

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 666

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 1, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## VERY BOLD BAD PEOPLE.

The London Belles Disgusted a Thousand People in the Institute.

More than a thousand people flocked to the Institute Thursday night to see the New London Belles a show that has been here once or twice before. On those occasions the performance was fairly bright and decent which is much more than can be said of the entertainment given on Thursday.

PROGRESS goes to press Friday and cannot tell its readers whether the show remained in town more than one night but the opinion is unhesitatingly expressed that such an indecent exhibition should not be permitted. Had any police officer walked on the stage last evening and stopped the vulgar show the crowd would have applauded him.

To describe how bad the show would be impossible. The members of the company certainly looked their parts. Britain and Sheffield street in their worst days produced no tougher specimens of the female sex.

To the credit of the management of the house it may be said that the record of this company in the past favored the engagement. To break the contract on the opening night might have been a serious matter but the contrast between the fashionable audience that saw Harkin's show on Wednesday night and the crowd who flocked to hear ribald jests and coarse songs on Thursday night.

There was not a woman present—Yes, there was one and she got such a reception as she wished to a front seat that even her husband had to acknowledge the doubtful tribute with a smiling bow.

There was considerable chaff between the audience and the stage. It was dangerous to make a move to leave the house because the females in the cast did not hesitate to stop in the middle of a song or a sentence and call out to the party not to get excited and so forth.

Well known front seat men were roasted unmercifully and while the crowd laughed they disapproved of the unprovoked insult.

PROGRESS does not know the route of the London Belles but theatrical managers who care for the reputation and the wishes of the people will do well to be cautious.

### ALL ABOUT AN I. O. U.

Smith Gives Brown an I. O. U. and What Came of It.

John Brown of this city received a lawyer's letter a day or two ago, which was couched in such terms as to cause him some uneasiness. The occasion of it he well understood for it was one of the results of a practical joke that had given him considerable amusement and his friends some laughter and fun.

A week or ten days perhaps ago while engaged in a little social conversation with some of his friends William Smith (or he may be called that) approached him and said, "John lend me \$5." "Certainly," replied John, "ten if you want it." "No I only want five and here is my I. O. U." The exchange was made, Brown took the I. O. U. and Smith took the \$5. A moment or two later Brown looked at the I. O. U., and one of his friends suggested that it would be an easy matter to raise the \$5 to \$50. No sooner said than done but by whom it was done is not known and then to all appearances the little bit of paper represented a loan of \$50 instead of \$5. In the course of that same day, or evening, Brown was a little short of funds and meeting his friend Black, he asked him if he could not discount the I. O. U. of Smith, who was well known to both of them. Black was willing and he gave Brown \$45 for the \$50 I. O. U. The joke of this was soon noised around and pretty soon came to the ears of Smith, who at first felt somewhat indignant that his friendly promissory paper should be bandied around from person to person and in such an indiscriminate way as it had been. Still he was unable to locate the document until one day a King street business man presented it to him with a request for payment. He refused to acknowledge that he owed any such amount and the merchant called upon the gentleman who gave it to him, Mr. Black, to

redeem it. He did so and meeting Mr. Smith shortly afterwards found him in such mood that he paid the full amount of the I. O. U. and then walked straight to the legal gentlemen who do his business and placed the case in their hands. No

### TRUTH NOT FICTION.

Some Interesting Paragraphs That Appear This Week.

Readers of papers are often called upon to peruse some strange paragraphs; errors caused by the type setter or proof reader have produced not a few amusing instances. Sometimes a journal produces half a column of such items gathered from different sections that read so ridiculously funny that their genuineness is often questioned. The items which are here quoted need no assurance of their truthfulness, as they are all taken from St. John papers published

## To the Wide Wide World.

The University Sends Graduates to Life's Battle—The Exercises

The closing proceedings of the University of New Brunswick on Thursday, completes the one hundred and first year of that institution's career. Last summer this well known seat of learning celebrated its centennial under the most encouraging

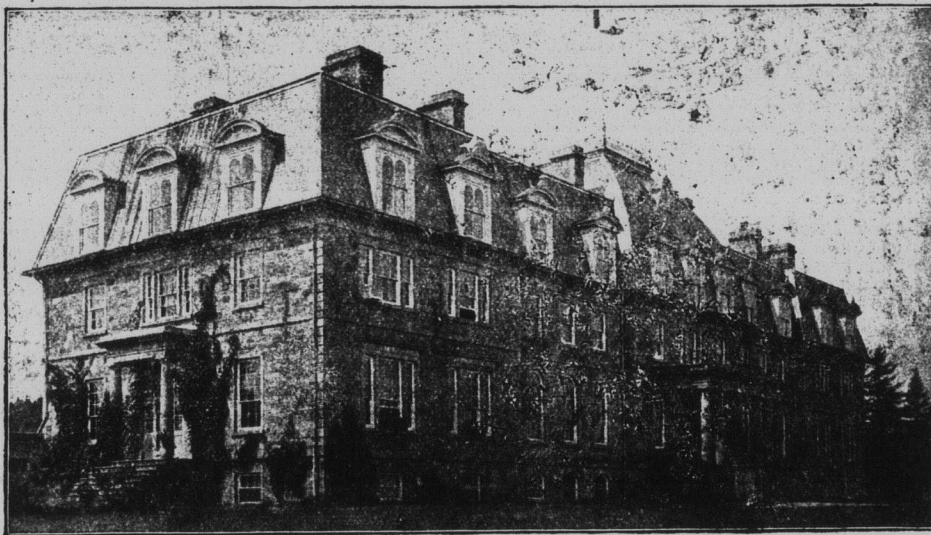
university has turned out in the past years. The chancellor of the college, is himself a child of the institution and many others may be named, Dr. Bridges the superintendent of the St. John schools Dr. Parkin, principal of Upper Canada college, Dr. Pagsley, attorney general of the province, Mr. Hazen the leader of the opposition in the local house, the late Premier Mitchell, Geo. E. Foster, ex finance minister, Profs. Duff, Murray, Ganong, Hatt and Raymond all occupying important chairs in distinguished universities, Dr. Barker judge of the Supreme Court, Chas. Roberts and Birta Carman, men who have made a name for Canadian literature and poetry, besides scores of others. This list is a grand one and reflects credit on the old University of New Brunswick.

The proceedings on Thursday were of the usual interesting character. During the afternoon Chancellor and Mrs. Harrison held a reception which was largely attended and later in the day the visitors were shown through the new Engineering building. This by no means was the least interesting part of the day's proceedings. Everyone was delighted with the new order of things. In the evening what is known as the Encoenial exercises took place. Prof. Dixon delivered a most interesting address on behalf of the faculty in praise of the founders of the College and the Rev. G. C. Heine, of Montreal, to whose honor fell the duty of speaking on behalf of the Alumni Society, acquitted himself in a manner to leave nothing wanted. Mr. Heine's oration was a scholarly effort and the Alumni Society kept its record in the selection of good men.

Mr. Kelly to whose lot fell the delivery of the valedictory on behalf of graduating class, filled his part well. The conferring of degrees, the awarding of prizes and diplomas, always an interesting part of the programme was no exception to the rule. St. John obtained its full share of honors, one of its sons being the winner of the fine gold Douglas medal. Thus another year has closed and another will open in October. That the good work will continue is the hope of all graduates and friends of the university.

### In New Quarters.

Mr. Arthur Brown who for sometime so capably conducted the tonorial establishment, formerly owned by Mr. McGinley in the Victoria hotel, has changed his quarters and now superintends that part of the Dufferin hotel establishment which gives the people so far as the face and head are concerned, a very neat and respectable look. Mr. Brown is a real artist in this line, is popular with those who patronized him, and no doubt will give first class satisfaction to those who have been in the habit of going to the Dufferin for this purpose.

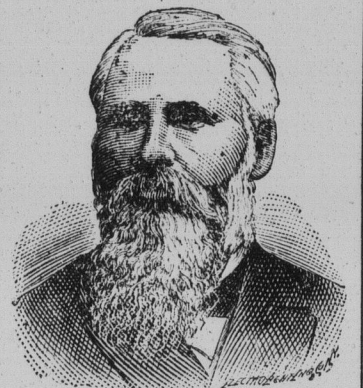


THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Brown is wondering just what the outcome of this will be and his friends are having some fun at his expense on account of the curious way the joke has been turned upon him.

