as to who is to go in first, as to a hymnbook that has wandered out of its place, or about a friend they brought one day who intruded two inches on his share of the pew. It is fair to say that the miscreant is no worse in church than he is elsewhere, for he is a churl everywhere, jealous, contentious, inhospitable, unmanageable.

One man Whose Pew is Open and Free to all.

But, as a make weight to this abuse of the pews, take my dear old friend, Jeremiah Goodheart. He is now alone with his gentle, kindly wife, for the children have made homes for themselves, but he keeps the family pew, and will on no account give up a sitting. It sometimes seems to the managers of the church that Mr. Goodheart might take a homeless family in, but they do not press the matter when they remember how long he and his wife have had that pew to themselves, and how well he uses the vacant space. He has a number of intimates who are now old and grey-headed, and who come from time to time to worship with him and his wife, and feel that they are in right good company. He has, also, an outer circle of friends which can be numbered by the hundred, and all its members are also in the habit of dropping in to sit in that pew, and if he see a stranger at the church door Goodheart must needs say a word to him of welcome and a good cheer. If the stranger happens to be a young man he will take him by the arm and bring him down to his pew, and the chances are he will ask him home to dinner, and will tell him never to sit alone in his lodgings, but to count this house his home.

There is a Welcome Awaiting Him in Heaven.

And Mistress Goodheart tells her friends with much satisfaction the size of the joint they have on Sundays, because although their own sons have gone, they never sit down without some young men as guests, and Mr. Goodheart made their acquaintance through the pew. If some family in the church has visitors, and extra sittings are needed, why then the children of the family sit in the Goodheart pew and are received with open arms. Bless his white hair and genial face, he never is entirely happy and never enjoys the sermon unless he has his full contingent of guests; and



"There's the rub."

The "rub" in one hand, and the effect of it in the other. Good design for a soap "ad."—isn't it? Question of health, if nothing else, ought to make you give up this wearing washboard rubbing with soap, and take up the sensible way of washing with Pearline—soaking, boiling, rinsing. The washboard rubbing, done in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam is harmful to any woman. If you think it isn't, you'd better think again.



there are times when he brings one too many and then the other pew-holders contend as to who shall have him for their guest.

What he is in church he is at home, with an open heart and an open hand, never content unless his friends are coming and going, never angry unless they will not stay and have a meal with him, never so full of joy as when he is doing a good turn, or going over old days with those to whom he is bound by a hundred ties of kindly words and deeds. As he has death with all men, strangers and friends alike, in his church and in his house, so will God deal by him, and for him we may feel sure there will be a hospitable welcome waiting where the churches of earth have changed into Our Father's House.

JOURNEY IN VAIN.

Mme. Guimond of St. Flavie Travelled Nearly 400 Miles on the Intercolonial Railway to no Purpose.

From Rimouski to Montreal—Hospitality Couldn't Cure her of Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills have Since Done so.

St. Flavie, Que., May 2.—This place is exactly three hundred and sixty miles from the city of Montreal. It is on the tidal water of the great River St. Lawrence where that stream widens out near the Gulf. It is thirteen miles nearer the open sea than Father Point, where the ocean liners are first spoken on their way from Europe to Montreal. It is near the Intercolonial Railway which turns away from the river towards New Brunswick at Little Metis, a few miles further east.

Mme. Maria Guimond, of St. Flavie, was afflicted with Rheumatism. Nothing she tried in St. Flavie could effect a cure. She decided to go to Montreal. It was a long journey for a person in poor health, but Mme. Guimond undertook the trip. She might have saved herself the pain and expense. The doctors of Montreal could do nothing for her. However, she is now back in St. Flavie, perfectly well, but owing entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills. The following letter explains the case:

St. Flavie, Feb. 16th, 1900. SIRS,—I have followed the treatment of the first doctors of Montreal for Rheumatism from which I have been suffering for six years, but I got no relief from it. I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am completely cured. I am telling all my friends of the excellence of this remedy and I thank you a thousand times.

Yours truly, MARIA GUIMOND.

About Hated Kipling.

This is not a bad story told of Kipling's absentmindedness, or his carelessness, by his landlady of four years ago, when he was in Gloucester getting local color for 'Captains Courageous'.

Kipling halted suddenly, wheeled sharply, and with a disturbed look on his face said to the landlady: 'There, Mrs. Smith, I clean forgot that till just now. I've an engagement to tea this afternoon, and I've only just remembered I haven't a clean shirt to my name. Do you know of any washwoman who would take this shirt and have it ready—well, say by five o'clock at the latest? I can wait up in the room till it comes, and I'll pay well for it—50 cents, or more, if she wants it.'

'I hardly think there would be time—in fact, I'm sure of it.'

'Not time—not time? Then gracious me what shall I do? This one I've got on won't quite do, will it? Where's the mirror? No, hardly; this one won't do. We must do something; what's to be done, Mrs. Smith?'

'Now, Mr. Kipling, why don't you drop down around the corner to Brown's and buy one? That is the best way out of it, I think.'

'That's so, buy one—why, of course, I'll do that,' and out he dashed like a man on a sick call. In 10 minutes he was back with his little bundle and a look as of a man who had outflanked fierce enemies.

That Tight Feeling.

In the upper portion of your lungs, is inipient bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow. Adamson's Botanical Cough Balsam will give immediate relief. It has never failed and will not in your case. All Druggists, 25c.

Failed to Recognize the Fire Truck.

The new motorman was strong and willing, but he hadn't been in a city very much. He had done farm work up in Northern Arcostook.

The other motorman was instructing him. 'If a fire alarm rings in,' said the old hand, 'remember that the department, the fire engine and the rest have the right of way. Hold right up and let 'em pass. If you don't, they'll run you down.'

The second day an alarm of fire was rung in. The car was near a cross street where the department must pass.

'Hold up,' said the instructor. Over the electric track tore the hose teams, then the fire engine spouting flame and smoke. The new hand cast a look up the street and then spun his controller lever. The car started.

'You infernal fool, what are you doing?' howled the old hand. He jumped and the new man jumped and the hook and ladder truck tore the front platform off the car and disappeared in a cloud of dust and with its men yelling like fiends.

'Why didn't you wait?' howled the instructor.

'Be gar,' replied his pupil, white and gasping, 'I no tink we have to bodder for dat sacro dam gang o' drunk house painters.'

A Good Profession.

Many things are changed in times of war and bloodshed, but some remain fixed and immovable.

A surgeon in one of the hospitals was filling up a blank for a convalescent soldier who had done brave service in the Civil War, to which he had gone from his New Hampshire home.

'What were you by profession before the war?' asked the surgeon.

'I was a Methodist sir,' answered the man; and then he added, stantly, 'And I can tell you, sir, that it would take more than going to another war and losing my other arm, to change me.'

'Quite right,' said the surgeon, who suppressed the smile that was inclined to come to the surface. Then he had the tact to ask his question in another form, which elicited the fact that the soldier had been a carpenter as well as a Methodist in his days of peace.

Practical.

An American farmer in Mexico had no difficulty in convincing his neighbors that oxen could do more work under American yokes than under the Mexican, which latter are fastened to the animals' horns.

A New York exchange gives the story: The American brought some modern jokes from the States, and the curiosity of his Mexican friends being aroused, they proceeded to ask questions.

'Well,' said the American, 'when you lasso a steer, and the rope gets around his neck, what do you do?'

'Turn him loose,' was the reply.

'Why?'

'Because he is too strong for us that way.'

'That's it,' said the American. 'His strength is in his neck, not in his horns.'

The Mexicans saw the point, and now yokes of United States manufacture are generally used in that neighborhood.

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and sprains. Taken internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Ferry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Excited lady (at the telephone)—I want my husband, please, at once. Voice (from the exchange)—Number please? Excited lady (snappishly)—Only the fourth, you impudent thing! 'What made him propose to her in French?'

'He accidentally overheard that the only French word she could pronounce was oui. Magistrate—Next case! Who've you got now? Constable—John Barlow, alias Buck. Magistrate—Ladies first. Let Alice Buck take the stand.

Harold—If I should attempt to kiss you, do you think your dog would bite me? Ethel—Well—er—he has never bitten any of my other gentlemen friends.

advancing, robing the adding leafage, when, at ions, hopeless day. Val-

glimmer of red on the the wood.

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IVED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

Advertisement for Cancer medicine. Text: 'CANCER And Tumors cured to any extent, at home; no pain, please see Canadian testimonials & 750-page book write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE, 240 Broad Street, Toronto, Ontario.'

The World's Greatest Battle.

The vast table lands of Asia Minor are renowned in the annals of warfare as the scene of the most stupendous battle, in point of numbers engaged, of which there is an authentic record. This battle, which took place July 20, 1402, was fought between the Sultan Bajazet and the Mogul Emperor Timour. In this conflict over 2,000,000 men were engaged, and the result of it was the collapse of the Ottoman Empire and the conquest of all Asia by the descendant of Genghis Khan.

In point of numbers, the only conquests of modern times which compare with that of Angora are the battle of Lissa, which took place in 1813, and the battle of Sedona, fought in 1866. In the first of these the French, under Napoleon, numbered about 200,000 men, and the Russians, Prussians and Austrians and Swedes about 400,000. In the last instance the Austrian army of about 175,000 men was overwhelmed by about 250,000 Prussians.

The battle of Angora was the culmination of two years of acrimonious negotiation between a Turk and a Tartar both of whom aspired to the dominion of Asia. Bajazet was of the blood royal and born in the purple, as the saying goes. He succeeded his father, the Sultan Amurath I., who was killed in the hour of victory in the battle of Kosovo against the Russians in 1389. Bajazet upon his accession to the throne displayed high military intelligence, and his character was marked by love of military glory, unbounded ambition and indefatigable physical and mental energy, so much so that he was called in the Turkish tongue 'Ilderim' which means 'The Lightning.' Bajazet, during the ten years of his reign, subdued all Asia Minor, he besieged Constantinople and routed a great army put into the field by the leading European States. He had overrun southeastern Europe to the very gates of Vienna, when he was recalled to Asia to check the devastating advances of Timour.

Timour, who in the annals of warfare holds rank among the very best of the captains of the second class, was, by his mother, of the royal house of the Tartars. Like Bajazet, he displayed as a mere youth marked military ability and insatiable desire for achieving renown in war. From an humble beginning, in which his army consisted of seven male relatives, he successfully achieved the dominion first of his own tribe, next of his country, later of all Asia and finally of that part of Russia in Europe as far west as Moscow and to the mouth of the Don River.

Thus were the boundaries of the Turkish and the Mogul empires brought into touch. A collision obviously could not be averted; it was certain that sooner or later the two great military spirits of the age must contend with each other for the mastery. The event, however, did not take place before passing through several preparatory stages.

On the part of Timour the war was one of invasion; it was the policy of Bajazet to receive battle in the midst of his own country and of almost unlimited resources. In order to terrorize the vassal States of Asia, to break the strength of any possible rebellion and to insure prompt obedience to his commands from a distance, Timour marched into India, attacked and took Delhi, and massacred 100,000 captives. After this fearful object lesson on the folly of opposing the dictates of the Great Mogul, the Tartar army took up its march from the banks of the Ganges and advanced into Syria. As this mighty host moved across the surface of Asia deeds were done the magnitude of which it is difficult to realize. In the hyperbole of the Persian historians it is stated that the inhabitants vainly endeavored to find the countries over which the Tartars had passed.

