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HOW DID IT COME THERE?

THE POISON FULTON BEVERLY USED TO KILL HIMSELF.

The Coroner Fails to Find a Clue so Far—What the Evidence Pointed out—Much Comment Over the Tragic Affair—Another Death in the Asylum Since.

When the news reached the city last Sunday about noon that Fulton Beverly had died in the Provincial Lunatic Asylum by his own hand, there were many who would not believe it and only after confirmation could they be prevailed upon to think that the enterprising Garmain street merchant had taken such a method to pass out of this life.

Mr. Beverly has been a subject of melancholia for some time and last summer or fall his friends decided that a change of air might do him good. So, acting upon their advice he went away for a time but the results were not as beneficial as they hoped for and when Mr. Beverly returned he went into the asylum where he had the privilege of a private ward.

That was on the 15th of January of this year and since that time he has often enjoyed a drive about town in company with his relatives or friends.

When Dr. Atherton gave the certificate that admitted him into the asylum he spoke of his symptoms and warned the authorities of the institution that Mr. Beverly had suicidal tendencies, and, acting upon this hint, the authorities kept a sharp lookout upon him. Still in spite of their efforts he succeeded in procuring a package of strychnine—enough to kill many people—and in destroying himself.

It was on this account that there was a small gathering of people in the chapel of the asylum on Monday afternoon. They assembled to discover the means of Fulton Beverly's death. There was no doubt that he took poison but there was something more than that to find out. How did such a package of poison find its way into the small room of Beverly? Did he conceal it himself with the cunning of a lunatic or was it taken into him?

The evidence submitted by the superintendents would support the view that it was impossible for the patient to take such a package into the asylum with him, and that it was almost as impossible for any of his callers to take it to him, without the knowledge of the keeper.

Thus it was that when the new coroner Dr. Frank L. Kenny, took his seat in the asylum chapel, and opened his court there were many matters of importance to be sifted and the necessity, therefore, of arriving at the facts of the same.

So far this has proved to be a difficult matter. The inquest which lasted for hours Monday was not finished but adjourned until next Monday. Perhaps there will be some new facts then.

There was no crowd of curiosity seekers at the examination but all, or nearly all, of those present had some business in connection with the affair. A strict watch had been kept upon the locked room of the deceased since his death and the jury with Capt. William Hamlyn as foreman were the first to visit the apartment after it had been closed.

Mr. Beverly was a paying patient perhaps some of those there, unused to asylum quarters, had not a little curiosity to see just what accommodation the provincial authorities extended to those unfortunate enough to get within the asylum walls.

The room was clean—scrupulously so—and there was a small table with pencil and writing paper upon it. In addition there was a looking glass and other accommodations for the toilet. There was a sternalade jar upon the table which had evidently contained some whitish fluid but anything else of importance had been secured by the coroner the day before when he was called.

Mr. Beverly was lying upon his back, his features peaceful and the only marks upon his body the discoloration natural after death from such a cause. He was in his shirt sleeves but fully dressed otherwise. There was little, if anything there to enlighten the jury, so they returned to the improvised court room and began the investigation.

The evidence of the physicians in charge of the asylum—George Alfred Hetherington and his assistant John Boyle Travers—while valuable as bearing on the case, was none the less so from the standpoint of those who are interested in the institution, and its inmates. That of Dr. Hetherington

showed that Mr. Beverly was melancholic when he arrived at the asylum and that his physical condition was only fair. The fact was brought out that a patient whose friends paid the support of had not much, if any favors in the way of privileges from those patients who did not pay. The doctor admitted that perhaps there was some difference in the furniture, although not much, and that there was some difference in the diet. In all other respects they were treated alike except that perhaps the paying patients might be associated with a better class of inmates than those who did not pay, and had the privilege of seeing friends oftener. So it will be seen that there are social grades in the asylum as well as out of it.

The right of patients to see their friends came up in connection with the case because Mr. Beverly was visited frequently—as often, in fact, as his friends wished to see him. But the doctor said that they were not permitted to see him always alone but usually in the presence of an attendant. It appears that the patient had some additional privileges in this connection. The usual rule of the institution is to let the condition of the patients determine whether they should be seen or not. The visiting days were on Monday and Thursday but it was a difficult matter, the superintendent said, to prevent people from coming on other days. Sometimes they came from long distances in the country not knowing the rules and it was next to impossible to refuse them if the patient was in a condition to see friends.

Another important point that was brought out was the manner of the reception of patients. They were always stripped and searched carefully for anything that might assist them in their idea of self-destruction. This was done with Mr. Beverly both the physicians said and he was searched most carefully. And yet in spite of that fact he was permitted to go out driving with his friends from time to time. His son George had him out several times for a drive and so had Mr. Fraser Gregory. The latter, who was present at the inquest, had driven Mr. Beverly out the Sunday before he died. The statement was made, however, that any one who took him was cautioned not to leave him for an instant. So far as the doctors knew this caution was observed. Further testimony disclosed the fact that Mr. Beverly was supposed to be searched every time he returned from such drives. If anything had been found upon him the keeper would have taken it to the office for examination. Nothing, however, had been found upon him.

Of course the object of the coroner and the drift of his questions was to find out where the poison came from. The evidence of the witnesses seemed to place it beyond a doubt that Mr. Beverly could not have brought it in with him since he was stripped and searched so carefully when he arrived. Not only was he searched but his trunk was thoroughly examined and nothing was found. Particular attention was given to the parcel question. He was allowed to receive parcels but always in the presence of a keeper who was supposed to examine such presents and if anything was wrong to report the matter.

The assistant physician, Dr. Travers, described the scene at the death bed of Mr. Beverly and he placed the limit of time from when he was called till death took place at from five to ten minutes. He had time to get to the room and return for some medicine, regain the room again when he discovered all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning. Before he could get back again from the medicine room the patient was dead.

During his first visit Mr. Beverly seemed anxious to impress upon him the fact that he poisoned himself saying so in about these words. And at the same time he referred to a paper with writing upon it on the table. The statement is the more remarkable considering the terrible agony the man must have been in; the doctor said his spasms were of a terrible nature indicating a very strong dose.

After his death the doctor examined the table and found the note he had referred to. It was written upon one side of a small piece of thin white paper, which looked like the outer covering of a small druggist's parcel. The writing was in pencil, and of an uneven and scrawly nature, and stated in brief that he had brought the poison in with him. Then it was signed, but in order to make sure that

suspicion would rest upon no one he added as a sort of a postscript, that he had the poison in the house for rats.

Truly, looked at from every stand point, that was an extraordinary note for a man in Mr. Beverly's condition to write. There was no attempt made at that part of the inquest to identify the hand writing upon the note. Still it had the general contour of his penmanship. The writer saw a note of hand made by Mr. Beverly in 1885 in favor of a city firm and upon the back of it this memo, evidently made some time after the note had been paid, "the last note I ever made." There was a similarity between the two signatures but in the short glance at both it was impossible to tell how great the similarity was. The coroner had taken possession of the packages and produced them to the court and jury. The packages were ordinary druggist's parcels and did not appear to look as if they had been carried about for months. The paper about them did not have that soiled condition which would make it appear that the package had been made so long ago as Mr. Beverly's note would indicate. One of the parcels contained alum crystals and the other strychnine. The crystal of alum was quite large and if the paper that contained it had been carried long the edges of the crystal must have surely worked their way through. In this connection Mr. Fraser Gregory, who was there, he said, in the interests of the friends of the deceased, asked the question whether it would not have been possible for the deceased to have concealed the poison in the lining of his clothes before he entered the institution and yet for it to be undiscovered by the keepers. The doctor said it was possible. That was the only question Mr. Gregory asked but he was particular to see that it got down in the coroner's evidence.

The only other witness examined was Mr. W. C. R. Allan, the King street druggist, who examined a portion of the powder contained in one of the papers and found it to be strychnine. Mr. Allan told something about the sale of poison, and how the purchase had to be registered under the act. Any druggist who sells poison requires the purchaser's name and address, then the name of the poison and the purpose for which it is to be used. It is quite likely that when the inquest begins again on Monday efforts will have been taken to ascertain from local druggists whether Mr. Beverly purchased any poison within a certain period.

The case is a mysterious one and is exciting a great deal of interest not only in the city but in the province. The management of the institution so far as the immediate oversight of the patients is concerned is, to a certain extent, upon its trial. While the result of the inquest may exonerate the management, unless at the same time it locates the source of the poison there is bound to be a certain feeling of unrest. And those friends of the deceased who visited him so constantly naturally wish the matter to be fully ventilated and the facts known. They are in the same position as many others who are supporting friends there and who hold the institution responsible in a great degree for their lives and safety.

It may be held that, after a successful attempt to commit suicide a few years ago by means of a looking glass that the patient broke for the purpose, no looking glass should be found in the room of a patient with suicidal tendencies but there was one in Mr. Beverly's room.

What makes the apparent lack of these little but necessary precautions more noticeable is the fact that since Mr. Beverly's death, another patient under strict guard found it possible to secret a case knife and attempt his life. The coroner's jury said his death resulted from natural causes, as the wound from the knife was not sufficient to cause death, but the fact that it was possible for him to make the attempt is an unpleasant one nevertheless.

A Simple Act of Respect.

Those who had read the morning papers Thursday were surprised when coming to their business to see the flags on many mercantile houses and other buildings flying to the breeze at half mast. A single enquiry however elicited the fact that Gladstone, the greatest of all Englishmen was dead. Surely no greater tribute to the memory of a man, thousands of miles away, could be given than this simple act of respect.

THE PEOPLE WERE MAD

BECAUSE THE RINK WAS NOT OPENED ON TIME.

The Godfrey Band Management Scared for the way it Treated the People—Some of the Incidents of Thursday's Big Concert—Why Truro is mad at Mr. Godfrey.

Dan Godfrey's great military band has come and gone. Like most other good things it is being pushed rapidly along—so rapidly in fact, that before the men who compose it have realized that they have arrived in Canada it will be time for them to bid adieu to this part of the world. There is need for this haste too, for with trouble brewing in various quarters for the old land, England expects every band to do its duty—and what would the English army be without Dan Godfrey's band and "the greatest band master of the century." Whatever little grievances the European powers have against England, they must perforce suspend active hostilities until the return of these representative warriors, these bronzed veterans who have served their country in India, Egypt, Africa or wherever their Queen has need of them.

The band, which during its tour, is under the management of Mr. Harris of Montreal, who it will be remembered brought Albany here, arrived in Canada a few days ago, and up to Thursday had given concerts in Halifax, Truro, Moncton, and this city, the latter being a matinee performance on Thursday afternoon. They had an elegant time in Halifax—so the papers said. At the conclusion of the concert there, the mayor, on behalf of the City Corporation presented Lieut. Godfrey with an address of welcome and a gold medalion. Most people are wondering what the medalion was for, but as Halifax people are always up to the proper English caper, there is not the slightest doubt it was the correct thing to do. There is no record of the gallant Lieutenant's reply to the honors showered upon him in the sister city. It is not likely Mr. Godfrey made much of a reply, for medals are no novelty with him; in fact he has medals to burn, if he wished to dispose of them in that way. Anything Halifax could do in that line wouldn't add very much to the great musician's pleasure. Still it pleased the citizens of the Nova Scotian capital, and that is something.

It is difficult to keep everybody in good humor, however, and as a result of the band's visit to their town the citizens of Truro are mad, fighting mad, so the papers say. It appears that when the English band's visit to Truro became a settled fact the members of a local band decided to give the visitors a hearty Canadian welcome. They didn't strike a medal for the occasion, and they didn't do a great many things they might have done, but they got new uniforms, and they practised up several airs appropriate for so auspicious an event. That they were properly impressed with the importance of the occasion was evidenced by the fact that they resolved to make it their first appearance of the season, and to do it in a blaze of glory. After the English band's arrival the Truro band went to the hotel to serenade the members. They played several airs in excellent style before they realized that it was a rather one-sided affair, and that so far as appreciation on the part of the foreign band was concerned they were wasting a lot of time and good music. They played on and on but Godfrey's band might as well have been in India, so indifferent was it to the serenade. No notice whatever was taken of the Truro men and finally in the midst of a brilliant and difficult piece of music the visitors went to dinner. That settled it. The Citizens band packed up its belongings, flicked the dust from its new uniform, and went home; and now Truro is mad clear through. For the time being hostilities between the white and colored population have been suspended, and the cold touch given by the famous military band has made the whole town kin. What in the world did Truro want anyway? Surely it was a very great privilege for the local musicians to be allowed to stay on the earth while the other band was in town.

There were no medals nor serenades visible in St. John on Thursday. It is doubtful if anyone ever thought of such trivial things. There was a general suspension of business, civic and otherwise though, and no doubt Lieut. Godfrey and his musicians found this homage quite as sweet as any that has been offered in Canada so far. The concert was under the

distinguished patronage of "his Worship Mayor Sears, and officers of the Fusiliers and Artillery." His Worship knew just what was due the great military band, and the meeting of the Common Council which was to have been held on Thursday afternoon was postponed. Of course, that was strictly right and proper for the city business could be attended to at any time, but you couldn't hear Dan Godfrey's band any time.

Wednesday was Loyalist day and the school children had a half holiday. This is an old institution, and after the Easter holidays, the little folks look longingly forward to the 18th of May and the respite it brings. This week they had two half holidays in succession, an unparalleled event in the regular school term. The last was given in order that they might attend the concert, Mr. Harris having graciously placed the admission for school children at twenty-five cents. It can never be said that St. John did not properly honor the visiting musicians.

The concert was advertised to begin at two o'clock, and long before that hour hundreds of people were waiting for admission to the Victoria rink. Every ear brought more people to swell the waiting crowd, and when two o'clock came round there were over a thousand people jostling and pushing for a place. Everybody was good-natured at first, and the big crowd amused itself by speculating on the cause of the delay in opening the doors, and in watching the reflection of the throng in the large front windows of the rink, which made a charming picture. The reflections upon the management of the concert were not half so pleasing, by the way. About ten minutes past two the doors were opened for a few minutes and just as the people got properly into motion, they were closed again; this occurred every few moments and though no explanation was given it presumably was done to give the ushers a chance to seat those already in. Denunciation of the management was heard on every side, and several bold spirits even suggested smashing in the doors. The crush was terrible for awhile and as a clergyman remarked "it was quite like trying to get into the pit at Drury Lane theatre."

Mr. Harris was at the inner door taking tickets, and he heard a good many unpleasant things regarding the management, or mismanagement of the affair. "Let me tell you sir" said one angry man when he got near enough to Mr. Harris, "that this is positively disgraceful. I have never before seen anything so badly managed as this concert." Similar assurances flowed in thick and fast but to all Mr. Harris replied "It is not my fault, but that of your local management."

Just who the "local management" were nobody seemed to know, but it was generally understood that Mr. Harris had his own advance man at work here some time before the concert. The papers were well supplied with the usual notices, and though these were never a moment behind time in arriving, the usual press courtesies were not quite so promptly looked after. In fact it was late Thursday when this little matter was attended to.

Mr. Harris didn't name anybody in particular as the "local management" and as that mysterious person was not on hand he was obliged to take all the angry remarks from the crowd and parry them as best he could.

The ushers handed the people without any difficulty, and once the building was entered there was no trouble experienced whatever, if one excepts the trifling disadvantage of being obliged to listen to the performance without a programme. Of course that useful thing is not always necessary to a thorough enjoyment of a concert but it decidedly was in this case, for what with long waits and various other things the people had grown suspicious of Mr. Harris, Mr. Godfrey and everyone else connected with the band, and without a programme how did they know but they were being grossly cheated out of something they had paid their money to hear. As it is the papers can't agree on just what the opening piece was.

When once the band began to play, however, the long wait, the chilly air of the rink, the absence of programmes and everything else was forgotten. It was a grand triumph in the way of band music and easily surpassed all the other famous bands that have been heard here—Sousa, Gilmore and all the rest of them.

Mr. Godfrey is, as might be expected a most graceful leader, and one can easily understand the term "the greatest bandmaster in the world" has lots of truth in it. There was some talk of the Lieutenant and his men being entertained by the officers of the Fusiliers, and Artillery, during their stay in town, but the banquet or whatever the intended form of entertainment was, did not materialize. It would be interesting to know why it was called off. Was it a repetition of Truro's experience, or was the band just regarded as a "table for the

THE NEW POLICE FORCE

OF THE RAILWAY HUB WEARS WHITE GLOVES

And is a Model of Neatness—the People of Moncton are Rejoicing in a new Police Force—They are doing Excellent Work Among Corner and Street Lovers.

MONCTON, May 10.—The people of Moncton are enjoying what is to them a sort of foretaste of the millennium since the new police force came into power. To meet a policeman occasionally on the street is almost enough of a treat in itself; to raise the spirits and excite a pleasant thrill of curiosity in the mind of the Moncton citizen, but when that officer of the law is not only trim and smart in appearance, but clean shaven, and wearing a pair of immaculate white gloves, the M. C. is inclined to retire into a secluded spot that he may pinch himself vigorously, and thereby assure himself that he is not dreaming—

Is this a dream! then waking would be pain Oh do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream again!

is what he would probably say, if he were inclined to "drop into poetry" like Mr. Wagg. But he is not poetically inclined as a rule, so he merely draws his breath hard as he passes the radiant vision, and ejaculates "Golly!" under his breath.

A still greater treat awaits the explorer as he nears the railway crossing and misses the usual knot of youths who were wont under the ancient regime to congregate there exchanging ideas and moistening both the sidewalk and the garments of the passers-by in the most impartial manner with tobacco juice. At first he will wonder if some fell epidemic has smitten them down in the pride of their youth or whether they have emigrated to the Klondyke, but if he keeps close to a policeman during his stroll and is blessed with good hearing he will speedily be enlightened. A couple of these merry prattlers are endeavoring to congregate at the corner of Younger's store and have just selected two nice soft bricks in the side wall to lean against when the white gloved representative of the law espies them, passes a moment, whispers a few quiet words into their astonished ears, and passes on leaving a vacant corner and two disconsolate youths who have reluctantly "dispersed and wandered" far away from their chosen resting place into the cold shadows of the elsewhere.

Further on is another favorite stand near the Salvation Army Hall, where the night used to be filled with gladness for the joyous young girls who met there each evening, but which is now silent and deserted. Even the doorway of the Y. M. C. A. building which had become famous as a night shelter for well dressed youths who seemed to be without any of the comforts of home, is now deserted, and instead of the merry quips and spirited jests which used to greet the wayfarers who passed that way there is a silence that can almost be felt. It is no longer dangerous to walk past that christian building with a lady for fear of the remarks she may over hear, or the audible comments which are likely to be made upon her appearance; and the change is so great that the shock is almost severe enough to produce reaction until one gets used to it.

Even the post office has ceased to be the haunt of the young male animal who finds time hanging heavily on his hands and it is quite possible to get one's mail without illustrating Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest in the battle of life.

It is even possible to attend church without running the gauntlet of a score or two of young men who have no intention of going to church themselves but yet who seem to have contracted the church-going habit in their earliest youth, and to be utterly unable to break themselves of it. It is a truly beautiful sight to watch a calm policeman step softly up to a group of tender youths who are just preparing to lean comfortably against the fence of some church and watch the congregation go in, and gently but firmly explain to them that their presence is not essential to the success of the service and they had better be moving on.

In short one who is a witness of these wonderful changes can scarcely realize that he is in Moncton so great is the contrast between the past and the present. The new police force from the marshal, or Chief of Police, as he prefers to be called, in his jaunty peaked cap, and trim braided coat, down to the newest policeman on the force, would be a credit to a much larger and more important city than Moncton, and the improvements they have made during their short reign are wonderful.

There is a cynical old proverb about new brooms sweeping clean, but if these excellent sweepers continue their good work for a little while longer they will have things so very clean that they can

afford to take a well earned rest and wait for the dust to settle.

DETECTION OF ROGUES.

How They Were Tracked and Identified in Some Countries.

The executors of the law in Europe have been swift to seize upon discoveries in science to help them to run down criminals. The British Druggist notes a curious use of the microscope which was lately made in Prussia. A barrel of specie sent from the frontier to Berlin was robbed and filled with sand. This was supposed to have been done on the way to Berlin. The eminent chemist, Professor Ehrenberg, obtained samples of all the sand near the stations through which the barrel passed, and by means of the blowpipe and microscope, found sand of the station at which it had been emptied and filled. The thief was afterward discovered and arrested.

In France noted rogues are not only photographed, but weighed and measured carefully, and forced to speak and sing into a phonographic instrument before their discharge from prison, that they may be identified afterward in any attempted crime. It has also been noted for the identification of criminals that the one part of the human body which is never duplicated in man or woman is the markings on the skin of the thumb. The face and figure may be altered at will; but the lines on the thumb—never! For the detection of criminals, an impression of the thumb is stamped upon paper.

A story is told of the Princess of Wales. She was once shown through the museum at Scotland Yard, containing the photographs of countless rogues, and also some of the methods, scientific and legal, for punishing it.

"It is all very clever," said the kindly princess, with a sigh, "but if the world were as anxious to discover and reward the good men as it is the bad, what a pleasant place it would be!"

HEART WEAKNESS

Must be Treated in Time or Ends in Certain Death.

Some of the Symptoms are Palpitation After Slight Exertion, Sometimes Severe Pains, Dizziness and Fainting Spells—it can be Cured.

From the Echo, Plattsville, Ont. The Echo has read and has published statements from people who have been cured of various ailments by the timely and judicious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but never before have we had such personally convincing proof of their efficacy as in the case of Mrs. George Taylor, who with her husband and family reside in this village. To an Echo reporter Mrs. Taylor gave the following history of her illness and cure, and asked that it be given the widest publicity, so that others might be benefited:—"I am thirty-two years of age," said Mrs. Taylor, "and in 1885 my husband and myself were living on a farm in Perth county, and it was there I was first taken sick. The doctor who was called in said I was suffering from heart trouble due to nervous debility. All his remedies proved of no avail, and I steadily grew worse. The doctor advised a change, and we removed to Moncton, Ont. Here I put myself under the charge of another physician, but with no better results. At the least exertion my heart would palpitate violently. I was frequently overcome with dizziness and fainting fits. While in these my limbs would become cold and often my husband thought I was dying. I tried several medicines advertised to cure troubles like mine, but with no better results, and I did not expect to recover. In fact I often thought it would be better if the end came, for my life was one of misery."

We removed back to the farm, and then one day I read the statement of a lady who had been cured of similar trouble by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I said to my husband that I would try this medicine and it seemed to me that it was my last chance. Before the first box was finished I felt an improvement in my appetite and felt that this was a hopeful sign. By the time I had used three boxes more my trouble seemed to be entirely gone, and I have not felt a single recurrence of the old symptoms. Since moving to Plattsville I have used two boxes and they had the effect of toning up the system and curing slight indispositions. To-day I am a well woman and owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to my restoration seems nothing short of a miracle. I was like one dead and brought back to life, and I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, or urge too strongly those who are afflicted to give it a trial."

It has been proved time and again that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure heart troubles, nervous debility, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and stomach trouble. They make new blood and build up the nerves, restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow faces. Be sure you get the genuine as there is no other

medicine 'the same as' or 'just as good' as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What She Saw in the Smoke.

After a long period of suspension the ironworks of a Western city resumed operations and the black chimneys poured out dense clouds of soot over the town. Roskin would have anathematized it for its hideousness, and faintly-clad women looked upon it with horror, but a little girl, hungry and cold, whose father had been for months without work, clapped her hands and exclaimed: "Was there ever anything so beautiful as to see the smoke in the chimneys again! That big piece is a shawl for mother, and those cunning little bits tumbling down are shoes for baby, and oh, there comes such a lot of the smoke maybe it is a really hat for me; anyway I know it's shoe-strings."

Take Your Choice.

We Are Sure You Will Select the Diamond Dyes.

There are several kinds of wretched imitation and soap grease dyes that are sold by some dealers for the sake of large profits. These dyes bring consternation and despair to every inexperienced housewife who uses them. The results may be summed up as follows: mixed, muddy colors, ruined garments and materials, bad temper, and a shower of wrath on the dealer who has sold the deceptive dye.

For long years the women of Canada have had before them the celebrated Diamond Dyes for home coloring work. These chemically pure dyes have carried satisfaction and delight to all who have used them. Old, faded and dingy garments have, by the aid of Diamond Dyes, been transformed into new and beautiful creations; money has been saved, and the happiness of families increased. Where directions have been faithfully followed, not a single failure has been recorded.

If you are a novice in the work of home dyeing, you have now presented to you the varied classes of dyes that you can purchase and use. If you desire success, profit, an unruffled temper and home happiness, you must surely decide in favor of the Diamond Dyes—the only warranted dyes in the world. You cannot be deceived if the name "Diamond" is found on each packet of dyes you buy. Book of directions and card of 48 colors free to any address. Write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Social Joy.

"Our wrangle-jungle euchre club has had a rent a room." "Why?" "Well, we have had so many quarrels over the prizes that none of the women will go to the others' houses." Detroit Free Press.

CLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or if dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of these persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list. McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 25c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 25 cents. BAUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

FREE To any Lady sending us the names and addresses of five or more other ladies, we will send one box of our Electric Soluble Antiseptic Tablets worth \$1 by mail, prepaid—No Lady can afford to be without them. SWANSON EXHIBIT CO., 263 1/2 Building, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE! 75 Complete Stories! Plus goods worth \$2 and a big 100c. Picture book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Send \$5. A. W. KINNEY, 93 1/2 Yarmouth, N. S.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 383 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE for the Summer months. That desirable situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rouses Point and within two minutes walk of the Kamboocook. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 1/2-1

SHORTHAND.

Our system is the ISAAC PITMAN—the best and fastest. The system, although an English one, is taught to the exclusion of all the American systems in the public schools of New York and in leading institutions all over the United States.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

LATEST ACTUAL BUSINESS METHODS. BEST COURSE OF STUDY. BEST RESULTS. Time required for graduating, 4 months and upwards, according to ability of student. SEND TODAY for Catalogue, giving terms, etc. S. KERR & SON.