### Hypnotism Exemplified Again.

Not long ago St. John had a fine exhibition in the art of hypnotism. Mr. McEwen who was the attraction on the occasion astonished his audiences with his



DR. INCH, Pres. University.

wonderful powers. It would seem that when he left he did not take with him all his great hypnotism, at any rate he left enough behind him that when it came into connection with Svengali's forces at the Institute on Wednesday, when Trilby was presented, it was too much for the audience, for one of them at least. A specialty was introduced between the acts that had not been advertised. Mr. Edward Harrison, the well known cornetist was playing away with his usual good taste, and probably thought that he was doing all the blowing that was necessary, so it came as no little surprise to him when a well known citizen advanced to him and gave him a right hand blow from the shoulder. The instance caused so little sensation and it was some time before the mesmerized being could be brought to his senses. Whether it was the state hypnotism of Mr. McEwen, or the hypnotism of Svengali or the hypnotism of Mr. Harrison's musical cornet or the hypnotism from some other source that produced such startling results must remain a mystery. There is no doubt, however, some unknown force got in its work.

### Boxing Exhibition Monday Night.

The Pastime Club will have another exhibition of pugilistic art on Monday evening. The principal bout is to be between Johnny Taylor of the north end and Creaghan of the south. Both of these men are well known as being scientific and eager for such test. The show will be conducted to the satisfaction of the authorities and with a view to please the audience. It will be under the direction of Messrs William Keele and Jack Powers, who will not permit anything that will be displeasing to anybody.

this week and no doubt will be remembered by many.

The first of the week the young ladies of Trinity church held what was called 'A Violet Tea,' and a very excellent affair it was. One of the City's enterprising journals devoted much space to a description of the entertainment and spoke in the highest terms of its success. It rather detracted from its article, however, by ending up with the following paragraph:

The young ladies to whose efforts the pretty effort is due deserve much credit for the distaste displayed and the success of the tea, even though the weather is adverse cannot but be assured.

The following paragraph taken from the paper speaks for itself. It says:—"Mrs. Calhoun is quite seriously ill at the home of her mother Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Princess street. Her many friends are glad to hear this." The insertion of the words "are glad," for "will regret," gives quite a different meaning.

One of our leading physicians has seen married this week in the States. The event was a brilliant one and on the day of its occurrence The Globe told us in detail of the ceremony but concludes with this rather startling and confused ending—

circumstances. At the gathering on that occasion, were assembled representatives from all the distinguished universities of America and Great Britain, and all spoke in the highest praise of the work done by the Provincial University in years past, and prophesied a successful future. Since that time the college has proceeded along under the most favorable auspices. The seed that has been sown is already beginning to bear fruit and the new life instilled into her by her graduates and friends continues to flourish. During the winter the government, feeling the good work the University is doing and is trying to do, believed that it had so placed itself in the favour of the people that it was felt that the giving of further financial aid would be a wise and judicious move. According a bill was introduced into the legislature giving a grant of one thousand dollars per year for twelve years to the institution. The bill met with the unanimous approval of the house and became law. Thus in this respect the old university has been a great gainer in the past twelve months. Then with the past year the new engineering building has been constructed, fitted up and is now in thorough order. The great



CHANCELLOR HARRISON.

"Mr. and Mrs. Walker will live at West Somerville. Mr. Walker, who only left expense. They now feel they are on the responsible position in Boston."

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

value of this building to the old college cannot be estimated. It comes to fill a long felt want and it cannot but be a strong arm in the future to the university's success.

It would be impossible to give anything like a list of names of famous men the

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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- Births, marriages and deaths of the week.



Seagoing Bottles.

The problem of determining the course of the various currents of the oceans has for years been an important part of the work of the hydrographic departments of all nations. The course of these drifts, principal among which is the Gulf Stream, is as well known now to sailors as the average country road is to a farmer. Yet, every now and then currents and counter currents are discovered which were hitherto unknown. In making these charts of the sea every government employs many of its master minds, and today the name of many a naval officer long since dead and who otherwise would have been forgotten, is seen on these charts by which the great ocean greyhounds shape their course across the seas, which no longer is a 'tractless ocean,' but figuratively speaking, a familiarly blazed roadway, and gratefully remembered.

The means employed by these men who spent their lives in mapping the ocean is to a great extent a sealed book to the great mass of the people. The way the work is done is too multiplex to be explained in all its branches and the object of the article is merely to tell of how an ordinary beer bottle, corked and sealed, with a note in it, in 314 days travelled nearly in a direct line from off Fernandis, Fla., to Brauncin Bay, County Kerry, coast of Ireland, a distance of over 3,800 miles.

George E. Kuhnast, first officer of the steamship Comus, threw this bottle which made the remarkable trip into the Gulf of Mexico Dec. 16, 1899, in a latitude 30 degrees and 40 minutes north and longitude 79 degrees and 10 minutes west, off the Florida coast, and, as said, in 314 days it made the voyage directly across the Atlantic Ocean to the coast of Ireland.

Singular to say, the letter to Mr. Kuhnast from the person who found the bottle was nearly as long coming to him as the bottle was in making its transatlantic trip. The letter reached him a few days ago through the New Orleans Post Office, and from its appearance it is a veritable globe trotter. It bears the postmark of one or two German cities, the French postal stamp, as well as the postal stamp of the Danish Government.

The supposed reason why the letter, which was covered by redirections from top to bottom on both sides, was subjected to such a circuitous world-covering journey, is that there are several well-known seamen by the name of Kuhnast, sailing in as many ships, flying as many different nations' flags, and that when the letter failed to reach the American sailor it was sent by some acquaintance to one of the other Kuhnasts in a different part of the world.

Yesterday evening aboard the steamship Comus, Mr. Kuhnast told the story of the remarkable ocean-travelled bottle and the equally remarkable land-travelled letter. Mr. Kuhnast said that the study of ocean currents, proving a subject of never-failing interest to him, he had frequently thrown bottles into the sea off the coast of various countries as well as in midocean.

'I have heard from a number of these silent travellers,' continued Mr. Kuhnast, 'and one, by the way, did some rather remarkable missionary work in Africa by Christianizing and making a good man out of an unenlightened negro. But I'm getting ahead of my story. I'll have to leave to and go slower.'

'Yes, I have figured out the route the bottle took to make its voyage from the Florida coast to the Irish shore; that is in a vague sort of way. You see, the bottle, thrown into the sea, as it was, off the Florida coast, got into the Gulf Stream and it followed that stream clear across the Atlantic Ocean, never leaving it during all the thousand miles it travelled. The bottle was never nearer land than the Newfoundland Banks. There the Gulf Stream, 200 miles south of Newfoundland forks. At this point, east of Grand Banks where the Gulf Stream forks, one current running south forms what is known as the African current, while the other runs northeast, striking the coast of Ireland and Norway. The bottle took the latter route. This much of the bottle's route is known. But why it drifted into the coast of Norway I can't explain.'

'What was written on the note in the bottle? Well, the note only bore the name of the ship I was on, the steamship Louisiana, then my name and the longitude and latitude where the bottle was thrown overboard. I use, however, in these experiments, a printed slip which is supplied me by the United States Navy Department. These slips are the same as those used by the Hydrographic Department of the navy in bottles thrown by them into the sea. Printed on these slips in five different languages are the directions to any one find-

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

OBJECT OF THE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY is formed to advance Canadian trade with England in dressed poultry, ducks, turkeys and geese, dressed meats and other farm produce that the company may deem it advisable to deal in. This is the great object of the Company. It will be no monopoly and it cannot be made one; its success means the Farmers' success. The farmer who wants to make money must first become a shareholder in this Company, which is the only company of its kind, and by so doing show that he means business, as his money being invested, his interests and the interests of the Company are the same, and then raise poultry, turkeys, ducks and geese for the Company. This Company will buy only from its own shareholders; therefore, with care and attention every farmer and every farmer's wife and every man, woman and child of ordinary intelligence in Canada who has fifty dollars can buy ten shares and become a shareholder, and by beginning in a small way and saving his profits make himself wealthy, like Mr. Taylor has done. Who Mr. Taylor is is explained in the following extracts from a story told by Professor Robertson, the well-known Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada, to the standing committee of the House of Commons:

'Well-to-do farmers fatten chickens. I learn also that there is money in the business. I had got the name of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the leading poultry dealers in London. When I got to his place I found Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer. He had begun life as a farm laborer without capital. When I visited him he had a fine farm—stead and was doing a prosperous business. I would not like to say how much money the chicken-fattening business brought him in, but I would not be surprised to learn that his annual net balance was over a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars a year).' This man had begun life as a farm laborer and by sticking to this business had made money out of it.