One event is especially notable, and that is the march around the Caspian Sea by Timour's vanguard, consisting of 200,000 light cavalry. The inaccessible mountains, which surrounded this body of water seemingly, bid defiance to the march of an army, and particularly to horsemen, yet it is a fact recorded by authority which is of the

best that the horsemen of Timour penetrated the defiles, thoroughly explored the mountains and made a complete circuit of the Caspian Sea.

Timour now overran Syria and stormed the city of Bagdad, where he built a pyramid in the market place formed of 90,000 human skulls. It was now that Timour received the first embassy of Balazet. These epistles are in striking contrast to the diplomatic effusions of our time. The two great soldiers wrote to each other in the first person. There was no dissimulation, each of them called a spade a spade. Bajazet and Timour alike were entirely ignorant that they had an equal in understanding of military art and science, and each was impatient of what he deemed inexplicable insolence and folly on the part of the other. Timour on his part informed Bajazet that the latter's obedience, to the precepts of the Koran in waging war against the Christians was the only consideration that prevented the Tartars from lifting the Turkish Empire in their hands and throwing it into space. In order to impress upon Bajazet his insignificance as compared with the great Mogul, he was further informed that he was merely a little black ant which the elephant (Timour) was about to trample under his feet.

The Turkish Emperor upon the receipt of this epistle proceeded to decapitate with his own hand the bearer of the message, and to spend some hours in foaming at the mouth and tearing out his whiskers by hand. Some hours later, when he had regained speech, Bajazet indited a reply. In his letter the Turk could find no more favorable light in which to regard the Tartar than as the father of thieves and of liars. After calling to the mind of Timour certain facts of dispute between them and assuring him of his intention to sustain his rights by

force of arms, the ungovernable rage of the Sultan invited an encounter in the field with the whole of their respective armies.

Timour's reply to this letter was to dig a vast pit and to bury 4,000 Turkish prisoners alive. Then giving orders for the concentration of his armies on the banks of the Araxes, he proclaimed his resolution of marching against the Turkish Sultan and of destroying the Ottoman Empire.

Both Bajazet and Timour alike were equally sensible to the terrific military force possessed by each other. Each made the most elaborate preparations to insure success. Months were spent in these preparations, and singularly enough a year and eleven days passed by from the time of their mutual personal defiance until their armies met in actual combat.

The armies which met in battle array on the plains of Angora at sunrise on the morning July 20, 1402, are variously estimated. The number of men present in any battle is more or less a matter of doubt and never is more than an approximation. In regard to the forces under Timour, there is a practical unanimity of sentiment among the various contemporary historians and his army is reckoned at from 800,000 to 1,600,000. On the other hand there is a great discrepancy in the estimates made of the Turkish troops, the lowest being 400,000 and the highest 14,000,000. From what appears to be the best authority, it would seem that the Turkish army was about 900,000 strong, and that Timour opposed it with a force of about 1,200,000 men.

The marching of the Tartar host to the field of battle was from the River Araxes, through the countries of Armenia and Anatolia. This forward movement on the part of Timour precipitated a condition whereby the fate of the two empires nec-

essarily must be determined by a pitched battle in the open country. This of course was to the advantage of him who could bring the largest force into action: for it must be remembered that the troops confronting each other were not composed of the degenerate peoples of southern Europe and Southern Asia, but were made up of the best fighting blood of northern Asia and of eastern Europe, and of men who had been trained in arms from infancy.

It does not appear that Bajazet was able to devise any plan to prevent Timour from taking up his position in the open plain with the Tartar army. In consequence the Great Mogul turned the entrenched camp of the Turkish host, and moving by the left occupied Caesarea, crossed the Salt desert and the river Helas and invested the city of Angora.

By this march of something like 100 miles, made with great swiftness and with the utmost order and covered by great clouds of light cavalry, Timour established himself in the very heart of the Ottoman Empire, and upon ground whose topography assured the full employment of his resources should the Turkish Emperor engage in battle.

Even while the Tartar army was in process of executing this great flank movement, Bajazet with equal swiftness attempted the correct counterstroke by marching against its communications and trying to attack it in flank and rear. But the military genius of Timour had foreseen and proved against such resource on the part of the Turks. Abandoning his original line of communications he established his army upon the city of Angora, proposing to capture the place and avail of it as a temporary point d'appui. Bajazet readily discerned this phase of the Tartar's plan, and it appears that he joyously accepted the

alternative thus presented to him of attacking the Tartar host in open field.

The battle of the plains of the Angora is most instructive and it is peculiarly interesting as an exposition of the tactics of the age in which it was fought.

Bajazet, with the full power of the Ottoman Empire, advanced to the attack with the rising of the sun. His army was made up of troops of many provinces, both in Europe and Asia. The most notable of his forces were 40,000 Janizaries.

These troops corresponded to the imperial guards of European States, and in fact constituted the choicest reserve of the Turkish Army. Next to these Bajazet valued a body composed of 20,000 Europeans clad in complete armor. Then came 100,000 Mamelukes or light Egyptian cavalry, whose fame for skill and courage was a household word throughout both Europe and Asia. In addition to these were mounted men by the hundreds of thousands, all men of valor and of years of experience.

It does not appear that by Bajazet's initial movement in attack he disclosed the plan of battle which he undoubtedly essayed to put into execution. It is not to be doubted that the Turkish Emperor gave the scientific direction to his troops and it is to be regretted that writers of the history of those days were less skilled in warfare than in letters.

It is impossible to discern from the vague and rhetorical descriptions of contemporary writers the initial movement of the Turkish army. This description exists undoubtedly in the still untranslated portion of Timour's own commentaries, but at present it is inaccessible to those who cannot read the ancient Arabic.

The second movement of the battle is clear, and from that time on the grand tactics of this stupendous contest are readily followed. There is no doubt that for his victory the Mogul conqueror was indebted, first, to his own vast military genius, and second to a despotic discipline of thirty years, which had transformed his rank and file into automatons.

Timour took up a position with his army on the defensive and awaited the attack of the Turks. His central column, which constituted his main body, were posted in front of the city of Angora. The city itself was closely invested by a large detached corps in order to prevent the garrison from taking any part in the coming conflict. The two wings of his army extended diagonally forward from the central column, making two vast reentering angles and constituting three contiguous sides of a great octagon.

On each flank of his army Timour posted enormous masses of light cavalry, probably amounting to several hundred thousand troops, and the whole of the main line was supported in rear at regular intervals by dense masses of the choicest Tartar troops, selected for long experience and exact discipline. On the front of his line Timour displayed some 600 elephants. Upon the backs of these formidable creatures were great towers occupied by furnaces of Greek fire. His lines were still further strengthened by scores of cannon made in the gunshops of Europe.

In front of the Tartar line of battle and on the flanks of the advancing Turkish host skirmished thousands of Asiatic horsemen, who wielded with astonishing skill all kinds of missile weapons, javelins, slings and arrows, and advanced, retreated and manoeuvred in rapid evolutions which make such battles a study and the admiration of the student of cavalry tactics.

Whether it was the cannon or the Greek fire or the elephants, or all combined, or the superior numbers of the Tartar troops, it is impossible to say, but for some reason the critical attack of the Turkish army appears to have been repelled by the Tartars without difficulty.

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon it seems that the Mogul army had itself assumed the tactical offensive, and with superior forces, superior discipline and superior generalship was slowly but surely overwhelming the Ottomans. The strength of the Tartar host consisted in the skill with which Timour had combined the use of missile weapons with the evolutions of light cavalry. By this method the tactics were the same, both for the army as a whole and for each division of the army.

The front rank of each division, and consequently the front rank of the whole army deployed and advanced in open skirmish order to the attack, supported, rank after rank, by other troops advancing in solid masses and then deploying into open order. In consequence of this there always prevailed one general attack made by the entire army as a unit, combined with numer-

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN.



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

Battle.

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Chat of the Boudoir.

If there is one thing more attractive than another in the scheme of summer dress, it is its elastic possibilities for variety. The demands for dress are as varied as the amusements which fashion prescribes for entertainment, and to be suitably costumed is a vital element of their success; so the fashionable woman bends all her energies in this direction on the supposition that the result justifies the means even to the verge of nervous prostration.

The attempt to accomplish the required diversity in attire this season is an ordeal fraught with conflicting emotions of delight and aggravation in alternating doses, unless time is no object; for it is one thing to order a gown and quite another to get it made within a reasonable number of days. But the pretty diaphanous fabrics and the dainty charm of the gowns when they are finished more than compensate for the delay.

All the boasted skill displayed by needle women of the olden time is cast in the shade by the variety of the expert hand-sewing which decorates the gowns of today, especially those made by the dress-makers who can command almost any price for their productions. Every kind of stitchery is in use, including hand-wrought embroideries of the most intricate kind. Applications of satin on mousseline form one style of decoration which appears among the evening gowns in various devices, covered well with a variety of stitches French knots of different sizes being generously interspersed.

Pretty collars of finest ecru batiste, either tucked or embroidered and edged with Flemish lace, are a distinctive point among the new summer gowns and it does not seem to matter whether they are made of pique, linen, foulard or wool materials. The details in finish and trimming, and the various modes of introducing some dainty touch of contrasting color with stylish effect are the only points in dress which can be singled out as really new since all the outlines are settled for the season at least. A pale beige mohair gown trimmed with bands of white linen and narrow black velvet ribbon is one rather unique combination. The bands are inset, as it were, the stitched edges of the mohair lapping them, and joined in groups of three a few inches apart, with loops of velvet ribbon fastened on one edge with small fancy buttons.

Linon bandjeare also used on foulards with white grounds patterned with color, the linen matching this color and set on in bands, with black and white silk hemstitching, to finish all the edges. Plain taffeta silk is used in this way, and on plain wool materials you see satin bands embroidered by hand with either white or black silk polka dots. Agin on a plain blue foulard there are bands of white foulard spotted with blue, one hemming the skirt all around and striping the narrow front breadth horizontally for the entire length. The skirt is arranged in a plait at either side, giving a finish to this decoration and is shirred down around the hips in four or five rows. Bands of foulard stripe the bodice in cascade, fashion from the yoke down, diminishing in length toward the belt, which is very narrow and made of blue silk rounding low in front to give the long effect. This straight line from the bust down is a point in fashion which has become a positive feature of style and without it the telling effect is entirely lost.

A novel idea for the bodice of a foulard gown is a wide full vest of fine white lawn tucked and trimmed with insertion and finished down the front with a box plait of the silk crossed with fine silk cord from small buttons fully two inches apart on either edge. This idea of cord or velvet ribbon and buttons can be very effectively used in a variety of ways. Black taffeta silk belts with a rosette and sash ends finished with fringe are a striking contrast on some of the light foulard gowns. Something black is almost a necessity in the finish of our summer gowns, but it must be managed artistically or the chic effect it is supposed to give will be lost. One striking

example of its successful use is on a cream white canvas gown trimmed elaborately with lace matching the tint of the material. At one side of the bodice where it fastens a scarf of black chiffon, hemstitched at either end, is tastefully arranged and caught at the bust and again at the belt with narrow plain blue enamelled buckles, oval in shape. The blue appears again in the collar band, which is made of lace, black chiffon and blue silk, finely tucked. Some of the prettiest gowns of the season for debutantes and graduation costumes are made of the new white veiling, very sheer and charming in their soft ivory tones. Tuckings of transparent decorations of Cluny lace trim them very elegantly, and very youthful is the sash and belt of pompadour-ribbon.