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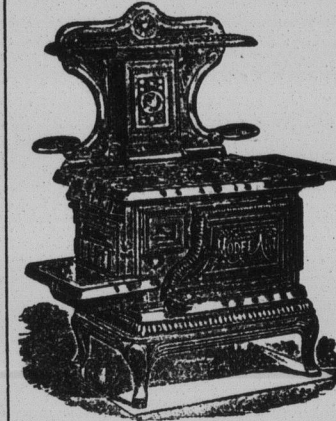
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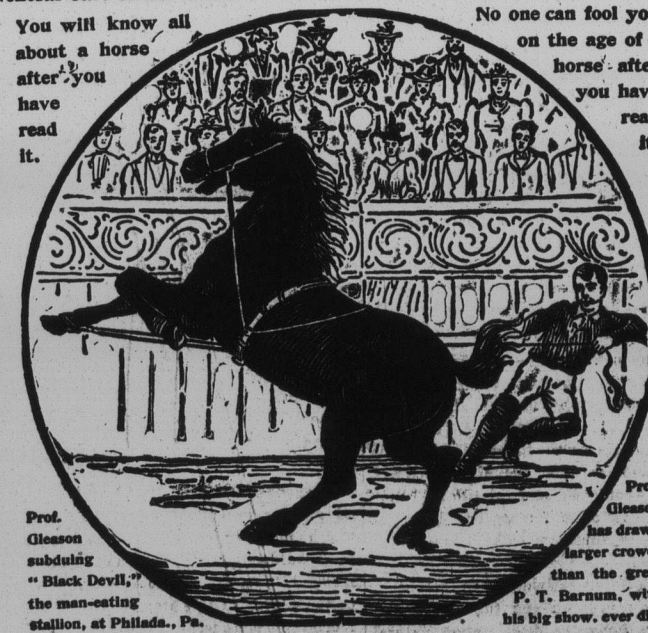
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Music and The Drama

Tones and Undertones. Jules Jordan's opera, "Lady Boss," fell rather flat. The Mark Smith Opera Company is at Montreal. Otero has offered to sell her gems for the Spanish cause. Louise Kissling will shortly join the New York Castle Square Opera Company. Tamagno will sing the title role in "Samson" at Buenos Ayres. Ricardo Juan Jose, the counter tenor, is to marry Esther Schriebe, one of the richest women in California. Jose used to be a blacksmith.

Mario Van Zandt has been married to De Tcherinoff, a Russian State councillor and professor at the Imperial Academy of Moscow.

Anent the rumor that Nellie Bergen will marry De Wolt Hopper as soon as she can obtain a divorce, Hillary Bell says: "The late Mr. Brown, an Australian merchant, spent his fortune in transforming his wife, who was an honest as well as a comely woman, into a prima donna, with the result that he was compelled to challenge Victor Maurel for eloping with her. Similarly Captain Armstrong, also of Australia, encouraged his wife to make her musical debut on the concert platform of M. Bourne, and at present the too trusting soldier is a grass widower while his once devoted wife is now Mme. Melba, with no thought for her husband. Edward Langtry and his lovely wife were models of matrimonial felicity until the Jersey Lily got the acting bee into her bonnet, after which domestic chaos. James Brown Potter and Cora Urquhart were as happy and contented as any young married couple in town until Mrs. Potter, encouraged by her husband went on the stage.

E. R. Reynolds who is now directing the tour of Sousa's band, will be De Wolt Hopper's manager next season. Mr. Hopper will produce Sousa and Klein's new opera, "The Charlatans," Sept. 5, at the New York Knickerbocker.

Richard Strauss has been definitely engaged at the Berlin Opera house, which fact disposes of all rumors of his engagement to succeed Anton Seidl.

The festival services of Massachusetts Diocese and Choir guild will be held this year at St. Paul's church on May 25, under the direction of Mr. W. A. Loosé; at the church of the Advent June 1, under the direction of Mr. George L. Osgood and at this same church on June 8, under the direction of Mr. S. R. Whitney.

At a recent concert in London, 82 of Cowen's songs were sung.

Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Adamowski are sailing shortly for Europe. They will spend most of the summer with the Adamowski parents in Poland.

Mrs. Suzanne Adams, a new American soprano, has made her debut at Covent Garden Theatre, New York, as Gonnod's Juliette to the Romeo of M. Saleza. Emma Eames has sung the role of Elsa to M. Van Dyck's Knight of the Grail. Herr Van Rooy, the new baritone, has made his London operatic debut as Wotan in "Die Walkure." Jean de Reszke and Nordica were to have made their reconciliatory entrance in "Tristan and Iso'de" last week. The performances of the "Nibelungen Ring," which will be conducted by Herr Felix Mottl, do not commence till June. The other novelties likely to be brought forward in the course of the season are Saint Saens' "Henry VIII," which was originally brought out at the Paris Opera in March 1888, with M. Lualle as the King. Mlle Krauss as Catherine of Arragon, and Mme. Richard as Anne Boleyn, and Signor Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro," which has already been heard in cantata form at the Norwich Festival in 1896 and which has since been produced on the lyric stage in Italy. The season's repertoire will also include Boito's "Mefistofele," in which Mme. Calve will be heard there for the first time as Margherita and Helen of Troy; Gluck's "Orfeo," in which Mme. Marie Brenta is to sing the title part; Beethoven's "Fidelio," in which Frau Ternina will appear as Leonora and Rosini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," in which Mme. Melba will sing for the first time the part of Rosina. The repertoire

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BABY HUMORS

will likewise include Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with Mme. Ella Russell as Donna Anna; the same composer's "Nozze di Figaro;" Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots;" Verdi's "Aida," "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore;" Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor;" Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis," Massenet's "Manon," Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Besides the artists already named, the engagements include Mlle. Zsile de Lussan, Mme. Frances Saville, M. Renaud and M. Plancon; and besides Herr Mottl, the conductors will include Signor Mancinelli, M. Flon and Herr Hermann Zumpfe.

Willard Spencer, author of "The Little Tycoon" and "Princess Bonnie," will shortly produce a new opera.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"A Bunch of Keys," company with Miss Ada Bothner as the irrepresible "Teddy" was at the Opera house for a three nights engagement this week; they deservedly drew splendid audiences for the company is one of the best that ever visited St. John. The play itself is very ridiculous and in the hands of indifferent actors would be a dead failure; but the people headed by Ada Bothner are not indifferent, they are all good, and though horse play is an essential feature of "A Bunch of Keys" it becomes almost artistic in this case.

W. S. Harkins begins his annual engagement here on Monday next with an array of talent that is most imposing. The roster includes some well known names, many of which are familiar here, notably those of Miss Mollison, Mr. Deyo and Mr. Dus Farnum, the last mentioned having played two or three engagements here in the last year or two. "What Happened to Jones" has been selected as the opening bill, and should prove a very strong one, as it has enjoyed a long and successful run in all the large American cities.

Anent Miss Mollison's engagement here, it is to be hoped some opportunity will be given her to exhibit the handsome garter—or was it anklet—given her by her kinsman the Duke of Argyle, and which cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3000; otherwise there would be much disappointment experienced in this her native city. It is no exaggeration to say that everybody is on the qui vive regarding this interesting and now famous trinket.

Edward Harrigan is at Tacoma. Daniel Sully is appearing in "Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs. Walsh left her estate, valued at \$10,000, to her daughter, Blanche Walsh, the actress.

A new joke is played on the audience in a Boston vaudeville theatre. A veiled creature wearing an obstructive hat declines when asked by an usher to remove it. He brings aid, and, after an altercation, the millinery is grabbed off and the wearer proves to be a bald man belonging to the show.

A London letter says that Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Campbell promise a play or two by Maeterlinck in July, and Mme. Bernhardt is to appear for a fortnight at the end of June in two or three of the pieces in which she acted last winter in Paris. Otherwise the immediate future is barren.

On the memorable night when Edna May met the Prince of Wales, at a reception in Sir Polydor Kayser's mansion, in London, there were other well-known personages present, including Sir Henry Irving, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Madame Tosti and an innumerable gathering of lesser lights.

The scenery of "The Medicine Man," Sir Henry Irving's new production, is thus described: Act one, University House, Whitechapel; act two, at Lord Belhurst's, Mayfair; act three, The Retreat, and act five, Room in the Retreat. The incidental music for the piece was composed by Miss Maudie Valerie White.

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man and woman to use Paine's Celery Compound at once. GENTLEMEN:—With great pleasure I make known what your Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. Last December I was sick and suffered from a heavy cold. My doctor said I was run down, and advised me to give up my work (the tailoring business) as he thought it was not conducive to my health. He gave me medicines for my trouble, also for indigestion and nervousness. The medicines, however, produced no good results, and I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and came to the conclusion that I was going to die. Through the influence of an old friend

who came to see me I was prevailed upon to use Paine's Celery Compound, which he said would soon set me on my legs again. After using the first bottle, and the pills that go with the compound, I had such good results that I continued with the medicine until I had taken seven bottles, when I found myself as strong and healthy as ever before in my life. I am able to work at my trade as well as in former days, and see no necessity for giving it up. From the results that have blessed my efforts with Paine's Celery Compound I would strongly advise every sick person to use the great medicine which has no equal in the world. EDWARD LANDY, 82 Plank Road, St. John's, Nfld.

G. R. Sims and Leonard Merrick's new farcical comedy, "My Innocent Boy," will be produced at the London Royalty shortly.

"The Last Chapter" and "Why Smith Left Home," both by the author of "What Happened to Jones," will be produced next season.

Stuart Ogilvie is now engaged upon a play having for its motive an incident in the Indian mutiny.

"Remember the Maine" is the title of a sketch given at Proctor's New York vaudeville theatre last week.

Harry Conner and Florence Wickes will appear in the London production of "A Stranger in New York."

John E. Henshaw and Richards and Canfield will be seen in "Around the Town," a Boston summer attraction.

A one-act play by William Young, containing 7150 words, was cabled to an actress the other day.

Amelia McCaull has been engaged for the next season by Richard Mansfield, in whose company she made her debut upon the stage.

Aubrey Boucicault has joined a New York Stock company.

Charles Dickson will star in "The Sham Battle" next season.

William Young is now at work on a play for Sir Henry Irving.

Walter Sanford has three companies touring England at present.

Beatrice Harraden has decided to write a play. She has sketched out her plot and created her characters with a special view to the requirements of Ellen Terry, with whom she has been in consultation on the subject.

Elwyn A. Barron and Wilson Barrett have almost completed a new play of the period of George III, in which Mr. Barrett will appear as a distinguished courtier, greatly harassed by the guardianship of the spendthrift hero.

Daniel Frohman and Samuel Kingston have signed contracts whereby the Kelcey-Shannon combination will play every spring at the New York Lyceum theatre.

Russia has never sent a premier danseuse to America before La Lieka, who leads the ballet in "The Telephone Girl." She is a beauty, and is as graceful as she is pretty.

Lillie Collins a young girl seventeen years of age, recently made a great hit in New York city as an acrobatic dancer and she will make her Boston debut at the Boston Tremont theatre Decoration Day in the new local skit, "Around the Town."

The Professional Woman's league of New York gave a minstrel show Thursday afternoon the feature of which was a sketch written especially for the occasion by Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, entitled "In Aunt Chloe's Cabin." It is a sort of burlesque on "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Arrangements have been completed for a trip of the entire company playing "The Telephone Girl" to Australia the coming summer. Upon the return to this country a triumphant American tour will be played.

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beginning in San Francisco late in September, London will be visited later.

Daniel Frohman will change the name of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," which has been produced in London, to "Rose Trelawney" when he gives it at the Lyceum theatre next season, which would seem to infer that Mr. Frohman proposes to feature the heroine rather than the hero.

John Drew closes his season this week. Eddie Girard will revive "Natural Gas" next season.

"The Cherry Pickers" will go on a tour next season.

Henry Miller sailed for Europe Tuesday for ten weeks of rest.

Olive Oliver will be William H. Crane's leading woman next season.

R. A. Barnett wrote a personal letter to Madge Lessing, thanking her for all she had done for the part of Jack in Mr. Barnett's burlesque, "Jack and the Beanstalk" which she will never play again, writes J. Benton in the Dramatic Mirror.

Mr. Barnett enclosed the original manuscript of the song "I Lost My Cow" as a souvenir.

At the performance given May 4 of the "Heart of Maryland" at the Adelphi theatre, London, the prince and princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Prince Charles of Denmark occupied the royal box, and at the conclusion of the performance an invitation was given to David Belasco and Mrs. Carter to visit the royal party in their box.

Steve Brodie is going to star again next season. He has a new play "A Night in Chinatown," and William A. Brady will manage him.

George Primrose and Lew Dockstader are said to have joined hands to launch a big minstrel organization for the coming season. James H. Dicker will be their manager.

Marie Wainwright and her two daughters will sail for Europe in July.

Lotta Crabtree has gone to her country home at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. for the summer.

Julian Potter, Bishop Potters grandson, is Milton Lackaye's advance representative.

"A Stranger in New York" will be produced in London Aug 8, with Harry Conner in his original role.

Joseph Jefferson will open his tour in "The Rivals" at the New York Fifth Avenue theatre on Oct. 30.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drew will sail for Europe the last of the month. They will visit Paris where their daughter is at school.

Sarah Bernhardt has recovered from her illness.

Now it is Robert Downing who is going into vaudeville. He will play in Boston early in June.

Sutton Vane's new play "John Martin's Secret," and "The Bellringer" will be produced next season by William Calder, the manager who introduced to Americans the "Span of Life."

Wilton Lackaye will be the Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Otis Skinner (the Captain Absolute) in Joseph Jefferson's production of "The Rivals" next season.

Melba did not faint during the panic at "Frisco." The collection of opera cloaks, hats, bonnets, opera glasses, etc., left by the fleeing audience represented over \$3,000

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"Love's Hypnotism: A Story of Vandycyke," is the title of a new and original poetical play, to be produced in London in the autumn. It is partly founded upon historical data, and the scene is laid at St. James' Palace.

Edward Corbett has written a comedy drama with a Flanders lout as the hero. "Jan Van Damm" is the title of the play, and Arthur K. Deigson is to be the star. Diegson is a clever comedian and singer and for a long time was with the Dunsley & Girard and Hoyt forces.

"All of my sympathies," says Yvette Guilbert, "are with Spain and her cause: I am willing to assist in having a Te Deum sung at Notre Dame Cathedral, to implore the good God to assist this so unhappy country. I have nothing but feelings of contempt for Americans. Their only use in the world is for one to extract dollars from them."

Grace Kimball and Lawrence M. D. McGuire were married the other day in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, N. Y. Mrs. McGuire has been one of Frohman's leading women for some seasons. Mr. McGuire is a wealthy Harlem merchant. The actress embraced the faith of the Roman catholic church before she became Mrs. McGuire.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 21st.

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THE PATROL WAGON NEEDED.

The need of a police patrol wagon could not have been better illustrated than it was this week when a woman was arrested on one of the lower streets of the city. The exhibition is said to have been revolting in the highest degree and was witnessed by a large number of people. Had there been a patrol wagon it would not have been necessary for the officers to carry a practically naked woman through the streets. But under the circumstances it was. The acceptance of the offer of the ladies of St. John to provide such a vehicle will, no doubt, soon remedy this want but under the present system it will take some time for the wagon to arrive at the scene of trouble. While the adoption of the police alarm system has many opponents they cannot help acknowledging that it would be a great assistance to promptness in connection with a patrol wagon. In quite a terse way in his inaugural Mayor SEARS pronounced himself as opposed to it and while many of the aldermen—perhaps a majority of them—are in favor of the installation of the system, the opinion of the chief magistrate must have an unfavorable influence upon the project. We do not believe in the city rushing into any rash expenditure but the facts as presented to the council certainly showed that instead of being an additional expense to the city the alarm system would result in a substantial saving. Other cities not larger than St. John—or as large for that matter—have adopted the system with the greatest satisfaction to the citizens. This city will see the matter in the same light someday. In the meantime let us have the patrol wagon as soon as possible and prevent the recurrence of any such scene as noted above.

DEATH OF GLADSTONE.

News of that event which has occupied the attention of the world for weeks passed into insignificance Thursday morning when the wires flashed the sad intelligence that the "Grand Old Man" of the British empire, Right Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, was dead. He was a very old man and in the natural order of events could not hope to live much longer but, nevertheless, the loss of such a man is felt just as keenly as if he had been in the prime of life. He did not belong to that class of men whose interest in their fellow man decreases as their years increase. On the contrary he was a worker at all times even up to a few days before his death. When not in his seat in the House of Commons Mr. GLADSTONE was either engaged upon some favorite classic work or thrilling his countrymen with his rare eloquence, declaring against some great public wrong and urging reform. It is interesting to note that Mr. GLADSTONE was high in the councils of his country when a very young man. He was born in 1809 and only twenty three years later entered parliament. At the age of 25 he was the first lord of the treasury, a post of immense importance for so young a man. Still the following year other honors were heaped upon him and he became under secretary for the colonies. Surely nothing else is necessary to denote the splendid ability of such a man even in his earlier years. He was a man of high honor, deeply religious at all times and dealing with his fellowmen as he would that they should deal toward him. The impression he has left on English life and politics will not be effaced by his death. His aims were noble and his daily life and efforts calculated to bring them to a glorious end. The English speaking race throughout the world will keenly regret the loss of so great a man.

"YELLOW JOURNALISM."

The term "yellow journal" has been rather prominently before the public the last few months and the people of St. John have been treated to certain disquisitions upon the subject in their morning papers of late. The origin of this journalistic epithet—for so it is now regarded—is explained in the New York Sun in answer to the query of a correspondent and is as follows.

One of the papers now known as yellow was published in its Sunday edition pictures of the outrage of an unsavory thing called the "Yellow Kid," the other papers hired the inventor of the "Kid," and the two papers quarrelled over the question of ownership of the invention. Both papers continued the series of pictures, so that the "Yellow Kid" papers referred to them both. Their methods of displaying the news were similar, both trying to out-Herod Herod. The remembrance of the yellow quarantine is a good thing to do with the application of the term "yellow" to the two papers, undoubtedly; but the "Yellow Kid" furnished the basis for the term.

Since then the term has acquired a wider significance and it is not confined to the prominent and sensational New York papers. Any journal that mistakes exaggerated sensationalism for enterprise, that forgets the deencies of the profession and offends the good taste of its readers is called "yellow." The term is an expressive one though an unusual one and affords a good illustration of how the meaning of words and phrases can be changed.

A recent report on the resources of British Guiana and the director of the Royal Gardens a Kew indicates that immense sources of wealth are there neglected, or undeveloped. Yet the British colonies in Guiana, Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica and other islands are distressed by hard times. The report argues that the cause of the distress is the fact that the colonists have heretofore practically given themselves over to the production of sugar alone, neglecting the other sources of wealth lying at their doors. Coffee, cotton, rice, bananas, coconuts and in fact, every kind of tropical production, can be successfully cultivated there, and the forests abound in gutta-percha, india-rubber and valuable timber; but all these resources lie almost undeveloped. The colonists of Jamaica are said to have learned a lesson, and in recent years have improved their condition by cultivating fruit and spices, for which their soil and climate are well suited.

The annihilation of distance by a modern battleship is well illustrated by the long voyage of the warship Oregon of the United States navy. When relations became strained between that country and Spain the Oregon was at San Francisco. She left that port March 19th for her long voyage of nearly 14,000 miles, down the western coast of North and South America and up her eastern coast to her rendezvous. She reached Callao, Peru, 4000 miles from San Francisco, early in April, and after coaling sailed April 7th. Her next stop was at Punta Arenas, Chile, 2700 miles from Callao, April 17th. The ship left April 22d, and reached Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, 2100 miles distant, April 30th. On Wednesday of this week she was reported by the United States naval authorities as having reached her destination in Cuban waters in safety.

The cutting of cables by the Spaniards and Americans have stimulated experts in electricity to see how such casualties may be overcome. We have heard of wireless telegraphy and it has been demonstrated, that it is possible to utilize it. Now a New York inventor has produced apparatus for sending and receiving telegraphic signals without wires, which is to be upon the market. Where, for any reason, it is desired not to use Morse signals, a special receiver is provided, which is furnished either with a vibrating bell, or with an incandescent lamp, the latter enabling the person who receives the message to read it visually. Inasmuch as Marconi's experiments have shown that telegraphic signals can already be sent ten miles, or more, without wires, it is hoped that the new system will have a rapid development.

Canadian Tugs not in It.

All things Canadian for Canadians is not the motto for the Canadian government it appears. An example of this is before the eyes of St. John tug boat men just at present and they are not too well pleased, as some of them at least, have been staunch supporters of the administration. The tug Neptune, which was fitted up as a quarantine boat, has been laid up for some necessary repairs and it was thought that one of the local tugs would get the job for the period it took to make them, but it was not so. The tug Cricket, the property of an American citizen has been chartered for the work. The consideration of the government for its supporters is not so marked as it might be.

FRIBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Challenge. "Who goes there?" "Answer!" "Fr and or too; Though no such answer man should know, Of one blood seed made all, Of all our race from every birth, Of man to dwell on all the earth; But still for war we call " "Who goes there?" "Say whence you come," "United States or Spain's war drum; Or Austria, or France; Or England or Germany pass by, Russia or Cuban peace we cry; As brethren all, advance!" And though by mighty conflict torn, The foe still hides the coming morn; To crush again another; O'er all the flaming sea light bear, The angel's trump blows loud and clear; Still every man's a brother. The curse of earth is selfish greed, In spite of church, or prayer, or creed; For self we ever plan, From towns we pillage, burn, and sack, A brother's voice but answers back; From every home of man. "Who goes there?" "Halt or death," And slay a stranger in a breath; To deeds of blood we cling, By fire and sword on land or sea, The human slaughter makes us free; The world's a prize fighting. "Who goes there?" "I give the word, Once cried by man unto the Lord;" "As I my brother's keeper?" From all the earth cries out his blood, To Him who sits above the flood; No slumberer or sleeper. Hail! Ephraim and Manasseh! peace, Keep peace as brethren and cease; From war with kith and kin, The Saxon blood, the christian grace Binds you the Israel and the race; As one decreed to win. The birthright still is held thine own, Till spreading round each crumbling throne, The last great war shall reden. The lion of the tribe of old, The eagle watching strong shall hold, The vale of Armageddon. CYPRIUS GOLDEN. The Fern, May 1898.

Merit and Envy. Merit, meek and modest maid, Blushing hides her bashful head, Fain would lead her lowly life, Free from Honor's glittering strife, Happy that her duty's done. Envy, base Demetri's son Feels longed which, his venom throws At all betterers as his foe; Merit, hiding from the light Soon attracts his loud voiced spite, Pointing faults, before all eyes Merit's virtues, beauties rise. Grieve not, Merit, for the sneers Envy casts about thine ears Grieve not, Merit, may rejoice Envy's sting is Merit's voice. JEAN TALLEFER.

Samantha Peterson's Faith-Cure. When Miss Samantha Peterson arose one night in haste, An' said her former trust in patent medicines were feint, An' she proposed to try, instead, the faith-cure for a spell. A sort of solemn hush upon the congregation fell. There were things about the faith-cure which we couldn't recommend, An' we didn't know Samantha's plan nor how it all would end; Still, when our first surprise wore off, a few of us confessed, That, after all was said an' done, it might be for the best. Whatever else that we could say, we couldn't make denial, She'd give us patent medicine a fair an' thorough trial; She kept them in a closet an' upon its spacious shelves, Stood bottles big an' boxes small which we had seen ourselves. We had often read the labels; there was Perkins' Purple Pills, An' Elder Jones' Elixir and Emmollient for Ills; There was "Fosdick's Hypo-Phosphate made to Fortify the Feeble," An' "Cottentary's Panacea for Pale and Ailing People."

Though Samantha threw them all away she didn't seek her bed; She made a resolution she would go to work instead; An' she hadn't tried her faith-cure long when folks began to think Samantha's face was actually growin' plump an' pink.

We went an' told her husband, in a manner kind of sly, She was growin' so good-lookin' he might lose her by-and-by; Samantha overheard us an' it pleased her, too, a lot An' she came to wear a look as though she'd rather laugh than not.

There isn't any doubt but what Samantha's really well, An' about her wondrous faith-cure now she often likes to tell; Of the good of other faith cures we're our doubts, we must confess, But we think Samantha's faith-cure was a glitterin' success.

They Haven't got Paid yet

The dominion government is not the best paymaster in the world. There is so much red tape that anyone who does work for them is not sure that it may not be a year or two before he is paid. Of course there are exceptions but they exist only in the case of those who have enough political "pull" to hurry the payment along. It will be remembered that when the charge, of the Halifax undertakers, for the funeral of Sir John Thompson was handed into the government they were considered to be excessive and when it was discovered that neither party would recede from their position the proposition was made and accepted that the opinion of the undertakers in St. John should be secured. A set of questions was made out and the undertakers gave the matter careful consideration. Taking it all in all their evidence was in favor of the government's contention and it is presumed that a settlement was made upon that basis. But the undertakers, who gave much time and trouble to the matter, have never been able to get a cent for their work. Their bills have been ig-

nored and more than a year has passed without any recognition of their claim. This is not what is expected from a paternal government and should be rectified at once.

Where Critics Didn't Agree

What was the opening piece that Dan Godfrey's band played? The newspapers appear to be much at sea upon the subject. One of them the Telegraph, says with confidence that it was an overture from Tannhauser, though another with its usual daring asserts that it was Rule Britannia while one of the very few programmes given out announced that the first number would an overture by Schubert. Progress had a very good idea that it was God Save the Queen and the Sun agrees. At any rate this illustrates the wonderful difference of opinion in musical matters and to find the critics of the newspapers differing is something alarming.

Another Fellow Change

Patrick Welsh has resigned from the police force. That is a nice polite way of putting it. Welsh may have been a good officer but he was not as polite as other good officers on the force. More than that he was inclined to be rusty when there was no occasion for it. But these little peculiarities did not cause him to leave the force. There were other reasons. His successor, Officer McFadden, is a strapping big fellow, well able to take his own part, and to make a crowd think that he would be a tough customer to handle.

The C. P. R. Line to the Klondike

The Canadian Pacific-Klondike line of steamers are now running from Vancouver or Victoria to Glenora via Wrangle, and tickets can be purchased and baggage checked through to that point. Their Steamer "Hamlin" has made round trip Wrangle to Glenora in three and one half days. Time will probably be much quicker later. Contractors are putting teams on Glenora—Teslin trail. For rates of fare, securing of accommodations &c. apply to the Assistant General Passenger Agent, C. P. R., St. John N. B.

A Pleasant Outing

One of the enjoyable events of the 24th will be an excursion to Hampton on the steamer Clifton, which will leave Indian-town at 9 a. m. local time; the steamer will call at Moss Glen, Clifton, and Reeds Point, returning to the city at 7 p. m. As the fare for the round trip has been placed at 50 cents it is likely that many will avail themselves of the opportunity for a delightful day's outing.

The Time is Limited

As will be seen by reference to advertising columns, Messrs Emerson & Fisher make an announcement in this issue that will be read with interest by many householders, and in fact by all who aim to economize by taking advantage of such an exceptional opportunity as this. It will be well to note that the time during which these bargains will continue is limited.

Sacrificed for the Cause

Consistency may be a jewel, but that is no reason why it should be reserved for special occasions, and thereby hangs a tale, not to mention several pairs of wings. A young woman of some prominence in social circles was seen one morning removing four stuffed humming birds from her hat. "What are you doing that for?" "Because," she answered, with a little sigh, "the annual meeting of the Society for the Preservation of Birds is to be held today." "Well, what has that to do with it?" "Why, I'm the secretary."

Seeing the Sights

Even in these days of liberal education, young women sometimes show how confused are the ideas shut up in their heads. Illustrative of this is the naive blunder which Edmondo de Amicis recounts in his story of a voyage from Genoa to Buenos Ayres. The captain of the steamer which numbered the charming young blunderer among its passengers, met her one morning and said: "Signorina, we cross the Tropic of Cancer to-day." "Oh, indeed?" she cried with enthusiasm. "Then we shall see something at last."