The Promoters are now arranging to establish not less than twelve receiving and shipping stations in Canada to be fitted with plants necessary to make the exported article as perfect as possible. The number of stations in each Province will be as nearly equal as possible, having regard for the size of the Province and the number of shareholders in each. The operations of the Company to be confined for the present to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Company is also engaging the most experienced help to be found in Canada and England and making arrangements in England to get the very highest price for its shipments.

The Buyers of this Company will commence operations, it is expected, on or about the first of June, 1901, when they will call on the shareholders and arrange with them as to the continuous supply—that is, the number each shareholder will raise and supply each month to the nearest receiving station of the Company. It is therefore necessary that all intending shareholders send in their subscriptions for stock at once, as the Company will only buy from its shareholders and the lists will be closed.

This is a grand chance to make money for either farmers or their wives and those who either cannot afford to keep up a large farm or who, through some infirmity or poor health, are not able to attend to the heavy duties of heavy farming.

Prices to Be Paid.—This Company will pay the very highest prices to its shareholders, so as to encourage the raising of first-class poultry, and, as it will year in and year out be selling at the high prices to be obtained in England, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market.

Great Prices in England.—Chickens shipped to Liverpool, England, met with a ready sale at eight-pence (sixteen cents) per pound. As they weighed eleven pounds per pair, they sold for one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair. Just think for one moment—one dollar and seventy-six cents for a pair of chickens in England, and yet it is only a fair market price there, and the profits are equally as good, if not better, on turkeys, ducks and geese. The consignee wrote as follows about the shipment: 'I was agreeably surprised at the all-round excellence of your small experimental shipment of Canadian capons (chickens). On opening the cases the birds were found to be in beautiful condition, and presented a most salable appearance. After the birds were uncased I hung one to find out how long it would retain its bright appearance, and found that it became milky white as soon as it had dried out of the chilled state; today, five days later, it is as nice looking as a fresh killed bird. I think the price obtained will both please and pay you. It is a fair market price.'

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Raising Poultry Pays.—It pays better to fatten them, and it pays best to ship them to England. The shipment sent to Liverpool, England, above described brought one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair; the farmer sold them to the shipper for fifty-four cents per pair, which is above the average price, as often he does not get more than thirty cents per pair; can anything be clearer than that the farmer is failing to make enormous profits? By becoming a shareholder you will commence putting the money in your own pocket.

Success.—This Company is a natural outgrowth of the great and wonderful cold storage system. Before 'cold storage' became known it would have been an impossibility to carry on this great business, but now the great success of cold or chilled storage is the maker of this enormous business, which will prove a money-maker for its shareholders. Space will not permit giving a description of the great arrangements to be made, of the many receiving and shipping stations, abattoirs, cold storage plants, offices and agencies this Company will establish in the different Provinces of Canada and in England, or of the numerous employees it will engage to do the buying, killing, plucking, packing and shipping; the instructors the Company will engage will give to the working shareholders such directions and assistance as they may desire.

The Head Office will be at Hamilton, Ontario, and from there MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. Mr. Gilmore is already well known to many Canadians, but for those who do not know him and who would naturally like to know something of the man who is to direct the affairs of the Company in which they intend to invest their money the following extract from a letter written by the celebrated firm F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED, the greatest pork packers and provision merchants, and probably the oldest established firm of its kind in Canada, to the proposed bank of this Company, will be of interest:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of Mr. W. S. Gilmore I write to advise you that we have known him for years, and have had during that time continuous dealings with him as one of our customers. He is a practical provision dealer and butcher of many years experience. He is about fifty-five years of age, but active and progressive, and as a judge of poultry, live or dressed, he is certainly the equal of the best in Hamilton. As to his personal character, respectability and integrity, we believe he is fully to be relied on for anything he will undertake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every shareholder in this Company is not obliged to raise poultry simply because he is a shareholder—anybody can buy stock in the Company, and the net profits or dividends will be divided between all shareholders alike, and it is safe to say they will get large dividends for their money.

Exclusive Privilege.—The Company extend an exclusive privilege to those who hold ten shares or more of the Company's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, etc., for the Company, to supply the great demand, and to this class of shareholders the Company will pay the very highest prices for their birds. They will be given the great advantage of careful instruction, free of charge, in the art of raising and fattening poultry, as well as receiving their share of all the profits of the Company, and, as the promoters wish to make this a Company by the farmers and for the farmers, all the servants and employees of the Company will be chosen from among the shareholders and their families.

The Capital Stock of this Company is divided into shares worth five dollars each, and of this only a limited number of shares are offered for public subscription, but no subscription will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). If you wish to become a subscriber lose no time, but send in your subscription at once, as the stock will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the APPLICATION FORM given below, be careful to state how many shares you want and the amount of money you enclose, sign your name to it and then fill in your address and send it by registered letter to Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ontario, accompanied by a marked cheque, postoffice order or express order for the full amount of your subscription, payable to the order of Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, President of the Company.

The promoters reserve the right to change the name of the Company if the Government requests them to do so as a condition to the granting of Letters Patent under the Great Seal incorporating the proposed Company, and also at the same time to ask incorporation with any other amount of capital stock than named in their discretion.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

ing the bottle how to fill in the blank space on the back, which shows just where the bottle was discovered. It is by this means that the hydrographers of this and all other countries have been able to determine the route of the ocean currents.

'I started to tell you of what I call my missionary bottle. In 1892, I was an officer in the American bark E W Steveson of New York. On Feb. 9 when we were well out at sea returning from a voyage to Rio Janeiro, I threw over a bottle which contained a note bearing my name and address and a request to whoever found the bottle

to write me. We were in longitude 31 degrees, 29 minutes north, and latitude 26 degrees 9 minutes west when I sent the bottle adrift. I remember the day as well as I do yesterday, for it was shortly after Christmas. I remember how depressed I was that I had been forced to spend the holidays away from home. Later, however, the incident passed out of my mind and I never thought of it again, except when I looked in my diary. You can imagine my surprise then, when some months later I received a letter from the chief hydrographer's office of the United States Navy,

telling me that the bottle had been found on June 3 by a native of Sierra Leone, West Africa. I was still more surprised, though, when some time later, while I was in New York spending a vacation, to get a letter from the African finder of the bottle. The African did not write the letter himself, but got the mate of an English tramp ship to write it for him.

'It seems the poor fellow was fired with an ambition to become a sailor after finding the bottle, and, making his way to an isolated seaport, managed to get aboard the English tramp, where, by his devotion

to duty, he won the friendship of the mate, who later became the medium through which he conveyed his thanks to me for my indirect communication.

'Now I have told you why I have called this my missionary bottle, and I sometimes think it accomplished more good than many of the other missionaries.'

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS have found Pain-Killer very useful. There is nothing equal to it in all cases of bowel trouble. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c and 50c.



Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSONS.

A Bach Music festival was held at Bethlehem, Pa., May 23, and 25. It was under the direct supervision of the famous Bach choir of that city.

It is said that Frank S. Perley will star Fanchon Thompson next season as successor to Alice Nielson with the William & Perley Opera Company. Miss Thompson is this season in London, taking the leading role in The Balls of Bohemia.

It is said that Mascagni the Italian composer will make a tour of the United States next season, beginning Oct. 15. He will bring with him an orchestra of 80, and the tour will last eight weeks. Mascagni will receive a salary, it is reported, of \$10,000 a week. The news needs confirmation. It is doubtful if there will be many managers who will be willing to take the risk of paying the young Italian \$10,000 a week. Mascagni is known chiefly in this country by his opera, Cavalleria Rusticana, which has been sung more or less widely for several years. His other operas, L'Amico Fritz, Iris, and La Maschera, have not been specially successful, not even in Italy. The first was sung in Boston in 1898. The intermezzo in the Cavalleria is always well received and has become popular. It is a graceful, flowing melody, but seems more like an excerpt from a symphony than a part of an opera. Mascagni undoubtedly has genius and will probably do better work. He is very popular in Italy. If the composer and his men are willing to accept moderate remuneration they may do well, but the audiences must be large, if the orchestra hopes to succeed. Mascagni's visit will certainly arouse interest.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It is seldom if ever that St. John has the privilege of having at one and the same time such two good theatrical companies in its midst as it has had the past week. Mr. Harkins at the new Mechanics Institute and Mr. Mawson at the Opera House have given a series of entertainments which may be styled in nearly every particular first class. The latter has by no means drawn the houses that it was expected he would and from a financial point of view, his stay in this city cannot have been very successful. It is strange too but there is no accounting for the whims of people especially the theatre patrons. When Mr. Mawson appeared here last year he took the city by storm, and he left such a record behind him that actors following him suffered much in comparison. There was no one like Mawson "Give us Mawson" was the universal cry. Well Mr Mawson has come and he might well have expected that no building in St John would be large enough to welcome him. But the people have forgotten all their past enthusiasm and the manner they have extended a welcome to their favorite has seemed by endeavoring to stay away from his performances. Why this is, is beyond explanation. Mr. Mawson, certainly has lost none of his old time charm, in fact if anything he is a much better actor today than ever. His company in support were not as well billed as they should have been, Mawson was simply the whole feature, no one else receiving a simple iota of credit. The performers, ladies or gentlemen, may have been good or bad, they did not receive any mention in the advance notices; this may have accounted, in a measure for the falling off in attendances at the Mawson performances. He has surrounded himself with a good company and as has been said his pieces have all been good and well selected. Mr. Harkins on the other hand has met with the heartiest of receptions. On Monday his opening night the institute was packed to the doors. This is no surprise. Mr. Harkins is a favorite with St. John people, as people feel assured that whatever he brings is bound to be good. He has in his company too as leading lady Miss Bonstelle, a most popular actress and one who has endeared herself to many. Last year Miss Bonstelle was with Mr. Mawson and judging from the audiences it looks very much that it was Miss Bonstelle and not Mr. Mawson that captured the city. These two make a strong team, but no doubt with the public it is the actress not the actor that wins the day. Mr. Mawson played this week in 'A Parisian Romance,' and his interpretation of the leading character was strong and well received. The Harkins Company presented a series of plays; on Monday they opened with Magda, Tuesday Fedora was put on, and Wednesday Trilby and The Little Minister. All were admirably executed