White grenadine is another popular material which is pretty when made up over colored silk linings and trimmed with ruchings of silk tissue matching the color. Dainty gowns, too, are made of white silk mousseline over light flowered taffeta silk and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The long overdress corded with a lace ruff: is caught up at one side to show the flowered skirt underneath, and loop bows of narrow velvet ribbon decorate the waist. A new feature of some of the muslin gowns made with a lace yoke is the collar and cuffs, which are made of fine batiste of some color in the flowering and trimmed with lace. Pale blue and pink dimities are effectively trimmed with black lace, a narrow edge finishing the ruff, and insertions and edging in the broad sailor collar, which is caught together where it meets at the bust with a bow and ends of silk matching the color of the dimity. Joining the seams of a simple plain skirt with cross stitching is very pretty for thin gowns.

Very stunning yachting gowns are made of mohair with box plaited skirts, the plaits stitched down to the knee and trimmed with bands of itself cross stitched in the centre with silk. The little Eton jackets are very elegant with collar and cuffs of Irish point and antique silver buttons. Another feature of outing dresses is the use of denim, which in dull and old blue is made up into very stylish costumes. White satin embroidered in color forms the dainty waistcoat over a lingerie blouse and the bodice is either a tucked open fronted blouse or an Eton jacket. The skirts are tucked in groups with stashed bands of the denim running up between the groups, where pipings of black satin give the indispensable tuck of black. White linen gowns trimmed generously with stitching and point d'arabe applique are another pretty variation in fashion.

Among the pretty things is a tucked crepe de chine gown with one of the new loose saques of lace already described, another very striking costume of white muslin embroidered with very fine black and white silk threads shows one of the many ways of using cluny lace in shaped pieces around the hips, extending into bar-b form down either side. Shaped pieces of lace insertion. A very unusual gown made for the races is of palest pink toulard, trimmed with narrow braids of chenille embroidery and founcings of pink chiffon edged with a tiny ruche. Another foulard in black and white is trimmed with blue velvet ribbon. Cluny lace and buttons of the lace. A pretty model for mousseline shows insertions of lace, tucked skirt and bodice with lace yoke. A pale blue and white foulard pattern in Vandyke stripes is trimmed with ins-tructions of ecru net which are edged with black velvet baby ribbon. The foundation dress is of yellow ecru silk and the belt is of pale mauve and pink silk tied in front in two rosette bows with long ends. Stitched bands of these two colors appear on the lace yoke and again on the collar. Crepe de chine and Chantilly lace form the next costume, with velvet and chenille appear for the yoke. A pretty model for a blouse is carried out in finely tucked mauve glaze in the form of a bolero, trimmed with white glaze stitched bands. The under bodice is of chiffon veiled with lace.

White foulard, spotted with black, makes a very striking gown with a blouse

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USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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In materials, everything which is used for grown up gowns except the most expensive silks and heavy cloths, is employed and some of the daintiest gowns are made of the sheer nun's veiling over silk linings. These are expensive, however, and very pretty, dressy gowns are made of inexpensive China silks, and the silk and cotton mixtures which are so dainty in all white and flowered designs. Linen duck, linen duck, linen madras, silk and linen, mercerized cottons, dimities, organdies and gingham are all very much in use for children's gowns, and they are variously trimmed with embroidery, lace, and velvet ribbon. Hem-stitching, cross stitching and many other devices which originated in the scheme of decoration for older gowns are repeated on the smaller models. Machine stitching and tucking have no limit, and herringbone stitching, and feather stitching are both used in profusion. The latter may define the width of bands in the skirt and stripe the bodice all around or be employed simply as a finish for the edges of collar and belt. Fancy braids in alternation with plain bands, on a group of tucks, form yokes where the bodice is composed of tucks and lace insertion. The skirt is tucked in groups on either side.

One of the prettiest skirts for small gowns is tucked in the form of a deep yoke all around the hips. There are gored skirts with both shaped and straight gathered ruff, box plaited and plaited skirts, and skirts shirred around the waist. So it is a very easy matter to keep within the limits of fashion in this regard. Pippings of white silk are very effective on same of the wool gowns and again there are bands of white silk edged with narrow velvet ribbon, or covered with runs of colored stitching. Velvet ribbon threaded through lace on embroidery is a pretty finish.

The little sailor costume with full blouse a broad collar, and a straight skirt gathered in at the waist is very popular for little girls from 5 to 10 years of age. Gowns of this style made of white linen crash are very stylish with a plaid silk knot and ends fastening the collar and forming the belt. Punjab silk handkerchiefs are used for this purpose very effectively. Bands of the silk made over stiff muslin are sometimes sewn lightly around the skirt so they can be easily ripped off when the gown is laundered.

A pretty model for a gown of fine white nainsook has two ruffs of Hamburg embroidery around the skirt and the high necked blouse is formed entirely of narrow box plaits with rows of embroidered insertion between. A sash of the nainsook trimmed on the ends ties in a bow at the back. White lawn and batiste collars tucked and trimmed with embroidery are a feature of the chambray and dainty gowns.

FRILLS OF FASHION. The display of dainty, expensive things for the neck is so irresistible this season that they seem to be a positive necessity as an accessory of every well regulated outfit. Added to all the smaller fancies in neck wear are the flittus, berthas of expensive lace, the little perelines with long ends and the most charming silk scarfs with applique lace on the ends. The pretty fichu, is made of cream mousseline de soie, trimmed with black Chantilly lace alternated with groups of tucks. Another fichu, very stylish, is made of chiffon in gathered frills separated by rows of lace insertion run with babe ribbon. This is made on a shaped foundation of the chiffon fitting the shoulders carefully. There are cape collars of Venetian and Renaissance lace; all sorts of jabots, made of lace and chiffon; daisy collars of lawn, trimmed with lace; pretty, inexpensive stocks of duck with narrow white lawn ties; ties of wash net finished with lace edged ruff, and little turn-down collars of India muslin, finished with a narrow insertion.

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A pretty model for a gown of fine white nainsook has two ruffs of Hamburg embroidery around the skirt and the high necked blouse is formed entirely of narrow box plaits with rows of embroidered insertion between. A sash of the nainsook trimmed on the ends ties in a bow at the back. White lawn and batiste collars tucked and trimmed with embroidery are a feature of the chambray and dainty gowns.

FRILLS OF FASHION. The display of dainty, expensive things for the neck is so irresistible this season that they seem to be a positive necessity as an accessory of every well regulated outfit. Added to all the smaller fancies in neck wear are the flittus, berthas of expensive lace, the little perelines with long ends and the most charming silk scarfs with applique lace on the ends. The pretty fichu, is made of cream mousseline de soie, trimmed with black Chantilly lace alternated with groups of tucks. Another fichu, very stylish, is made of chiffon in gathered frills separated by rows of lace insertion run with babe ribbon. This is made on a shaped foundation of the chiffon fitting the shoulders carefully. There are cape collars of Venetian and Renaissance lace; all sorts of jabots, made of lace and chiffon; daisy collars of lawn, trimmed with lace; pretty, inexpensive stocks of duck with narrow white lawn ties; ties of wash net finished with lace edged ruff, and little turn-down collars of India muslin, finished with a narrow insertion.

White foulard, spotted with black, makes a very striking gown with a blouse

FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION. Plenty of Variety, Fashion and Expense in the New Gowns for Children. Children's fashions seem to have decided limitations if you are looking for something definite in the way of description, and yet you find no end of variety in detail if you

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES

These Famous Costumes are sent direct by Parcel Post, safely packed on receipt of Order and remittance from The Largest Firm of Costume makers in the World, JOHN NOBLE, LTD., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng. THESE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED. They are guaranteed to be singularly high value in cut, finish and material, and far superior in make to shop bought costumes. All orders are promptly executed and full satisfaction given to Customers or their money Refunded. Owing to the reduced tariff it will be more advantageous than ever for thrifty purchasers to send to JOHN NOBLE.

These Costumes are thoroughly well made and finished in two very excellent wearing fabrics of good appearance (1) John Noble Cheviot Serge, a stout weather-resisting fabric and (2) The John Noble Costume Coating, a cloth of lighter weight and smoother surface.

of which are sent FREE.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

A Full Dress Length of either cloth (6yds., 52 ins. wide) for \$1.80. Postage, 8c. When ordering, please state colour and stock size required.

Colours are Black, Navy, Brown, Khaki, Myrtle, Grey, Fawn, and Royal Blue.

Sizes in Stock are 34, 36, 38ins round bust (under arms); Waists 24, 26, 28 ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 ins. long in front. Any other size CAN BE MADE TO MEASURE, 40c. extra.

Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume Card with finished Tailor Skirt. Lengths and Prices—30 33 36 39 42 46 50 inches. \$1.80 \$2.10 \$2.40 \$2.70 \$3.00 \$3.30. Carriage, 6c. Lengths are from top of collar to edge of skirt in front.

Model 1500. Fashionable Costume. \$1.95. Skirt well gored, with one box pleat at back. Perfect fitting round hips. Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Price \$1.15. Carriage, 6c.

Model 200. A High Waisted latest skirt with one box pleat at back and well cut slim Jacket, prettily trimmed tailor stitching as sketched complete. Carriage, 6c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35. Carriage, 4c. Skirt and Jacket well made in white cambric, embroidered front, linen collar and cuffs. \$1.20. Carriage, 8c.

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John Noble, Ltd., BROOK ST. MILLS Manchester, Eng

waist fastened at one side with a rosette of pale green Liberty silk and a belt of the same silk. A wide collar of foulard is covered with black lace, and the skirt has a deep-tucked flounce with insertions of black Chantilly set in squares.

Black taffeta silk eton coats are ornamented with rows of white stitching.

The Arasco sunshade, supplied with a whole wardrobe of different covers, which are adjustable with very little trouble, is one of the novelties of fashion.

Low-crowned, wide-brimmed hats trimmed with lace flowers and fruit have blossomed out in such profusion that toques and turbans seem to be doomed.

Suede gloves are very much worn, as they always are in summer, for the reason that they are much cooler than the glaze glove. Pastel tints are the popular shades.

Colored lawn petticoats have not usurped the place occupied by silk skirts, but they are a very welcome feature in this department of dress as they are much cooler than silk. They are worn with cotton gowns chiefly and ought to match the gown in color. Some of them are elaborately trimmed with lace.

CARTER MEDICINE CO. WINS. Obtain a Injunction in Case Involving Simulation of Labels. Brent Good, president of the Carter Medicine Company, yesterday received a telegram from his lawyers in Chicago, Messrs. Lowden, Estabrook & Davis, informing him that final injunction, with costs had been granted against the Chicago Label and Box Company. This company makes a specialty of manufacturing labels, boxes, etc., for druggists. The Carter Company has been following them through the courts for two years on the complaint that the label company was making simulations of the labels of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They have now obtained a final injunction, with costs, and the costs are very large, as the case has been submitted to a Master in Chancery for a final accounting.

The Carter Medicine Company has been the first and only one to prosecute printers or engravers who have prepared such labels and wrappers. It marks a new departure in infringing cases, and their victory is one of great importance to the whole "proprietary trade," and also of interest to retail druggists.—New York Press, May 2, 1900.

Quietly Answered. Despite manifold contradictions it is common to hear people say that women possess no subtle wit.

'Mary,' remarked Angelina, 'I am sorry to see you using hair dye. Do you not know that hair dye affects the eyes?'

'Why, Angelina, dear, that's just what I

am using it for.'

Even if women have no subtle wit, she has a great deal of intuition, and that is of itself a great benefit.

Crossed Wires. Grasshoppers have been known to stop a railroad train, and snakes or eels have often been drawn into a water pipe with disagreeable results, but what is probably the first story of a snake's interference with telegraphy comes from Country Lite.