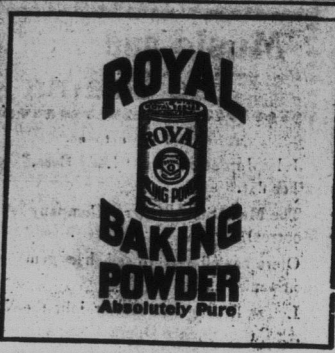
Where the Benefit Comes in

Mrs. Greene—"Now, tell me truly, do you believe it is any benefit to punish children?" Mrs. Berch—"Certainly. You can't imagine how much better I feel after I've given Tom and Mabel a good trouncing."—Boston Transcript.

25 Cents per Pair is all

We ask to do curtains up. Everybody wonders how we do them up so cheap. They will never know. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

If you desire a good head of healthy moist and sweet hair, select the best preparation to accomplish it. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best product of science. The work Satan finds for idle hands is generally pretty well done.



WHERE IS MY BOY? A Teaching story in Connection With a Favorite Old Song.

There are heart songs so intensely and universally human and true that they will always have their occasion and their sympathetic ministry. One of these is the well-known hymn, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" The following is condensed from a chapter of autobiography in the Union Gospel News; A young civil engineer of western Kentucky, who assisted his father in his business of railroad prospecting and surveying, had contracted intemperate habits. His work from place to place threw him into the society of loose men, much more than his father seemed to be aware of, and being a generous, convivial fellow, he paid for his popularity by copying their indulgences.

His dangerous appetite and his occasional fits of dissipation were so shrewdly concealed that his parents were kept in ignorance of them for two years—until he was twenty years old. They were worthy people and constant church-goers, the father being choir-leader and the mother a fine soprano singer.

Once, while the young man was employed on a section of road forty miles from home, it became necessary to "lie over" from Thursday noon till Monday. His father would be detained till Saturday, reaching home in time for the choir rehearsal, but the son returned at once, and went to a liquor saloon to commence a three days' spree.

The saloon-keeper understood his case too well, and kept him hidden in his own apartments. When his father returned, expecting to find the boy at home, a surprise awaited him. Trouble began when the question, "Where's Harry?" informed the startled mother that he was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was to sing a solo, and by special request—because she sang it so well—her selection was to be the hymn, "Where is My Wandering Boy?"

It seemed to her impossible to perform her promise under the circumstances; and when, on Sunday morning, a policeman found Harry, the certainty was no more comforting than the suspense had been; but she was advised that he would be "all right to-morrow morning," and that she had better not see him until he "sobered up." She controlled her grief as well as she could, took her part that day in the choir as usual, and made no change for the evening.

Toward night Harry began to come to himself. His father had hired a man to stay with him and see to his recovery, and when he learned that his mother had been told of his plight, the information cut him to the heart and helped to sober him. When the bells rang, he announced his determination to go to church. He knew nothing of the evening programme. He was still in his working clothes, but no reasoning could dissuade him, and his attendant, after making him as presentable as possible, went with him to the service. Entering early by a side door, they found seats in a secluded corner, but not far from the pulpit and the organ. The house filled, and after the usual succession of prayer, anthem and sermon the time for the solo came. It was probably the first time in that church that a mother had ever sung out of her own soul's distress:

"Oh, where is my wanderin' boy to-night, The child of my love and care?" What faith sustained her, when every word must have been a cruel stab? The great audience caught the feeling of the song, but there was one heart as near to breaking as her own. That As was present she had no knowledge. She had sung the last stanza,

"Go for my wanderin' boy to-night, Go search for him where you will, But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still. Oh, where is my wanderin' boy?" when a young man in a woolen shirt and corduroy trousers and jacket made his way to the chair stairs with outstretched arms, and sobbing like a child, exclaimed:

"Here I am, mother!" The weeping mother hastened down the steps and folded him in her arms. The astonished organist, quick to take in the meaning of the scene, pulled out all his stops and played "Old Hundred"—Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The congregation, with their hundreds of voices joined in the great doxology, while the father, the pastor and the friends of the returned prodigal stood by him with moist eyes and welcoming hands.

The wayward boy ended his wanderings then and there. That moment was a consecration, and the beginning of a life of sobriety and christian usefulness.



Among the hostesses of the week was Mrs. Barker who entertained a number of ladies at tea recently in honor of her guests Miss Black of Halifax and Miss Lorrimer a young lady from Scotland. The rooms were prettily and conveniently arranged, and the guests enjoyed one of the pleasantest events of the season.

Mrs. George Coster and Mrs. Trueman poured tea, and Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Keator and Miss Schofield rendered assistance in looking after the guests. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. G. P. Smith, Mrs. Kirkwood, Miss Bayard, Mrs. Herbert Tilley, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. Jones, Mrs. W. Starr, Miss Thompson, Miss Moss Thompson, Miss Travers, Mrs. V. Vroom, Mrs. Gardiner Taylor, Mrs. Gahan, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Douglas Hazen, Misses Vassie, Miss Travers, Miss Armstrong, Misses McLaren, Miss Dever, Miss White, Miss Peters, and a number of others.

Mrs. Gardner Taylor gave a small tea this week for the entertainment of Mrs. Graham, Mr. Taylor's sister. Mrs. Timmerman and Mrs. Kirkwood who poured tea were assisted by Miss Lollie Harrison, Miss Allison Jones, and Miss Bayard. Among the ladies present were Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. George Smith, Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. Belyes, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. J. Thomson, Mrs. George Jones, Mrs. DeWolf Spurr, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Misses Walker, Misses Vassie, Misses Warner, Misses Jarvis, Miss Kaye, Misses Thomson, Miss Bayard, Miss Tuck, and Miss Keator.

Godfrey's band attracted all the smart set on Thursday afternoon, every body was most enthusiastic the ladies leading off in the applause that followed every number. After the concert there were one or two tea drinkings over which the concert was discussed and the bad management soundly rided.

A very pretty home wedding took place at the home of Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart—Procurator learned and clever contributor "Factor Felix"—at Hampden Me., on Thursday afternoon when his daughter Edith Emeline was united in marriage with Mr. Archer Frederick Leonard of Springfield, Mass.

The house was beautifully decorated with trailing evergreen and hot-house flowers from the conservatory of Carl Beers. The bride was handsomely attired in white corded silk and swiss muslin, and carried a bouquet of bride roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Dora Campbell of Cherryfield, Me., who was beautifully gowned in white muslin, and carried a bouquet of lilacs of the valley. James Lockhart brother of the bride appeared as groomsmen. At five o'clock the wedding party entered to the strains of the bridal chorus from Loehring, played by Miss Grace Perkins. The impressive double ring episcopal service was used by the bride's father who performed the service. A collation was served after which the bridal party left for Bangor leaving by the 8 o'clock p. m. train for an extended trip. The gifts were many in number, valuable testimonials of the high regard in which the bride is held by her many friends. Miss Lockhart has been a successful teacher in the Central street school at Springfield Mass., where she has a large circle of friends. Mr. Leonard belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in that city. Their residence will be at 219 Central street Springfield, Mass.

The following poem written by Mr. George Martin of Montreal was read after the marriage service: Epithalamium.

All the loves with pinions spread, In this budding month of may, Hover over Edith's head, Smiling on her nuptial day.

All the Graces on her wait, Breathing incense on the bride; Wisdom, thoughtful and sedate, Eyes her with a look of pride.

Linked in one harmonic ring, Sylphs in chorus gladly sing: Joy, joy to the bride! Our Queen of the May, And the Prince by her side— Prince of Loveland to day.

Tell, tell to the sea, Thon beautiful river, Tell Neptune that we Shall encompass them ever.

Linked in one harmonic ring, We in chorus gladly sing; Haste thee, Flora, it is meet To weave a carpet for their feet; Lilies of the valley white, Buttercups for their delight, Violets of varied hue, Blushing in their bath of dew; These in rich profusion spread Wherever they may tread.

Haste thee while the sun is bright, Rapture in his glossy wings; Haste thee while the humble bee— Gallant fellow—even he! Feepling through the window pane, Grooms them with his sleepy strain. Linked in one harmonic ring We in chorus gladly sing.

Joy, joy to the bride! Ever glad be her brow, And the Prince by her side, More than Prince to her now.

Mrs. (Rev.) Fisher of Fairville is entertaining this week Mr. Fisher's sister, Mrs. Windsor of Montreal.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White returned the beginning of the week from a trip to Boston, New York and the Upper Canadian cities.

Mr. George Robertson was in London last Saturday.

Judge Barker has returned from a six months trip through Europe. His daughter, Miss Madeline Barker accompanied him to Germany and remains there at school.

Mr. Wm. McIntyre spent part of this week in P. E. Island.

Mrs. E. E. Rice and Miss Rice came over from Bear River for a short visit to the city this week.

Mrs. John Leane, Miss Melnich and Mr. John Leane of Woodstock were here for a day or two. The Star mission circle of Exmouth street Methodist church gave a very enjoyable entertainment this week in the Sunday school rooms. It was very largely attended and the audience found the following well rendered programme very interesting: Piano solo, Mr. Wilbur, Reading, Rev. W. W. Salanie, Solo, Mr. Wm. Spies, Solo, Miss Munroe, Reading, Ald. Maxwell, Solo, Miss Bradley, Reading, Miss Gregory, Auto-harp, Mr. Bastin, Piano solo, M. Shaw, Piano duet, Misses Cochran and Myles.

Mrs. Eben Perkins and Miss Perkins have returned from a very enjoyable visit to Boston.

Says the Ottawa Journal of May 13th:—Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, who have been staying with Mr. Justice and Mrs. King for some time past, leave Ottawa today and will sail for England on the Parisian. Mrs. Austin, of St. John, N. B., who is sister of Mrs. King, is expected to arrive in town tomorrow.

Mr. Arthur Hazen of St. John has recently been promoted in the service of the Bank of British North America. Mr. Hazen is at present in New York.

Mrs. H. J. Olive of Carleton entertained Miss Ben Olief during the latter's stay in the city.

Miss Carrie McLaughlin of Truro, has been staying in the city for a few days.

Mrs. Babbitt arrived from Fredericton this week on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin.

Mr. C. H. Flood returned this week via Rimouski, from a trip to the old country.

During their stay in Ottawa Mrs. Frank Rankine and Miss Rankine are being entertained by Hon. W. S. Fielding and Mrs. Fielding.

Miss Allie Wetmore spent an evening in the city lately on the way to her home in Moncton from Boston, where she has been studying music for some time. Her presence in the city was taken advantage of for a musical evening in German street Baptist church, arranged by members of the congregation. Miss Wetmore has only had the advantage of six months study in the United States, but she showed a marked improvement in her style and method; her friends are delighted with the success she has made and are very sanguine in regard to her future should she continue in the very satisfactory manner which has so far marked her career.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Drysdale of Quebec were in the city for a day or two this week.

A very pleasant parlor concert was held at the residence of Miss Rankin Sedell, Duke street, Carleton, on Tuesday evening. A large number were present and the following excellent programme was most successfully rendered: Piano duet, overture, Tancredi; quartette, I Know a Bank; solo, When the Heart is Young, Mrs. W. H. Harding; reading; Mrs. Sampson; piano solo, Mrs. Montgomery; solo, The Holy City, Miss Bessie Wetmore; autoharp selection, Mrs. Lemon. Intermission. Piano duet; Misses Carter and Hayward; reading, J. B. M. Baxter; part songs for female voices, When the Dew drops on the Daisies; solo, A Dream of Paradise, Miss S. Allison Knight; reading, Miss Lander; vocal duet, Rev. Mr. Sampson and J. Long; solo, When the Clock Strikes Ten, Mrs. Trueman; piano solo, Mrs. Montgomery; quartette, Brightly.

The marriage was solemnized this week of Miss Margaret Wilson daughter of Mr. John Wilson of Musquash, and Mr. Harry L. Cowan of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Cowan have many friends here who will wish them every happiness in their wedded life. They were the recipients of many handsome gifts from friends here and elsewhere.

Miss Nora Blackwell of Bath Me., is paying a visit to a former schoolmate, Miss Jennie Smith of the West End.

Mr. A. J. Tingley of Moncton was in the city for a day or two during the week.

Mr. H. Grahan Donnelly, a playwright whose name is becoming very well known, was in St. John this week for a few days. Mr. Donnelly was delighted with the city and will spend the most of the summer here.

Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, who recently spent a few days visiting her mother Mrs. Charles Drinkwater of Montreal, has returned to St. John.

Mr. R. McG. Fraser of New Glasgow, was in the city this week.

Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe of Fredericton spent a day or two in the city during the week.

The Bicycle Minstrels held their annual concert this week and attracted fair audiences. The programme on Wednesday evening was extremely varied; and perhaps a trifle too long as it was nearly midnight before the curtain went down upon the final scene.

The audience was an extremely cold one and with the exception of that bestowed upon some of the 'solists' there was scarcely any applause. That may have been due however to the fact that most of the jokes in the first part had lost their original freshness and had left their first youth behind long ago. The little sketch between Messrs. McPeake and Duffell "Educating An Actress" was extremely funny and bright, and indeed it may be said that these gentlemen carried off the honors of the evening; they were excellent in whatever part they appeared. It can hardly be said that "The Pirates of the Bay of Fundy" was a success. It was not the fault of the principal actors though, or the "pirates"; they all did splendidly in their various parts and in a measure their excellent work atoned for the terribly dull and uninteresting dialogue. One expected something bright and breezy but they didn't get it. The solists were at their best in this and every one of them did good work, so that after all it was only the playwright who is to blame for the way in which the piece was received. The circle was arranged as follows:

Bones—James Duffell, R. S. Ritchie, A. H. Lindsay, Tambor—J. E. McPeake, Geo. Price, Sydney Young. Interlocutor—G. C. Jordan, J. J. Cole, W. McFarlane, F. Hovenor, W. Harney, Wm. Robertson, R. Gregory, E. Godsoe, W. McDonald, G. M. Boyd, A. E. Fiemming, A. B. Hannay, W. Davis, H. Dunn, W. Baird, F. A. McCluskey, H. E. McCluskey, Frank Watson, Jean McDermid, F. Roden, Fred Fowler, E. Fowler, E. McCafferty, W. Hilde, S. Kerr, H. Allison, E. R. W. Ingleson, H. Boncher, A. Blodgett, E. Sturdee, S. Smith, P. C. Robinson, Chas. Sney, F. Hogan, H. E. Clark, J. Stanton, H. Doody, E. Harkin, G. Rindeman, W. H. Thompson, G. C. Jordan, G. E. Price, W. Rogers, T. Finn, W. B. Howard, G. W. Howard, F. Hovenor, J. Cochran, A. G. Boyne, H. Fry, W. H. Underhill.

The following was the cast of characters in the

"Pirates" Pirate King, from Halifax, R. S. Ritchie Samuel, his lieutenant, E. H. McCluskey; Fred, his apprentice, F. A. McCluskey; major general, a staunch upholder of St. John as a winter port, A. H. Lindsay; Sergt. Lopez, J. E. McPeake; Mabel Jan, Duffell; Edith, Sidney Young; Kate, Harry Doody; Bath, a Nova Scotia beauty, Frank Watson; pirates, policemen and chorus of major general's daughters;

Mr. Torton of Toronto was present and rendered two songs: "Their heads nestle closer together," and "The Baby on the wall" in a very pleasing manner and won a great deal of merited applause.

The friends of Mrs. Chipman of St. Stephen, Lady Tilley's mother, will be very glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. H. W. Goddard is in St. Stephen for a month's stay with friends there and in other parts of the St. Croix.

Mr. Charles K. Short spent a few days in Richibucto lately with his brother Mr. W. W. Short.

BOROTON.

(ADDITIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

Miss Ida Northrup of Newton hospital, Mass., daughter of Mr. C. B. Northrup of this city, whose serious illness was noted some months ago, reached town on Friday to spend a few weeks vacation with her parents. Miss Northrup friends will be glad to hear that she has quite recovered her health. Speaking of Miss Northrup's illness reminds me that the nurses at Newton seem to be rather afflicted, Miss Florence Wortman and Miss Anna Crossdale have both been suffering from diphtheria lately, and now the news has been received that Miss Crossdale has appendicitis, and it is expected that she will be obliged to undergo an operation. Miss Crossdale's Montreal friends will be sorry to hear of her continued illness.

Miss Randolph of Fredericton is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, Highfield street.

Miss Follock of Fredericton, is visiting Mrs. Barker of Church street.

Miss Theal of Queen street, left this afternoon on the first stage of a prolonged holiday trip. Miss Theal intends spending the entire summer in England, visiting relatives; her numerous friends will join in wishing her the pleasantest of trips, and a safe return.

A large number of regretful friends gathered at the I. C. R. station last evening to bid farewell to Mrs. F. E. P. Brown and the Misses Brown, who were taking their departure for Montreal, where they intend residing in future. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their daughters will be greatly missed in Moncton society, and they leave behind them many warm friends, who will wish them every possible happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Mrs. A. Murray of Queen street returned on Saturday from a month's visit to friends in St. John, and Eastport, Maine.

Mr. Robert Thompson formerly of the I. C. R. freight department, but now of Boston where he holds a similar position is spending a few days at his home in this city.

Dr. Clarence Webster of Montreal, who has been so seriously ill for many weeks, passed through Moncton last week, enroute to his former home in Shadisco, where he will spend the summer remaining until his health is entirely restored. Dr. Webster is still quite an invalid but is gradually regaining his strength.

Course me tared my clothes, Cos me's a boy! Girls jus' go fassin' rou'n' all day, An' sew doll-clothes, an' call it play— Me don't like girls, they'll never do A single thing a boy wants to: 'Oh, you're so rough—you pulled my hair— You jus' go 'long—you don't play fair,' Is wast' this say, 'Where have me be's? Me climbed a tree, an' fell, an' then— Course me tared me clothes. Cos me's a boy.

Course me tared my clothes, Cos me's a boy! Wants my feathers growed, an' me fly 'way— Fly 'way of, an' alius stay? Guess you'd cry, if I say, come back, An' tear the clothes all off your back! Guess then you'd wish you didn't scold, Jus' cos a boy is growing old! You needn't bayed me—so there now, You might a buyed a mooly cow! Course me tared my clothes, I me's a boy.

The T ee Helpers. "Come, little ones, with earnest speed Begin your garden spot to till; Prepare the soil and sow the seed, And we will help you with good will."

So spake the generous helpers three Who, journeying on their different ways, The children's allies meant to be. All through the beautiful summer days.

One came with many a little ray To coax the seedlings from their bed; One from the loud clouds soft and gray In time of need his rain-drops shed.

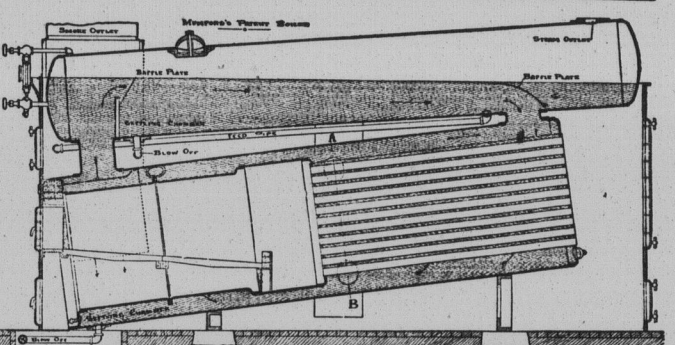
And one his frolic breezes brought; Around the garden space they ran, The blossom-children to refresh, Each with a little perfumed fan.

—MARY F. BUTTS

Fry's Cocoa. Pure Healthful Stimulating. Sold everywhere.

Have You Seen The Fine Bicycle Offered to the Users of Welcome Soap? For the Wrappers from Two (2) Boxes of "Welcome" Soap and \$35 50 Cash. No wonder so many people use the old reliable "Welcome" Soap and ride a Bicycle. The most stylish model and best wheel of the season guaranteed and up-to-date in every particular. The Greatest Premium Offer of The Year. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John N. B.

Clean Dyeing Maypole Soap. That brilliant, fadeless, quick, sure Home Dye "Maypole Soap," doesn't dye the hands. Powder Dyes are relics of the forgotten past—they dye everything in sight that you don't want dyed. All colors of progressive druggists and grocers. An interesting and instructive book about Home Dyeing by addressing the wholesale Depot 4 Place Royale Montreal.



Mumford's Improved Boiler. Internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes. Robb Engineering Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to Progress for \$2.50. This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces. Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

When You Order PHILIP ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. "Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—Encyclopaedia Britannica. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage, for diet or medicine."—Dr. Davy. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchants, 621 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DeFRETAS, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
LAWSON BROTHERS, 111 Hollis street
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. B.
C. S. BOSTON, 100 Hollis St.

Last week was a very quiet one after the gaieties of the preceding one. The most thought is chiefly in fishing and the ladies are devoting their time to the annual spring cleaning.

Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a dinner followed by a small dance on Wednesday last week. There were many new faces and old faces were in some cases a great deal missed.

The latest reports of the flagship is that she will arrive here in time for the review to take place on the Queen's birthday.

The dance given on Friday evening at Wright's building by the Cordelia, Pelican, and Columbine was one of the best and cheeriest entertainments possible.

Colonel and Mrs. Price-Lewis are here from England and are staying at the Grosvenor. Mrs. Price-Lewis is a daughter of the late Thomas Kinneer and his sister to Mr. Hamilton's mythic.

The marriage of Miss Lillie Graham's eldest daughter of Mr. Justice Graham with Mr. Spencer of the Intrepid takes place the end of next month. This will be one of three June weddings.

YARMOUTH.

Progress for sale in Yarmouth by Thomson & Co., E. J. Vickery, and J. A. Craig.

MAY 18.—The past week has been brim full of enjoyment for the fun lovers, and an unusually gay one. Invitations are now out for a very recherche musicale and recital to be given by Miss Hudson in the drawing-rooms of the Grand.

One of the prettiest parties of the season was given on Friday evening by Miss Brown and Miss Murray. It took place at McLaughlin's Hall, where the spacious rooms were most artistically festooned with bright Chinese lanterns, floating flags and bunting, and every available corner filled with cosy seats "just for two."

About forty were present and chased the glowing hours with flying feet, until twelve o'clock, when a treat was given in the way of music and solos by some of our best singers, after which a dainty menu was served; ere the "inner man" was regaled the tired but merry dancers resumed the Terpsichorean art for another two hours, then bade their gracious hostess good night.

There were some pretty gowns among the fair ones, but none was daintier or more becoming than those worn by Miss Brown and Miss Murray; the former elegant in a soft rose-satin gown decorated with frills of gossamer black chiffon falling low over the shoulders.

Miss Rita Ross, (St. Stephen, N. B.) black silk, low corsage of green velvet, pink silk trimmings natural flowers.

Miss Whinnie McGray, white crepe de chine, pink satin trimmings.
Miss Marrow, white dotted muslin, white lace and ribbons.
Miss Dara Marrow, white muslin.
Miss Florence Tooker, yellow silk with overdress of tinseled gauze.

Those present were: Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Bown, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Farris, Mrs. Gussie Gray, Mrs. Marion Murray, Miss Lydia Killam, Miss Joan Gardner, Miss Wannie McGray, Miss Florence Tooker, Miss Blanche Hudson, Miss Dora Tooker.

Mr. F. Hibbert, Mr. W. Spinnery, Mr. Arenburg, Mr. Alex. Murray, Mr. J. C. Gillis, Mr. B. Burill, Mr. A. Stoneham, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Prescott Baker, Mr. V. Baker, Mr. McKay, Dr. W. G. Farish, Mr. Murray.

One of the charming functions of the week was the party given by Mrs. E. K. Spinnery in honor of Miss Ross of St. Stephen, N. B. This affair was made doubly pleasant by a generous sprinkling of the married set and Mrs. Spinnery's handsome rooms were quite crowded, making what might be called a fashionable "crush."

The amusement was progressive enchanre and the contest was quite exciting until the end, when Miss Florence Tooker carried off the honors winning a dainty wedgewood chocolate stand and Dr. Putnam the gentleman's first prize. Mrs. W. D. Ross got the consolation prize a pair of scissors and Mr. J. C. Gillis was awarded for his failure with a cork-screw.

Mrs. Spinnery was handsomely gowned in heliotrope silk with overdress in a lighter shade of tints d'esprit. Miss Ross's queenly beauty was enhanced by a pale blue creation with pink roses; her massive hair arranged in a high twist.

Mrs. Wheaton, pink silk.
Mrs. Holly, St. John, black satin blue corsage.
Mrs. Leslie Lovitt, black silk blue trimmings.
Mrs. W. D. Ross, black velvet yellow flowers.
Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, black silk, lace and jet.
Mrs. Gus Can, black silk.
Mrs. W. G. Putnam, black velvet point lace.
Miss Clara Killam, black silk fancy silk trimmings.

Mrs. Shaw, blue silk natural flowers.
Mrs. W. G. T. Farish, mauve silk, decollete, green chiffon trimmings.
Miss Lydia Killam, pink organdie over silk.
Mrs. Bessie Lovitt, gold red silk.
Miss Bown, black silk, pink corsage.
Miss Webster, white silk with decorations of green velvet, flowers.

Miss Murray, white muslin, lace and ribbons.
Miss Gray, pink silk, chiffon trimmings.
Miss Dora Marrow, white muslin.
Miss Dora Tooker, black lace, flowers.
Miss Eva Felton, black tulle, lace trimmings.
Miss Polly French, (Tennessee), organdie with green decorations.

Mrs. P. St. C. Hamilton, a very becoming gown of heliotrope silk.
Mrs. Ford was handsome in black and white silk.
Mrs. Kennedy, black lace, crimson flowers.
Miss Notting, black silk, yellow chiffon.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. Holly, (St. John), Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Murray.

A Letter for Grandpa. The man who takes proper care of his health in youth and maturity lives to smile as he reads the letters of his grandchildren. It's worth something to die with a little daily care and thought for health. It's worth a dollar here and there for the right remedy for the insidious ills that make the big diseases.

When a man's liver is "out of whack" or his digestion is bad, or his appetite "finicky," he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes a man "hungry for a horse." It fills the blood with the life-giving elements of the food a man takes. It is the great liver invigorator. It makes the digestion perfect. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It drives all impurities from the system. It cures nervous prostration, bilious complaints, malarial troubles and 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. The medicine dealer who offers a substitute for the sake of a few extra pennies profit, is dishonest.

"Would have written you before now, but thought I would not until I got entirely well," writes Mrs. Mary Tibbe, of Hitchcock, Alveston Co., Tex. "Now I am pleased to say that I am sound and well. I have been using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' We think your medicine the best in the world. I was troubled with female weakness, headaches, cold feet and hands, a disagreeable drain and general weakness, was exceedingly nervous, had poor appetite, constipation, distress in the stomach, much flow, falling of internal organs, of two years' standing. I used 'Favorite Prescription' and three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' completely restored my health." Constipation and biliousness are nasty, nagging disorders that keep men to work man dull and miserable. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure, speedy, permanent cure. One little 'Pellet' is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. Dealers sell them. Nothing is "just as good."

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chan, Dr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. Cole, Miss Killam, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Dr. and Mrs. Farish.