and Miss Bonstelle added still further to her conquests.

The city is to be congratulated on its excellent entertainments this week and the public should certainly lend their patronage when they have such opportunities.

Rose Sydell's London Belle' was the attraction at New Mechanics Institute during the latter part of the week. The male portion of theatre-goers was much in evidence.

Josef Hafmann will make another tour of this country next season.

Ellena Maris is ill with nervous prostration at Salt Lake City.

May E. Abbey will be featured next season in a play now being written for her.

Aubrey Boucault appears as Charles II in Mistress Nell during Henrietta Crossman's engagement at Wallack's.

Marion Crawford has completed his new play entitled Madame de Maintenon which Sarah Le Moyne will star in next season.

The Valentine Company, after playing for thirty consecutive weeks at Toronto, has opened an engagement at Grand Rapids.

Florence St. John, who was seen in this city some years ago, is to play Nell Gwynne in English Nell on a tour through Great Britain.

A new version of L'Aijlon by Ernest Stout, is being produced at the Victoria Theatre in Chicago this week. It was fairly successful.

Helen Sancomb, who will star next season in her own farce comedy, A Blaze of Glory, will appear during the Summer with Joe Williams' Players.

Mason Mitchell has taken the place of Charles Arthur at the Central Theatre in San Francisco and is making quite a success of Julius Caesar.

Ada Behan who recently closed her long engagement here in Sweet Nell of Old Drury will sail shortly for Ireland where she will spend the summer.

The Belle of New York will tour again next season under the management of Sam S. Shubert. Beulah Dodge will continue in the role of the Salvation Lassie.

The engagement is announced of Anna Urquhart Potter, daughter of Mrs. James Brown Potter and James Stilman. Both are well known in theatrical circles.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett [Mary Manning] will sail on the Dominion line steamship Commonwealth on June 5 for England, where they will spend the summer.

Theresa Vaughn the popular singer and actress was recently committed to the insane asylum at Worcester, Mass. She had been ill for some time with nervous troubles.

Sarah Bernhardt has offered the use of her Paris theatre to Elsie DeWolfe, for a production of "The Way of the World," which she contemplates producing during the summer.

Kyrie Bellow, who will star here next season under Liebler and Co.'s management in A Gentleman of France, will play a six weeks' engagement at the Theatre Republic, beginning in January.

Muriel Wilson of Tranby Croft, the famous beauty of English society, recently acted Peg Woffington in Masks and Faces for a charity. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Paul Rubens were also in the cast.

William Faversham, who has been leading man with Margaret Anglin the past season will make his debut as a dramatic star in Capt. Marshall's successful play, "The Second in Command" next fall.

In New York last week Marcus B. Mayer was given a verdict for \$3,197 as his share of the profits for managing Olga Netherstone and also was victorious against Mrs. Bernard Beere, who sued him for royalties.

Adelina Patti was the guest of honor at a reception given by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris May 15. On the following day Mme. Patti delivered an address to the Paris International society of Female Students.

The Garrick Stock Company gave a performance of the 'Wages of Sin,' at the Bangor opera house during the latter part of last week. The play is excellent, was well staged, and apparently much enjoyed by theatre-goers.

Maudie Adams sailed for Europe to spend the summer in rest in France. First though, she will go to London for business interviews with Charles Frohman and J. M. Barrie, who has about finished a play for her. This is what she will use when she reappears at the Knickerbocker in October.

Mark W. Davis, acting manager of the Modjeska company, has been presented by the Business Man's Club of Minneapolis with a royal palm, or cannaogan wood cane, once the property of Aguineldo and taken

from his throne room by Dr. R. J. Fitzgerald, chief surgeon of the United States staff in the Philippine Islands.

Elizabeth Vigoreaux and Louis A. Imhaus have just finished an original melodrama entitled Exiled from the World, which will be produced next season by a carefully selected company. The mounting will be elaborate. The authors are now engaged in writing a novel founded upon the play.

Francis Wilson's season will close on June 1. He will have covered since last September much more Western territory than for five years. His manager, Ariel Barney, adds this will be by all odds the most profitable tour he has played in that period of time. He has sung exclusively in The Monks of Malabar. Next season he will revive The Little Corporal.

Stanislans Stange is making a play on the subject of the courtship of Miles Standish, and the drama is to be given its premiere in Boston, Gulliver's Travels is another bit of literature that has been utilized in the Stange drama foundry. The detective stories concerning Nick Carter, as we have stated, are to be made into a play by this hard working gentleman.

M. Edmond Rostand, who has returned to Paris restored in health, after spending the winter in Cambon, in the department of Loire-Interieure, has progressed considerably with a play for Sarah Bernhardt. It is written in verse and is called Le Theater. It deals with modern stage life. It will contain a role suitable for M. Coquelin, who will take it if his engagements allow him to do so.

Hamlet furnishes the finest example of duelling seen in drama, and in this Mr. Sothorn is probably unequalled at the present day. Mr Sothorn's prompt book of Hamlet is almost identical with the version that was presented by Mr. Macready at the old Drury Lane theatre, London, in 1833, and later by Mr. Macready in New York, Sept 27, 1843. The latest revival of Hamlet in London was made by Forbes Robertson at Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum theatre, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the Ophelia.

A new drama, a Duel of Hearts had its initial production in Boston this week.

It is essentially romantic in its character the principal motive being found in the flirtation of its hero and heroine, while its plot is devoted to show the dangers attending this class of social indulgence. The heroine, a brilliant society favorite, is a character calling for exceptional dramatic ability and affords opportunities for depicting a widely varied range of emotions. The play was translated and arranged from a French drama by Mrs Davenport Lander.

Mr Mantell commences his fifth week at the Toronto opera house on Monday, and will be seen in several Shakespearian roles which he has in the past presented in a creditable manner, receiving flattering notices from leading dramatic critics. On Monday and Tuesday nights and Tuesday nights, and Tuesday and Saturday matinees Bulmer Lytton's beautiful play 'The Lady of Lyons,' will be presented. 'Hamlet' is the bill for Wednesday and Friday nights, 'Romeo and Juliet' for Thursday matinee and evening, and 'Othello' Saturday night only. The usual matinees will be given next week.

The Carpenter.

In California, and along the southwest boundary of the United States, lives a woodpecker known among the Mexicans as El Carpintero, the carpenter. Mrs F H Eckstrom says, in her book called 'The Woodpeckers,' that a carpenter's work is not only the profession but the pastime of this gentleman, and that he seems really to enjoy his business.

When there is nothing more pressing to be done, he spends his time tinkering about, fitting acorns into the holes he has drilled in trees. Each acorn is pushed into a hole made purposely for it, but end out, and driven in flush with the surface, so that a much frequented tree often looks as if it were studded with ornamental nails.

The carpenter's labor is something enormous. Whole trees will sometimes be covered with his traces, and a single one has thousands of acorns embedded in its bark so neatly (and tightly that no other creature can remove them).

Take a piece of spruce bark, seven inches long by six wide, containing ten acorns and two empty holes. As spruce bark is much harder and rougher than the pine bark in which the carpenter usually stores his nuts, this specimen looks rough and unfinished; but it gives us a definite bit of

E. W. Brown This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Dr. Chase Endorsed by Leading Divines.

Great Suffering Ended—Painful Operations Avoided— Chronic and Aggravated Diseases Cured—Grateful Testimony from Well Known Ministers.