Early last November there was trouble on the wires north of London. Tests were at once made, and the difficulty was located a few miles north of Peterborough. A lineman was sent on his bicycle, and found a dead snake, four feet long, which had been thrown up over the wires by boys. The snake's body was causing a short circuit, and interrupting the messages of the world's metropolis. The trouble was remedied in half an hour from the time it was first discovered.

Another story is told of a mysterious interference with messages on the wires between Kansas City and Denver. The interruption was variable. At last it was discovered that a young cowherd on the prairie had driven spikes into a telegraph pole, climbed it, and placing a piece of board across the wires, had secured a slightly lookout station from which to watch the cattle as they grazed.

The board was often left there, and in a rain became wet enough to cause a short circuit of the wires on which it rested.

How They Will Demand Tips. 'They'll soon have a steamer on the Atlantic that will cross from New York to Queenstown in four days.'

'If that sort of improvement keeps on the stewards and the waiters will have to demand their tips in a lump.'

Can you depend on what Jones says? 'If you know Jones.'

'But is he truthful?'

'Well, if Ananias had been a contemporary of Jones' he'd never have become celebrated.'

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buy a package and the results are sure.

'I was just telling my daughter,' said Mr. Naassens, 'that it's a shame of her to play the piano on Sunday.'

'Hub!' replied the song-suffering neighbor, 'what led you to pick out Sunday?'

'I will die,' said the rejected suitor, 'and then she will see how much I loved her!'

'Don't go to extremes,' said his friend, soothingly. 'Couldn't you indicate your feelings by taking to drink.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholas von Ardenne's Ear Drops, has sent \$100 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drops may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700 Eight Avenue, New York.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS For Ladies. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl Cochin, Penzance, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Martia Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Modern Bullet Wounds.

Sir William MacCormac's Observations in the Boer War—
Stopping Power of Small Calibre Bullets—Rapid
Healing of Wounds.

Sir William MacCormac, the eminent surgeon, has come back from South Africa and gives an interesting account of his experiences among the wounded at the front. He has nothing but praise for the medical arrangement of the war. 'The provision made by the government,' he says, 'was so ample and complete that it left little or nothing to be desired. Nothing that provision could suggest or that money could purchase was wanting anywhere.'

The nursing staff also gets high praise, especially the Sisters of the Army Nursing Service, but the famous surgeon allows himself to say of another class, more charitably, by the way, than others at home have already spoken of them: 'The work has undoubtedly been hampered in some cases by the interference of ladies who know little of hospitals or nurses and who wish with the best intentions to help, but their inexperience renders them ineffective for good.' Speaking of hospital trains, which have been so extensively used during the present war, and have been fitted up in the most perfect manner, Sir William declares their value to have been incalculable.

'In some cases,' he says, 'by reason of the situation, they have been able actually to go on to the field of battle itself. One illustration of the value of these was found after the battle of Colenso, where men wounded in battle in the morning were, as a result of these hospital trains, resting in their beds in a covered building before 5 in the afternoon, after having been conveyed some forty miles. One of the most noteworthy things in this war is the speed with which the wounded have been picked off the field. In the Franco-German war, I remember, the wounded often lay where they fell for days and nights, but I do not suppose there has been a single battle in this war in which the wounded remained on the field for twenty-four hours.'

Another question on which there has been much discussion here is the value of inoculation against enteric fever. According to Sir William, 'No decided opinion can yet be given on this point since there are not yet sufficient data for statistics. The observations made seem to show that those inoculated are less apt to take the disease, or, if they are attacked, they have it in a milder form, but the question is still subjudice.'

With regard to the general question of wounds and mortality, Sir William MacCormac bears out the testimony of the observers as to the humaneness of the Mauser and Lee-Netford bullet. At the same time he considers them both as sufficiently stopping missiles in civilized warfare. Speaking generally, he found the wound, inflicted by the Mauser and Lee-Netford to be very similar, and both much less fatal than the larger projectiles used in former wars. As many as 95 per cent. of the cases in the general base hospitals recovered and were discharged, a very large proportion being able to return to duty at the front. He says:

'The head, chest and abdomen may be, and are, traversed without inflicting mortal injury, and in a considerable proportion of cases without inflicting permanent injury of any kind whatsoever. The rapid healing of the external wound is remarkable. It rapidly closes under a black scab. This characteristic of the external wound in the cases of those injured by the Mauser bullet did not differ in any material degree on the wounded Boers whom I saw at Jacobsdal. Yet a good many of these wounds were suppurating, and as the difference between the two bullets is so slight, the difference in results must, I believe, be ascribed to a large extent to the fact that our wounded have been treated so speedily after the receipt of their injuries with the first field dressing on the field. In one of my previous letters I commented upon the careful and effective manner in which the wounded on their arrival at the first field hospitals were found to have been dressed. The British soldier has been well drilled by the officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps upon the method of application of the first field dressing, which each man carries on his person, and judging by the way in which these dressings were applied by the men themselves or by comrades in the absence of the medical officers, their teaching appears to have been by no means ineffective and the good results are very appreciable. 'One finds cases after cases convalescent

after a bullet has traversed the lung, and in many instances both lungs. The heart and pericardium have so often been found to lie in the track of the bullet that it seems probable that these highly vulnerable structures must in several instances have been actually pierced. In a few cases both the abdomen and the thorax have been traversed by the same projectile without serious inconvenience to the patient. 'I have seen some cases of successful laparotomy and many more I know of have been unsuccessful; the injury has been irreparable in many. In many too long an interval had elapsed and there were other unavoidable hindrances. Be this as it may I feel sure that the mere fact of a Mauser or Lee-Netford rifle bullet traversing the abdomen is of itself no sufficient indication of the necessity for abdominal exploration or operation. I have seen so many cases of this kind in which the patients have recovered without any surgical interference that one may well pause before deciding to expose a wounded man to the inevitable risks attending such an exploration.'

With regard to the stopping power of these modern rifle bullets, Sir William says: 'There is no doubt that a man may receive a flesh wound in any part of his body and be thereby none the worse for many hours. He can carry on for a certain time even after receiving a chest wound or a gunshot fracture of the upper extremity, but with these and one or two other exceptions his fighting capacity after being wounded is practically nil. In a war like this there is no such thing as a rush of a body of men on either side. Although one has seen cases of men being able to advance for a certain distance after having been shot through the body, as a rule they suffered from immediate faintness and sickness and would have been very little disposed for further action. In savage warfare men might be capable of a short rush or a charge after these wounds, but certainly could not do much under modern conditions with a distance of perhaps one thousand yards to cover before coming upon the enemy.'

In all the cases that came under his observation, Sir William says: 'I never came across a wound caused by a dum-dum bullet. As regards the effects of lyddite, some German officers who were with the enemy said that the Boers carried with them bottles of vinegar to minimize its effects, and that those who did not adopt the precaution suffered for weeks from nausea. Even outside the range of killing by explosion, lyddite has the effect of turning its victims yellow and producing extreme sickness of long duration. It is said to cause jaundice. As an explosive the Boers declared that they did not fear lyddite more than ordinary shell fire, but they dreaded the fumes.'

With regard to the use of explosive or soft nosed bullets by the Boers, Sir William said: 'So far as I observed the wounds, I saw no evidence of the use of explosive bullets, although it was reported on good authority that some of the wounds had been caused by them. Personally, I never saw a wound that presented explosive effects, but their absence may have been due to the fact that the range was so great. It certainly is not possible to mistake Mauser or Snider bullets wounds, for those caused by explosive bullets.'

Dealing with some of the modern appliances and methods used in war, Sir William MacCormac remarked: 'The Rentgen rays are used as a matter of course, and nearly all the hospitals are now equipped with the apparatus for this method of diagnosis. It is always used previous to making exploration for a bullet. I had heard men told of specially to make photographs by it. An additional apparatus, which not only determines the place of the bullet, but also shows its depths from the surface, is proving of great value. The Boers also have the X-rays apparatus, and I saw it working at the German hospital at Jacobsdal.'

Often in these letters there has been quoted the evidence of presumably impartial and honest men as to the noble qualities of the Boers. Much, of course, has been reported with regard to another side of their character. Here, for in stance, are some notes written by the Rev. M. F. Crewdson, a Wesleyan chaplain with the British forces in South Africa, who has not shrunk from saying things both

good and bad of the hard fighting burghers.

'It has,' he says, 'been my privilege to spend many hours with the wounded heroes of Slingersfontein and Hobbick's Farm, and on the testimony of at least a dozen of these men who had never seen one another since the fight, who had occupied different positions on the hill sides, it has to be recorded that the Boers first drove up the hills hundreds of armed Kaffirs, they themselves creeping up on their hands and knees under cover of this living moving wall. I measure my responsibility in making this statement. I warned the men who gave it me of the terrible charge they were bringing, but all, without exception, asserted it, and they saw the Kaffirs, spoke to them, and shot them dead in scores and hundreds. This organized piece of savagery is one for which the Boer Army must take the responsibility. It was not the barbarous action of an individual, but a piece of devilish strategy used on a considerable scale in an action of even historic importance.'

'In my rounds I came across an Australian whose leg had been broken by an explosive bullet. He related an incident which shows how some Boers are humane and even chivalrous. He was lying between the rocks unable to move, when a young, well dressed Boer came up and addressing him in faultless English, said: 'Are you much hurt, old man? The Australian trembled and blanched, for he expected treachery, and prepared to receive a pistol shot. 'Oh, don't be afraid of me I won't hurt you, you are hurt enough already. Shall I get you a drink of water? If you please.' No sooner said than done. 'Now I have two peaches in my pocket, will you have those?' 'Thank you very much,' and a further benison was bestowed. 'You will be very faint there with this sun pouring down on you, and the young Boer sat on the rock for an hour and a half so that the shadow of his body might fall on his wounded foe. Meanwhile the two discussed politics, the Boer declaring that in the long run the English would overwhelm the Boers, but that the price they would pay for victory would be appalling.'

'Individual instances of this kind rebuke a general condemnation of the Boer race; but against them we have to record instances like that of another poor fellow who declared that he was lying on the veldt sixteen hours before an ambulance came across him during which time he was visited by Boers who pitied him with complacent words while they rifled his pockets. Nor can we forget the explosive bullets, while the wholesale placing of Kaffirs between two fires, and their use against a people who, by one word, which they refrain from uttering, would set loose thousands of war dogs, Basutos and Zulus, against the Boers, can only be described as diabolical. . . . The necessary horrors of the battlefield were ruthlessly increased by the Boers on three successive occasions turning their: 'Vickers-Nordenfeldt on our ambulance wagons when they essayed to venture out on their errand of mercy. I saw this with my own eyes and as it was done three times at intervals no excuse can avail. In contradistinction to the action of the Boers was the conduct of our side toward the Boer ambulances. Two crossed the plains close to our guns in perfect security. Let it be so. We had better lose a hundred men, and our pains be doubled, than that we stain our national honor, and forego our national chivalry by firing on the servants of the fallen. A boy of fourteen, Frankie Maine by name, was standing on a veranda looking at a Boer position through a field glass. He was arrested, confined in the condemned cell in Ciesburg jail, sent a prisoner to Bloemfontein, where he was kept on prison diet for a week, and on the earnest representation of the Rev. Mr. Franklin, Wesleyan minister, sent back home.'

A Baroness's Lesson.

An amusing experience of the Baroness Burdett-Countess is going the rounds. The baroness was once shopping in Paris, and was passed from one department to another by the shopmen, always with the remark, 'Two to ten.' She was escorted from counter to counter, and everywhere the cabalistic words, 'Two to ten,' were repeated.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, the baroness asked the proprietor, as she left the establishment, 'Pray, what does 'Two to ten' mean? I noticed each assistant said it to the other, wherever I went in your shop.'