Mrs. P. St. C. Hamilton, Miss Clements, Miss Killam, Miss Murray, Miss Notting, Miss Dora Marrow, Miss Gray, Miss Flo Tooker, Miss Felton, Mrs. Kennedy, Dr. Murphy, Mr. Gillis, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Gordon, Mr. C. Feltus, Mr. C. Munro, Mr. H. Munro, Mr. Allison, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Aramburg, Mr. W. Blingay.

The Tea and Apron Sale which took place at the vestry of St. John's Presbyterian church this morning afternoon and evening was a success in every way. First of all, a delicious tea consisting of every concoction of woman's device in the culinary art was there, and all for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Dore of Somerville, Mass., and a sister of Mr. Stephen Murray, is the guest of friends here, and on Friday afternoon a delightful tea was given by Mrs. Bessie Lovitt in honor of Mrs. Dore.

Misses Bourn and Murray's junior dancing class gave a party on Tuesday evening at the studio of these young ladies, and was given as a wind-up to a series of lessons. It was quite surprising to see the little dancers go through the intricate evolutions of the most advanced and grown-up dancer, and the parents of the little people expressed delight at the progress the children had made.

The Assembly dance at Mr. Medcal's rooms on Main street was a brilliant success on Thursday evening to a host of the younger set being present. It was just cool enough to make dancing delightful, and the "buds" say they had a lovely time. Among those present were, Miss Ross, Miss Crox, Miss Murray, Miss N. Gardner, Miss J. Gardner, Miss Crosby, Miss L. Killam, Miss Marrow, Miss F. Brown, Miss Jolly, Miss Kate Jolly, Miss Toker, Mrs. Baker, Mr. Murphy, Singay, Felton, W. Kelley, Mr. B. C. Smith, Mr. C. J. Black of Amherst were in attendance, all the Parraboro lawyers as well.

Mr. Alloway was lately the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mann for a few days. Mr. Charles E. Byfield and child are visiting Mr. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have again begun housekeeping having taken Mr. Lawson Jenks house. Miss Johnson Dr. Johnson's sister is a guest at present. The Eborath League gave an interesting "Irish evening" on Tuesday. There were plenty of tempting refreshments accompanying the literary treat.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod have returned from a visit to friends at Wolfville. Mr. Charles Howard lately joined her husband in Halifax to accompany him to Bermuda. Rev. H. Reid has come to Parraboro as assistant to Rev. H. H. McLeod.

Upon receiving the sad intelligence of the death of her husband, Mrs. F. Beverly left for St. John, on Monday. Mrs. Beverly has much sympathy. Mr. F. York has been spending a few days here last autumn Mr. York and his family removed to Hortonville. Mr. and Mrs. George Cole of Amherst spent Sunday with their relatives in Parraboro.

Mr. J. Aubrey of Stephen has been paying a visit to his parents. The ladies of St. George's church are making preparations for the 4th, there will be a number of refreshment tables all day and a tea in the afternoon for the excursionists who are expected and everyone who will patronize them. Dr. Hayes has just moved his family here from Springhill.

The Victoria bicycle club composed of about fifty members, single people, exclusively met for the first time this evening, starting from the home of Miss Fio Smith secretary of the club. The meetings will be fortnightly.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected, until the inflammation is removed. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all kinds of lameness, Colic, Croup, Spasms, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and other ailments. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

85,000 Endorse to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my nine horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blood" with the best effects. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain your respectfully, E. L. ROY WILKES, Prop. Hotel DuRoi. PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents for Canada.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

SACKVILLE.

Progress for sale in Sackville by W. J. Gosselin.

MAY 18.—Wednesday last a very small and informal May-flower picnic was given by Mrs. Mundy. The guests were, Miss Sprague and Miss Muriel Brown, Miss Mundy and Messrs. Peck, Porter, Chapp and others. They went to a pretty spot in the woods near O. G. G.'s mill where they had tea, and late in the season it was very fortunate in finding the most pink tipped flowers.

Friday afternoon, arbor day was celebrated in the Central school by an elaborate and attractive entertainment. The platform was enlarged and carpeted, draped with curtains and adorned with several pieces of in nature, conspicuous among which was the organ banked with flowers. The whole room was brightened with potted plants, and the seats were nearly all left for visitors, of whom there was a large number, in fact it would have been impossible for more to have gained admittance.

The programme was as follows. Chorus by Miss Bessie Young's scholars; recitation by Jack Willis, Miss Muriel Brown, Miss Mundy and Messrs. Peck, Porter, Chapp and others. They went to a pretty spot in the woods near O. G. G.'s mill where they had tea, and late in the season it was very fortunate in finding the most pink tipped flowers.

Friday evening the second recital of the M. T. H. Allston piano graduates took place in Betho-ven Hall, that of Miss G. Sherwood, Sussex. This young lady is a decidedly promising player and probably has a musical career ahead of her. The magnificent Sonata and Inigo of Bach, was played in a manner worthy of the composition and Miss Sherwood showed besides the technical skill necessary for the work an intellectual appreciation of its beauty. In the Beethoven Sonata she was equally successful and the Fatsia by Chopin, one of the great Polish master's greatest works, was a revelation both in tone coloring and breath of treatment. She was very happy in her rendering of modern composers but perhaps showed at her best in the Symphonique Etudes of Schumann which she gave in a very artistic manner. The audience was disappointed at not hearing Miss Wright who was down for two songs but as she was unfortunately down at the same time with a horse she did not appear. Miss Benedict kindly filled one gap with her tanelo violin, giving a selection from Li Traratore with great sweetness. Her rendering of the Prison song was particularly sympathetic. Miss Evans reading from Sentimental Tommy made an extremely pleasant variation. Miss Sherwood was starred in white muslin with transparent sleeves, Miss Benedict was in white trimmed with lace and Miss Evans was also gowned in the same dainty material adorned with a blue sash.

New dresses are very much the order of the day just now and all the dressmakers are rushed with orders. One of them has undertaken to finish 27 dresses in much less than that number of days. I understand there are to be some exceptionally pretty costumes for grand receptions.

Miss Mattie Woodworth was the guest of Mrs. Wiggins from Friday till Tuesday. Miss Robinson returned from Halifax Monday. Among those going to Moncton for the Godfrey Band concert are Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison and Mrs. Faxon who will be the guests of Mrs. J. Y. Smith.

Lady Smith and Mrs. J. Chandler drove through to Sackville Wednesday last. Mrs. Arthur Black has returned from a visit in Amherst. Mr. Allen Inspector of the Halifax Banking Co., was in Sackville last week. Mr. James Dixon is recovering from his late illness, a severe attack of neuralgia of the chest. Miss Beatrice Freeman is visiting friends in Point de Bute.

The Misses Linds who formerly taught school in Sackville, after spending a successful winter at the

Novelties —IN— New = York Hats! Personally selected and bought from the manufacturers for spot cash at lowest possible prices. Advantage has been taken of

The War Scare to secure New York Millinery at prices never before heard of in St. John.

GOODS OPENED YESTERDAY! The Parisian. RHEUMATISM CURED

Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion. The Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Spring Lamb and Chickens, Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes

THOMAS DEAN, City Market. MACKEREL AND SHAD Large Salt Mackerel. Large Salt Economy Shad. No. 1 Salt Herring. In Small Kits for Family Use, at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER. CROCKETT'S.... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lecitholysin" Method; also "Synthet System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. W. H. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

YOUR BABY'S SKIN NEEDS "BABY'S OWN SOAP" NONE BETTER FOR DELICATE SKINS

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

Boston School of Oratory has returned to their home in Albert county.

Among the visitors expected for the Mt. Allison wedding are Mrs. Poole, Charlotetown; the Misses Weddell, St. John; J. D. Chipman, St. Stephen; Mrs. Geo. Trueman, St. Martins; Dr. Webster, Shediac.

Master Beverly Allison hurt his knee rather severely lately by a fall from his bicycle, and has been confined to the house for a few days.

Mrs. Edgar Weldon and child are visiting Mrs. Obid Weldon, Equine street.

Rev. C. F. Wiggins went to Sussex today to attend the Sunday school convention.

Mr. Murray captured the house at the late concert in Moncton.

Mrs. Allen Wells who is at present the guest of Judge Wells, will visit friends in Rockville in the near future.

LADY OF SHALOTT.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, T. W. Achesson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.

MAY 18.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torrance of Halifax are expected here to day to visit at Hawthorne Hall, Mrs. Torrance's father, Judge Stevens.

Miss Emma Watson has opened her residence on Water street, and will occupy it during the summer. Miss Watson has been the guest of Mrs. C. N. Vroom for several months.

Mrs. Julia Laughton of Portland, Maine, is visiting friends in Calais.

Mrs. S. H. Blair has gone to Jersey city to visit her cousin Mrs. Sarah Moody and intends to spend the rest of this month there.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meredith have returned from New York city, where they have spent a number of weeks.

Miss Katherine Copeland has returned from Boston. Dana Rumor says Miss Copeland's marriage to Mr. Dunbar of Cambridge, Mass., takes place among the early June weddings.

Miss Alice Pike has gone to Philadelphia to spend a few weeks before returning to her home in Calais.

Mrs. James Murray, has returned from Boston, greatly improved in health.

Mr. Frank V. Lee who accompanied Company K to Augusta, Maine as Lieut. has returned home and resumed his position in the Calais National Bank.

Miss Mabel Harris of Machias, Maine, spent a day or two in Calais last week.

Rev. W. C. Goucher, is very ill and was unable to attend to his church duties last Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Cason is confined to her home with an attack of muscular rheumatism.

Mrs. John Cummings is visiting relatives in Portland, Maine.

Mr. John Clarke Taylor of Boston, arrived on Friday last and will visit Grand Lake Stream to indulge in a week's fishing.

Mrs. Charles D. Hill is the guest of her aunt Mrs. C. E. Swan.

Rev. Thomas Marshall, of the Methodist Church, is spending this week in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

Mr. Guy Murchie, who has volunteered among the Harvard volunteers at Cambridge, Mass., will be in the famous regiment of rough riders, organized by Colonel Wood. He will serve as Lieut. and with the rest of the volunteers has gone to San Antonio, Texas, where the regiment is now stationed.

Miss Noe Clarke left yesterday for Boston where she will spend several weeks with her aunt Mrs. Annie Melick.

Miss Fowler of Brookline, Mass., is visiting friends in Calais.

Mr. Heber Todd arrived from Fredericton last week and will spend several days on the St. Croix with relatives before he leaves for Grand Manan to spend the summer. Mr. Todd is a talented young artist and has several times given exhibitions of his pictures here, which are usually of the bold sea coast of Grand Manan and vicinity.

Mr. Leo D. Lammond has arrived from Boston and has entered into a partnership with Mr. Colin MacNicol of Eastport and intends to reside in that city in the future.

Manager Coffin of the Eastern Trust and Banking

BUY **Colman's Salt** THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Co., has been spending a few days in Calais recently.

A very fashionable and brilliant wedding in which so many of the St. Croix have been much interested was that of Miss Edith Hale King, third daughter of the late Mr. W. Stott King, to Mr. Jerry Dickerman, Bates of the United States customs of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, which took place on the evening of May 4th. at the residence of her brother Mr. Frederick E. King in Portland, Maine. The wedding has been most graphically described to PROGRESS correspondent. At half past eight o'clock the bridal procession came down the broad stairs and slowly entered the spacious drawing room. First in the procession were six bridesmaids, Miss Mellicie Mellick, gowned in grey silk, Miss Marion Webster in pink silk, Miss Margaret Jordan in pink and grey silk, Miss Helen Brown in pale blue, Miss Helen Thomas in white silk and Miss Marion Chapman in pink silk. They followed the maid of honor Miss Louise Gage who was attired in white net over blue silk, and carried an immense bouquet of American beauty roses, she was followed by the bride and groom. The bride who is a petite brunette looked lovely in an exquisite gown of embroidered chiffon over white tulle, she wore a veil of tulle and wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. The groom was in full evening dress. As the bridal procession advanced through the hall to the reception room the Swedish wedding march was played by the orchestra. The escort of bridesmaids formed a semicircle around the bride and groom during the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Dr. Fenn and was very impressive. At its close the orchestra played Mendelssohn's wedding march. The house was beautifully adorned for the occasion with flowers, palms, ferns and foliage plants in endless variety. The prevailing color used in the floral decorations in the drawing room was red, and in the dining room blue. After the ceremony and congratulatory supper was served and the dancing waxed long and merry until a late hour. The toilettes of the guests were extremely rich and elegant. Mrs. W. Trot King, mother of the bride, was beautifully gowned in a costume of black silk, girdled over lavender silk. Mrs. Henry C. Bates, mother of the groom, was attired in a handsome Worth gown of black silk heavily trimmed with jet passementerie. Mrs. Fredric E. King wore a beige colored grenadine over turquoise blue silk.

Mrs. J. F. Duren of Calais, sister of the bride, Miss Marie Sturt Reeve of Brighton, Vermont and Mr. F. W. Webb of Montreal were among the guests from out of town. The presents were unusually handsome and valuable, they were so numerous they filled a room and were greatly admired. Miss King during her residence in Calais was a great favorite in society on both sides of the St. Croix, and her many friends most heartily congratulate her on her happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Bates are now on their wedding tour, and at its conclusion will reside at Island Pond.

Mrs. Babbitt left yesterday for St. John to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin. Madame Chipman is recovering from her illness much to the relief of her family and parents.

Mrs. E. W. Goddard of St. John is in town and will visit friends for a month.

Company K returned to Calais yesterday, from Augusta. The Ferry Point Band was out to welcome them home. Cannon was fired and there was a general rejoicing. Only nine of the company who enlisted in the first regiment, will see any actual fighting or take any part in the war.

Mrs. Fredric Morrill, left for her home in Bangor today, after a visit of two weeks with friends here.

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Macdonald's, and at Railway News Depot.

MAY 18.—The city is full of strangers today, drawn here by the irresistible attraction of Godfrey's famous play. For the past two weeks we have been paying the clerk of the weather would be in a gracious mood and send us a fine day for the great occasion. The feminine portion of the population have been especially earnest in their petitions for fair weather because the rink is very much in the habit of leaking when the clouds drop fatness. Fortunately though, the seats have been arranged differently this time, the band stand being in the centre of the rink, and as the worst leak used to be just in that spot, the bandsmen will catch the most of the drip, and the pretty summer costumes of the ladies be comparatively safe. A disgusting rumor has been set afloat that the rink is to be surrounded by a cordon of police to prevent the crowd from drinking in free music outside, instead of paying its dollar cheerfully to get in. Also that an impassable barrier of some kind—probably rope—will be erected with a certain distance from the rink, with the same object in view. The heart of the small boy is naturally heavy within him at this news, but fortunately no rope portiere is thick enough to keep every sound out, and even if every policeman in the city should be drafted for the "cor don" that will only mean one at each corner of the rink, and the Marshal for the front door; so there should be lots of chances for the small boy and his bigger brother if they are active enough to take advantage of them.

The concert given in the Opera house on Friday evening for the benefit of the hospital fund, by the Star concert company, was an unqualified success from a musical point of view, and I trust from a financial one also. A large audience greeted the performers, and testified their appreciation by encooring every number. Mr. Thomas Murray of Backville, who assisted the company was obliged to respond to double and triple encores. Miss Warnock, although she was far from well, succeeded in pleasing her audience and sang very sweetly, while Miss McCallum was unanimously voted one of the best vocalists who have ever visited Moncton. Miss McKay is a very charming pianist.

The Hospital Board met last Wednesday evening and the Chairman, Mr. Willett announced that he had received the sum of fourteen dollars and thirty four cents from Mr. F. R. F. Brown, the result of collections in St. George's church. Mrs. Brown has always been deeply interested in the hospital project, and has worked hard to obtain the necessary funds for an ambulance. She expressed the hope that the present sum would prove the nucleus to provide an ambulance for the hospital. The Board were unanimous in appointing Miss Grant matron, to assume her duties as soon as the wards were put in order.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Gallagher of Dorchester spent a day in town last week.

Moncton people were greatly shocked on Thursday morning to hear of the sudden death of Mr. E. M. Stevens, locomotive foreman at Truro, and for many years a resident of Moncton. Mr. Stevens had not been in his usual health for a couple of months past, but no serious results were anticipated until last Wednesday morning, when he was suddenly seized with apoplexy, remaining unconscious for a few hours and then passing peacefully away. Mr. Stevens was universally esteemed in Moncton, and the deepest sympathy will be felt for the widow and family in their deep affliction. Mr. Stevens left four children, Mrs. E. A. Knight of this city,

Mrs. Taylor of Backville, Miss Stevens who resides in Truro with her mother, and Mr. Alfred Stevens of British Columbia. The body was taken to St. John on Friday for interment. The flag on the L. C. R. general office flew at half mast all day in token of respect for the deceased.

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas Bulmer, eldest daughter of Mr. A. E. Killam, who died at her home on McLaughlin Road last week, took place on Thursday afternoon from her father's residence on Fleet street, and was very largely attended. The services at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. W. B. Elson. The pall bearers were, Messrs Andrew Jones, Percy Crandall, H. McGregor, A. E. Wall, Charles Harris and Albert Walden.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nickerson and family, left town on Monday for Nelson, British Columbia, where they intend residing in future. A number of their friends gathered at the station to bid them God speed on their journey; and while deeply regretting their departure their numerous friends will unite in wishing them every prosperity and happiness in their new home.

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 18.—Rev. Mr. Lavers on Sunday morning May 8th, baptised six persons. The services at the water was very impressive and witnessed by a large number. In the evening the right hand of fellowship was extended to the candidates.

Miss Lucy McKenzie is visiting at Mrs. John Dewar's.

Mr. Abram Young who has been spending the winter in Bridgetown N. S. has returned home accompanied by two of her grandchildren and Miss Brown.

After spending a short time with her daughter Mrs. Gillespie has returned to her home in Beaver Harbor. Before leaving Mrs. James McKay entertained a party of friends for her pleasure. They were Miss Smith, Mr. Douglas Smith, Miss Chaburn, Mr. A. Mealey, Misses Parks and Mr. Hazen McGee.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Craig were the happy parents of twin boys who arrived at their home on Wednesday but the short life of one is regretted.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McVicar are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little stranger. On Wednesday after a long illness, Mrs. Harvey an elderly lady passed peacefully away. Two sons survive her, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Ernest Harvey. The funeral took place from Christ church, Penfield on Friday, Rev. R. I. Smith officiating.

Rev. Mr. Foote, missionary from Cores lectured in the Presbyterian church on Thursday evening.

Mr. Edwin Capen is visiting Eastport friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gillmor, Master Horace and Mr. Percy Gillmor arrived from Montreal on Monday afternoon.

Two of our popular young people, Miss Estella Brown and Mr. Morris Clinch are to be united in marriage today Wednesday, in St. Andrews.

Mrs. E. Laugel Russell and little daughter Ruth left on Thursday to visit friends in Onoko, Mr. Russell accompanied them to St. John.

Mr. George H. Hbard and daughter Flossie, spent Sunday in town.

ROXBURTO.

MAY 18.—The illness of Mr. Robert Barnes ended fatally this morning at nine o'clock; the sad death took place at the home of Mr. Robert Phinney where the young man was taken ill a fortnight ago, although his sickness was serious, still hope was entertained for his recovery until a short time before he died. Mr. Robert Barnes was only nineteen years of age and well liked among his companions for his amiable disposition, he had many friends in town who sympathize with his parents and friends in their sad loss. The funeral takes place to-morrow morning from Mr. Phinney's, the interment being in Bass River the home of the deceased young man.

Rev. A. H. Meek spent part of last week in New castle.

Messrs. Vincent and McLean of St. John were in town last Wednesday.

Mr. A. N. McKay of St. John was in town on Thursday last.

Mr. Chas. K. Short is in town the guest of his brother Mr. W. W. Short.

Mr. J. John C. Brown, the former manager of the Kent Northern Ry. has returned here after an absence of some seven or eight years.

Mr. James McDougall has returned home again having spent the winter months in Boston.

The friends of Mrs. A. C. Storer are pleased to hear that her little daughter Nellie is recovering from her severe illness of a week ago and trust she will continue to improve.

Miss Sutton has returned from a visit to Moncton.

Mrs. John Harnett jr. arrived home from Boston last week and intends to permanently reside here.

Mr. John Fraser of the Review received the sad news of the death of his sister last Sunday. As Miss Fraser, Mrs. Martin Hackett, was well known here and it was a shock to her friends to hear of her sudden death, which occurred in New York State on Sunday.

UNWITTINGLY A ROBBER.

He Captured a Thief and Took a Watch But it Wasn't His Own.

During Aubrey de Vere's visit to Naples he heard this warning given: 'Do you chance to have a hollow tooth stuffed with gold? If so, do not yawn in the street! Some one will whip the gold out of it, and be off before you have time to close your mouth.' The warning did not prevent the Irish gentleman from losing his handkerchief, though fully on his guard, five minutes after leaving his hotel. 'Why did you not keep it in your hat?' was the answer given to his complaint. In his 'Recollections' he tells this story:

In a hotel frequented by the English, a burly, hot-tempered man used to denounce the pick-pockets, and declare that they were no match for him, as he knew their ways. One day he came late to dinner, exclaiming, 'They will let me alone for the future!' and then he told his story.

In the best street of Naples, the Toledo in broad day light, he, while passing through a crowd, was pressed upon and felt a hand pressing his waistcoat pocket. The next moment a man pushed past him and fled. He felt for his watch; it was gone!

He pursued the robber, shouting to the crowd to stop him. They, on the contrary, facilitated his escape. The villain rushed through a by-street to the left. He pursued him—next through a by street to the

MONSOON

IMPOSITION PREVENTED by a packet with the name of the packers and price stamped on it, and if it is not good you cannot be imposed on a second time.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

on the packet stands as your guarantee. All grocers keep it in lead packets only 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. Drop a post card for Sample Packet.

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right; there he closed upon him, and knocked him down.

'The coward,' he said, 'prayed me to spare his life, and I in turn demanded my watch back. The villain surrendered it to me. I pushed it down to the bottom of my pocket, and dismissed the rogue with a parting kick.'

As soon as he had eaten his dinner, he ran up stairs, and rushed to his toilet-table, and there was his watch. He returned to the dining-room and confessed his blunder, saying, 'I shall return the watch at once to its owner.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that,' dryly replied an Italian nobleman. 'The watch is a gold watch, and its owner must be a gentleman. He will neither claim the watch, nor accept it back, for that would be to confess that he had run away, thinking that his assailant was mad, as all Englishmen are supposed to be by our ignorant common people here.'

Latest.

Of course she can not very well fail. Every eye, roughly speaking, to catch;—Her gown is the latest, and she's careful to make Her coming to church to match.

Liter-L.

To kick a paint pail off the roof Was tried by painter Ducket He slipped and fell. Alas! was plain That he had kicked the bucket.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"No doubt," said Mr. Eldston, "I have suffered a good deal for the last six months. But then I have had one hundred and seventy-six months almost without pain." A great man's acceptance of the reverent words of an ancient seer, "I shall weep again at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient, what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those who suffer from a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making healthy, necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance, mental, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, judged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Always and inevitably; and it is generally cheaper to help him himself than to let him go to the poorhouse—and then support him altogether. This applies to nations as well as individuals.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and giving the diseased parts a chance to heal.

The fire which has destroyed the church of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon in London could not touch the work the great preacher did there, nor cause his words, which went forth to the ends of the world, to fall to the ground. These are among the things that remain.

FARMER'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Farmer's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

"I am very much surprised to hear that they are married; I thought he was merely flirting with her," "He thought so, too."

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressing, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—One box of Farmer's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the best diet entering into the composition of Farmer's Pills.

Askings—How is the best way to tell a woman's age? Grimshaw—by proxy.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worsted with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Farmer's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

When two brothers marry girls in the same family it is a sign that there are many more girls in the family they are worth going after.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers from rheumatism, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis, and incipient consumption."

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

A "ROCKY" HORSE A horse out of condition should be treated with Dr. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDER. Nothing like it for purifying the blood, toning up the system, killing worms, glossing the coat, in a word tuning a horse to perfect condition.

Cost only 25c. per package at all dealers.

Full size package sent post-paid as sample on receipt of price.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL, MONTREAL.

TO DYE BLACK

There's the test of both dye and dyer, and it's that test that has built up the reputation of

MAGNETIC DYES

All their colors are uniformly excellent, no dye surpassing in permanency and beauty Magnetic Dyes, nor leaving the fabric so soft and new looking.

At all dealers, or a full size packet, any color, sent post paid on receipt of price, 10c.

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HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL

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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

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QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Bushels of Soap

In my West Window, ranging in price from

3 CAKES FOR 5c.

CLEAVER'S STANDARD PURE SOAP, 5c., six for 25; 7c., four for 25c; and 10c., three for 25c.

In my East Window

Cases of Toilet Paper.

Special prices in dozen lots.

Allan's Pharmacy.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

Everything marked at lowest prices.

Menu Cards, Wedding Invitations, Programmes, etc.,

Printed in the very latest styles, by the

Progress Job Printing Department.

SHEEP OWNER TO SKIPPER IN 1749

Instructions From a Liverpool Merchant When War With Spain Began.

About 150 years ago Great Britain and Spain got into a war, and, of course, British merchant ships were liable to capture by Spanish men-of-war, and vice versa. In fact the vice versa side was much the more important. Now, in Liverpool in those days lived Mr. Foster Cunliffe, a pillar of the town and church. He was the head of a firm of shipowners and merchants which did a large business in more than one way. Among other ways was the profitable one of dealing in slaves. That was a very popular form of business in Liverpool then and later. It may be recalled that George Frederick Cooke, the actor, then ordered by a theatrical audience to apologize for coming on the stage drunk made the amende honorable in these words: 'Apology! from me! Take it with this remark: There's not a brick in your infernal town which is not cemented with the blood of a slave! This was Cooke's last speech in Liverpool, by the way.

To return to Mr. Cunliffe: When the war broke out, being a good and careful shipowner, he gave careful directions to his masters about their voyages, and one of his letters has been published recently by the Corn Trade News of London as showing the way trade was managed in those days. This is the letter:

"LIVERPOOL, Sept., 9th, 1742.

"Mr. Thomas Woodward:

"You being Master of the Ship Lyon, we give you these directions to be observed.

"As we are now at War with Spain, and are likely to have a War with France, we would advise you, after you leave Cork, to keep to the Northward as much as you can, be sure you keep a good Look out, and speak with no Ship at sea if you can possibly avoid it, or if you have an opportunity of Convoy, or good Company from Cork in a little time, after you are ready, we think it advisable you should stay for it. When you have done your business in the West Indies, make the best of your way home, coming North about Ireland. If it should be your misfortune to fall into your enemies hands, we direct you to ransom your Ship [Cargoe if you can do it upon reasonable terms, and what we mean by reasonable terms is, if you can do it at not exceeding one half of the value of the ship and cargoe, and whoever goes for hostage, we hereby oblige ourselves to redeem, or to pay his or their ransom [charges and wages, as if they came home in the ship, gett them to take your 2nd mate and one of the men before the mast, for I doubt they will insist upon two, but if you can persuade them to take one only, the charges will be less; you must take care if you are taken in your homeward passage, it must clear until your arrival home.