The daily habits of ministers are conducive to constipation and itching piles. More clergymen have endorsed Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and Ointment than probably any remedies on the market. The following extracts are from letters of leading ministers of the Gospel, who speak for the benefit of fellow sufferers. For more particulars regarding these surprising cures write to these parties. They will gladly make known to you the virtues of Dr. Chase's Remedies. Rev. S. A. Dupran, Methodist minister, Corvcon, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation, and thoroughly cured me of a severe and aggravated form of itching, bleeding piles. The large lumps and abscesses have entirely disappeared." Rev. J. J. Johnson, Evangelist, Wiar-ton, Ont., writes: "I believe Dr. Chase's

Kidney Liver Pills to be an A1 preparation for constipation and liver troubles. I speak from experience."

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Arkons, Ont., writes: "For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching protruding piles. I underwent three very painful surgical operations, and without obtaining any permanent relief. Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured me, and I believe it will cure any case of piles."

Rev. Chas. Fish, 192 Dunn Avenue, Toronto, states that Dr. Chase's Ointment cured him of eczema on the head and hands, from which he had been a great sufferer for ten years, and from which even specialists on skin diseases could give him no relief.

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Ed-manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

information about the bird.

Think of the work implied in digging those twelve holes. Think of carrying ten large acorns, and driving them in so tightly that after years of shrinking, they cannot be removed by a knife without injuring the acorn or the bark. Yet this represents but the smallest part of the woodpecker's industry. He could not live long on ten acorns. He must gather many times ten for his winter's needs.

Possibly the ten contained in this piece of bark could be eaten in one day without surfeit.

I have experimented on this piece of bark, using a woodpecker's bill for a tool, and it takes me twenty minutes to dig a hole as large, but not so neat as these. Doubtless it would not take the woodpecker so long; but at my rate of working, four hours were spent in digging these twelve holes.

The work is done so accurately that it is a standing taunt to the hungry jays and squirrels, which would gladly eat the nuts if they could get at them.

As nearly as we can estimate it, not less than half a day must have been spent in putting these acorns in where we find them.

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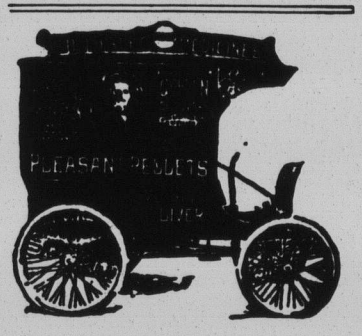
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is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

These weeks, if not months, are consumed in laying up the winter's stores.



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, as the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

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

THE WOES OF CHINA.

When society finds a man prostrate, bleeding, helpless, surrounded by rapacious enemies, the spectacle excites pity, and efforts are made to assist him, to set him on foot, to restore his manhood, to remove his almost justifiable rage against the world by proving to him that the world is, on the whole, benevolent.

Does the world so treat China? In the last analysis all the atrocities of which the government and people of that country have been guilty were so many acts of defense against intrusion by its neighbors.

Meantime China has learned something. A decree of the emperor issued in January is a frank and humble, and a most pathetic confession that much of the evil that has befallen the country is due to inefficient government, which in turn is the result of bad methods.

To perceive and to confess so much is a first step, but a long step, toward amendment, even though, as seems in this instance to be the case, one shrinks before a task of such magnitude as the reform of centuries-old abuses.

It is understood that Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington, has prepared a comprehensive memorial in compliance with the Emperor's decree.

4. In 1875 while tiger shooting in India, a tiger sprang upon the prince's elephant. His life was saved by Colonel White of his suite, who killed the beast.

5. In 1898 he slipped and fell on a stairway, sustaining an accident to his knee which threatened to make him lame for life. Within a few months he had completely recovered.

6. On April 4, 1900, while en route to Copenhagen he was shot at by a half crazed youth named Spido at the Brussels railway station. Two shots were fired, both of which missed their mark.

7. While on a visit to Emperor William of Germany, he was hunting stags, and two of them charged upon his horse. The horse reared and threw him to the ground. He was only slightly bruised.

8. He missed death by about 10 seconds on the Shamrock, Wednesday, May 22, 1901.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Two Fishermen. Oh, he was a spo... of the cilted sort, With a nutty duck suit and a big black cigar.

They both angled away through the war'n summer day. Went wading through r'fles or castine in pools. Worked over the stovils and dipped into the holes.

They returned to the town as the red sun went down. Both torn on the bushes and tired all out; And the small 'r' was youth, to be honest forsooth.

The Hermit-Wood Man. His eyes are balls of polished steel; His tongue are smooth, like the bones of a fish.

Hot apple tea, and pumpkin pies— He reads of them asthast; And we'll a brown and chicken stew

And, smiling, on his vests he slips A tin box of tin. With a capulet brown and pellets pink

As To 'Tommy Atkins.' Certain persons in England, and notably George Meredith, the novelist, have gone into print to explain their dislike to 'Tommy Atkins'

In point of fact the name originated with the British War office, which issued pocket manuals in which the soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, term of service and other details were entered.

From the circumstance the name came to be applied to the soldier as a type, very much as during our Civil War the Confederates were commonly addressed by their Union opponents as 'Johnnie Reb.'

King Edward's Luck. King Edward has had eight brushes with death. 1. While a schoolboy at Oxford a boat in which he was rowing was overturned.

2. Upon returning to England in 1860, after his visit to the United States and Canada his voyage was so delayed by storms that warships were sent out in search of the warship Hero.

3. In 1871 an attack of typhoid fever threatened to result fatally. His life was despaired of, but was saved through vigorously rubbing him with brandy.

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MERELY AN EYE WASH

The Chemical View of Tears Differs From the Poetical View.

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body and the lacrimal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion.

The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work.

Nothing cleanses the eye like a good, salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optic. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid; and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others.

When the pupils are hard and cold, the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech implying the lack of balmy tears, that are to the cornea what salt is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The reason some weep more easily than others and all more readily than the sterner sex has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibres about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—that term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye gland is, therefore, protected from shocks.

Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's prestige. Between man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears. An ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped, as the lacrimal gland was omitted in his optical make-up.

'The Queen Of Queens.'

The passing away of the great and good Victoria of England was followed by many memorial poems to all conditions of people and all classes of poets—major, minor, and poets for that occasion only. One, belonging in the latter class, was discovered by a passenger on a London bus, and the story of the find, as the Academy prints it, is not without a homely interest.

A few days after her majesty's death, as a Londoner was clambering up to the top of an omnibus, a newsboy came running down the Strand flunting a placard on which was written in big black letters: 'The King Thanks London.'

The bus driver, a middle-aged man with a weather-scared face, turned to the passenger. 'Not many 'as been thanked by him personally like I have,' he said.

'How was that?' asked the passenger. 'When the queen died—poor old lady, I see her many a time driving in and out of the park—I wrote a poem and sent it to him at Osborne, and in three days' time I had a reply from the king. I did, thanking me for the poem.

'I shall get that letter framed,' he continued. 'Some of our chaps wanted me to send my poem to the papers. No?' He shook his head and rubbed the off horse with the top of his whip. 'You see, I did not want to make myself—er—popular. And I'm sure a man like 'im wouldn't like it.'

'Did it take you long to write?' 'No. I thought about it for three days going up and down the road, and then wrote it out at night. I didn't make it barrowing. People have enough sorrow at home. It wasn't more than ten lines. The last two lines was: 'Not gone from memory, not gone from love, But gone to our father's home above.'

'And what did you call your poem?' 'Oh, just 'The Queen of Queens,' he said, brokenly, and his eyes dropped to his horses.

Its First Use.

'Maria,' said a business man, residing in the suburbs, to his wife, 'you have been wanting a telephone in the house for a long time. The workmen will come and

put one in today. Call me up, after they have gone away, to see if it works all right.'

Late in the afternoon there was a call at the telephone in his office down-town.

Putting the receiver to his ear, he recognized the voice of his wife, putting in a somewhat high key.

'Is that you, James?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Will you please go out right now and mail that letter I gave you this morning?'

He had forgotten it, of course, and he obeyed.

A Target For Lead.

The British officer, says Julian Ralph in 'An American with Lord Roberts,' is likely to be a high and mighty person when you meet him first, but he softens in time into an exceedingly good fellow. Yet at any moment he may be expected to perform a picturesque action in a truly British manner.