'Oh, it is nothing,' merely a password they are in the habit of exchanging. But the Baroness was not satisfied with the explanation. So, in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, she said:—

'My boy, would you like to earn five francs?'

Of course he had no objections.

'Tell me, then,' said the lady, 'what 'Two to ten' means; and I will give you five francs.'

'Why, don't you know, ma'am?' said he, evidently astonished at her ignorance. 'It means to keep your two eyes on her ten fingers.'

The mystery was solved. The shopmen of the Trois Quartiers had taken the richest and most generous woman in Great Britain for a shoplifter.—'Tid Bits.'

It Never Fails To Make Sick People Well

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND
Is A Great Physician's
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It Possesses Life-Giving Virtues
Unknown to Other Medicines:

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The best blessing of life—good health, depends upon the perfect action of the nervous currents and the vigor of the circulation and the quality of the blood.

If you are rundown, feel without energy, listless, useless, fretful and despondent, one or two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound will effect a wonderful change. Constipation will no longer give you disquieting thoughts; your appetite will come back; the blood will be made pure; sleeplessness, nervousness and headaches will be things of the past. This is the happy experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada.

The great and ever increasing demand for Paine's Celery Compound as a health builder tells the story of the continued confidence and faith placed in it by our people.

Paine's Celery Compound must not for an instant be classed with the ordinary patents of the day; it is an eminent physician's prescription that gives new life, vigor and strength when all other remedies fail. The use of one bottle is sufficient to convince the most hardened and skeptical.

FAMOUS CHOLE SINGERS.

What They Earn in New York and Other Big Cities.

Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches have the credit of providing the finest and most elaborate music, but the finest music in New York is heard in the Jewish synagogues. It is chiefly sung however, by the best singers of the Christian churches, who thriflily "double up," and draw two salaries, a good arrangement for both temples and churches, albeit the churches pay double and sometimes treble the salaries paid by the temples.

The salaries of soloists in the larger American cities range from \$800 to \$2,500, the latter sum being paid in a single instance. All engagements date from May 1, which is moving time for church singers as well as house hunters. Their church salaries form the basis of the soloists' incomes, but many fees are earned as a result of church work. Weddings and funerals yield quite a number, and private recitals at the home entertainments of millionaire church members are weighted with the golden fruit. There are also whole orchards of concerts and oratorios for those capable of shaking the trees.

New York has many famous church singers who have flocked thither from all sections of the country, and from abroad, attracted by the financial rewards.

Mary Louise Clary, soloist at St. Patrick's Cathedral, is often called 'America's greatest contralto.' Her glorious voice was discovered by accident. She was educated for a pianist, and, upon recovering from a severe cold, tried her voice, fearing she had lost it altogether. She chanced to be heard by one who knew how to estimate her gift; and thus, instead of losing, she found the voice which has since delighted thousands of music-lovers.

Miss Clary is a Kentuckian. She made her debut with Damaroch, in 'Sampson and Delilah,' in 1899; was at once engaged for a series of concerts for the World's Fair, and, since then, has sung with all the big orchestras of this country and Canada. Last season, she made a tour of one hundred concerts, in addition to many individual engagements.

Dr. Carl Duffit, of the Marble Collegiate Church Quartet, and the most famous basso in New York, devotes himself primarily to church singing. His first intention was

to sing in opera, but a brief operatic career proved ungenial, and he has not since gone further afield than oratorio. He has sung 'The Messiah' fifteen times in a single season and holds the record of seven consecutive appearances at the Worcester festivals.

Mrs. Orchard is a beautiful, dark-eyed young woman of Spanish descent, who resembles a debutante rather than a matron. Her vocal training was given her in New York by Filateo Greco. She is the soprano, now in her second year, of the famous Marble Collegiate Quartet.

The youngest famous church singer in New York is Master Earl Gulick, soprano soloist at the church of the Heavenly Rest. Earl is eleven, and earns more hundreds of dollars a year by his church singing than he is years old; and this is a mere tithe of his earning capacity. His father has just made a contract for \$5,000 for a four months' concert tour, and is sure if all goes well, a much larger sum can be commanded in another year. In spite of his heavenly voice and the fame it has brought him, Earl is a regular boy, and becomes enthusiastic over boyish sports with charm-spontaneity. His teacher, the rector of Trinity School, says of him: 'Earl is a bright boy, of a sunny, affectionate disposition. His successes in music do not seem to have spoiled him. He remains a natural and dear boy.' Competent musical authorities consider his finest boy-soprano voice in America and Dudley Buck, who as a rule cares little for boys' voices, says he will defy even, an expert, hearing without seeing him, to tell whether he is listening to a boy or a prima donna.

Dr. Morgan, rector of the church of the Heavenly Rest, says: 'I love to hear the lad. His beautiful singing always helps my ministrations.' Soos expresses his conviction in the brief phrase,—'Earl is all right.'

Earl recently spent a few days with Helen M. Gould at her Lyndhurst, Tarrytown, home. She took him to visit her school, where the children are taught domestic usefulness as well as book lore. When the distinguished visitors arrived, a lesson in potato-frying was in progress.

'Oh,' cried Earl, 'I wish I could fry potatoes!'

'You shall,' said his hostess, and he was provided with a potato and a knife. The skin was lengthening into the fascinating, dangling spiral which, as everybody knows, is the sole object of peeling potatoes, and Earl was deeply absorbed.

'I wish you could sing for the children,' said Miss Gould, 'but there is no piano.'

'That doesn't matter,' said the little soloist, 'but just let me finish this first. There! I did it without a break.'

Then he turned around, with the potato in one hand and the knife in the other, and sang 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Next June, Earl goes to Madame Marchesi for instruction, in Paris, and later to London.

The Temple Emmanuel, the handsomest and best-known of the Jewish synagogues, must soon lose the magnificent contralto of Madame Jacoby, for she is to sing in grand opera. There is, as yet, no completed contract nor time set for her debut, but negotiations are pending. Madam Jacoby has already memorized 'Carman,' 'Aida,' and 'Fides,' and with her splendid physique, dramatic fervor, and love of that form of her art, operatic success seems assured.

Evan Williams, the tenor who receives the largest salary paid to any church singer in New York, was born in Wales, in 1868. His boyhood was spent in Akron, Ohio, and there Madame Louise von Fulltesch heard and recognized the rare quality of his voice, and encouraged him to study. She was his first teacher. Later, he came to New York and studied under James Scavaggio. His first engagement was at All Angels, at eight hundred dollars a year. His next engagement was at \$2,500. Next spring Mr. Williams goes abroad for a concert tour under the direction of U. Vert.

A LITTLE BOOK FOR FEMININE HOME WORKERS.

IT IS MAILED FREE TO ALL WHO
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The new illustrated "Diamond Dye Rug Book" can justly claim the largest circulation of any book ever issued in Canada. It tells how to make pretty and useful Hooked Mats and Rugs from old wool or cotton rags, underwear and pieces of cloth. This interesting little book shows handsome colored designs of new Mats and Rugs and tells you how to send for them. Free to any address. Walls & Richardson Co., 900 Mountain St., Montreal.

opera, but a brief operatic career congenial, and he has not since appeared on the stage. He has appeared fifteen times in a season and holds the record of seven appearances at the Worcester theatre.

Richard is a beautiful, dark-eyed man of Spanish descent, who is a debutante rather than a matron, training was given her in New York. She is the only soprano in her second year, of the noble Collegiate Quartet.

Richard is the most famous church singer in the city. He is Master Earl Galick, soprano of the church of the Heavenly Rest. He has earned more than a hundred dollars a year by his church singing than by any other means; and this is a mere tithe of his capacity. His father has just contracted for \$5,000 for a four concert tour, and is sure if all goes well a larger sum can be contracted for another year. In spite of his voice and the fame it has brought him, he is a regular boy, and becomes more and more so over his sports with charm.

His teacher, the rector of the church, says of him: 'Earl is a regular boy, of a sunny, affectionate disposition, of a sunny, affectionate disposition. His successes in music do not seem to have spoiled him. He remains a regular boy. Competent musical critics consider him the finest boy-voice in America and Dudley says as a rule care little for boys' voices but he will defy even an expert, without seeing him, to tell whether he is a boy or a prima donna.

Richard, rector of the church of the Heavenly Rest, says: 'I love to hear the beautiful singing always helps my own.' So says expresses his own words in the brief phrase:—'Earl is all that a boy should be.'

Recently spent a few days with Hal Lyndhurst at her Lyndhurst, Tarrytown, where he took him to visit her school, where children are taught domestic science as well as book lore. When the school visitors arrived, a lesson in domestic science was in progress.

Richard said to Earl, 'I wish I could try your school,' said his hostess, and he was with a potato and a knife. The lengthening into the fascinating, spiral which, as everybody knows, is the object of peeling potatoes, and he was deeply absorbed.

'You could sing for the children,' said Gould, 'but there is no piano.' 'Doesn't matter,' said the little soloist, 'just let me finish this first. There! without a break.'

He turned around, with the potato and the knife in the other hand, and sang 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

Richard, Earl goes to Madame Marchesi's recital, in Paris, and later to the temple of Emma El, the handsomest woman known of the Jewish syndicates, on the loss the magnificent contralto Madame Jacoby, for she is to sing in opera. There is, as yet, no contract for time set for her debut, negotiations are pending. Madame has already memorized 'Carmen,' and 'Fides,' and with her splendid dramatic fervor, and love of music of her art, operatic success is assured.

Williams, the tenor who receives the best salary paid to any church singer in New York, was born in Wales, in his boyhood was spent in Akron, and there Madame Louise von Fullen heard and recognized the rare quality of his voice, and encouraged him. She was his first teacher. He came to New York and studied with James Sauvage. His first engagement was at All Angels, at eight hundred a year. His next engagement was at 500. Next spring Mr. Williams appeared for a concert tour under the name of U. Vart.

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her great need for help, would he not instantly have come to her rescue?

She did not doubt it, and she regretted that she had not trusted him more with the secret that had caused the blight of despair to fall upon her.

Marco Lodi had been as jealous of him as though she had revealed that dark side of her husband's plotting existence to the friend of her joyous youth.

Oh, for release from bondage with people whose deeds would not bear the pure light of day!

She could hear the surf breaking upon the shore, and she followed the sound, determined not to take any path likely to lead her back into the dreary mazes of the wood.

On, on she ran, white as snow, and ready to swoon with the painful exertion of her speed.

Her brave spirit declined to be beaten, but she felt the weakness of her ankle increasing with each step she took.

Through an archway made by the trees she could see the surging breakers, and the rugged outline of foam-lashed rocks.

She fancied she heard someone approaching from the dark interior of the thicket.

Fresh panic seized her heart.

She was weary—horribly weary, and could not go through another ordeal such as those through which already she had passed.

The haunting gruesomeness of the wood filled her with terror.

She seemed to hear once more the voice of Natalie, whispering in the faint sough of the breeze:

'Go to the vicarage! Go to the vicarage!'

Wildly she fled on, bareheaded, wide-eyed, out to where the white cliffs loomed, gaunt and ghostly.

Would she succeed in gaining shelter at the vicarage without another mishap?

She pressed forward up the rough track with halting steps.

Down in the hollow she had left, and spreading far across the sky, was that glow of menacing crimson, diffused from the crumbling granite; the waves beating the distant rocks were tinged with a rose flush, and the scene was weird and wonderful, the star gemmed solemnity of night over all.