However, if this, will not be granted, you must take care to get so much time allowed you as you judge reasonable to compleat your arrival either in the West Indies or home, you'll do well to draw out an invoice depreciating the value of your Cargoe, which you may shew your enemy with on orders for ransoming of this date, which probably they will take with them, in order to oblige us to make good whatt bargain you make with them, but this letter and your real Invoice you keep out of their way, make all possible dispatch at all places you come at, and miss no opportunity of advising us fully of your proceedings by every opportunity, and be sure to keep a proper command amongst your men. We wish you your health and safe return. Yours truly,

FOSTER CUNLIFFE."

"For the Lyons Cargoe—50 Barrells of best Old Beef, 150 Barrells of best New Beef, 10 Barrells of Pork, 20 Hall Barrells of Pork, 16 Hall Barrells Neat Tongues, 200 Forkins of Best Rose Butter.

"For the ships provisions—20 Tierces of

Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out." Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Beef, 1 Barrel of Pork, 3 Forkins of Butter, 1 Forkin of Tallow, 2 Boxes of Candles, 1 Hamper of Red Wine, 1 Hamper of White, 20 Gallons of rum."

There was no sentiment in that letter; everything was strictly business, though entirely fair except the suggestion about the false invoices.

Mr. Cunliffe died in 1758, in the seventy-third year of his age, having been Mayor of Liverpool three times—in 1716, when only 31 years old, in 1729 and in 1735.

A HAREM DINNER.

How the Ladies of a Turkish Family Entertain a Guest.

Mrs. Ramsay, who accompanied her husband on his archeological tour in Asia Minor, once spent a whole day in a harem. She describes the incidents of the visit in her book, 'Every-Day Life in Turkey, from which we condense the description of the Turkish dinner. The ladies of the house, the mother of the master and his two wives, warmly welcomed the stranger, and introduced her to several guests. Coffee and cigarettes and slices of melon were handed round shortly after. Then, it being noon, two of the older ladies veiled themselves, and on prayer-carpets spread toward Mecca, spent a quarter of an hour in devotion, while the other ladies smoked, laughed and chatted. Some of the women went into the garden, where they romped like schoolgirls at hide-and-seek.

At four o'clock preparations began for dinner by putting a table-cloth of patch-work under the table, and placing on it a four-legged stool turned upside down. Upon it was laid a large, round metal tray three feet in diameter, round the edge of which was piled bread. A basin, ewer and napkins were carried to the guests that they might wash their hands, and several of the more devout, calling for prayer-carpets and veils, said their prayers before dining. Pillows were placed round the table and the guests took their places, sitting Turkish fashion. A narrow napkin, many yards in length and with embroidered borders, encircled the table, lying in loose folds on the knees of the diners. The first course, served in the earthenware pot in which it had been cooked, was called pishmish and was composed of rice, onions, sour milk, cheese and fat. The pot was placed in the middle of the table, and all the guests supped as much as they wanted with neat black wooden spoons with colored beads set in their handles.

The second course was a calf,—entire from head to hoof,—boiled until the bones fell out, and smothered in a mass of finely shredded gartic. It was eaten with the fingers of the right hand—the tips of two fingers and the thumb. What remained of the second course—a little garlic and the bones—was removed, and a huge cream tart was placed on the table. The flaky pastry and the fragrant, rich cream having been beaten, the dish that had contained the cream pie was replaced by another piled with dolmaches—a mixture of mince meat and rice wrapped in vine leaves.

That was succeeded by a great bowl of cherries cooked in honey and eaten with an ivory spoon. Mrs. Ramsay, although she had eaten to repletion, made a show of enjoying the sweet, lest her refusal should cause the removal of the dish untasted by hosts too polite to eat what their guests had declined.

A kid, roasted whole and stuffed with pistachionuts, followed the cherries, and that was succeeded by another dish of sweets. Then came fowls, vegetables, meats and fruits, and last of all a pilau. 'Now,' said Mrs. Ramsay's left hand neighbor, with a sigh and a smile, 'if you are done we may retire from the table.' She had been done for three long hours, and the rest with grunts and sighs arose. The basin and ewer were again handed round, and then cigarettes and coffee.

'What about the Indiana woman who is going to kiss every man who votes for her for mayor?' 'I shall have to see her before I can tell whether she is working for her party or against it.'—Chicago Record.

SHIRAZ ARRANGEMENT.

How an Affair of Honor was Settled Once in Halifax.

What Sir Daniel Lysons believes to have been the first case of a settlement of an 'affair of honor' on the Duke of Wellington's plan is described by him in his 'Early Reminiscences.' It occurred in Halifax about the middle of the present century.

One day Captain Evans came to me boiling over with wrath and indignation. He said he had been grossly insulted by Captain Harvey, the governor's son, and begged me to act as his friend. I agreed, provided he promised to do exactly as I told him. He consented.

I called on Captain Harvey's friend, Captain Bourke, and we agreed to abide by the Duke of Wellington's order about duelling, which had just then been promulgated at Halifax.

We carried out our intention as follows: We made each of our principals write out his own version of what had occurred. We then chose an umpire. We selected Colonel Horn of the Twentieth Regiment, a clear-headed and much respected officer. With his approval we sent him the two statements, and he directed us to come to his house the following morning with our principals.

At the appointed time we arrived, and were shown into the dining-room. We bowed formally to each other across the table, and awaited the appearance of our referee. Colonel Horn soon entered, and addressing our principals, said:

'Gentlemen, in the first place, I must thank you for making my duty so light. Nothing could be more open, generous or gentleman like than your statements. The best advice I can give you is that you shake hands and forget that occurrence has ever happened.'

They at once walked up to each other and shook hands cordially. They were the best of friends ever after.

MUSIC TO ORDER.

The Great Composer Served a Very Faithful Apprenticeship.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has always had a capacity not only for clever, but for exceedingly rapid work. When a very young man, he desired some training in the composition of operatic music, and with characteristic energy, determined to learn something of the technique of the stage. He thereupon obtained a position as organist for the opera in Covent Garden, where his musical facility at once came into general request. On one occasion he was admiring the "borders" which had been painted for a woodland scene.

'Yes,' said the painter, 'they are very well, and if you could support them by something suggestive in the orchestra, we could get a pretty effect.'

Mr. Sullivan at once wrote into the score some delicate arpeggio work for flutes and clarinets, and every one was quite happy. Next day, perhaps, the machinist would say:

'Mr. Sullivan, the iron doesn't run as easily in the slot as I should like. We must have a little more music to cover it. I should like something for the 'cellos. Could you do it?'

'Certainly, Mr. Sloman,' the composer would reply, gravely, 'you have opened a new path of beauty in orchestration.' He at once added sixteen bars for the 'cello alone. No sooner was this done, than a solo dance was required, at the last moment, for a danseuse who had just arrived.

'What on earth am I to do?' asked the poor musician, of the manager. 'I haven't seen her dance. I know nothing of her style.'

'I'll see,' he said, and took the young lady aside. In less than five minutes he returned.

'I've settled it all,' he announced. 'This is exactly what she wants. Fiddle-iddle-um, tiddle-iddle-um, rum-tum-tum. Sixteen bars of that. Then rum-tum, rum-tum heavy, you know, sixteen bars. Then finish up with the overture to 'William Tell,' last movement, sixteen bars and coda.'

The composer sat down to his hurried task, and in less than a quarter of an hour, the work was ready. These were base uses, perhaps, for genius; but they constituted an apprenticeship.

Some Desirable Ends.

Life cheerfully accedes to the request of a number of the Bergh Society to publish the suggestion that, when Uncle Sam finally dickers with Spain for a cessation of hostilities, he ought to stipulate against the continuance of bull-fights.

Conversely, if we are licked, here's hoping that Spain will not let up on us until we have pledged ourselves to throw over yellow journalism, stop smoking cigarettes, and maybe, abolish intercollegiate football. If the war can be made instrumental in bringing to pass reforms, there may be something in it, even for us.—Life.

His Discovery.

'A man who has lived as long as I have,' remarked the Koback Philosopher, apropos of nothing in particular, 'is bound to observe a good many peculiar things in the course of his existence, if he makes a practice of settin' up an' takin' notice of the happenstances surroundin' him, as I

have usually done. I have noted a great many queer traits in the human nature which has passed, as you may say, in review before me, an' have learned some great truths, but I don't know as I have ever had anything more forcibly impressed upon me than the fact that there seems to be only one end to some women's talk, an' that is the beginnin'.'—Fack.

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF SLEEP.

We Man Knows When the Moment of Unconsciousness Comes.

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this, but look quietly and alone even at old Jones and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe.

We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll, flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be called a proud, active, controlling conscience which will ride his bodily and mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery and will make that mind now wandering in paths of fantastic folly grapple with some great problem or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving, or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle, and tissue.

The sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so.

Let any one who thinks sleep is not a mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep-coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep he will realize how great the mystery which he is trying to fathom.

WITH MISS CLOUGH.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Woman Principal of Newham.

Many things combined to make intercourse with Miss Clough, the first principal of Newham College, a source of satisfaction and pleasure. Her sympathy, her varied interests, her suggestives and her quiet little oddities of speech and manner made her always entertaining. Her sayings were repeated all over the college, and many of the girls would declare that a day was dull in which they had not exchanged some word with her. In her 'Memoir' some of her sayings are recorded.

I went once with her to stay for a few days with some people whom we had neither of us met before. My first impressions were decidedly unfavorable. When we were left alone in our rooms, I expected Miss Clough would make some comment on our new acquaintances, but she remarked:

'Well, we shall be able to sit a good deal in our bedrooms.'

Miss Creak reports the following bit of conversation concerning a fellow-student: 'My dear, do you remember Miss A.?' 'Yes, Miss Clough.'

'Well, my dear, the poor little thing has got a lot of tiresome relations, and as soon as she gets a little money they come round her and get it away from her, so I have got her a post in Timbuctoo.'

'Yes, Miss Clough?' more doubtfully.

'And then, my dear, when has got them all over there, she can come back to England and leave them.'

Who but Miss Clough would have said, when some of her students failed to reach the heights expected of them in certain examinations, that "Mathematics was a deceiving subject?"

A Policeman.

The Golden Penny tells an amusing story—some readers may think it improbable—concerning the examination of a young man who desired to be appointed a member of the Hampshire County (England) police.

He put in an appearance one morning, accompanied by his mother, and was taken in hand for examination by the inspector. This progressed satisfactorily until the inspector observed:

'Of course you're aware you'll have a lot of night work to do? You are not afraid of being out late, I suppose?'

Before the candidate could reply, his mother electrified the amazed official with the statement:

'That'll be all right, sir; his grandmother's going round with him the first two or three nights until he gets used to it!'

A Peculiar Problem.

The Longbow gives some amusing pieces of Lewis Carroll's humor from the forgotten pages of Oxford pamphlets. During

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheapest patterns. Buy nowhere else till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR
90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

the election at Oxford in 1865 he gave vent to the following Euclidean definition:

'Plain superficially is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly, with regard to those two points.'

A note is also given on the right appreciation of examiners: 'A takes in ten books and gets a third class, B takes in the examiners and gets a second. Find the value of the examiners in terms of books; also their value in terms when no examination is held.'

Old Inscriptions.

Over the triple doorway of the Cathedral of Milan, there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend;

"All that pleases is but for a moment."

Over another is sculptured a cross, and these are the words underneath;

"All that troubles is but for a moment."

But underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription;

"That only is important which is eternal."

How Much He'd be Missed.

'Henrietta,' said Mr. Meekton, 'do you think you'll miss me?'

She looked at him in surprise and queried:

'When?'

'When I have gone to war.'

'Mr. Meekton,' she answered, 'I have had reason for resenting a great many things, but I am willing to own that if Spanish marksmanship is such that you are missed in the war as often as I will miss you at home there won't be any risks for you whatsoever!'

Effectual.

'I may be detained at the club late this evening, Maria,' remarked a husband of somewhat convivial habits, as he put on his hat to go down-town after dinner. 'If I am not here by eleven o'clock don't sit up waiting for me.'

'I won't, James,' replied his wife. 'If you are not here by eleven o'clock I shall put on my wraps and go after you.'

James was at home at eleven.

The Literary Movement in America.

'You should join our book club. Why' last winter I read over a hundred books by giving five minutes a day. I read Nansen's 'Prisoner of Zenda,' Hall Caine's 'Quo Vadis,' Allan's 'Christian,' Julian Hawthorne's 'Choir Invisible,' and Hope's 'Farthest North.'

'How charming!'—Life.

Although Napoleon slept very few hours in the twenty-four, he had the faculty of going to sleep whenever he wanted to. 'That's nothing,' said Clarence. 'I can do that myself.' 'Well, supposing you go to sleep now, just to prove it.' 'I don't want to.'

Mamma (putting her little girl to bed): 'Why, Dorothy, I thought you were going to run a race with yourself?' Dorothy (undressing very slowly): 'Yes, mamma, but I'm the one that don't beat, you see.'

Excursion

.... TO....

Hampton

MAY 24th.

The Star. Clifton will run an excursion to Hampton and return on Queen's Birthday, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, at 8 a. m. local, calling at Moss Glen, Clifton and Reed's Point, returning will arrive at Indiantown 7 p. m.

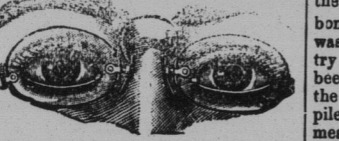
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

VIVID WAR INCIDENTS

CONNECTED WITH THE GLORIOUS BATTLE IN THE SOUDAN.

How General, Officers and Privates Fought and Won—Thrilling Descriptions by a London Telegraph Correspondent Who was Present.

There were many thrilling incidents of the great battle of Atbara and now that the mail accounts of the correspondents been printed in London a little idea can be gained of the fierceness of the fight and the terrible slaughter of the enemy. Some of these dramatic and exciting incidents are taken from the vivid account in the London Daily Telegraph.

Gen. Gatacre, followed by Capt. Ronald Brooke of his staff, was the first upon our front at the zereba. Seizing a bush, he tried to pull it aside. A Dervish sprang from the trench to spear the General, who called out to big Private Cross of F Company: 'Give it to him, my man.' Cross promptly shot and bayoneted the Dervish, and turned again to help the General, who had not ceased to drag at the bush.

In the few momentous half seconds that intervened, while officers and men were making a passage through the hedge, their comrades covering them as well as they were able, sending a shower of bullets through the palisades and a hail of lead over them across the inner lines of trenches, hundreds of brave deeds were done. The Dervish fire was so bitter, and their lines of trenches so many behind the palisade, that the plan of attack had to be changed on the spot. Instead of the Camerons being halted to allow the other battalions to go through to the front, an operation which would have entailed delay and great loss of life, the General called upon the men to push forward. A big Union Jack, borne on high by Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, as usual marked and directed the centre of the Camerons' line. Its bearer was mauled in the knee by a bullet from an elephant-gun, and could go no further. An orderly in the Camerons gripped the staff and triumphantly carried the Union Jack forward through a storm of bullets, which left him unscathed, but checkered the flag with holes and rents.

Capt. Findlay of the Camerons, with his revolver in one hand and sword in the other, sprang in safety over the palisade and first trench, although the latter was crammed deep with Dervishes. Shooting and bayoneting all before them, his men strove to keep up with their tall, herculean captain, for Findlay stood over 6 feet 2 inches. He had gone but half a dozen yards further when he was shot through the heart, and speared at the same moment by Dervishes in a trench. His men, who had been unable to protect him, took an instant vengeance upon every Dervish in the trench. Truth to say, the enemy were there to kill or be killed. They gave no quarter, and rarely asked for it for themselves, fighting like beasts till death relaxed their throats. A sergeant jumped from the palisade across the five feet of trench underneath and then pistolled a Dervish who had sprung up in front to spear him. Capt. Urquhart of the Camerons jumped across about the same moment and was shot by a rifleman who had lain among the dying, waiting an opportunity to slay. Hearing a gun discharged so close behind him, the sergeant wheeled about and shot the Dervish, and one of Urquhart's infuriated men bayoneted the treacherous foe as he fell. Urquhart received a terrible mortal wound through the body. As his men stopped to pick him up he said, 'Never mind me, my lads. Go on, Company F.'

Gen. Gatacre, sword in hand, found a passage way through the barrier. At the second trench, five paces forward, he was thrust at by a Dervish spearman, but parried the blow and gave the man his sword point. I got through at an opening in the zariba and palisade a little to the left of the Camerons' centre. The bullets were striking all around, coming from trenches and tukals both upon our front and left. As the ground was very rough to get a better view I mounted my horse when just outside the zariba. Private Chalmers of the Camerons dashed at an Emir, who was standing with flag and spear, shouting encouragingly to his tribesmen. The Dervish had met the shout of our advance, as we closed at the charge, with answering cries of 'Allah, el Allah, el Akbar,' but later their voices were stilled, though they fought doggedly on. Chalmers found the Emir nothing loath to cross steel. There



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

was a rapid parry and a thrust, and the Dervish fell, gripping wildly at Chalmers' rifle, while the Cameron tore the battle-banner from his enemy's nerveless grasp.

Only once was something like a temporary check experienced. That was when the troops had all but gained the high ground in the middle of the zariba. From an inner zereba, tukals, bush, and a fort a rifle fire of great intensity was sprung upon us. The Eleventh Soudanese, the Lincolns, and the Camerons were the first upon whom burst the fury of the blast. It was Mahmoud's inner den, or keep, that we had run full against, and the place was held by a thousand more of his specially chosen followers. A company of the Eleventh Soudanese, without the least hesitation, tried to rush the north-west corner. Before a storm of bullets the company was all but annihilated, losing 100 men in killed and wounded. Other companies of the brave Eleventh Blacks sprang for ward and charged home. Piper Stewart of F. Company Camerons leaped upon a knoll, playing loudly the 'March of the Cameron Men.' Bullets rained around him, but he only blew the harder until, a minute later, he fell before a Dervish volley, pierced through and through by seven wounds.

In every tukal and trench Dervishes were hidden, firing at us openly or covertly or rushing out from among groups of their wounded to shoot or cut down a soldier. It was furious and ticklish work, as of clearing out by hand a hive of hornets. Sergeant-Major Mackay of the Seaforths led a marvellous escape in jumping the palisade. A spearman made a furious drive at him while he was in midair and rent his kilt in twain. Mackay turned upon him angrily and gave his enemy pistol and claymore together. Lieut. Gore of the Seaforths was killed a few minutes later. We were winning our way step by step, but over the enemy's dead and dying. Lieut. Boxer of the Lincolns, who, with Gore, had passed the last evening at Abadar in my tent, where both were happy to learn that the dreary camping ground was to be left for a battlefield, was badly hit in the leg. Col. Murray of the Seaforths had a narrow shave, a Dervish rushing out of a tukal and firing at him. Missing the Colonel, the creature threw up his hands in token of surrender, but that was not thought to be playing the game fairly, and the Dervish was, without parley bowled over with a Seaforth's Lee-Metford. Subsequently Col. Murray was shot through the left forearm by a No. 12 round ball fired from a fowling piece. Col. Verner of the Lincolns had two singular mishaps, either of which came near enough being fatal. A bullet cut his helmet strap and grazed his cheek; another shot struck him in the mouth, gouging away part of his upper lip. He refused to retire, following his men through to the river bank.

Mahmoud's ruthless cruelty was terribly in evidence in his zereba. Numbers of mangled blacks were found dead in the trenches. These poor wretches had been chained by both hands and legs, and put

there with guns in their hands to fight and be killed. There was no escape for them. We saw others, but too late to save them, handcuffed in rows, who had been placed in the fore-front of the works, and compelled to use rifles against us. And, yet more pitiful, three or more hapless prisoners were found in chains and with forked sticks upon their necks, stretched lifeless in the open between the trenches, and before Mahmoud's den.

The Sirdar was penning his despatches when a guard of the Tenth Battalion Soudanese came up with a stalwart, bare-headed Dervish prisoner, wearing an Emir's ornate jibbeh. An officer galloped up with the news that the captive was Mahmoud himself. He approached slightly limping, his short baggy cotton drawers smeared with blood from a bayonet prod. A tall native, standing six feet, as much negroid as Arab in feature, with a thin tuft of hair on his chin, a man of about 30 years of age—this was the Taicha Baggara, and nephew of the Khalifa, the supposed truculent Dervish General. He held his head up and scowled at his guard. The Sirdar and General Hunter wheeled round, and Mahmoud was brought before them.

'I was an onlooker. This is the Sirdar,' said Gen. Hunter, indicating Sir Herbert Kitchener, Mahmoud paid no special attention. 'Sit down,' said the Sirdar to him, which in Eastern parlance was a rather ominous beginning for Mahmoud—an omen of death. Why have you come into my country, to burn and to kill?' said the Sirdar.

'I have to obey the Khalifa's orders, as a soldier, without question, as so must you the Khedive's,' replied Mahmoud, speaking for the first time.

'Where is Osman Digna?' was next asked. 'I don't know,' said Mahmoud. 'He was not in the fight; he went away my cavalry. Yes, all the rest of my Emirs stayed with me. I saw the troops about 5 in the morning, and instantly mounted my horse and rode around the camp, seeing that all were in their assigned places. Then I returned to my den and waited. I am not a woman to run away.'

Mahmoud was removed in custody of the Tenth Soudanese, together with two young lads, his cousins. For all his vaunting he was found hiding in sort of a cave, which he had hollowed out under a bed. His capture was effected by the blacks while searching the enemy's camp. Emir Senussi, whom it appears was with him at the moment, was first detached and shot. Mahmoud might have shared his fate had not a Dervish lad called out that Mahmoud was there, and Capt. Franks came up and assisted in having him hauled out alive.

MAKES BUFFALO KEEP HIM.

The Sentence That Schroeder Keeps up as the Result of a Vow.

When fifteen years ago Herman Schroeder made the remark that he would never again work a day, and would make the city of Buffalo keep him, he was laughed at. Such a remark is not uncommon with prisoners arraigned before the early morning Justices. Up to the present time, however, Schroeder has kept his word, and the prospects are that he will keep it up to the time of his death. He is regarded as the oddest of odd characters who have found their way to the Erie County Penitentiary. Schroeder is 55 years old, and is fairly well educated. He was born in Buffalo, and his father was a merchant

in comfortable circumstances. One night in 1883, Schroeder, who had never drunk to excess, attended a merry-making at the home of one of his friends, and he took too much liquor. He staggered when he got in the street, and the first policeman he met arrested him.

'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the Magistrate the following morning of Schroeder, who had given the name of Brown.

'I was drunk,' replied the prisoner, 'but it was the first time in my life, and it was a mistake. I bothered no one, and I promise that if you will let me go, I will never be here again. I have no money to pay a fine and imprisonment means disgrace to my family.'

'Oh, you men all tell the same story. I'll bet you haven't been sober in a year. Go to the workhouse and sober up. Fifteen days'll do.'

Schroeder's eyes gleamed just a little, it is said by persons who saw the scene. He glowered at the Magistrate and said:

'You're a disgrace to any city, and a city that would let you be its servant is a blot on its country. You're—'

'I'll make that thirty days, said the Justice smiling.

'You may as well make it life, for I'll never work another day in my life, and I swear before God that the city of Buffalo will support me till I die. Your injustice is responsible, and I'll carry out my threat, if it does wreck my life.'

It may have been an impulsive remark that Schroeder made, but this is how he has fulfilled his vow thus far:

Within an hour after being liberated from penitentiary, where he spent thirty days, he was in the nearest police station. He gave himself up, saying he was a vagrant, and the following morning he was sent down for three months. After serving this term he repeated his operation, and this time received a sentence of thirty days. In this way he went, on but at last the police came to know him, and they refused to lock him up. Accordingly, Schroeder went out and smashed a window in a shop. This gained his point. He was arrested on the charge of malicious mischief and was sent down for sixty days. When this term expired he hurried to an outlying station house, where he was not known, and gave himself up. He followed this plan till he had been locked up in each of the thirteen police stations and all the morning Justices knew him. Two years after his first sentence he was arranged before the Justice who had sentenced him first. The latter remembered him and said:

'You're keeping your word, I see. I'll discharge you this time.'

No sooner had the Justice said this than Schroeder struck him a heavy blow in the face. The prisoner was thereupon sent down for six months. Schroeder's sudden disappearance from home caused his family much worry. They could get no trace of him, owing to the fact that he was recorded on the police books as Brown. They decided that he had been murdered or had purposely hidden himself. About two years ago, while Schroeder was detained in the Central police station awaiting arraignment, the turnkey opened the cell door and threw in a drunken young man. The latter immediately fell in a stupor, and while he slept Schroeder, watched him. When

he awoke Schroeder spoke to him. 'Father and son were together.'

This boy, who had developed to a loafer was ten years old when his father disappeared. From him Schroeder now learned that his wife had been dead several years, that one of his boys had been killed by the cars, and that the third was alive and respectable. This was the first information Schroeder had had of his family. He was not undone. He received the news stoically and calmly regarded the degradation of his son.

Schroeder is now in the penitentiary. For the last five years he has made it a practice to give himself up at the Central police station. If he is liberated in the morning he is back in the penitentiary before night. The Sergeants know him and all he has to do is to present himself at the desk. His name is entered on the blotter and not a word is exchanged. He appears 212 times on the police records and this record is surpassed by but one person—Josephine Mahoney, a Canal street character, who has been arrested over 300 times. Her history, however, dates from war time.

Schroeder takes great pride in his cell at the penitentiary. It is like all the rest in that institution. It is built in the wall and is about 6 feet long and 4 feet wide. It is Schroeder's home. All his earthly possessions are in it and they consist for the most part of picture cards. The walls on three sides of the cell are covered with these cards and the fourth side is utilized as a dairy. Schroeder has slept here every night but forty for the last thirteen years. Those forty nights were spent in police stations while he was awaiting to be sent to the penitentiary. Every time Schroeder is sent down he makes a note of it on his wall, together with the length of his sentence. Scrolled about the entries are the words 'Revenge is sweeter than death.' The picture cards which compose his gallery are all of a sentimental nature. He never laughs and he eschews paper pictures that are intended to cause a laugh. Speaking of himself a few days ago he said:

'I'm enjoying life. I have nothing to worry about. What if I am making a fool of myself? I am keeping my vow and it takes a man to do that. Then there is another advantage—I won't fear death when it comes. I will welcome it.'

The Cardinal's Career.

In the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne's recent book, 'Social Irish with Celebrities,' some of the best Irish stories are told by Cardinal Manning. None better, however, than the following, which the cardinal, doubtless, would have been glad of the chance to tell:

When Cardinal Manning was lying in state, an unsympathetic passer-by ventured the remark, 'I don't know why they are making all this fuss about him. What did he ever do to deserve it?'

'An' it is what did he ever do, ye mane?' said a pugacious Hibernian near him. 'You just come outside an' take off yer coat, an' I'll show ye what he did!'

Boyle Roche Outdone.

'He is an enemy to both kingdoms,' said Sir Boyle Roche, 'who wishes to diminish the brotherly affections of the two sister countries!'

Equally noteworthy with this was the highly creditable sentiment uttered by the governor of one of the United States at the opening of an industrial exhibition recently.

'Let us hope,' said he, 'that the occasion will be an entering wedge which will bring about a more perfect unity between North and South!'