At the Battle of Driefontein several officers were under a shower of bullets that came like water shot out of a needle bath. They were all pressing their bodies down, as if they would have liked to press them into the earth. Suddenly one very tall fellow began to rise. First he got on his knees, then he straightened up on his feet to his full stature, and stood in that spray of lead, the only target on the field.

He fumbled for his eye-glass, found it, contorted his cheek as a man does to fit such an ornament into his face, and then drew out: 'Aw, I say, I wonder where these bullets are coming from!'

He continued to stand and stare at the kopje where the Boers lay, and presently he drew again, while the air was patently with shot and buzzing with noise: 'Aw, I say, can any of you 'fellahs' see where they come from?'

The other 'fellahs' squirmed and wriggled as if they were going to get up and help him look, but not one raised his head or his body an inch.

'Get down, Reggie, you silly fool!' said one. 'You're doing what the Boers want, and that isn't playing the game.'

At that Reggie adjusted his glass anew, and after one long, hard stare at the invisible enemy, slowly returned to embrace his mother earth.

As the Miller Put It.

The squire, for what he believed to be excellent reasons, did not approve of the miller as a local preacher, and one day he spoke his mind about it, with an enlightening result, which the Sunday Magazine chronicles: 'John,' said he, 'I don't like the idea of your going about preaching.'

'I don't preach, sir,' replied the miller, who was a Cornishman. 'But you conduct service, and go into the pulpit, and take a text and explain it. You must know that you are an unlearned man. I want to consider whether a man ought, with so few advantages as you have to take upon himself the responsibility of teaching others. Suppose you make a mistake.'

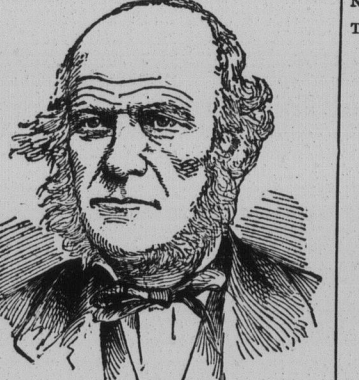
'Aw, sir, I've thought of that. I do pray God every day to guide me with His Holy Spirit.'

'But a man should be specially fitted for the ministry; he should have the university training necessary for the preacher who should guide others,' persisted the squire. The miller looked at the wall above the squire's desk, for they were in the squire's library. 'Is that the map of your estate, sir?' said he.

The squire assented. 'I suppose you know that map purty well, don't ee? Every road, and every pathway, and every waterway?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Well, squire, do you remember the other day you was down to the mill and you asked my 'lly Mary to show you the pathway through the woods? I've been thinkin' (as like this 'ere. You knowed that road 'pon the map. If you'd ask 'lly Mary what a was called—'pon the map, mind—she wouldn't 'ave been able to tell 'ee. But 'lly Mary showed yob the way up through the woods. You knowed the way 'pon the map, but 'lly Mary knowed the way by walkin' in 'et; and I don't know the way 'pon the map so well as some people; but, bless the Lord! I do know the way to Heaven by walkin' in 'et.'



Joseph W. Lawrence

On Sunday, May 19th, a most interesting ceremony took place in Trinity church in this city. Dr. Bayard, president of the Loyalist Society unveiled a tablet to the memory of Joseph Wilson Lawrence the first president of the society and a distinguished descendant of a Loyalist Joseph Lawrence who was well known in this city and province and his name is an honored one. His historical knowledge has been of invaluable benefit to New Brunswick and the honor conferred of erecting a memorial to his memory is a creditable one.

As To 'Tommy Atkins.'

Certain persons in England, and notably George Meredith, the novelist, have gone into print to explain their dislike to 'Tommy Atkins' as the sobriquet of the British soldier. A popular notion has sprung up that the name is peculiarly the idea of Rudyard Kipling, though nothing could be further from the truth, although it is not to be denied that Mr. Kipling more than anybody else, has made the name famous.

In point of fact the name originated with the British War office, which issued pocket manuals in which the soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, term of service and other details were entered. The method of filling in the form was explained by the employment of a fictitious name, and instead of the legal 'John Doe' or 'Richard Roe,' the combination 'Thomas Atkins' was adopted.

From the circumstance the name came to be applied to the soldier as a type, very much as during our Civil War the Confederates were commonly addressed by their Union opponents as 'Johnnie Reb.'

King Edward's Luck.

King Edward has had eight brushes with death.

1. While a schoolboy at Oxford a boat in which he was rowing was overturned. He saved himself by swimming ashore.

2. Upon returning to England in 1860, after his visit to the United States and Canada his voyage was so delayed by storms that warships were sent out in search of the warship Hero.

3. In 1871 an attack of typhoid fever threatened to result fatally. His life was despaired of, but was saved through vigorously rubbing him with brandy.

4. In 1875 while tiger shooting in India, a tiger sprang upon the prince's elephant. His life was saved by Colonel White of his suite, who killed the beast.

5. In 1898 he slipped and fell on a stairway, sustaining an accident to his knee which threatened to make him lame for life. Within a few months he had completely recovered.



The theatre and for a good share society during the performance. The performance of the play at the Opera. But those that Mr. Maxwell before and that Miss Clark company showed deserved more. The dress was Romance 'd in pretty and were

'Miss Bonnie's great even of 'he She is a beautiful voice, a 'g how' dress, and 'most impos' During this more popular than and she, 'most 'we when ever she 'we but it is 'horry. We 'tra

Church teas are given on Tuesday church was no ex... A violet tea is a... 'Those who assist... Mrs. W. M. C. C. ing her mother, M... of Frederick. Mr. and Mrs. F. at Boothby a prett... Mrs. Harrison wh... on will leave early... spend some mon... latives there. Mrs. James Osh... Manager of the C... Montreal and wil... Mrs. Richards wh... has returned to her... Miss Sandolup of... few days this week... her, and Miss Lon... Mr. Gerald Farlow... Harvard is in the... at his home here. Miss Kathleen F... and a vacation. Through a typog... edition in announc... the word 'glad' w... thus making a rather... ness very much reg... Mrs. E. Olive F... friends in 'a month... Dr. and Mrs. J. D... being congratulated... Mr. and Mrs. Thom... York on route to the... Buffalo. Mr. John Russell at... and Mrs. E. Barrie ha... the fair. They report...

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Fry's Pure Cocoa. Becomes ideal milk chocolate.



BAKING POWDER wholesome

Call me up, after they... to see if it works all

Afternoon there was a call at his office down-town.

James P she asked. use go out right now and gave you this morning

target For Lead. officer, says Julian Ralph in with Lord Roberts,

and mighty person when st, but he softens in time

of Dreefontein several er a shower of bullets that

and stand and stare at the Boers lay, and presently

what he believed to be did not approve of the

at service, and go into a text and explain it.

ought of that. I do pray guide me with His Holy

ould be specially fitted for ould have the university



The theatre and things theatrical have come in for a good share of attention from the devotees of society during the past few weeks.

The performance given by Mr. Mawson and company at the Opera house were not very well patronized.

Miss Bostie's at the Institute was of course a great event of the week.

Church teas are usually pleasant affairs and that given on Tuesday afternoon by the guild of Trinity church was no exception to the rule.

Several St. John people attended the closing exercises at Mount Allison and the provincial universities.

Mrs. A. W. McCrea of Coburg street is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Gregory wife of Judge Gregory of Fredericton.

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Mr and Mrs CT Gillespie have returned from a brief visit to Fredericton.

Expressions of regret were everywhere heard when it was learned that Miss Laura Bradley a valued employee of Messrs. Manchester, Rober-

The deceased was of a very bright and happy disposition and was always a valued acquisition to the social gatherings of the north end.

What made the case doubly sad was the fact that Miss Bradley was to have been married during the summer to a gentleman residing in Truro.

Mr and Mrs L J Chisholm of Montreal, are paying a short visit to our city.

Mrs R S Keys, accompanied by Miss Amelia Keys and Miss Rebecca Keys of Baltimore, who are travelling through the provinces were here during the early part of the week.

Mrs W F Peacock of New York arrived here this week to spend a short time among friends here.

Mr and Mrs H Stewart, also of New York, are here taking in the beauties of our loyal town.

Mr and Mrs J S Egles of Woodstock is visiting friends in our city this week.

Mrs F E Winslow accompanied by Miss Winslow of Chatham is staying in the city over Sunday.

Mrs Thomas P Forsley went to Chatham on Monday to pay a short visit to her mother, Mrs Russell.

At the performance of T. J. by at the Mechanics Institute on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Kathleen Trevor (Furlong) late of the Runaway Girl Company, sang Ben Bolt in a charming manner.