Still onward she went, arriving at length breathless at the top of the cliff.

CHAPTER XV.

Count Lodi fought his way into what was left of the burning ruin, and searched restlessly for Pauline.

She had been a staunch accomplice in venturesome scheming—queen of the gang he ruled—and, when she needed help he would be the last to desert her.

He was consumed with impatience to return to Valtie.

She might in spite of her limping gait, manage to elude him? again.

A quick search convinced him that Pauline had escaped, unless death had already overtaken her.

He fought his way out into the open air just as the ivied wall of the east room fell with a mighty reverberation.

Madame Delvont was standing in the red glow, looking at the ruin of the old Grange, self possessed, unmindful.

'Where is your wife?' she questioned, as he appeared; and with a flash of anger at her mocking voice, he rushed past her.

Then a spasm of fury contracted his face; he sought in vain for Valtie.

She had gone!

Count Lodi dashed through the dense growth of the woodlands with deadly wrath gleaming in his eyes, hating Pauline for the scoffing taunt ranking in his breast—for the lost moments he had spent in facing death when in doubt as to her safety.

His wife must have meant to seize the chance of taking flight when she recalled Madame Delvont to his mind.

He could find no trace of the fugitive.

He did not hear a further step in dogged pursuit—did not know that his evil confederate was on his track, a long-mothered craving for revenge in his iniquitous heart.

The tyrannous reign of the count at an end, he would succeed to his authority.

It did not strike Count Lodi that Valtie would take the cliff path again.

He fancied she had kept in the shelter of the thicket—expected to find her crouching under some screening clump of bramble, and he continued his search in the gloom of the wood with a sort of frenzied persistence.

In his guilty heart was one true trait—changeless love for the girl who had fled from him in horror, cognizant of his dark secret.

She was his wife, and he meant to keep her bound to him till death divided them.

A sloping dell in the solitude brought him within sight of the sea, and a strange change coming over his face, he stood still, looking fiercely at the rolling breakers.

Did he recall to mind his cruel way of disposing of the victims fated to die in secret for the security of the infamous gang he swayed?

A heavy cloud shadowed his brow; retrospection irritated him; the tide muffled-ed of the diabolism he had hidden beneath a sunny mask, and he loathed the sound that reminded him of his unworthiness to claim Valtie, whose marriage with him had been her first rash step in the path of bitter unhappiness and disenchantment.

There was a shimmer of crimson on the leaping spray and on the arching trees that fringed the dale, and it lit up the crafty face of the man who crept in Count Lodi's wake.

There was a fell glitter in his vindictive eyes, and something flashed in his treacherous hand.

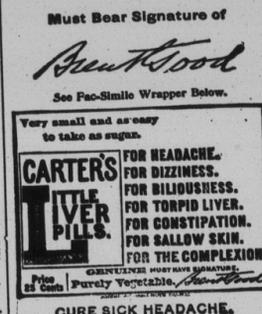
He glided nearer to the motionless figure, his teeth set, scarcely breathing, and, as though conscious of impending danger, the count suddenly turned.

With a mocking laugh, Ciro lifted his arm, forcing the riddle to savagely into his master's breast.

A groan mingled with the splashing of

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

the waves, and Count Lodi reeled forward.

'It is my turn to rule,' cried Ciro. 'Go to the grave you allotted to others; no one will regret you!'

Dragging the dead criminal down from the sloping outcrop of the cliff, he raised him with wiry strength, and cast him into the sea.

The surge of the water caught up the lifeless body, and it drifted slowly away.

Valtie was free released from the vows of bondage so wildly taken in her foolish infatuation and childish trust!

.....

The year had slipped by, bringing winter snow and icy wind once more to Liverpool, and Valtie, restored to her old simple life, felt that it was sweet to be at home—to mingle again with the friends of her merry girlhood, and to know the shadow of her willful elopement rested with the past leaving the sunshine still undimmed in the horizon of the future.

Of Basil she often thought seeing him sometimes when tired of the noise of the city and the strain of literary work, he paid a fleeting visit to his native village.

She had disclosed the mystery in connection with Colonel Woodford's stolen jewels revealing the haunts of the desperate gang and the dreadful secrets of the wood and the gloomy house in which lurked the dark well-trap of that fatal red door.

Watchful detectives were at first foiled in their efforts to capture the daring band, who constantly changed identity and dwelling; but on one occasion of grand festival they were startled in their lair by the sudden raid of the police, and were banished to penal servitude.

Faustine Delvont, the imperious queen of thieves, passed the rest of her life in miserable exile, and Ciro died in lingering suffering while working in the quarries.

There had been nothing to prove his guilt in connection with the strange disappearance of Natalie when Valtie had narrated all that she knew concerning her, or his punishment would have been a quicker termination of life on the scaffold.

The frost glistened on Valtie's window-ledge when, remembering that it was her birthday, she looked from the lattice across the fields, and saw the early sunlight glinting on the snow-feathered shrubs and down.

No frightful spectre met her gaze now; she could look on the scene with glad heart and appreciative eyes—could hope that Basil might ask again that he might be her Valentine, untried by any gallant tie.

She opened her window and leaned out, so that the keen breeze stirred her roddy curls, waiting towards her the fragrant scent of violets.

A bright flash in her cheeks, she glanced down to behold on the coping below a bunch of purple flowers.

Who but Basil could have put them there?

She left her room with buoyant steps, running downstairs, straight out into the garden, and, a moment later, had the perfumed blossoms in her hand.

Then she realized that someone was standing not far from her, watching her with grave tenderness, and a little half-shy exclamation broke from her.

'Am I again rejected, Valtie?' a deep voice asked. 'If so, discard the violets—throw them away, and I shall know that I have come on a useless mission.'

Valtie held the flowers, with a smile on her lips, a soft radiance in her blue eyes.

'I do not mean to throw them away, Basil,' she told him in a tremor of joy. 'I know the value of your gift too well now to set it aside—if you can really wish me to accept it!'

'Why did I come to Brookvale last night if not to beg you to be my wife?' he cried. 'I wanted to be the first to see you this morning—to offer you the loving devotion you scorned last year; and I did not come quite without hope, Valtie! Something seemed to urge me to put my fate to the test.'

'Well, I am keeping the violets, Basil,' Valtie said, with a rippling laugh that reminded him of her old roguish whimsies. 'I may keep my valentine, I suppose? Anyhow, I do not intend to part with these!' she added, drawing back a

step as though to guard the perfumed blossoms in defiance of all the world.

But she was caught in a sudden embrace that scattered the sweet blooms, and left her rosier than the pinkest rose.

.....

'This is not a brilliant wedding,' Lalla Lind remarked, a few weeks later, when a quiet bridal party returned from the quaint little Brookvale church, that nestled under the downs, and Valtie stood surrounded by her young friends, ready to start with Basil for the honeymoon; 'but it is a thousand times better, isn't it, Wil? There is nothing false about it.'

'Hush!' cautioned Wilma. 'It might pain Valtie to be reminded of that foolish elopement and—'

She paused in slight confusion, when she saw that the bride was looking straight at her, and smiling brightly.

'A year ago I was so blind that I chose the counterfeit instead of the real,' Valtie said, slipping her white hand into Basil's. 'I thought of living solely for pleasure and wealth, and almost lost my chance of happiness. I had a bitter lesson through disdaining this true knight of honor, who is now my husband.'

'And your chosen Valentine, dearest?' Basil mischievously asked.

Wilma glanced at Lalla, who laughingly said—

'We shall have to think of choosing Valentine soon.'

Then Basil led Valtie to the waiting carriage, and amid the merry speeding of their friends, they were driven smartly away.

NO MONKEYING THERE.

Dignity and Decorum Abide in the Chamber of the Federal Supreme Court.

The United States Supreme Court is a ceaseless source of interest to the stranger in Washington. Even when the court is not in session the chamber in which it sits is viewed by a constant stream of visitors, who enter it with an air almost of reverence. Ordinarily it is the dulllest place where men assemble to do business. The decorum is painful, but this does not deter the American citizen who comes to inspect the seat of government from lingering fondly about the place. When the Kentucky case was argued, not only was the court room crowded, but a long line of people waited outside for a chance to slip through the door. The manner of these pilgrims to the shrine of the law does not indicate any loss of respect by the plain people for this august body. The two places in Washington where the vandals stand in awe are the Supreme Court and the White House, and in the latter place the rule has not been invariable. In all other public places may be found the dirty fingerprints of the vandal. The monument is chipped, statues are marred, fragments are cut from the furniture and hangings of the Senate and House of Representatives, and names have been scratched into the marble and on the bronze doors but something holds the most ruthless in check when he comes to the Supreme Court.

This court is the one place where great formality is observed, and witnessing the impression it makes upon the public one may readily understand why the people who have recently come to us from under the Spanish rule of civil degradation and official splendor should feel that there must be deficiency when official functions are not conducted with pomp. It cannot justly be said that the ceremoniousness of the Supreme Court is accompanied with pomp and splendor, but there is about it a formality, reserve and enforced decorum which is intended to be impressive and is so. When the hour comes for the court to convene a barrier of velvet covered ropes is stretched across the corridor so as to preserve a clear passage from the consulting room one on side of the corridor to the court room on the other. This blocks the passage from the House of Representatives and the rotunda to the Senate, and the brief space of time it takes for the Justice to pass into the court no one may go beyond the red lines of ropes. Senators, Representatives, the President himself, should he happen there, must wait. The members of the court, Chief Justice at their head, with their black robes wrapped about them, march in a solemn procession single file, from the consulting room across the corridor through the lobby of the court, to their place on the bench.

This ceremony occurs whenever the court passes in or out of the court chamber, and here is invariably at the hour of their assembling a crowd of curious strangers grouped on either side of the barrier to view this manifestation of dignity. Many remove their hats as the court files by and on every face is an expression of respect and interest. No expression of impatience escapes even the belated Senator who is delayed by this procession as he hurried to reach the Senate chamber in time for prayer.

There is no talking among the spectators when the court is in session, and even when the bench is vacant and strangers are in the deserted chamber they usually speak in whispers. An old white bearded colored man who sits at the door is the personification of silence and dignity, and the sight of

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him is enough to make those even of frivolous mind grow grave and walk on their tiptoes. He, silently, with perfectly noiseless motion, opens the door to each corner and as noiselessly closes it again, or if the chamber is full stands with his back to the door and without saying a word, keeps others from attempting to enter. Newspaper reporters are not expected to sit in the Supreme Court room. If they enter they are expected to be as other visitors and not attempt to take notes of the proceedings. A ready attendant will at once interfere if a notebook is drawn.

When Chief Justice Fuller was installed an exception was made, after much influence had been brought to bear and after long deliberation, and a certain limited number of newspaper men were provided with seats within the bar of the court. Probably half a dozen such were admitted and on the desk provided for each was a quill pen and a little square bottle of ink, which they were expected to use. When the Kentucky case was being argued orders were given not to admit newspaper men generally, even in the capacity of visitors.

The other day two lawyers met in front of the court room and one reminded the other that though he had on a black coat his necktie was purple. The lawyer with the colored tie had been in the court room, but the other could not venture because, not expecting on leaving home that he would visit the Capitol, he had worn a light spring suit. Lawyers appearing within the bar of the court, though they are mere spectators, must wear black. What an awful thing would happen if one should appear before the court in a light suit is not known, for no one has had the temerity to try it. The dignity and decorum of the court goes a long way in preventing that loss of respect that usually comes from too great familiarity, and its effect is apparent to an observer.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Toothache, the most common and one of the most painful affections, is instantly cured by the application of Polson's Nervine is a combination of powerful anodynes, and it strikes at once to the nerves soothing them and affording in one minute total relief from pain. Mothers, try it for your children's toothache. Nervine is sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all druggists.