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

And what it led to.

It is not a common occurrence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person heeding the advice it carries. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong she can do work that would shame many a younger woman, and looks back on thirty-six happy, healthful years of industry. But let her tell her story:

'Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they bled the pain in my side and the blisters I was in constant misery, and work was a drag to me, with no prospect of relief; fortunately for me, however, a friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side was so painful that I could not fasten my dress, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere and relief was sure to come, and come it did. This happened, as I say, thirty-six years ago. My liver has never troubled me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work that would upset

many a younger woman. Ever since my recovery I have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and am quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimonial purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer.'

MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont.
Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It throws all theories and fancies to the winds and stands solidly upon the rock of experience challenging every skeptic with a positive 'I know.' Ayer's Sarsaparilla with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in tainted or impure blood. Hence tumors, sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a bottle, and went on to a course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that a medicine that could cure disease could also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Carebook, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

Sunday Reading.

JAKEY'S AUNT.

'Hi there, Jake! Wot yer dreamin' fur in broad daylight?' called a jeering voice, and a handful of mud-spattered against his face.

This was not an unusual attention in the alley, where mud was easily found in the vicinity of gutters and there were times when Jakey would have accepted it with unconcern, but now he said sullenly: 'Lam me 'lone can't yer?'

'S'posin' I don't? Wot yer goin' ter do 'bout it?' questioned the tormentor. 'Wouldn't knock me down, would yer. Oh I'm afraid! See me tremble.' He swayed with knees smiting each other as in terror. A laugh went up from some boys playing at jack-stones with pebbles. 'Oh, me! Oh, me! I'm afeared of baby Jake.'

The veins stood out on Jakey's forehead, his hands clenched. He sprang down the steps and planted his head in the stomach of the offender. Both boys fell together, but Jakey was up first and off down the alley followed by applause of spectators and threats of the enraged bully who ran after. His bare feet carried him swiftly around the corner, where he dodged into a sheltering doorway to watch his larger pursuer pant by. Tommy Magee had vowed to 'wipe the street' with him, and would fulfil that vow were the object of it again within his reach.

'I'll light out. No use livin' here with all them furriners, anyhow,' thought Jakey disdainfully. And with that he shook the dust of Turkey alley from his feet and pattered down a side street, through another, up another, and on until the huddle of dingy buildings and dingy humanity was left behind and he found himself on one of New York's stately avenues.

Falling in with a benevolent driver, he was allowed to ride on his wagon to the Grand Central Railroad station, on condition of helping him on their arrival. It was idle to give time and space to narrate how a New York street boy scraped acquaintance with a wagon driver. Suffice it to say that the boy did it, and that it led to results that changed the whole current of his life. On one or two of the packages that he helped his chance friend to dispose of was the name, "Miss Letitia Prendergast" and the address Greenfield, Conn. The boy could read. Greenfield had a pleasant rural sound, and he pictured to himself Miss Letitia Prendergast as an aunt endowed with much worldly wealth.

'Why hasn't I got an aunt in Greenfield?' he humorously questioned of himself. 'Course I has—come to think of it. Won't she be orful glad to see me though? Bet she will. Good-bye New York. 'Rah Greenfield.' Then he was saying aloud: Here leddy, you've dropped yer handkerchief!'

She was an elderly lady with a sweet face under white hair, and she smiled down at him.

'Thank you. But, oh, dear! I've lost my ticket. Didn't you find a ticket for Greenfield in the handkerchief?'

How wide and innocent were Jakey's eyes.

'Don't see no ticket at all, 'm.'

'How careless of me,' she murmured, then let herself be carried on by crowding passengers.

Chuckling to himself Jakey took a paste board slip from under his foot.

'Blest if I ain't in luck! Ticket ter Greenfield, she said—an' here 'tis. Jakey, me boy, yer won't need ter steal no ride in the baggage car! That comes o' knowin' how.' He winked after the woman through the car door. Now'll be ridin' like the president with money in me pocket.'

Never did railroad king loll with more lordly air upon velvet cushioned seat than did Jakey of Turkey alley, as the train rushed away from crowding walls and stir of traffic and hurry of humanity which go to make up a great city—away out where spaces were ample, and houses hid from each other and woods where russet and yellow any red, and the sunny October air was untainted by vile gases. Jakey's heart swelled high with wonder and delight, that the world should be so large and that he really had started out to seek his fortune in it. The conductor glanced keenly at the dirty, ragged little fellow as he punched his ticket, but Jakey was used to keen glances.

'How long 'fore we gets ter Greenfield?' 'Next station but one. Due there in half an hour.' It was spoken shortly, for a conductor is only a human being and this one was working over time. Jakey heard him speaking almost as shortly to the passenger behind. 'I'm not to blame if you lost your ticket, madam. Fare if you please.'

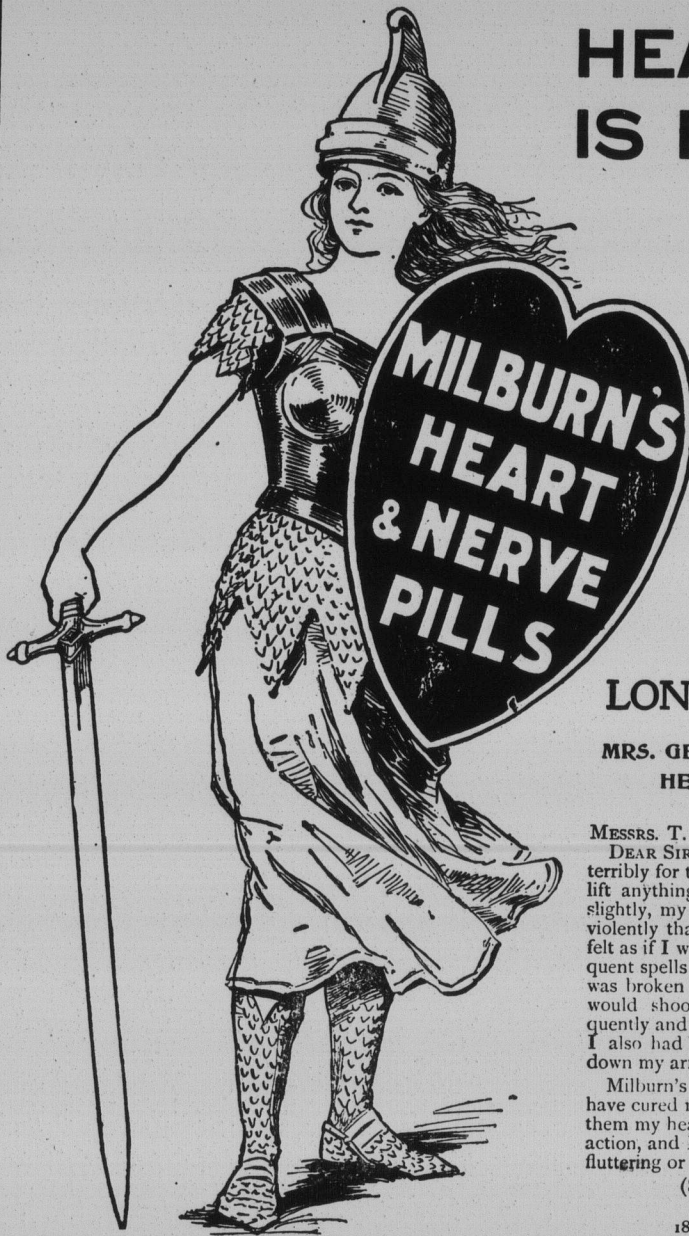
'I haven't the money. I thought I had

Be Always on Your Guard.

HEART DISEASE IS PREVALENT.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills taken in time may Save Your Life.

THEY CURE WEAK, PALPITATING, FLUTTERING, AND THROBBING HEARTS, MAKING THEM STRONG AND REGULAR IN THEIR BEAT.



LONDON, ONT.

MRS. GEO. NASH CURED OF HEART TROUBLE.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.:
DEAR SIRS.—My heart bothered me terribly for the last year. In trying to lift anything or exerting myself even slightly, my heart would palpitate so violently that I had to sit down, and felt as if I would suffocate. I had frequent spells of dizziness and my sleep was broken and restless. Sharp pains would shoot through my heart frequently and make me catch my breath. I also had cold sensations running down my arms.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have cured me. As a result of taking them my heart has resumed its natural action, and I am not troubled with the fluttering or palpitation any more.

(Signed)
MRS. GEO. NASH,
183 Colborne St., London, Ont.

EMERSON, MAN.

Mrs. Henry Fox Cured of Fluttering of the Heart.

EMERSON, MAN.,
April 2nd, 1898.
MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.:
GENTLEMEN,—For a number of years I have been greatly troubled with my heart. It was very weak and at times the fluttering was very distressing and caused me great anxiety. I started using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and praise God they have cured me. I wish I had known of them years ago, as they would have saved me so much suffering. I never fail to praise the Pills to my neighbors for the good they have done me.

Yours truly,
MRS. HENRY FOX.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS restore shattered nerves, strengthen weak hearts, make the blood rich and red, and give tone and vigor to every organ of the body. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Book telling all about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills sent free to any address.

T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

change enough, but I've only this. If you'll take it I'll send you the rest.'

'Can't do it you must get off at the next station.'

He passed down the aisle, only Jakey hearing above the rattle of the flying train the distressed protest.

'Five miles from Greenfield! I can't walk it and I don't know a soul there.'

One glance showed Jakey the sweet old face that had smiled upon him when he returned a handkerchief.

Something of a sob sounded quite close. He looked again. The white hair rested against the back of the seat, and—yes she was crying!

'Leddy,' spoken almost too softly and timidly for one whose wits had been sharpened by rough contact with the world's elbows until his voice had acquired the shrill assertiveness of the gamin. 'I say, leddy, won't you take this quarter? It's all I've got, but 'praps it will yer piece out so yer kin get through.'

She looked at the money in the smutty hand, and smiled.

'But I shall have no chance to repay you.'

'I'm going to Greenfield, too,' he said quickly.

'Then I will take it, and thank you for a kind hearted lad. Have you friends in Greenfield?'

'Goin' to see me aunt.' The humorous fiction came easily to his lips.

'Perhaps I know her.' The woman looked doubtfully at the ragged little fellow as though it was possible but not probable. What Greenfield person could claim this child as nephew!

'Perhaps I know your aunt,' she repeated. 'What is her name?'

Now did Jakey the Shrewd repent of his glibness. He answered reservedly.

'Miss Tisha Prendergast!'

'Miss Letitia Prendergast! Her eyes widened with astonishment, then narrowed quizzically. 'Have you ever seen her?'

'Naw'm,' and he turned his attention wholly to the flying landscape, while she leaned back glancing in a puzzled way at the stubby head visible above the seat in front. Her interest in this neglected-looking boy, who tendered her his only piece of money, was increased by learning of his aunt.

Carelessness in signaling at the junction where it was to pass the express; on the part of the train itself oversped to make up lost time—like an upheaval of the world it came; the shriek of engines as the express rounded the curve; a blinding crash and shock; the spit of escaping steam; the roll and slide of cars down steep embankment. The white-haired woman tried to rise from the corner where

she was flung, but a broken seat held her down. Outside someone was calling:

'Water! water! for God's sake, water! The cars are on fire! Must they be burned together then—the dead, the dying and those struggling in frantic terror for the life that still seemed so sweet?'

'Shove, leddy, shove!' said a voice at her elbow. 'I'm litin' too. Shove an' you'll be up.'

How they got out of the car neither the lady nor Jakey could have told. The former knew only that without Jakey's aid she would have been among those that perished in the crushed car ere help could reach them, and when she found that his arm was broken and that he was swooning at her side with pain, it was she who took charge of him, and had him conveyed to her mansion at Greenfield, for now she was among her own neighbors, she could command assistance instead of imploring it.

Jakey's convalescence progressed rapidly, and his appearance, thanks to the lady's generous purse, improved at the same rate. But one day, after a fortnight's sojourn he came to her with this remark:

'Leddy I guess as how I'll soon be goin' some-eres else!'

'Why Jakey, are you tired of staying here?'

'Tired! He did not know how much his intonation revealed to his benefactress. 'I jus' guess as how yer won't want me no more when I let on.'

'What?'

'I kept your ticket that day. I picked it up with yer handkerchief.' He was a handsome boy now that he was properly washed and combed and dressed, yet how pathetically little and forlorn he looked standing there with his hand in a sling. She understood how much harder for him was this confession than his bearing during the accident, of which she could not think without a shudder. 'An' I tole yer a whopper 'bout me aunt in Greenfield. Ain't got no aunt.'

'Yes you have,' she said 'Miss Letitia Prendergast.'

He colored to thing of having given his

imaginary relative a name. It seemed such barefaced impudence now from the new standpoint to which he had grown.

'I saw the name on the 'press box an' it stuck in me head. I kin here 'cause Greenfield sounded like grass without a sign onto it. When yer asked me I said Miss Tisha Prendergast 'cause t'was easy—an' somehow I didn't mind telling whoppers then.'

He sighed a sigh that seemed to come from the very depths of his heart. 'Now, leddy, I'll be goin'.'

She took his resolute face between her hands.

'Do you think I shall let you go? No indeed! You shall live here and call me 'Auntie,' as Tisha does. I am Miss Letitia Prendergast.—The working boy.'

Finding Blessings.

If one should give me a dash of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the invisible particles by the mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

Remember it matters but little what people think of you, provided you are true to yourself—to right and duty.

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Notches on The Stick

As a thunder storm, especially when it occurs at night, is among the sublimest of natural phenomena; so the passages of our literature descriptive of an electrical storm are among the most majestic. In some instances the poets are surpassingly magnificent, as, for instance, is Byron, in his well known description of the passing of a thunder-storm among the Alps. Following the exquisite picture of the setting in of evening, comes the tempest in a burst of exultation. You can almost hear the crash and roll of the thunder:

"Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud,"
But Browning is even more magnificent in the passage in "The Ring and the Book," which Mr. William Sharp terms "the high water mark of modern blank verse:"

"I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky, or sea, or world at all;
But the night's black was burnt through by a blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore
Through her whole length of mountain visible;
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost dis-shouldered, white the sea."

But surely not less noble, and even more vivid, are the oft-quoted lines in "Pippa Passes:"

"Barred in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead,
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burned through the pine-tree roof, here burned and there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood screen
Funged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me; then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead."

But these can scarcely surpass the rapid lines in which Burns describes the ride of Tam O' Shanter through the midnight storm. Byron's lines are spirited, but fire and motion spin through the Scottish bard's galloping syllables:

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed."

Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-A-Moway seemed in a breeze."

We do not marvel if Burns got excited over that. It will be some time yet before its excellence is surpassed. Is it by any resemblance that one's thought is suddenly transferred to poor demented Lear and his unsheltered misery:

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanous, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vant couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head: And thou, all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all serene spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!"

Since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard."

Shakespeare is master yet. And again:
Was this face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning.

Then in the "Tempest" we have, once more a magnificent description of a sea storm in the tropics, and behold

"Jove's lightning's the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder claps more momentary
And sight out-shining were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,
Yes, his dread trident shake."



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Longfellow may in general be behind his fellow bards in rendering the magnificent in nature,—the "storm-cloud lurid with lightning;" but there is one passage in "The Ballad of Carmilhan," that we may not forbear to quote:

"Eight bell-l and suddenly abate,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the sea as white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane,
"The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And tore the dark in two,
A ragged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced his eyeball through."

So Shelley in that splendid opening of "The Revolt of Islam:

"Sudden the firm earth was shaken,
As if by the last wreck its frame were overtaken.
So as I stood one blast of muttering thunder
Burst in far peals along the wavelines deep . . .
Hark! 'tis the rushing of the wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean! See! the lightning's jaws
Deluging heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps
Gitter and boil beneath."

Tennyson shows us a picture of the future day of aerial navigation, "With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder storm"; and Milton wakes the echoes with the thunder rolling "through the dark aerial hall." Kirke White gives us one sounding stanza:

"His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies."

Thompson expands a like conception in blank verse:

"The listening ear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud:
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest grows; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightning's flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds—ill over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crash'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth."

The reader will be able from his own memory to supply many more examples

We are not displeased to find Dr. Theodore H. Rand expressing sentiments agreeable to those conveyed in our "Notches" of last week. To him "the war is a forward movement," and does not mean a backward step in history; but it is indeed painful to know some of its processes, or those leading to it. But there is an overruling power, and it would seem as if something were needed to show our American friends that Great Britain is the mother of liberal institutions and their defender, and that the unwise desire of so many Americans in the past to have the United States forever hostile in feeling toward her is inimical to the welfare of humanity. If this be the outcome of the war, as it seems highly probable, one giant step forward will have been taken, and the world will enter on a new era. For nothing is clearer than that the nations of Continental Europe are hostile to free governments, and the day is hastening when they will try conclusions with the Mother of us all. Poor Spain is a fit object for sympathy, with all her faults, and I have nothing but disdain for the methods of jingoism wherever availed of.

The Second Edition of Dr. Rand's book, "At Minas Basin," is selling at a lively rate, which indicates the Canadian public are learning to appreciate good things. Several new works by Canadian authors are heralded. "Roberts, I learn, is to bring out this season the second of his trilogy (of which "The Forge in the Forest" was the first)—the "Sister of Evangeline."—Miss Marshall Saunders has an Acadian French Novel (modera) in press at Boston,—"Rosa a Charlette." I believe it will appear in England and Canada also. I have read the Ms. It is an interesting and faithful picture of the Acadian life of to-day,—history touched with romance. It is bright, full of life. The book will sell.—Herbin has a Ms. which he publishes this summer, I believe,—a sketch of the French occupation about the Minas Basin. It is written from a sympathetic view-point with the French, as the outcome of Richard's book. His primary purpose is to supply a book for the numerous summer travellers; but I have reason to think that the results of

his study will by and by find expression in verse."

It is to be regretted that the fraternity of authors cannot derive more benefit from public association with the members of their craft. A greater esprit de corps, a deeper feeling and conviction of the dignity and importance of their art and vocation, would result from such contact; while the author would lose the sense of isolation and obscurity that too frequently, and to a very great degree, handicaps and depresses him. Editors have their guilds, and their annual or semi-annual conventions; as do the workers along social and religious lines, and much good work, privately executed has its initial impulse from such assemblies. The trade and art guilds enjoy the pleasures and benefits of federation and intercommunion; nor is it the least of their felicities when groups of authors, like those of Cambridge or Concord, are permitted to associate frequently with each other. But in Canada, and in the State of Maine, exist groups of select and gifted spirits, if they could but be brought together, who enjoy and reap at each other, scattered and isolated as they are. Yet they have never met, and there seems no prarranged occasion or opportunity for such meeting. It they could meet in an annual convention, to commune and compare notes who will question the result in a general improvement in literary work, and a heightened esteem for the literary calling and its votaries.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan's Handbook of Biography "The Canadian Men and Women of the Time," is winning golden opinions. The Earl of Aberdeen, in a letter to the author, writes: "A glance at its pages is sufficient to reveal that the volume is the result of much careful and patient work. The book cannot fail, I think, to be of much practical value, supplying a real want." The Montreal Star says:—"To test its excellence the book must be carefully examined by individual critics. "That it will stand the test of examination we have thoroughly convinced ourselves."

Maurice Thompson very appropriately discourses, in the Methodist Review, (May-June) on the prevailing flood of alleged dialect, in poetry and fiction, under the caption, "The Triumph of Jargon." He points out that certain sorts of literary gibberish called dialects, are not such when properly understood. He asserts that our literary art is being debauched by the dialect mongers, and does not hesitate to lay violent hands on Kipling. He points out the fact that in all classic works, in all poems or novels approved by time, in which any sort of argot or dialect occurs, it exists as an incident, as necessary to perfect local fidelity or the completeness of character, never for the sake of dragging it in, to pleasure a vulgar taste, and with all possible excess and exaggeration. To his words we wish to add our emphatic, Amen! "The literary man who has a contempt for classical studies, models, triumphs, aims, is a failure from the ground up. He may have his little day and his little pot of money, but in the long run he will drop out and be lost. The muses do not recognize him. What is called 'local color' is certainly an important factor in literary art; but the tendency to sacrifice the substance to the more superficial tints is like painting the lichen of a ruin and leaving out the ruin, or like taking chlorophyll for spring. Ungrammatical talk and horseplay language are admissible in literature only where necessary to the perfection of a picture. They are discords which emphasize the

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harmony. The moment the dialect becomes the artist's aim, or his sole means, his work is doomed, no matter what triumph may momentarily crown it."

A sequel to "Sentimental Tommy," now engaging the pen of Mr. J. M. Barrie, is making rapid progress. It is to appear in Scribner's, but not before January 1899.—The Kipling's "Captain Courageous" is now in its thirtieth thousand, though it has been before the public only five months. He has the justification of extraordinary success—Olve Schreiner now resides at Kimberley in South Africa.—The Scribners will soon bring out a new edition of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Pastime Stories." There are some twenty in number, dealing chiefly with Virginia life. They appeared originally in Harper's Magazine.—Cassell & Co. have enlarged their imprint, and it is now expressed in the cosmopolitan terms of "London, Paris, New York and Melbourne"—Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution" in a new edition, with the author's additions and corrections, is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co. "Glimpses of Charles Dickens" is a souvenir publication by E. S. Williamson, of Toronto. It is printed on tinted paper and is attractively illustrated, and has white embossed covers. The edition is an autograph one, of 250 copies. It is a neat collection of Dickensiana, accumulated during a period of about six years,—or some account, rather, of such a collection,—which may be seen at Mr. Williamson's home, 118 Spencer Avenue, Toronto. There are portraits and pictures and interesting and, which render to this immaculate souvenir a charm beyond that of a dry catalogue.

Our friend, George Martin awakens regret: "Have you heard of Lampman's illness? I learn that he is seriously threatened by heart-disease. It would be sad to know him cut him off in the prime of manhood. He has written many exquisite pastorals. He has no equal in the lines that was chosen by him at the outset."

"A Treasury of American Verse," Edited by Walter Learned, is the latest of American Anthologies; containing specimens from one hundred and fourteen authors. Here are things new and old, and something for every mood.

THE TIGER WAS PLEASED.
And the Cossack Had no Idea of His Dangerous Task.

A good story has been copied in the papers from La France du Nord about a Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired at Moscow by the lion-tamer, Pezon, to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding or misunderstanding was arranged by means of gestures and dumb show, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech between the Frenchman and the Cossack; and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do.

The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering, with bucket, sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame beast as his master had done, but of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and unterrified, to approach the tiger. At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion upon his part would intensify the danger, of the situation by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed him

as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert, had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.—Lippincott's.

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Unstayed by Cable.
He wanted to ask her to be his ownest own, but the conventional words he had studied up so carefully failed him. She guessed his purpose, but saw no chance to help him out.
"Did you read about the Manila cable?" he asked.
"Yes," she said. "It's cut."
"What was a long silence."
"What do they do with cables that are cut?" she softly asked.
"Splice 'em," he answered.
"She gave him a timid sidelong glance. He woke up.
"Let's get spliced?" he hastily cried.
"Let's," she gently answered.
And the ordeal which had worried him for many weeks was suddenly forgotten."

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Sale of Chinese Children.
In the poorer regions of China many old women make a living by buying children at \$1 to \$2 apiece, and afterward selling them into a life of slavery or vice.

Mr. Skribbens (to new boy)—"I suppose you understand what your duties are here?" New Boy—"Sure. The super said that all I had to do was to hustle when old Skribbens was looking, and it would be all right."

Bacon—Is that man Crimsomeak in favor of war? Egbert—"No, indeed! Every night he's out late he takes home oysters or something to his wife. I think he's for peace at any price.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Woman and Her Work

What a blessed thing it is that it is no longer fashionable to be young, that is to be in the first flush of extreme youth! At least it is a delightful thing for us who have left our salad days behind us and are thoroughly convinced in our own minds that there is a potent charm about maturity which youth cannot hope to possess; but I suppose it is rather hard upon the debutantes to feel that they are back numbers so to speak, until they have been set aside for a few years to ripen. But alack, and alas! that is just where the young things have the advantage of us, they are perfectly certain of obtaining the attraction which maturity brings if they only live long enough, while we have bidden good-bye to our youth forever and must make the best of what remains to us. Perhaps that is the very reason that the mature woman is attractive, she is so anxious to get the utmost out of life that she makes the best of herself, as well as of everything else, and therefore she is like a carnation which is always sweetest and fairest just before it fades. I do not know whether it is so much the custom in other countries, but in English society it is no longer either enviable or admirable to be very young; it may sound strange, but in the swiftest circles in the London of today, the fashionable age for a successful society woman is between thirty and forty. A few years ago it was a terrible thing to be thirty, while the woman of forty was looked upon as an utter mistake in society, her proper place was at home and that is where she should have sense enough to remain, seated in solid respectability with cap and spectacles, either reading, occupied with fancy work of the more decorous kind such as fancy knitting or perhaps tatting, as became her age; or else engaged in looking after her house. But the world wags apace, and things change so that everyone seems to have their turn.

The women of whom we hear the most in the London of today are not by any means the buds, or even the belles in their third season, but the women who are frankly and openly middle aged, and who actually seem to glory in the fact. Of course for those whose rank is sufficiently exalted to entitle them to a place in the pages of the merciless volume known as "Dobrett's Peerage," there is no such luxury as preserving a decent silence about their age, as anyone may read it who will. It is one of the drawbacks of exalted rank to live in a perpetual glare of publicity. The lovely Countess of Warwick, for instance would have been calmly dismissed from further consideration as "passee" a few years ago, but now she is one of the most conspicuous figures in London society, still a most beautiful woman, and still a power to be felt in the social world. Then there is the Dowager Countess of Dudley whom everyone knows to be a grandmother, but who cares? She is still known as the "lovely countess," and the light of her blue eyes can still attract as many moths as would satisfy the heart of the most exacting of debutantes. She is going to marry again it is said, may be already married for aught I know, and is a reigning beauty in spite of her years. Lady de Grey, known as the Tall Countess is yet another instance of the ascendancy of middle age, for she is supposed to be the most talked about, as well as the most envied woman of her time.

And it is not only our sex who profit by this curious turn of the wheel, our brethren are having their chance also, and it is said to be thoroughly appreciated in the charmed circle known as "the best set" in London may range in age from thirty-five to fifty. What a millennium it is for the men and women who have "lived." How devoutly they are hoping that their day may prove a long one, and the sunset glory be prolonged, before the inevitable twilight closes in, and leaves them nothing

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to look forward to but "the cold light of stars."

It has been rather a boast lately amongst our cousins over the border, that the time had actually come in New York itself when a man could walk into a cafe, and order a cup of tea instead of a cocktail without causing the proprietor and the waiters to look around suspiciously to see whether he had escaped from his keeper, so common had five o'clock tea drinking become amongst the well-to-do classes. But all the same a well dressed New Yorker succeeded in causing a very decided ripple in a leading hotel restaurant not long ago, just by ordering a cup of tea. He came in quietly enough and his manner indicated perfect sanity, but all the same the head-waiter, the cashier and even the customers looked at him with as much suspicion as if he had been a dangerous lunatic. He had lived in London for some years, and naturally fallen into English ways so completely that he saw nothing strange about them himself, therefore when ordering his refreshment he asked, in the most matter of fact manner imaginable to have the tea leaves brought to him dry, with a kettle of boiling water, so he might brew it for himself—hence the atmospheric disturbance which everyone noticed, but the one who was responsible for it.