ST. GEORGE. May 29.—Mrs Wm Conits is at the hospital in Boston receiving treatment for cancer.

ST. ANDREWS. May 30.—Mrs A T Bowser and her two sons of Wilmington, Del., are occupying Cedar Cro-

Rev Canon Ketchum to Portland Me., has returned home.

Miss Julia Kennedy who has been visiting friends uptown, returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Helen Hibbard of St Andrews took part in the elocution recital at Mt Allison college, Sackville, on Saturday afternoon last, also in the recital given on Monday morning by the conservatory students in Beethoven hall.

Mr and Mrs W D Hart, Mrs Patten and Mrs Harry Hart, with their three children arrived from Florida on Tuesday and are occupying their summer cottage.

Mr and Mrs R M Hazen of St John has taken rooms for the season with Mrs Andrews.

May 30.—The University closing exercise took place today. This afternoon a reception was held for the graduates, undergraduate and friends of the University. A great number were present and the affair passed off most pleasantly.

The graduates this year are:—John G. Clawson, Maurice D. Col, David W. Hamilton, Clement M. Kelly, John E. C. Macrechie, William S. McKnight, John E. Pace, and Milton Price.

Miss Nellie Burden, Miss Carrie Tibbitts, Fredericton, and Miss Ingraham, Southampton, were at the Victoria a few days last week.

Miss Hester Hume has returned from a long visit to friends in Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Carrie McMullin, of Manchester, N.H., is here, a guest at the home of Mrs M Regan.

Mr and Mrs R Foster, who spent last week here, have returned to their home in Fredericton.

Mr and Mrs George W G. Joy, of Lindsay, have the sympathy of everyone in the loss of their little girl, Kate Elizabeth, aged 1 year and 8 months who died last Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Burden, Miss Carrie Tibbitts, Fredericton, and Miss Ingraham, Southampton, were at the Victoria a few days last week.

May 30.—Miss Katie Fleming has been obliged to return from Normal school Fredericton on account of sickness and is confined to her home.

Mr and Mrs H W Byles were visiting Mrs Byles' home in Albert county recently.

Mr and Mrs M H McMullan who have been spending the winter in the south arrived home last Saturday night.

Miss Hattie Chesman of Chatham spent a few days with friends in town.

Mr and Mrs Snow left last Thursday for Mr Snow's new charge in New York state. They were via Montreal. Their many friends on the Miramich wish them success in their new field.

Miss Jen Woods has returned to Douglastown from Boston. Her many friends are glad to see her.

Mr and Mrs DeWolfe are receiving congratulations on the arrival of May 24 of a daughter.

Miss Aggie Ryan left Monday morning for Portland, Me.

Cannot Break at the Waist. There are scores of other Corsets, many of them as good as "Crest" in some respects, but of none can it be said: "Can't break at the waist line." That's the point of difference in the "Crest"—the point that all women appreciate so highly that they tell their friends about it, and why not? We guarantee you positively that the "Crest" don't break. Price \$1.25 to 1.50 per pair, made in grey and white.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 133 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

A "PROTECTOR" NEEDED. That's the sort of usage that only a GOOD skirt protector can stand. The longer the skirt is the greater the need for a first-class protector braid. "Corticell" is a porous, elastic, braided, all-wool Protector; will stand more wear than any other because it is stronger. Every dress goods shade. Sewed on flat, not turned over. Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.

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

FOR ARTISTS. Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvases, etc., etc., etc. Bouteche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouteche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Understand saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

Fry's Pure Cocoa. Pure and rich—delicate and nourishing. The healthful drink that builds up and leaves no ill after effects like tea or coffee. "The medal Cocoa." The Cocoa that dissolves quickly and easily and because of its great purity goes farthest. The ideal table Cocoa. A quarter-pound tin of it makes fifty cups and costs but twenty-five cents. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.



FOR ARRIVAL... SOCIETY NEWS, THE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the cubsboys and at the following news stands and cent es.

- News & Co. ... Barrington street
Halifax News Co. ... Railway Depot
J. E. FORDYCE ... Brunswick street
W. W. ALLEN ... Dartmouth St
Mrs. DePoy ... 109 Hollis St

Miss Sutherland and Miss A Dixon, of Wolfville, are guests of Miss Morrison, 90 Queen St., for a few days.

Mrs. Ottaway, of the Nova Scotia Hospital staff, who for eighteen years filled a responsible position at that institution, has resigned.

M. F. Plant has been confined to his New York residence for several weeks through illness; his many friends here will be pleased to know that he is almost recovered, and hope to see him in Halifax this summer.

Mr and Mrs Theo. Dixon have gone to Boston, and while abroad will visit New York, the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest.

Mrs J D Chipman, of Halifax, who has been spending a few days in St. John, left on Saturday last for New York.

Miss Louise Churchill, of Lockeport, is a passenger on the steamer Evangeline, which left London on the 10th. Miss Churchill has been abroad for the past two years, studying music at the Leipzig conservatorium.

Miss Len Brown, daughter of E L Brown, Sydney, C.B., arrived at Halifax, Thursday evening, to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs Arthur Boutilier.

Miss Helen Grant, daughter of Andrew Grant, will leave on June 3rd for Toronto, where she will enter St. Michael's Hospital to study professional nursing; the hospital is in charge of the Nuns, Miss Grant is a bright young lady still in her teens, and studied at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Mrs J R Carson is home from England where she has been visiting for some time. Mrs Hawkins is quite seriously ill at her residence at Willow Park.

Miss Nellie Calkin is spending a few weeks in Boston and vicinity. Mrs Essel has gone to Boston for a few weeks. Miss Elward of Fredericton spent last week with friends here.

Dr. Hunt accompanied by his wife and children of Shelburne arrived here this week by steamer Evangeline and will spend the summer months, here, the guest of his brother Mr A B Hunt.

Mrs R Taylor is visiting friends in Boston and New York. Mr J De Wolfe and Miss De Wolfe were passengers by steamer Halifax on her last sailing for a brief sojourn at the Hub.

Miss Margaret Murphy is paying a visit to friends in different parts of Massachusetts. Mrs Roast is spending a short time with relatives in Uncle Sam's territory.

Mr W L Watt left for Buffalo last week intending to take in the Pan-American Exposition. Dr H B Munroe and family of Stellerton are spending a few weeks in town, guests at the Halifax hotel.

The pupils of La Salle Academy presented Sheridan's five act drama, 'Pizarro,' at the Academy of music on Wednesday evening last. The clever amateurs received much applause for their efforts and the production was in every way most successful.

The second Symphony Concert of the May Festival was given last week and was a complete repetition of the success achieved by former efforts. Madame Macdonald again delighted the large audience with her exquisite voice and her several solos were well rendered and also well received.

WINDSOR.

May 28.—Miss Bert Stephens, Truro, spent the holiday with her parents here. Mr Ben Scott and Mr Basil Winters of Halifax spent a few days here last week.

Mr and Mrs R M Cutler who arrived here on Friday left for Halifax on Monday afternoon. Mr H Bliss Murphy attended the funeral of Mr. Murphy at Scotch Village on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr H H Sprout who recently paid a flying visit to his home at Oakland, returned last Wednesday to his home in Princeton, Mass. Misses Jessie and Masie daughters of E T Allison of Avondale spent Friday and Saturday in Hantsport the guests of Mr and Mrs C Burgess.

Miss Nora Blanchard of Truro, who has been spending a few weeks in town with her mother and sister, left last week to visit friends in Sackville. Miss May Halsey, Shelburne, who accompanied her sister Miss Pearl from Yarmouth to Kentville is now in Windsor the guest of Captain and Mrs Aylward.

Hon M H and Mrs Goudge went to Halifax last week and on Monday and Tuesday of this week Mrs Goudge was at home to her friends in that city. Miss Maude Young returned to Kentville accompanied by her sister, Mrs Geo Wilson and little son, who will remain in Kentville for a month.

Among the visitors who are attending the closing exercises at Sackville are, Miss Dorothy Smith, and Mr Ralph Smith, Windsor, Miss Webb, Halifax, Mr Whitman, Hantsport and Dr Lathers, Dartmouth.

The marriage of Miss Frances G Ouseley daughter of J W Ouseley, Esq K C to Mr B F Eager, Dartmouth, will take place in Christ church, Windsor, on Thursday, June 14th. Miss Ouseley is TO CURB A GOLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See K. W. Greve's signature on each box.

one of Windsor's popular young ladies and will be very much missed from our midst.

An organ recital and concert is to be given in St. John's Presbyterian church, on Thursday evening, at which the soloists will be Master Percy Cousins, Mrs Geo. Geldart, Miss Dorothy Smith and Mr Shute of Halifax.