Khaki Cloth.

Origin of the Fashionable Goods Now in Great Demand.

Khaki cloth, which has become the smart material for the summer tailor made gown, owes its popularity in the fashion world to the great favor it has found among the London smart set since the beginning of the Anglo-Boer unpleasantness. It was first introduced to this country in the North costume of khaki cloth, in which Mrs. Langtry recited the famous Kipling poem, 'The Absent Minded Beggar.' Unless fashion arbiters are very much mistaken, this material will be much to the fore this summer, and either plain or trimmed with stitched bands of itself, or in applique effects, many striking costumes and separate skirts of it will be seen.

About twelve or thirteen years ago an Englishman named Lehman saw the Hindoos making a cloth of yellowish-brown color, dyed with the juice of the Niker tree to produce the shade. He then went to work and invented a method of dyeing and finishing a material similar in shade to the native Indian product, which we now have in the present khaki (pronounced kah kee.) It was first adopted by the British India Office, and then by the English War Office. Our own government awarded the first contract for its manufacture on December 28, 1898, its very first use by our military, and since then millions of yards have been used for United States army uniforms. Dame Fashion promises to equal this consumption for feminine wear this summer.

The name khaki refers to the color, which in Hindu means dirt, for khaki can be made in a variety of weaves in cotton and wool, although the generally accepted

application of this term just now is to a cotton stuff, similar to drill, that is waterproof and exceedingly durable and can be easily laundered.

.....

The Reason Why.

A gentleman was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs of Scotland when the driver said him: 'I've had a coin give me to day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?'

'Oh, yes,' was the reply; 'I have one myself two thousand years old.'

'Ah,' said the driver, 'have ye?' And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said:

'I told you as we came along that I had a coin two hundred years old.'

'Yes.'

'And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old?'

'Yes, so I have.'

'Now, you be a liar!'

'What do you mean by that?'

'What do I mean? Why, it's only 1899 now!'

The Giraffe's Timidity.

A giraffe is very timid on hearing slight sounds, but is indifferent to loud ones. A writer in the Leisure Hour says:

Noisy sounds, like a man walking with hob-nailed boots, it does not notice; but a lady coming in with hardly more sound than the rustling of her dress makes it start, with pricked ears and eyes distended.

We remember well, after a terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the canal, asking the keeper of the giraffes that day how they had taken it, and he said he was surprised how very little notice they took; they jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again, when they found nothing happened.

'But,' he added, 'if I were, at night time to creep along that gallery in my socks, they would dash themselves to bits.'

They fear the lurking foe, and a big bang scares them less than a faint rustling sound. They are in that respect very deerlike.

A Possible Solution.

Mrs. Brown—I don't think Miss White will ever marry Mr. Jenks.

Mr. Brown—Why not?

Mrs. Brown—Oh! She quarrels with him so constantly.

Mr. Brown—Ah! perhaps they've been secretly married already.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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In the Prairie Country.

It was a dry, stifling day on the prairie. The south wind blowing with hot, irritating persistency across the plains raised clouds of dust that almost hid the view from the women at the window of the sod house.

In the small square sitting-room although the windows were tightly shut, a gray coating lay on the furniture and mantel, on the row of rose geraniums and the lit pot of heliotrope in the window.

Some one came in with a heavy, weary step, and stopped a moment on the threshold to look at the dropping figure. Then he approached her with awkward tenderness laying his toil roughened hand on her shoulder.

There was a smothered weariness in the tones but her ears seemed deaf that morning to anything but the winds piercing voice.

He slipped something back into his pocket. Hester did not see the motion. It was only an Indian arrow-head that he had found half buried in the sod, and had unearthed, thinking it would make a pretty addition to the cabinet of curiosities.

Hester, he began again, gently. 'I've been thinking for several days—I don't know but we ought to fix it some way so you can go back east for a while quite soon—sooner than we planned. You've had a hard time of it out here. I know how hard it's been, with the homesickness and all, and—'

'No,' she interrupted, 'I can wait. We'll go together later, just as we planned all along. You couldn't manage it, John. Why, how could you?'

'Oh, I'll get along some way—that'll be all right. I've been thinking I could spare a little of the stock, after all. You know Brown would be glad to buy what I could spare.'

He spoke bravely, and Hester smiled faintly up to him. In the depths of her heart she felt sure she would never consent to such a sacrifice. They would wait till they could take the long planned trip together, or not go at all. But just now, with the wind making her grate her teeth together, she did not protest. She was in the mood to enjoy the imaginary self-indulgence, regardless of what it would cost the one dearest to her.

'Well see,' she said, briefly. 'There's so much to think over first. But it's good of you, John, to plan it so.'

She would have called after him and clung to him, if she could have seen the look on his face as he went out—all the weariness of it, and the patience and the brave anticipation of the loneliness to come.

In just a few minutes he was back at her side. 'Hester,' he said, rather anxiously, 'what would you say to letting two people come in for a little rest? They've stopped the wagon just a little way from here. She seems a children young thing, and he looks as if the world had been too much for him—he's so thin and sickly-looking. What do you say to bringing them in?'

'O John, how can we, when it's so hard to keep up as it is?'

'He looks real sick and worn,' repeated her husband; and that brought the response he knew it would.

'Go ask them, then,' said Hester. 'If we can make it a little easier for them, we ought to, I suppose.'

'You come with me,' coaxed John. 'Go get on your hat, and we'll ask them together.'

She gave a slight protesting laugh, but went, nevertheless, clinging to his arm, and almost resting her face sometimes on his shoulder.

'What a country!' she said, half under her breath. 'Dust, dust, dust, everywhere! You breathe it and taste it and get your eyes blinded by it!'

'They were very near the travellers now. The tired horses, with dejected, down-bent heads, were snatching what little rest they could. In the covered wagon sat the man and woman—such a hollow cheeked, large-eyed man, and such a little slip of a wife! The hot wind flapped the canvas cover, and sent swirls of dust over the two occupants and their scanty possessions. That they were very scanty indeed, Hester could not help seeing in the briefest glance.

A dry, untempting lunch the wife was taking from a basket. Some of the self pity that had darkened Hester's face all the morning faded out of it, and was replaced by a purer, nobler look.

'You ask them, John,' she said, softly. 'They'll like it better from you, whispered her husband.

The face of the little wife in the big wagon brightened visibly at her approach. 'You must be tired out,' Hester began,

without preamble. 'We want you to come up to the house for a little rest and to have dinner with us. Won't you?'

A pleased smile breaking over the young face seemed almost to fade out the little worried line between the dark eyes. An answering gleam stole over the worn face at her side, but they both protested faintly. They couldn't give so much trouble; it would not be right.

'You come right along!' said John, with kindly authority. 'We want you, so don't make any fuss about it. We'll take the horses into my barn; let 'em try my feed and a good bucket of my well water.'

The two men went off together, Hester and the little wife beating their way back to the sod house. A look of cheer and comfort seemed to be in its brown walls now. 'How good it will seem to rest in a house!' said the little wife, with a happy sigh.

'Wouldn't you like to lie down a little while till dinner is ready?' said Hester. 'Come right into my room, and just feel that you are at home.' A protecting kindness had sprung up in her heart for this little creature with the appealing eyes. 'You must be so hot and uncomfortable! There's cold water in that pitcher, and I'll bring you some warm. No, it isn't a bit of trouble. Then you must just rest until dinner.'

Unpleasant thoughts were far away as Hester prepared the simple dinner, trying to make it as attractive as possible. She would get out some of her wedding china—why not? John would enjoy it, and it might make a bright spot in the day for the strangers. She even picked a bunch of astragalus, making a centerpiece of the white furry leaves. A sprig of wild geranium was laid at each plate.

There were cheery faces around the table, and Hester's was not less bright than the others.

The gaunt stranger sat a little more erect now, and his face, after even this brief rest seemed less sharply outlined. The warm, human kindness as well as the outward comfort had wrought the change, and in some way made it easier to remember in whose larger protecting care they were, and would still be when rolling over the brown prairie. Bit by bit their story came out. The man told how he had been carpenter and builder in Iowa; what a happy little home it had been, and why they were flying now to the untamed world of Colorado, that Mecca for consumptives. The gaunt man and the young wife avoided the dread word; they said, instead, 'people with any sort of lung trouble.'

Hester's dish of canned wild plums seemed to meet with special favor from the gaunt man. He accepted the proffering offer of a third of a can with an apologetic laugh, and Hester mentally schemed to convey a generous supply to the canvas covered wagon.

'I don't know when George has enjoyed anything so,' said the little wife. 'Everything's so good! And oh, how nice it feels to be rested! Travelling will be so much easier now!'

They went back to the sitting room. John and Hester talked cheerily of the prospective home in Colorado, and brought out a book of views of the wonderful scenery. The gaunt man and his little wife bent over them with keen interest. 'I'll be a great move for us,' he said. 'It seemed to be the only thing for us to do, and I'm so glad we're so near there. I feel more heartened up today than any time since we started. We don't forget your kindness, I can tell you!'

'Oh, please!' said John, and 'Don't speak of it!' said Hester, in a breath. 'It's been so pleasant for us to have you!'

It was necessary to take up the journey again. The two men went out to the barn together.

The eyes of the little wife sought Hester's. 'You have been so good,' she said, almost in a whisper, 'so good to take us in! This awful dust and the heat I wouldn't have minded so much for myself, but it has been so bad for him. It makes the cough worse, and that always frightens me. Sometimes when we have been going so slowly the horses have just seemed to creep and when the dust has almost seemed to choke him, I have felt as if I should go frantic! All these days that we have been on the way I have been longing so to reach Colorado. I have felt as if I couldn't wait every day taking us farther away from home, and the trying to choke down the homesickness—and—' She broke off short, with gratitude and tears shining in her eyes.

There was just enough for Hester to take the little brown hand in hers and press it close, when the two men came back.

The man with stooping shoulders and the little flush on either cheek went up close to the little woman with the bright, eager eyes.

'Well, little woman, are you 'most ready?' he said, patting her shoulder. 'You've had a fine rest, haven't you? He coughed sharply as he spoke, but she smiled at him brightly that he might not know how much more it racked her chest than his.

'You'd better get on your bonnet, little woman,' he said; 'it's time we were going. I don't know how we're to thank you for our wife, Mr. Gilbert, for all you've done for us, but we feel it, sir, we feel it.'

'It wasn't anything at all!' John protested. 'It has done us good to have you here.'

Hester and the little young wife went into the tiny bedroom together. The wind had stopped its maddening song outside and the air was clear again from its burden of dust. The furniture would have to be dusted for the third time that day, but the thought brought no sorrow to her forehead.

The little traveller pined on the rusty black hat, and turned to hold out both hands impulsively to Hester. 'Thank you again,' she said; and then in a whisper 'Colorado is a wonderful place, isn't it? Haven't you heard about the way people get cured there—people just as bad off as George, or worse? You feel sure it'll do him good, don't you?'

She searched Hester's face as if to read her fate there. It was hard to meet the girl's eyes.

'I've never been farther west than this myself,' she said, 'but every one says it's a wonderful climate in Colorado for people with troubles with their lungs. I'm so glad you're going there, and when he's grown well and strong, you'll be coming back this way to see us.'

The delight of that possible future was in the young wife's eyes. 'If he only does!' she said. 'Oh, if he only does!'