Sadly in Need of Help.

It was a sultry night in July. He had been sitting up with a sick friend, and with his coat on his arm and misery in his head, now followed his instinct to his suburban home on Walnut Hills. The distant whirr of the night-owl's motor and the pat pat of his unsteady footsteps were the only sounds that struck his ear. Suddenly he stopped and listened. Wasn't that a sob or moan, as if a human being in distress? Everything was silent for a few seconds, then the mysterious sound was repeated. The hair of the lonesome pedestrian evinced a peculiar tendency to stand on end, and his limbs became still shakier than they had been. He looked around, and just when the gruesome moaning once more broke the stillness of the night he espied a female figure, all clad in white, on the moonlit front steps of the residence in front of which he had stopped.

"Will you please help me?" the woman spoke in a sad and pleading voice that at once awakened all the accumulated gallantry in our hero. As rapidly as his slightly paralyzed extremities permitted he crossed the front yard and said to the fair applicant: "What can I do for you, madam?"

"I have been locked out since 10 o'clock, and have been waiting here ever since. Would you please go into the house and open the front door which a sudden draught must have shut?"

"But how can I get into the house?"

"Why, the back door is wide open."

"But if that is the case, why in heaven do you sit out here for more than three hours?"

"Oh, please do not ask. Can't you guess?"

He guessed when he reached the front door from the inside and found about one-third of the girl's garments in the hall, separated from the rest by the tight-fitting door.

They say that the value of contrast as a means of giving character and effect to a gown, has been a matter of actual study amongst dress designers this season, and, certainly the result of their labors is sometimes rather startling. Not only is contrast of color sought after but of material as well, and from an economical point of view it is very useful.

If you want to show that you are thoroughly up in the law of contrasts be sure to have a purple collar on your blue gown. Of course you will have to exercise a little care in your choice of shades, because if you happened to select the wrong ones, the result would be disastrous, for one will utterly eclipse the other, but all the same it is purple and blue without any mistake, and the most surprising thing about it is the fact that instead of thinking how hideous it is when your eye first lights on it, you are wondering why no one ever

tried it before. The variety in shades of blue is something to be wondered at, and the way three or four different tints are made to harmonize in one costume, is a very striking example of the modern disposition of colors. It is the right touch which gives one's gown the perfect finish and proclaims it the work of an artist, while the wrong touch would be fatal.

Black or white or oftener than not both, are distinct factors in every scheme of decoration this season, whether it be in gowns or hats. Black and white costumes are also very popular, especially in the transparent materials. Black mousseline de soie with Chantilly lace sprays scattered over it, made up over white forms a very elegant costume, and pretty effects are wrought with plain black mousseline by using colored chiffon underneath. Those to whom dollars and cents are a matter of comparative indifference add to the effect by having two skirts of chiffon in pale shades, or contracting colors between the silk foundation which is still another color, and the simple black mousseline shirred down closely around the hips. The effect is prismatic, and must I should imagine remind one of the celebrated Lolie Fuller.

White gowns of all kinds will be very popular this season, and here again is room for extravagance of the mildest description for there are gauzes of the daintiest kind, and the organdies batistes and India muslins trimmed with exquisite embroideries, frills and insertions of lace, and appliques of needlework which offer opportunities for lavish expenditures. Another white material is a decided novelty in silk, in flowered ribbon stripes, with lace designs between each stripe. This lovely fabric also comes in colored designs and makes exquisite blouses. White silk veiling and crepe de chine make beautiful summer dresses, and all these thin materials are shirred, tucked and corded in the most elaborate manner. Some of the skirts are trimmed with graduated flounces embroidered on the edge.

It would be an endless task to attempt to describe the different styles of skirt trimming, but ruffles seem to be amongst the most popular, and they are made of every imaginable material, ribbon, chiffon, silk and satin, but to be fully up-to-date they must be narrow. Very pretty ruffles for a black dress are made of narrow black and white lace edging shirred together in one. The guimpe waist is the prevailing feature of all the summer dresses, and though it is not new by any means, as it was worn all winter, there are variations which give it the appearance of novelty. The chief difference between the winter gowns and those of today being the depth of the yoke. The bodice proper is cut lower to show more guimpe, and thus give the effect of one bodice over another. This can be very prettily carried out by slashes at each side and in the sleeves showing the under bodice, or else with a vest. Half low cut bodices for occasions when full dress is not required are often made in this way, with the second bodice showing above the outer one, and again through the sleeves. The blouse effect seems to be another prevailing feature, but the back is close and plain, or arranged in tiny plaits in the centre of the belt.

Amongst the new importations of foulard gowns is one of blue and white with a dark blue mousseline de soie front in the bodice and skirt. This is shirred into puffs, and a frill of the silk with black satin ribbon on the edge finishes each side forming a sort of jabot which is caught down here and there with a bow. Another new costume of blue foulard is made with a full flounce, narrow in front and carried high at the back. The bodice is full in front, has a yoke of Irish lace, and is completed with a Swiss belt and red silk sash. A costume of heliotrope cashmere

The D & A CORSET.



For Evening Dress

Women find the D & A CORSET as well suited for evening wear as it is for ordinary purposes. It gives "chic" to the figure, without stiffness or discomfort. It is sold at popular prices.

Wear the D & A Corset.

The John Noble

\$ 6
2.50

COSTUMES

Sent by Parcel Post, safely packed to all parts of the Globe, and admitted to be the Highest Known Value for Money.

Costume complete, \$2.50. Postage 40c. Skirt alone for \$1.35c. Postage 40c. N.B.—The total cost of the Costume with Duty and Carriage included is under \$4.

MODEL 844 Is a smart Norfolk bodice and full wide tailor skirt, which drapes well.

MODEL 894 Well-cut and finished bodice, trimmed braid and l'Ecosse. Full wide Tailor skirt.

The Costumes are made up in two good, durable fabrics. I.—John Noble Costume Coating, smooth-surfaced, medium weight cloth, and II.—John Noble Cheviot Serge, weather-resisting and weighty.

PATTERNS POST FREE together with the new illustrated Ladies' and Children's Fashion Book, to all who name this paper when writing, and need not be returned.

COLOURS: Black, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Sage, Purple, Fawn, Electric, Grey and Navy Blue.

The Three Stocked Sizes are 34, 36, 38 inches round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38, 40, 42 inches long in front, but any other size can be specially made to measure for 40c. extra.

The John Noble Knock-about Frocks for Girls' School or Holiday wear, made in good serge, with saddle-top, long full sleeves and pockets. Lengths in front: 21in., 26in., 31in., 36in., 41in., 46in. Price 6c. and 12c. for every 3in. longer. Postage on sizes 27in. and upwards is 40c.

An Old CANADIAN CUSTOMER writes: Toronto, Jan. 7, 1898. To John Noble Ltd. Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased to have another opportunity of dealing with you. Ten years ago I used to deal with your firm, and am quite satisfied that your goods are all you represent them to be.

Remittances should accompany all orders. The best way to remit is by money order or draft on London Bank.

Bankers: London and Midland Bank, Ltd.

Please name this paper, when ordering from

JOHN NOBLE LTD. MANCHESTER, ENG

Brook Street, Manchester, Eng.

is pipings of white on each side of the cream silk muslin front and black taffeta revers piped with white satin. With such a dress, a necktie of cream muslin the same as the front is worn. A pretty blouse in the prevailing style is made of bayadere striped silk with double revers of plain contrasting color. Bands of black velvet, white satin collar covered with lace and edged with a white chiffon frill, and a chiffon vest, trim a blouse of figured silk. Another model illustrates the use of pipings around the sleeves and triple collar.

A gown of blue poplin with a tolero bodice turning back in a collar covered with bands of cream lace insertion and blue satin ribbon, is something new, and unusual in the new models, but the effect is excellent.

ASTRA.

The Clergyman's Lease.

One of the most popular preachers in London, from 1832 to 1879, was Dr. John Cumming, a Scotch presbyterian. His celebrity was chiefly due to his sermons on prophecy, wherein he interpreted the signs of the times, millennial rest, the Last Trumpet, and the Seventh Vial. Shortly after the publication of a series of sermons, in which the preacher had announced that within a few years the present order of things would end, the poet Tennyson was dining with a friend at a London tavern. In the course of the conversation the poet said:

"Dr. Cumming, although he has prophesied the end of the world in ten years, has just taken a lease of the house he lives in for twenty-one years."

"Is that true, sir?" exclaimed a waiter, rushing forward, napkin on arm. "You have comforted me wonderfully, sir. I am a family man, and I didn't see the use of my being a waiter if the world was to end so soon."

Doctor Cumming was a canny Scot. He knew how to drive a good bargain, and had unbounded confidence in his drawing power as a preacher. When he became pastor of the London church, it had run down into a poor, weak, palsy-stricken thing. The confident young Scotchman agreed to take the pew-rents for his salary, and to remain satisfied with the same. The trustees consented,—there was an acre of unfilled pews,—to discover in a year or two that their pastor was receiving the largest salary of an dissenting clergyman in London.

Beecher's Bon Mot

When Henry Ward Beecher was in Indianapolis there was a store where the different ministers used to drop in to hear the news and to try each other's mettle with a joke. On one occasion Mr. Beecher, while riding to one of the stations of his mission, was thrown over his horse's head in crossing a river, and was thoroughly soaked. The incident, of course, furnished talk for the habitues of the store, and, when he made his appearance the next day he was greeted by his good friend, the baptist minister. "Oh, ho, Beecher, glad to see you. I thought you'd have to come into our ways at last. You've been immersed, I hear; you are as good as any of us now." A general laugh followed this sally. "Poh, poh!" was the ready response "my immersion was a different thing from that of your converts; you see, I was immersed by a horse, not by an ass!" A chorus proclaimed that Beecher had got the best of the joke after all.

Nothing Gained.

Mr. Widdoby.—Yes, Willie has saved me the work of cleaning the back yard—but I hve got to clean Willie.—Truth.

ANKLE DEEP IN PAIN.

Sinking in Rheumatic Mire—South American Rheumatic Cure Was the Saving Strong Arm.

W. F. Begg, Vancouver, B. C., says: "Five years ago I was afflicted with a very acute form of rheumatism, causing great pain in my ankles and feet. I tried everything I could read or hear of, and consulted many physicians, and a Toronto specialist, without receiving any benefit. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave me relief—the first bottle greatly helped—and two bottles brought me a complete cure."

Lots of people think a family can be supported on ten dollars a week, but the pater familias who earns that amount a week never thinks so.—Roxbury Gazette.

Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure

For Coughs or Colds in the Celebrated . . .

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

Nothing like it to check and cure a cough

Price: only 25 cents per Bottle.

Does not upset the stomach

"THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE"

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

ARE YOU OUT OF DRESS STAYS?

If so, insist on having THE SILK STITCHED "EVER-READYS"

Impervious, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable.

DRESS STAYS

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblain Earsache, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworms, and Skin Affections generally.

Large Pots, 1s 1/4 l. each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester.

LEADS ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

The Fighting Goes on Until a National Ensign Comes Down for Good.

A story is told of a cabin boy on board a man-of-war who, by his action in pulling down the enemy's flag during a battle, gained a victory for his commander. The story illustrates the value of the national flag in a naval action, and how much depends upon the sailors seeing it flying from the mast head above them.

"Do you see that?" asked the sailor, pointing to the flag which was flying from the mast head of the other ship. "As long as that is flying the other fellows will fight, but when it comes down they will stop and their ship will surrender."

The cabin boy was too small to fight, but he made up his mind to get the flag for his Captain. During the battle, when the ships were lashed together, he crawled on board the enemy's vessel, and while the sailors were busy fighting climbed the rope ladder which ran up the mast, and, pulling the flag from its place, wrapped it around his body and carried it back to his own ship. The sailors were fighting bravely, until one, looking up and seeing that the flag was gone, cried out to his companions that the Captain had pulled down the flag, and there was no use fighting longer. The men threw down their arms, and the mistake was not discovered until it was too late, for the cabin boy's comrades had seized the ship.

The flag of his country is what every sailor and soldier throughout the world fights for during a battle; when the flag is gone they lose heart and give up easily. Some of the bravest deeds have been in defence of the flag, and to get it back again when the enemy have captured it. When a ship goes into battle the national flag is run up to the masthead, the highest point on the vessel, where it flies until the engagement is over. Sometimes, when the other ship is the stronger, or its sailors fight better, and the captain sees that he is beaten, he pulls down his flag to show the enemy that he has had enough and wants to surrender. This act is called "striking the colors." It is a usual thing to run up a white flag in the place of the one which has been hauled down, but often the simple act of striking the colors is enough to end a battle. So long as the captain of a ship sees any flag except a white one flying from the enemy's vessel he will continue to fire upon it, for it is a sign that the sailors have not given up and are ready to fight longer.

Sometimes, during a naval battle, the ropes which hold the flag are shot away, but in such cases there are always some brave sailors who will climb the mast and put another in its place. A ship going into action carries several flags; the national colors, which are hoisted in the most prominent place; the union jack, the pennant, which is a long, narrow streamer flying from the masthead, and a set of signal flags, which are used to send messages from one ship to another. When a squadron of vessels under an Admiral goes into a fight the flagship flies, besides the other flags mentioned, one which denotes the rank of that officer. In the old days, when war vessels were made of wood and had three masts, most of the flags were hoisted to the top of these masts. Nowadays, however, many of our fighting ships have only one mast, and several flags may be hoisted upon that. Sometimes a flag is hoisted at the end of the yardarm, usually in the case of signal flags.

When the squadron is waiting for the enemy's ships and they are sighted, the signal "prepare for action" is run up on the flagship. During all the naval wars it has been the custom for the Captains of naval vessels to have on board the flags of other countries besides their own, and frequently one of these flags is used to advantage. During one of the long naval wars between England and some of the other European countries the Captain of a small English war vessel sighted several big French men-of-war, which, did they attack him, would have either sunk or captured his vessel. France and Spain were fighting against England, so he made haste to pull down the British flag and run up in its stead a Spanish one. When the Frenchman saw the latter flag they did not bother with the little vessel and the English man escaped.

There have been instances where the commander of a ship nailed his flag to the mast and left it flying there until the vessel sank. The last object which appeared above the water was the colors, and even the victorious enemy cheered the sinking flag.

American Women Enter the Lists. The foremost society women of Washington are about to organize the "Women's Patriotic League," for the purpose of retaliating on France for her unfriendly attitude toward our government in the crisis. The members pledge themselves to buy no more articles of any description imported from France, and they hope to secure the co-operation of all the women of the United States. This would mean an annual loss to the French of \$50,000,000, as these figures are given by the Bureau of Statis-



is what they call a newspaper editorial—it is just as true when applied to

ties as the amount of French goods which we purchase each year. They will issue a circular letter explaining the purpose, and inviting all the women of America to join, and copies will be sent to all prominent women's clubs and societies and to female colleges. It is proposed to hold a mass meeting when affairs are in shape and appoint a committee to wait on the local merchants dealing in French goods. Those ladies who have been purchasing French wines will also be asked to forego them and use only native wines, at least until the war is over. Mrs. Hobart, it is said, will become an active member. N. Y. Sun.

From Water to the Sea. Once there was a raft full of shipwrecked people floating on the sea. They had still some remnants of food, but for several days they had been out of water and were nearly dead of thirst. Many of them had been chewing bits of canvas and leather in order to excite the salivary glands to secrete moisture in the mouth; but this expedient no longer gave relief. The sun blazed hotly down on the poor creatures, and their longing eyes caught sight of no land. "Water, water everywhere," said the Ancient Mariner, "and not a drop to drink." So it was with these stricken castaways. At least so they thought it was. At last one man, driven half crazy by the torments he was suffering, and beguiled by the clear and beautiful ocean surface, which reflected his own haggard face, suddenly dipped up as much sea water as he could hold in the hollow of his hand and was about to drink it.

"Don't swallow that! don't swallow that!" cried another, who yet retained his judgment; "it's salt, and will make your throat worse!" Too late. Down the parched throat went that handful of sea-water, and before they could stop him another followed it. Then he gasped, "It's not salt, it's fresh, thank God!" Others tasted it. Their companion was right. The water was fresh—fresh as the water of springs and streams on land, which had flowed through their fevered dreams. They were—and unknowingly had been for days—in the vast mouth of the Amazon, that mighty river which freshens the sea for miles out of sight of the shore. If they had only known! Powers of Mercy! how many thousands—yes millions—are there, suffering, dying in unnumbered and nameless ways, who might easily be relieved or saved if they only knew, or if others knew for them!

"For many years," says a man, who until recently belonged to this stupendous host of wanderers in the wilderness of needless trouble, "I was a great sufferer from weakness and indigestion. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and spat a great deal of thick phlegm. My appetite was poor, and after meals I underwent a veritable martyrdom with the resulting pain and distress. There was a heavy weight and pain at the pit of the stomach.

"I lost a great deal of sleep at night, and was as tired and exhausted in the morning as when I went to bed. From time to time I was obliged to leave my work on account of my increasing weakness. In this low, miserable condition I remained year after year, and had little or no hope of ever being strong and well again. I saw several doctors, but their medicines did not appear to be adapted to my ailment. In any case they produced no good effect. One doctor said my complaint was constitutional and I would never recover from it. "Finally I was recommended to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle, and after taking it felt much relieved. I could eat well, and all food agreed with me. I continued the use of this medicine, and was feeling better than I had done for many years. When I had taken three bottles I was cured, and have since enjoyed good health. You are free to publish this statement and refer any one to me." (Signed) John Almond, 3, Green Street, Bolton, December 25rd, 1897. Be good enough now to fix your eyes steadily on the tremendous truth which this story illustrates. It proves that a person may be ill for years—with all the sorrows of such an experience—and yet be perfectly cured in a few weeks. Hundreds of other cases—many worse than this—have already been made public in these articles. And (of course) any of them might have been cured, more quickly still, in earlier stages of their disease. The thought of this possibility is most interesting; the certainty of it is inspiring. For days before they did, those poor people on the raft might have quenched their thirst with fresh water in the ocean. Mother Seigel's Syrup can be found everywhere.

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HOSPITALS IN THE FIELD.

Treatment of the Wounded According to the Plans of Army Surgeons.

In the United States Army the hospital corps is divided into two detachments, one for service in the field hospitals, the other to man the ambulances and litters for the removal of the wounded from the field. The plan of a field hospital, as outlined by Col. Forwood, Assistant Surgeon-General, provides for four lines, separated by distances which will be determined by the character of the battlefield. The first line of hospital service, is coincident with the line of battle, and includes the regimental surgeons, orderlies, and company bearers. On the second line are the first dressing stations, at the nearest point beyond range of the enemy's fire. Here ambulance surgeons attend to the wounds, and ambulances and litter bearers of the hospital corps convey the wounded to the third line. This is called the ambulance station. Reception, operating, and dressing tents are erected, where the wounded can be attended until they can be removed to the division hospitals at the base of supplies.

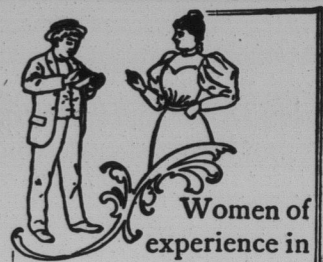
None of the hospital corps serves in the line of battle. The wounded are conveyed to the first dressing stations by privates from the ranks. The army regulations provide that four privates from each company shall be designated as company bearers. They are taught how to handle wounded men and in first aid, in addition to their regular duties as armed combatants. They fight in the line until their services are required to attend the wounded, whom they convey to the first dressing places. There the injured are turned over to the hospital corps, and the company bearers return to their places. They are under the direction of their own officers, and have nothing to do with the dressing of wounds. Their only care is to convey the wounded beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

At the first dressing stations, where the wounded receive their first attention, aside from such hasty bandaging as the regimental surgeons may be able to provide, there is a completely equipped field hospital in miniature. In the United States Army the main medical stores are carried in army wagons, but as these cannot keep up with the line of battle, it is proposed that pack mules be employed to carry supplies to these dressing stations. A medical case or pannier, so built as to fit the back of the mule, contains all the materials required, a variety of antiseptics, medicines for the relief of pain, bandages, splints, plasters, and operating instruments. A cook accompanies each of the divisions, carrying a case of portable cooking utensils. As soon as this detachment reaches its station, tents are put up, the medical cases are opened, and their contents placed in readiness for use; an operating table is improvised by placing two of the folding panniers together, so that they will afford a place on which to lay the wounded while the surgeon is working over them, while the cook sets up his tent and makes ready to prepare light nourishment.

The dressing places are intended to be only temporary stopping places for the wounded. As soon as their immediate wants are attended to they are conveyed back to the ambulance stations in light bamboo stretchers carried by the litter-bearers of the hospital corps. Thence the ambulances carry them back to the division hospitals. The hospitals proper are near places on which to lay the wounded while the surgeon is working over them, while the cook sets up his tent and makes ready to prepare light nourishment.

"NO HOPE." Camps on Many a Threshold—But a South American Kidney Cure Spirited Away Disease in a Trice. Mrs. J. Hallman, of Berlin, Ont., writes: "I was a great sufferer for 18 months from kidney disease. The pains were so severe as to cause fainting spells, and I could not be left alone—was restless and sleepless at night—no remedy or doctor seemed able to give me any help. I was advised to try South American Kidney Cure. After a few doses I was greatly benefited, and two bottles took every trace of kidney trouble from me."

"Look here!" said the European monarch. "Were you ever in America?" "No, sire," replied the courtier who stammers. "You never made any study of phrases used in connection with long and fruitless discussions with Indian tribes?" "No, sire." "Then I suppose the impediment in your speech constitutes an explanation. But I wish you would get cured. It's very unpleasant to be continually alluded to as 'one of the great European pow-wow-ers.'" —Washington Star.



Women of experience in ordering coffee from their grocer are careful to specify Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, which comes in pound and two-pound tin cans, knowing that satisfaction accompanies every can. Thousands of refined people who know and appreciate good coffee endorse this famous brand. The signature and the seal of these well-known importers guarantee its excellence.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN. Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble ceases. Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Brant & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says: "My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him." Doan's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Urinary Troubles or Bladder Weakness. Sold by druggists at 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Company, Toronto, Ont. Book that tells all about these pills sent free to any address.

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Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily, and Sunday by mail, \$8 a year The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year Address THE SUN, New York.

Bad Blood Will Out. Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rash of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes: "I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled."

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

present. Where do we have lunch, Miss Hope?"

"At the Knoll," said Audrey. "We always used to have it there; Neville said it was out of the wind, you know."

"Sir Jordan blandly assented. 'It is a very good place,' he said. 'Lord Lorrimore gnawed his mustache. It was not the first time by many that he had heard Audrey speak of this influence, and whenever she had spoken of him it had been with a sigh.'

"Let us go to the Knoll then," he said. They rode on, and Sir Jordan, as on the preceding evening, had most of the conversation.

He knew the history of all the places they passed, and presented it in agreeable form for Audrey's acceptance.

Lord Lorrimore was left in the cold, and gnawed at his mustache more fiercely than before.

They reached the barrows. It was a wide expanse of sandy heath broken by big bushes of furze and gorse, with here and there a patch of trees. One—the largest of these—was called the Knoll, and here it was proposed that luncheon should be held, and the grooms were already unpacking the hampers.

"What a splendid place for a race," said Audrey, unthinkingly. But her purposeless words were instantly caught up by the two men beside her.

"A race? Yes!" said Lord Lorrimore, and he glanced at Sir Jordan's horse. "Would you like to see one? What do you say, Sir Jordan?"

To his surprise, Sir Jordan yielded a ready assent.

"I think we too are the best mounted," he said. "Suppose we run to that bush and back. But we must have some prize, Miss Hope; will you give the winner the flower in your hat?"

Audrey instinctively put her hand on the tall Gloire de Dijon rose which Lord Lorrimore had that morning stolen from the gardener and presented to her; but Lord Lorrimore assented before she could raise any objection.

"I am ready," he said. The others had come up by this time, and hearing of the match, displayed a good deal of interest.

"Jordan's horse is the better of the two," said Lord Marlow.

"And I will give a start," said Jordan, blandly.

"I want no start—no points," said Lord Lorrimore, quickly. But he was overruled, and compelled to take fifty yards.

The two men started, and the horses dashed off at a swinging race. But as was characteristic of him, Sir Jordan held his horse in check and did not let him go at his full pace until he had turned the corner.

Then he rode him hard—as hard as he knew—and came in a winner by a dozen yards.

Audrey treated it as a joke, and appeared to have forgotten the Gloire rose till Jordan, riding up to her, claimed it with a smile on his face. He was rather pale, and it was evident he was trying to suppress his triumph.

She gave it to him with a smile. "It is not worth anything," she said. "It is all faded and drooping."

"It is worth its weight in diamonds to me," said Sir Jordan in a low voice. Audrey stared and laughed, but Lord Lorrimore, who heard the courtly speech of his rival, frowned and drew away.

It was a very enjoyable luncheon to all but Lord Lorrimore. He ate the pate de foie gras and the salad, and drank very sparingly of the champagne, like a man thinking of other and graver things; and when the man went off with their guns in search of rabbits, he stalked off apart from the rest and ruminated.

His rival had beaten him and won the flower he, Lorrimore, had given her. He glanced back at Jordan walking alone with a satisfied expression on his face, and the rose in his button-hole, and as he glanced his blood grew hot.

Could it be possible that Jordan could snatch Audrey from him as he had snatched her flower? Jordan was still young and rich, and though Lord Lorrimore hated him, he was bound to admit that he was clever and brilliant.

"He is the kind of man women are taken with," he thought, bitterly.

A rabbit got up, and he fired and missed it. The best humored of men do not like to miss their first shot, and an easy one, and his failure did not improve Lord Lorrimore's temper. He turned with a start of anger and a hot flush on his face as Sir Jordan's voice just behind him said:

"That was an escape for Master Bunny, Lord Lorrimore; and as he spoke he raised his gun and caught a passing rabbit. Lord Lorrimore controlled himself by an effort.

"You are a good shot, Sir Jordan," he said, civilly enough. Jordan shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He was a good shot, and he knew it.

"Possibly," he said; "but rabbits are big and easy."

"Yes," said Lord Lorrimore. A pigeon rose from a belt of trees and came within range, and he dropped it. "Oh, that's better," remarked Jordan, with a patronizing smile.

Lord Lorrimore flushed. "Have you ever been in Mexico, Sir Jordan?" he said.

"Unfortunately, no," said Jordan. "I have been always too much occupied to travel much. You were going to say—"

"That in Mexico the men show a pretty trick with a rifle."

"Which you are kindly going to show me?" remarked Jordan, blandly. But with the faintest tone of a sneer.

Lord Lorrimore colored. "If you care to see it," he said. The two men had walked on side by side and had reached one of the clumps of trees. Lord Lorrimore stopped and looked round. No others of the party were in sight.

"Yes, I will show you," he said; and he took a visiting-card from his case, cut a hole in it, and with his penknife pinned the card to the trunk of one of the trees. "Do you happen to have a bullet cartridge?" he said.

Jordan searched his wallet. "Yes, two—only two." Lord Lorrimore took one and slipped it into his gun, then paced out a distance from the tree and faced round.

"Do you think you could fill that hole up with a bullet?" he said. "Stay! When we rode just now you thought it necessary that we should contend for a prize."

Jordan inclined his head with a smile. "Which I was so fortunate as to win," he said, softly.

Lord Lorrimore bit his lip. "Just so," he said. "Shall we compete now for the same prize?"

Jordan affected a little start. "The stake is too high a one," he said. Lord Lorrimore fired up.

"You did not consider it so just now," he retorted. "I am only anxious to win it that I may restore it to its owner, to whom I gave it this morning."

The last words slipped out on awares, and Sir Jordan seized them and turned them to his advantage in a moment.

"Ah! I understand," he said. "You are naturally anxious to restore it. But, forgive me, as Miss Hope parted with it so readily—"

Lord Lorrimore's dark face went white at the blandly uttered taunts. "Pardon me," he said, slowly, and with an evident effort at self-control; "Miss Hope could scarcely refuse to offer the flower as a prize, lest she should seem to hold the trifles too highly. You have won it."

"And I will risk it!" Jordan broke in, but with the same calmness and self-possession which seemed to irritate Lord Lorrimore more than any display of heat or resentment would have done; and this was why Jordan kept cool.

Lord Lorrimore looked at him, his breath coming fast and painfully. "You are doubtless aware, Sir Jordan," he said, "that I am an humble suitor for Miss Hope's hand."

"All the world knows that," said Jordan, with a little bow and a smile.

"And all the world is welcome to know it!" responded Lorrimore, haughtily.

Jordan bowed again, the pink and pattern of courtesy, but for that same shadow of a sneer.

"And what is it you were to propose, Lord Lorrimore—that we shoot for something more than the flower? If so, I must beg to decline. I value the flower very highly, but Miss Hope is far too precious a prize to be won or lost by a shot."

At that moment the two men, though they were unaware no longer alone. Somebody had suggested that the ladies should go into the woods to look for anemones, and Lillian and Audrey amid started for the clump of trees amid which Jordan and Lorrimore were debating. But no sooner had the Beauty reached the shade than she sat down and calmly informed Audrey that wild flowers were not in her line, and that she would remain their until Audrey had finished posy-picking. Audrey had offered to stay with her, but Lillian had placidly declined.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I mean to go to sleep. I always feel sleepy in the open air, and as there is nothing to be done till the men have finished their tiresome rabbit-shooting, why—Lend me your sunshade, dear; you won't want it, and it's quite hot, isn't it?"

Audrey tossed her the sunshade with a laugh, and wandered on. Before she had gone very far she heard voices, and a few words which conveyed to her something of the business that was going on between the two men.

She stopped, and the blood mounted to her face, then forsook it. Womanly modesty whispered, "Escape before they see you," but a vague feeling of uneasiness would not let her beat a retreat.

She came out into the open where the two men stood. They lowered their eyes and looked rather confused for a moment. Jordan was the first to recover himself, and smiled with a little bow.

"Why are you not rabbiting?" he said, as carelessly as she could. "I give you fair warning that Lady Marlow is depending upon your rabbits for tomorrow's

lunch, and that if you don't take big bags home, you will get nothing but bread and cheese."

"We are getting a little practice, Miss Audrey," said Jordan, lightly. She looked round.

"This is where we lunched the last time I was here with Neville, Sir Jordan," she sighed. "It seems such a long time ago."

Jordan's smile gave place to an expression which was meant to reflect hers. Lord Lorrimore pricked up his ears and stood grave and silent.

She gathered up the skirt of her habit slowly to give them time to join her or go about their business, but as they did not move she was bound to retire.

"Well," she said, "are you going to outdo Neville? He killed thirteen that day—but I told you that before."

"You have a good memory, Miss Hope," said Lorrimore. Audrey looked at him.

"For everything connected with my old playmate, she said quietly and walked away. The two men waited for a moment or so, then Lorrimore said grimly: "Now, will you shoot first, Sir Jordan?"

"As you please," said Jordan; and raising his gun, he took careful aim and fired. The bullet struck the tip of the card only.

His lips twitched and his face contracted for a moment, but the next it turned with a smile toward Lorrimore.

"It is your turn," he said. "I have missed; but I have the flower still."

The taunt was unavailingly calculated to excite his rival and raised his gun, seemed to take scarcely any aim, and sent his bullet into the whole in the card.

He turned and faced Jordan with set lips and a swift flash of his dark eyes.

Jordan, with carefully lowered lids, took the rose slowly from his coat and extended it to his rival.

Lorrimore took it, raised his hat slightly, and without a word stalked off in the direction Audrey had taken.

Jordan stood looking after him, his hand clutching his gun, and with an expression on his face, which, if it could have carried a bullet, would have pierced his rival through the heart.

Lord Lorrimore had not to walk far. He found Audrey standing as if waiting for him.

She raised her eyes and glanced at him with an offended air, which he affected not to notice, as he held his hand with the rose in it.

"Let me return you your property, Miss Hope," he said in his grave voice. Audrey took the rose, dropped it on the ground, and set her foot on it, then turned her flashing eyes upon him.

"How could you be guilty of such—such folly, to quarrel over a worthless flower?" "You forget; you wore it," he said in a low voice. "We were not quarreling."

"You were!" she said, her lips trembling, her eyes softened by his grave retort. "I saw your face. Oh, what fools men are to—fall to loggerheads about a trifle!"

"The woman I love is more than a trifle to me," he broke in again in his grave voice.

She opened her eyes and swept him a courtesy. "Oh, then it was me you were shooting for, like two plover-boys at a fair."

"Like two men in deadly earnest! At least, one was."

"In-deed! And did you think I should be gratified in such a way?" "Show me some other, some higher way," he said quickly. "You know there is nothing I would not do to prove my love and yours."

She made an impatient gesture. Do you think I could rest easy while that man wore the rose I had given you? Had you flung into the sea—"

"You would have dived for it," she broke in, with a laugh that was meant to be sarcastic, but quivered a little.

"Yes," he said, gravely; "I will do anything, go anywhere to prove my love, though I think you cannot doubt it, Audrey."

She let his use of her Christian name pass unnoticed. "I am of a great mind to send you to—"

"Send me where you please," he said. As he spoke, an idea flashed into Audrey's mind. Remember, she had been thinking of Neville.

"You would?" she said. "Suppose I asked you to go in search of a lost friend—a friend whose absence and silence trouble me—would you go? Wait! It is not only for him or myself I ask, but for you, Lord Lorrimore. You are wasting your time."

The color rose to her face, then left it pale. "Ah! when will men learn that we silly, useless women are not worth so much trouble?"

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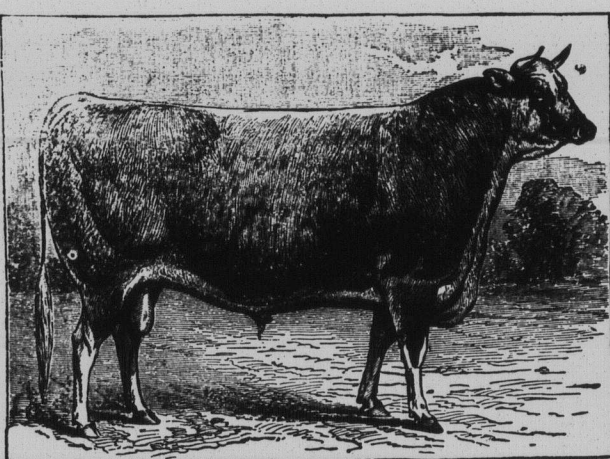
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"Never mind me," he said. "Go on. Who is this friend you want me to find?" He watched her closely.

"Neville Lynne," she said, meeting his gaze steadily.

He did not start, but still watched her. "Sir Jordan's half-brother? He does not know where he is—"

"No."

"—Or says so. And you"—his lips trembled and he grew pale—"why do you want him—this Neville?"

She stamped her foot.

"How you harp on one thing! He is a friend—an old playmate. We were children together, and now he is wandering, perhaps homeless and penniless. Do you think all the world is in love with me, as well—?" She stopped, and bit her lip.

"I will go," he said. Then his face changed and his eyes grew dark. "And when I come back, having failed or succeeded, you will be—ah!"

"She did not understand for a moment, then the blood rushed to her face.

"Audrey Hope still," she said in a low voice.

His face cleared.

"I may be away some time—a year—two."

"Two years," she said, promptly. "I—I will wait. It is a promise."

He held out his hand.

"Give me your hand," he said, solemnly. She stretched it out slowly. He took it, and grasped it so tightly that the rings cut her fingers. Then he bent down and kissed it, and without a word, turned away.

She, woman like, was frightened at what she had done. She did not regret the promise to remain single, but the sending him on a wild-goose chase.

"Lord Lorrimore!" she called out faintly—so faintly that he could not hear her.

Then she leaned against the tree and did what every woman knows she would do—burst into tears.

They waited dinner half an hour for Lord Lorrimore, and Lord Marlow nearly wore the edge of his waistcoat pocket threadbare by pulling out his watch.

Then the butler brought a note for Lady Marlow.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. Lord Lorrimore has gone."

"Gone!" was the general response.

"Yes; he has been called to London. I am so sorry."

"So are we all," said Jordan, blandly. "Oh, well—oh—hum—perhaps we'd better go in to dinner. Where's Audrey?"

She had left the room and gone upstairs, but she entered as he spoke and came forward with a smile, but looking rather pale.

"And no wonder, for on her dressing-table, where her maid, at Lord Lorrimore's request and a sovereign, had placed it, she had found this note:

"I have gone. You will keep your part of the compact, I know, and I—well, I well, I will bring your friend to you, if he is alive. Tell no one—especially Sir Jordan Lynne."

LORRIMORE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LIZOTTE.

Lizotte? Yes, that Ag-naise lassie, halt peasant, halt working, who revealed the sweetness of woman's presence to the little thinker and dreamer that I then was.

I must tell you that they are good to look upon our girls of the Gascon country. They have not the rather hard type, the accentuated Greek type of the Arlesiennes.

Lizotte was an incarnation of this charming and piquant type. When I became her friend I was 15 years old. I lived in Fontgrane. Every day I went to the parsonage to take a lesson in Latin from the Abbe Destourbes.

Lizotte and I were enjoying a holiday on the plea that we had to attend to decorating the church. I dined pleasantly enough at the parsonage between the Abbe Destourbes and the little monk, who amused herself by kicking me on the shins under the table.

He instantly donned his overcoat, took his hat and stick, and sallied out with the final instruction that I was not to leave Lizotte alone in the parsonage, for, the night being dark, Irma, the housekeeper, accompanied her master, Intern in hand.

The charge gave me great pride, but at bottom I was forced to own to myself that she had in me a rather poor defender. She was at that time far braver than I. Taking me by the hand, she drew me into the interminable, winding corridors of the house, then into the cool solitude of the nave.

But when she ceased the church answered to her voice in such horrible reverberatory echoes that we madly fled back through the sacristy and the long winding corridors to the dining room of the parsonage, where we fell into chairs, affrighted and laughing at our plight.

out retaining sometimes her nails, sometimes her brown fingers and sometimes the fist of my little friend. Then I seized Lizotte's arm, I snapped the prune, but when I had swallowed it I still held imprisoned the slim little hand with my lips above it.

Oh, that exquisite hour of innocent carresses! All who have known such an hour know also, I think, how to love most delicately. Almost swooning away, I murmured: "Oh! Lizotte! I love you, I love you!" Suddenly Lizotte thrust me away from her. She turned a little, hiding her head with her arm. Astonished, I raised my eyes. I saw the Abbe Destourbes standing in the frame of the doorway. He was looking straight at us. He was very red.

The scene of which he had been a witness had undoubtedly disturbed him violently, for his breviary was hanging from the end of the little piece of cloth in which he usually carried it, and the devotional pictures, sliding out of the pages, were whirling around the floor like choristers escaped from a sacristy.

He said severely: "Pick those up!" Lizotte did not stir. Half turning her back, her head slightly bent, she was nervously playing with her fingers on the strings of her apron. I noticed that her shoulders and her chignon shook.

"She is weeping," I thought. At present, having deeper thought on this matter, it is my opinion that she was laughing. Sheepishly, I picked up the sacred objects and replaced them in the breviary. The abbe did not scold me. He contented himself with saying: "Go home to your parents. It is time for you to be in bed."

After this event I was no longer allowed to play with Lizotte. That was an awful grief to me, but you may be sure I spoke of it to no one, and so I began to know before love itself, the delicious suffering of love.

At the Easter season, when the holidays arrived, I still saw at the church and afar off the pure profile, the supple figure, the knotted kerchief of Lizotte.

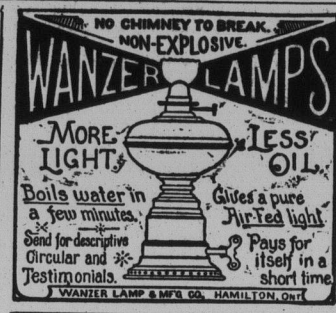
But, alas! never more did she laugh at me or box my ears. Never more did my lips touch her brown hands. All this happened long ago. Nevertheless, when I visit Gascony, when I walk in Agen, I sometimes meet Lizotte. Only Lizotte is a woman. She has married a notary. She wears a hat. And etc is longer Lizotte.

A Testimonial to the C. P. R. Testimonial from the Passengers to the Captain and Officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Steamship "Tartar", 2nd May, 1898:

We, the undersigned, passengers of both classes on board the S. S. "Tartar", on her first voyage from Vancouver to skagway, hereby desire to express our sincere appreciation of the enterprise of the C. P. R. in having provided so excellent service and the best of accommodation for both first and second-class travellers to the Yukon and other points in the Golden North.

We are agreed that the accommodation provided for the second-class is better than that provided for the first-class passengers in other steamers running North from Vancouver, while the first-class is equal in every respect to that of any steamship service on the Atlantic.

We also wish to express our sincere appreciation of the great care and attention displayed by Commander Archibald and all his officers, without exception, in the navigation of the ship through waters so little known and hitherto unsailed by any passenger steamer of so large a tonnage.



you having made the proposal you have made to a man who has been attacking you so steadily for so many years a proof of great magnanimity; but don't you think it would really be better that I should first change my principles and then go into your cabinet, then that I should first go into your cabinet and then change my principles?



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- Billtown, Marshall Kinsman, 62, Tupperville, May 6, Sadie Bent. Sussex, May 14, Mary E. Jeffries. Montreal, May 11, John P. Skerry. Picton, May 6, John Crookford, 80. Matilda, May 3, John Hedler, 75. Gaysboro Co., Mrs. John Costly, 70. Westport, May 4, Mrs. Cynthia Peters. Halifax, May 9, Esther B. McEneaney, 79. Yarmouth, May 9, Maria A. Fair, 78. St. John, May 12, Mary Jane Ansley. St. John, May 16, Fulton Beverly, 52. Truro, May 11, Robert M. Stevens, 62. Halifax, May 10, Muriel McLaughlin. Yarmouth, May 8, James Burridge, 33. Montreal, May 10, Francis Fitch Reid. Westport, May 4, Mrs. Cynthia Peters. Halifax, May 9, Esther B. McEneaney, 79. Halifax, May 11, Miss Christie Macneil. Picton Co., April 16, Mrs. Ann Ross, 80. St. John, May 13, Olive Knight Thomas. Fredericton, May 14, Elizabeth Earle, 71. Harrigan Cove, May 1, Murray Shiers, 4. Yarmouth, May 10, Mr. Levin Myers, 83. Poplar Grove, Karl Henry Rohwedder, 1. Wicklow, April 27, James B. Fowler, 90. Hebron, May 4, Mrs. Sarah Saunders, 95. Onslow, May 11, Mrs. Sarah Simpson, 82. Westport, May 9, Myrtle Pearl Porter, 4. Lunenburg, May 8, Lavinia Kaubach, 66. Upper Dyer, May 8, Mrs. Charles Belcher. St. John, May 12, Elizabeth Henderson, 91. Berwick, May 6, Norman Durkee Clark, 12. Trenton, May 10, Maggie M. McArthur, 14. North Sydney, May 8, Capt. Peter Kerr, 69. West Bay, C. B., May 4, Priscilla W. Short. North Sydney, May 6, Capt. Peter Kerr, 69. Waterville, N. S., May 4, Francis Crispo, 76. Eight Mile Brook, April 27, John Brown, 93. Hammond, Kings Co., John A. Ferguson, 88. Billtown, May 10, Mrs. Andrew Bentley, 92. Dumfries, April 19, Mrs. Elmer Flynn, 94. Mosherville, May 5, George William Harvie. Springhill, April 25, James Edward Rushton. River John, May 8, Mary Ann Archibald, 80. Springhill, April 25, Geo. H. D. Forsburn, 54. Providence, R. I., May 7, Simon Cameron, 30. Billtown, Kings, April 30, T. H. Rockwell, 70. Strathmore, April 27, Neil Roderick McKinnon. Milton, Queens Co., April 29, John J. Coops, 28. Terrace Bay, May 8, William L. Stanewick, 27. East Lake Annapolis, May 2, Katie M. McMillan, 2. Argyle Sound, April 19, Mr. John H. Daley, 63. Scotch Ridge, April 29, Margaret McMorran, 83. Englishtown, C. B., May 5, Malcolm Munro, 74. McLeellan's Brook, April 27, Mrs. Daniel McLean. Preston, May 11, Grace, widow of Jas. Slaughter, 78. Strathmore, C. B., Mar. 6, Maggie Bell McKinnon. North Sydney, May 5, Flora Laura Bell Patterson, 29. St. Stephen, May 3, Ada, wife of Frederick Porter, 21. Bedfordville, Kings, May 3, Agnes Holden Seffern 21. Cheverie, Hants, May 6, Benjamin D. Bradshaw 75. Pinedale, Lochaber, Antigonish Co., Duncan Cameron, 77. Woodville, Kings, May 1, Rachael Amelia McLean, 83. Liverpool, May 7, Bessie Gosley, wife of George Rossfield, Barney's River, May 3, Mr. Joseph Irving, 76. South Cape, Mabou, C. B., Mar. 19, Hector McLean, 76. Five Rivers, Colchester Co., May 4, Anthony Fraser, 76. East French River, Picton Co., April 22, Mr. John Irving, 76. Basswood Ridge Road, May 2, Lizzie Hazel Christie, 6. Lattie's Brook, Five Mile River, May 1, Walter Burton, 57. Windsor Forks, April 27, Jane, widow of Charles Tracy, 57. Boston Mass, April 24, Louise, wife of Albert P. McDonald. Broad Cove Banks, C. B., Mar. 31, Mrs. John N. McLean, 60. Lake View, Queens Co., May 5, Eleanor Jane Cromwell, 28.

MARRIED.

- Eston, by Rev. Fr. Turpel, Walter R. Jones to St. John, May 14, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, John Aitken to Isabella J. Hunter. New York, May 7, by Rev. Dr. Rainford, R. H. Cunn to Bertha Hilton. Aylesford, May 4, by Revs. Gae's and Ryan, E. C. Gates to Annie Jacques. Shelburne, April 22, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Wm. Crowe to Marjorie Turpin. Halifax, May 4, by Rev. Fr. Morgan, James Galvin to Kate G. Quigley. Saugus, Mar. 2, by Rev. J. C. Labaril, Archie W. Denno to Bella Marchant. Dover, N. H., May 2, by Rev. R. E. Gilkey, Ira F. Lagraham to Ida G. Shaw. Moncton, May 10, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, Charles McGee, to Jerusha Bishop. Wolfville, April 25, by Rev. John A. Smith Adelia Landry to Benjamin Smith. River John, May 10, by Rev. E. J. Grant, Alexander Ross to Jennie MacLean. St. Stephen, May 10, by Rev. O. S. Nowham, Capt. J. T. Martin to Lena Carter. Lowell, Mass., May 4, by Rev. Fr. Burke, Thomas B. McNally to Ida M. Balastridge. New Glasgow, Mar. 24, by Rev. Arch Bowman, George Martia to Annie Sutherland. Shubenacadie, April 21, by Rev. John Murray, Ernest Wardrope to Maggie Andrew. Fredericton, April 12, by Rev. Canon Roberts, Wm. Craig to Mrs. Margaret Stuart. St. Stephen, May 2, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Charles N. Anderson to Bessie St. Phillips. Halifax, May 11, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, John M. Hurd to Margaret Jean McKandry. New Glasgow, May 14, by Rev. Arch Bowman, David Thompson to Maggie C. Penny. Scotsburn, April 30, by Rev. James W. Fraser Joseph Acceneau to Jessie D. McKay. Folly Village, May 8, by Rev. William Dawson, Alexander W. McDermott to Miss A. Reid. Strathmore, C. B., April 14, by Rev. D. McDonald Hugh G. Cameron to Flora J. McKinnon. New Glasgow, May 7, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Clarence W. Shephard to Florence Millie. Millstream, Kings Co., May 11, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Stanley Kierstead to Sarah Chown. Georgetown, P. E. I., May 5, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, John I. Hanson to Sophia Burke. Cambridge, May 5, by Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, Samuel F. Cogswell to Bertha M. Wilson. Welton Corner, Kings, May 4, by Rev. Joseph Gaez, Vernon B. Armstrong to Bertha M. McMillan.

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DIED.

- Billtown, Marshall Kinsman, 62, Tupperville, May 6, Sadie Bent. Sussex, May 14, Mary E. Jeffries. Montreal, May 11, John P. Skerry. Picton, May 6, John Crookford, 80. Matilda, May 3, John Hedler, 75. Gaysboro Co., Mrs. John Costly, 70. Westport, May 4, Mrs. Cynthia Peters. Halifax, May 9, Esther B. McEneaney, 79. Yarmouth, May 9, Maria A. Fair, 78. St. John, May 12, Mary Jane Ansley. St. John, May 16, Fulton Beverly, 52. Truro, May 11, Robert M. Stevens, 62. Halifax, May 10, Muriel McLaughlin. Yarmouth, May 8, James Burridge, 33. Montreal, May 10, Francis Fitch Reid. Westport, May 4, Mrs. Cynthia Peters. Halifax, May 9, Esther B. McEneaney, 79. Halifax, May 11, Miss Christie Macneil. Picton Co., April 16, Mrs. Ann Ross, 80. St. John, May 13, Olive Knight Thomas. Fredericton, May 14, Elizabeth Earle, 71. Harrigan Cove, May 1, Murray Shiers, 4. Yarmouth, May 10, Mr. Levin Myers, 83. Poplar Grove, Karl Henry Rohwedder, 1. Wicklow, April 27, James B. Fowler, 90. Hebron, May 4, Mrs. Sarah Saunders, 95. Onslow, May 11, Mrs. Sarah Simpson, 82. Westport, May 9, Myrtle Pearl Porter, 4. Lunenburg, May 8, Lavinia Kaubach, 66. Upper Dyer, May 8, Mrs. Charles Belcher. St. John, May 12, Elizabeth Henderson, 91. Berwick, May 6, Norman Durkee Clark, 12. Trenton, May 10, Maggie M. McArthur, 14. North Sydney, May 8, Capt. Peter Kerr, 69. West Bay, C. B., May 4, Priscilla W. Short. North Sydney, May 6, Capt. Peter Kerr, 69. Waterville, N. S., May 4, Francis Crispo, 76. Eight Mile Brook, April 27, John Brown, 93. Hammond, Kings Co., John A. Ferguson, 88. Billtown, May 10, Mrs. Andrew Bentley, 92. Dumfries, April 19, Mrs. Elmer Flynn, 94. Mosherville, May 5, George William Harvie. Springhill, April 25, James Edward Rushton. River John, May 8, Mary Ann Archibald, 80. Springhill, April 25, Geo. H. D. Forsburn, 54. Providence, R. I., May 7, Simon Cameron, 30. Billtown, Kings, April 30, T. H. Rockwell, 70. Strathmore, April 27, Neil Roderick McKinnon. Milton, Queens Co., April 29, John J. Coops, 28. Terrace Bay, May 8, William L. Stanewick, 27. East Lake Annapolis, May 2, Katie M. McMillan, 2. Argyle Sound, April 19, Mr. John H. Daley, 63. Scotch Ridge, April 29, Margaret McMorran, 83. Englishtown, C. B., May 5, Malcolm Munro, 74. McLeellan's Brook, April 27, Mrs. Daniel McLean. Preston, May 11, Grace, widow of Jas. Slaughter, 78. Strathmore, C. B., Mar. 6, Maggie Bell McKinnon. North Sydney, May 5, Flora Laura Bell Patterson, 29. St. Stephen, May 3, Ada, wife of Frederick Porter, 21. Bedfordville, Kings, May 3, Agnes Holden Seffern 21. Cheverie, Hants, May 6, Benjamin D. Bradshaw 75. Pinedale, Lochaber, Antigonish Co., Duncan Cameron, 77. Woodville, Kings, May 1, Rachael Amelia McLean, 83. Liverpool, May 7, Bessie Gosley, wife of George Rossfield, Barney's River, May 3, Mr. Joseph Irving, 76. South Cape, Mabou, C. B., Mar. 19, Hector McLean, 76. Five Rivers, Colchester Co., May 4, Anthony Fraser, 76. East French River, Picton Co., April 22, Mr. John Irving, 76. Basswood Ridge Road, May 2, Lizzie Hazel Christie, 6. Lattie's Brook, Five Mile River, May 1, Walter Burton, 57. Windsor Forks, April 27, Jane, widow of Charles Tracy, 57. Boston Mass, April 24, Louise, wife of Albert P. McDonald. Broad Cove Banks, C. B., Mar. 31, Mrs. John N. McLean, 60. Lake View, Queens Co., May 5, Eleanor Jane Cromwell, 28.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers - Fredericton AND Woodstock. (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers, "David Weston" and "Olivette" leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer "Aberdeen" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5.30 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lve. St. John at 11.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr Yarmouth 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. St. John 1.15 p. m., arr Yarmouth 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr Halifax 6.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr Digby 10.09 p. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr Halifax 5.50 p. m. Mon. Tues, Thurs. and Fri. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr Digby 8.40 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

S. S. Prince Edward; BOSTON SERVICE By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Escapes" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.50 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. For close connections with trains at Digby Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIPKINS, Superintendent.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Queen's BIRTHDAY. Excursion Tickets on sale at stations in New Brunswick May 21st, to 24th, inclusive good for return until 26th, at ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE, for the round trip. Further particulars of Ticket Agents: A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Picton and Halifax.....10.00 Express for Halifax.....10.10 Express for Sussex.....10.20 Express for Moncton(daily).....10.30 Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton.....10.40 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Moncton(daily).....10.30 Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton.....10.40 Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

BE AFRAID. Have fear of the wart or pimple that won't heal or go away. It may be a cancer-spot. Our Vegetable Cancer Cure is fully explained in our pamphlet. Sent for 5c. (stamps). STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.