There were hearty hand-clasps exchanged a few minutes later. Then the 'prairie schooner,' with its freight of human love and anxieties, rolled slowly away. The two left behind in the little sod house stood long at the window—till the wagon was seen, a dark blot, above the sharp horizon. With a quick, impulsive movement Hester's hand stole into her husband's.

'How good you are!' she said, almost solemnly. 'And while I have you, what do I care about other things? Did you think I would really go East without you? Why, John, I couldn't bear it, away from you!'

Far off in the big wagon a little woman sat with her round cheek pressed against a shabby coat-sleeve, and the cry of her heart was like that of Hester's. 'What are other things,' she was whispering, 'while I have you, dear?'

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

ous attacks made by each division of the army.

Each of these attacks was directed by one of Timour's lieutenants, the general battle was directed by Timour in person. The chief object in all these evolutions was to break the enemy's line and through the gap thus created to attack in flank by an oblique movement that part of the enemy's troops who at the same time were engaged in front. The chief tactical evolution was to turn one flank after another of the hostile divisions without disuniting the turning forces from the main body of Tartars.

The second movement of the battle of Angora consisted of the method of attack thus described. So successfully were all these matters of detail executed that about noon Timour retired to a superb pavilion erected for him in the rear of his army and sought to while away the hours which must elapse before his victory was complete in playing at chess with his nobles.

Devotees of the royal game may be interested to know that the ordinary game of chess was not considered by Timour worthy of his gigantic intellect. In consequence he himself, enlarged the scope and difficulties of chess by constructing a board of 144 squares and by augmenting the chessmen to forty-eight pieces. This new form of the game, in order to distinguish it from that ordinarily played, Timour designated as 'Great Chess,' and it was with this game that he amused himself for several hours, while his lieutenants were conducting the Tartar army to victory.

All through the day of Angora seems clear that the Turco-empire Bajazet displayed the qualities of a soldier and a great captain. His defeat seems to have been due to the fact that his army, as an army, was not competent to contend with the Tartar troops.

His initial plan of attack, and there is no doubt that he had a plan of this kind, seems to have been so badly executed that no impression is left as to what was his original idea for attacking the position of Timour. It further seems that so futile were the efforts of his troops that the Tartars had little difficulty, not only in repelling the assault of the Turks, but also themselves assumed with ease a systematic and decisive attack. Before this attack it appears that the Turkish rank and file showed symptoms of that demoralization consequent upon the assembling together of large masses of improperly disciplined troops. There is no reason to doubt the loyalty of the Turkish troops or of the Turkish commanders, although treason is insinuated on their part by many historians who prefer to delude the Turk rather than to give glory to the military talents and the military system of an Asiatic barbarian.

In the early afternoon the victory practically was decided. The Turkish line of battle was broken in many places and the Turkish troops attacked in front and assailed obliquely in flank were greatly demoralized. As is common in such immense masses this demoralization spread rapidly. As the result of this the Turkish chiefs began to forsake the royal standard and to retire from the field in all directions. Bajazet's own son Soliman, heir to the throne, partook of the common panic and fled from the field, followed by his troops. A large body of Tartars, who years before were oppressed by Timour, and had taken refuge with the Ottomans, passed over to the Tartar lines and submitted to the great

Mogul. Finally the rout of the Turkish army became indescribable, and the victorious Tartars pursued until the going down of the sun vast herds of fleeing men intent only on escaping their enemies.

By nightfall all that remained on the field of Bajazet's army save the dead and wounded were the jazerias and cuirassiers of Europe. The latter were irresistible to anything like equal forces, but surrounded by dense masses of light cavalry, which assailed them on all sides with missile weapons, their horses fell by scores, and it is related that not one of them escaped alive.

The janissaries, left alone and encircled by countless thousands of Tartars, endeavored to escort Bajazet from the field in safety by fighting their way through the Tartar hordes. This was found impossible, and as darkness fell Bajazet, with a little party mounted upon the fleetest Arabian horses, departed from the great square and endeavored to escape by flight. Upon this the Tartar light cavalry sped away in pursuit, leaving the janissaries to be destroyed by the cannon and elephants and Greek fire.

Bajazet's capture was as ignominious as was his flight. His choice Arabian bars were speedily overtaken by the Tartars, and he was brought back in chains by the Khan of Zagatai, and thrown bodily at the feet of Timour.

An example of quick movements by the victorious commander is the march of Sultan Mirza, the favorite grandson of Timour, who started for the city of Bourza with 30,000 cavalry. He arrived and took possession of the Ottoman capital with 4,000 horse after performing in five days a march of 230 miles. Fear had supplied the son of Bajazet with equal energy, and Soliman, after fleeing from the battlefield, escaped to Europe with the royal treasure. The inhabitants of Bourza had fled, and the city, for the most part of wood, was reduced to ashes.

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BORN.

- Luzenberg, May 6, to the wife of Manfred West, a son.
Springhill, May 3, to the wife of James E. Fraser, a son.
Westmore, May 9, to the wife of Lemuel Stevens, a son.
Winton, May 11, to the wife of W. M. Duxan, a son.
Winton, May 8, to the wife of Robt. Houghton, a son.
Northfield, May 5, to the wife of Uriah Silver a son.
Keptt Shore, May 1, to the wife of Albert Green, a son.
Clark's Harbor, May 2, to the wife of Albert Swin, a son.
Pembroke, May 11, to the wife of Allan Henry Cox a son.
St. Croix, May 7, to the wife of James Smiley, a daughter.
Moulton, May 14, to the wife of J. B. Boyd, a daughter.
Amherst, May 10, to the wife of Frank P. Hickey, a daughter.
Digby, April 28, to the wife of Res Smallie, a daughter.
Bridgetown, May 3, to the wife of Owen Price, a daughter.
Halifax, to the wife of Walter S. Davison, a son.
Bentwaters, May 7, to the wife of Fenwick Inglis, a daughter.
Yarmouth, May 3, to the wife of W. H. Corning, a daughter.
Windsor, May 6, to the wife of Warren Baird, a daughter.
Windsor, May 3, to the wife of Wesley Chandler, a daughter.
Hastings, May 7, to the wife of David Paluker, a daughter.
Duluth, Minn., April 19, to the wife of W. H. Leonard, a son.
Hortonville, May 11, to the wife of W. D. Patterson, a son.
Benville, May 13, to the wife of James Green, a son.
Upper Mersey, May 7, to the wife of Wm. Patterson, a son.
Port Hawkesbury, May 6, to the wife of D. McDonald, a daughter.
Centerville, May 23, to the wife of Luther McCosker, a daughter.
Port Hawkesbury, May 2, to the wife of Capt. J. W. Cruickshanks, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Boston, May 9, David W. Rees to Mary MacKinnon.
St. Stephen, May 14, O. Crowe Read, to Eliza E. Allen.
Westport, May 2, by Rev. F. S. McGregor, Hubert E. Bowers to Helen M. Drivon.
Truro, May 7, by Rev. Jas. W. Falconer, James E. Eter to Ima McPhee.
Lower Mersey, May 9, by Rev. A. H. Denoon, Wm. Tupper to Catherine McKensie.
Port Selma, May 9, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Douglas J. Neil to Elvia Dunmore.
Charlottetown, May 8, by Rev. F. F. Whitson, S. F. Warren, to Adelia Roberts.
North Sydney, May 14, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Seldon Darrmouth, to Ida May Williams.
London, Eng., April 8, by G. L. Harris, Henry Howell, to Ellen M. Drivon.
Truro, May 8, by Rev. Jas. W. Falconer, Fleming Marshall, to Estelle Logan.
Caledonia, Queens, April 18, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Elijah Vespa, to Rachel Fran.
Boston, April 18 by R. V. Charles A. Crane, Archibald S. Jack, to Estelle A. Griffin.
Charlottetown, May 8, by Rev. D. B. McLeod, Robert Patterson, to Ada Hayden.
Tatamogoch, May 10, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, John Taitre, to Luene Henderson.
Monreal, April 30, by Rev. Jas. Fleck, J. A. McFarland, to Margaret A. Hurinton.
Lynn, Mass., May 7, by Rev. Tillman B. Johnson, Thomas K. Toule, to Belle Dearmond.
New York, April 19, by Rev. Robert Bruce Smith, Edward F. Brown, to Gertrude B. Smith.
Caledonia, Queens, May 9, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Edward G. Freeman, to Mrs. Jerusha Middlemas.

DIED.

- Lequille, May 4, George Sparr, 65.
Enmore, May 13, Mrs. Bryant, 67.
Yarmouth, May 10, Mary Porter, 73.
Newport, May 11, Henry Cochran, 61.
Cape Island, April 29, Sophia Bell, 10.
Bear River, May 7, Albert Harris, 70.
Sape Island, April 29, Sophia Bell, 10.
Tignish, May 4, Mrs. George Patis, 81.
Moncton, May 14, Robert Simpson, 70.
Aylesford, May 12, Samuel Bowley, 66.
Vogler's Cove, May 4, John Raynes, 69.
Fort Clyde, May 9, Elkenah Freeman, 57.

- Truro, May 12, George M. Archibald, 41.
Luzenberg, May 10, Wm. N. Beardon, 59.
Orwell Cove, May 3, Donald McLeod, 74.
Grand Pre, May 10, Norman Macdonald, 81.
Dalhousie, May 1, William Frederick, 81.
Lynsala, May 2, Alexander Macpherson, 84.
North Range, Digby Co., May 6, W. Bell, 70.
Grand River, April 28, John C. Macellars, 76.
Bridgetown, May 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Burns, 92.
Grand River, May 3, Mrs. Daniel Campbell, 46.
Clyde Station, May 4, Mary Louisa Crawford, 81.
Lower Montague, May 8, Joseph Wrightman, 52.
Line Hill, C. B., May 14, Norman McMillan, 79.
Charlottetown, May 10, Isaac Barrett Jenkins, 89.
Yarmouth, May 7, Mrs. Amada J. Robbins, 87.
Moncton, May 14, Agnes, wife of Thomas Nelson, 81.
Yarmouth, May 7, Amada J., widow of Ana Robb, 87.
Wolville, May 3, Charles Innis, son of William Oliver, 51.
Vermont, May 7, Mattie DeL., wife of Rev. C. R. B. Dodge.
Southport, May 1, Johanna, wife of James McDonald, 47.
Northfield, May 11, Davina, widow of the late John McDonald, 82.
Chatham, May 12, Elizabeth Campbell, wife of John Woods, 78.
Halifax, May 10, Helen Marian, daughter of William Lithgow, 71.
Fort Augustus, May 4, Mary, widow of the late James E. Kelly, 68.
Truro, May 13, infant son of F. W. and Mrs. McCully, 6 months.
Dutch Village, May 14, Margaret, widow of the late Thomas Wales, 81.
Halifax, May 14, Violet Geraldine, child of Arthur and Martha Reid, 1 year.
Halifax, May 14, Ethel May, daughter of Charles and Mary E. Laidlaw, 14.
Windsor, May 13, Florence Theresa infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Rooney, 6 weeks.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS. Commenced June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The Famous Fast Train.

'Imperial Limited' To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th-1900.

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC. Commencing June 6th, there will be a combination first class and stopping car leave St. John at 4.10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3.55 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 9.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 4.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban from Hampton.....5.30 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Ficton and Halifax.....7.30 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Ficton.....12.05 Express for Sussex.....13.45 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Suburban from Hampton.....7.15 Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.30 Express from Halifax.....15.00 Accommodation from Moncton.....18.15 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.