A very pretty wedding took place in the Methodist church, Grand Fre., on Thursday, May 27th, when Miss Jessie H, second daughter of Councillor F G Curry, Hortonville, and Mr Gordon D. Brown, son of Captain Fred Brown, lately from Hong Kong, were married. The bride, dressed in a travelling suit of brown cloth was given away by her father, and attended by two pretty little 'maids of honor,' all in white—Lena Curry, niece of the bride, and little Miss Davidson, niece of the groom the latter a daughter of Mr W H Davidson, Wolfville. The groom was assisted by Mr Arthur H Patterson and Mr Jack Simpson. The bride's many friends had trimmed the altar and pulpit, and choir with evergreens, cut blooms and potted plants. The Rev. W. H. Langille performed the marriage ceremony, and Miss Annie Patterson presided at the organ. The happy couple left on the express for their home in South Farmington, amid showers of rice and good wishes.

The first piano recital in the graduating course of Acadia university was held in alms hall on Saturday evening last. There was a good audience drawn a crowd there being no admission fee, was witnessed only by a few.

Messrs D A Bishop, W F O'Dell, A C Patterson, A Hood, G A Hall and W F McKay arrived home Wednesday evening from a very pleasant fishing excursion to Gibraltar Lake with a small catch of trout.

Mr M Dickie and a party of gentlemen friends inclusive of Mr B C Dickie from Casard, Kings county are fishing at Economy Lake this week. Mr L Sutherland, River John, is in town today. Miss Eubel Fuller, Miss Gertrude Donkin, Miss Florence McMullin are home from the Ladies' college, Sackville.

Mr John Connor's funeral last Sunday was an unusually large one. The Forresters attended in a body and the following of citizens was large and representative.

Mrs O'Regan, Dalhousie, is in town visiting friends. Mrs Finn and three children en route to Wallace from the west for a prolonged visit with home friends is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs A B Murphy at the 'Stanley.'

Miss Mona Watson who is visiting Halifax friends was a guest yesterday at the Bauld-Holmes nuptial.

Mr Fred Snook's many friends are glad to see him home from the North West for a visit. Fno.

TRURO.

MAY 29.—Senator McKay is home from Ottawa. Dr. and Mrs. Bass' all spent last week's holiday with Acadia Mines friends.

Holidays are usually quiet here, and the twenty-fourth was no exception, large numbers of people left town by train and in picnic parties. The usual band concert on Victoria square was the event of the day. An interesting and exciting game of base ball on the T A C grounds which should have drawn a crowd there being no admission fee, was witnessed only by a few.

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Mr Fred Snook's many friends are glad to see him home from the North West for a visit. Fno.

BRIDGETOWN.

MAY 29.—Mrs Black of Windsor is the guest of Mrs H J Crowe. Miss Minnie Harris of Bear River, is the guest of her aunt Mrs Lockett.

Mr and Mrs Owen Wheelock of Middleton, visited Mrs B D Nelly last week. Miss Nellie Satter of Annapolis, spent Victoria day with the Misses Fisher here.

Miss Bertha Buggles of Barton has been spending a few days with Miss McCormick. Mr W O'Donnell, of Halifax was the guest of his sister, Mrs F J Reed for a few days recently. Mrs Percy Strong of Middleton, and little son are spending a few days at the home of Mr. C H Strong.

Misses Lillian and Margaret Hicks of Clementonport who have been visiting Mrs L C Berry, returned home Tuesday. Pastor J Clark of Tryon, P E I, after a hard and successful winter's work is spending a short vacation among friends at Antigonish.

Miss Mabel Zwickler of Bear River, who is visiting her friend, Mrs L C Berry leaves Saturday for Wolfville to attend the closing exercises of the college.

Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

DIGBY.

May 30.—Miss Mary Clinton of Yarmouth is visiting her parents here. Mr Aubrey Brown of the Myrtle House was a passenger to Wolfville last Saturday.

Messrs H B Short, W B Stewart and W E VanBlarcom returned from a fishing trip last Saturday. Mr Emerson Read of Bear River and Miss Moorhouse of Sandy Cove, were in town for a few days last week.

Messrs A B Churchill and Wayland VanBlarcom were passengers to St John Wednesday afternoon. Mrs McCormick accompanied by her sister, Miss Fanny Smith, were passengers to Bridgetown Saturday, returning home Monday.

Mr George E Nichols of Halifax accompanied by his aunt, Miss Mary Nichols and sister Miss Edith arrived here Wednesday. Mr James Dunn of Lynn and Mrs Robert Smallie and daughter, Miss Lizzie of Somerville Mass, who were at Digby for a week returned home Wednesday.

Mr Harry Daley has been appointed local agent for the Sun Life Assurance Co., of Canada. Mr B J Stewart, who organized Sea View Court, C O F at Digby, is the manager for the province of Nova Scotia.

Memorial Day.

Old, old men in carriages, trundling along so slow; Old, old men marching with the spirit of long ago; Old, old flags furled straitly, dreaming of sword and shell; All that is left of the old war, save the tale the histories tell.

Young men marching briskly, all in their khaki brown; Heroes of Santiago or far Manilla town; Wounded, they never weakened. They suffered and yet they sang, And over their heads long shranked the hymns of Freedom rang!

O white heads bowed and feeble! O brown heads high and proud, We love you and pray God bless you! we who stand And we thank the merciful Father that, all our history through, He has given us such a memory and such a hope as you.

THE NATIONS IN THE FLATS.

Feccular Lines They Take in Casting Trouble to the Owners.

The first question put by the renting agent was, 'What nationality, please?' and the woman in the blue waist replied by asking 'Why do you want to know?'

'I meant no offence,' said the agent. 'I only thought that by finding out your nationality I could refer you at once to certain buildings on my list which would be apt to please you.' The woman in the blue waist had half a notion to get angry.

'I don't see what my nationality has to do with finding a suitable flat,' she said. 'It has a good deal to do with it,' said the agent. 'Now, I can see straight off that you are an American, born and bred. This is a delicate question that you have plunged me into, but since I am in it I mean to flounder around a little while longer and tell you a few facts pertaining to the merits and demerits of different nationalities considered in the light of flat-house tenants.'

'First of all, I want to speak from the standpoint of prompt payment. If my success in business depended upon each tenant paying his rent exactly when it was due, I would try to fill all my houses with Scotchmen. Never have I lost a penny on a Scot, and seldom have I had to wait.

'I am not making the rash assertion that it is impossible for a Scotchman to be dishonest while everybody else is trying his best to cheat me out of my eyeteeth. The point I wish to make is, that personally I have never suffered loss at the hands of a Scot. But they gave trouble in other ways. They are fearfully quarrelsome and raise so many rows with the other tenants through the dumbwater shaft that it keeps the janitor busy straightening out domestic snarls. I select a janitor with a view to his even disposition and diplomatic gifts. It doesn't matter so much about his ability for scrubbing and keeping the furnaces going. Utilitarian accomplishments are a secondary consideration so long as he is endowed with the blessed qualities of a peace-maker.

'Taken all in all, the most peaceable people I get in my houses hail from Sweden. You never hear a peep out of a Swede. He doesn't bother his neighbors and he doesn't bother me unless the provocation is extreme. As a rule he is good pay, too. The only fault I have to find with him is his fondness for moving. A lease is a dead letter in his eye and he has no more compunction about moving without a days notice than he has about going to bed when he is sleepy.'

The woman in the blue waist asked what were the chief characteristics of Americans as tenants. 'Their supreme selfishness,' said the agent. 'They have not a spark of consideration for a landlord. They want the earth. They never get through asking for improvements. They are not content to get the walls tinted and the wood work painted and the plumbing fixed once or twice a year. They want new decorations every month and all the trimmings must be first class too. American tenants pay big prices for their flats, but there isn't really so much profit in catering to them as to other nationalities for the simple reason that I have to pay out nearly all my income in trying to keep up the building in the style they demand. On the other hand, the people who ask for the least are the Italians and the French. They take 'most any old thing I feel like giving them, the French meekly providing their own decorations and the Italians going without.'

'I like German tenants pretty well, too, but they are terribly hard on flats. I never could understand how they manage to inflict so much damage on walls and floors. Judging by the looks of an apartment just vacated by a large German family one would think that their star piece of furniture was a battering ram. The Czar's former subjects also have an abnormally developed bump of destructiveness, although they run to glass instead of plaster. I have one house down town that is occupied by ten Russian families, and if they were not compelled to repair their damages it would keep me poor putting in new windows and buying new gas globes.

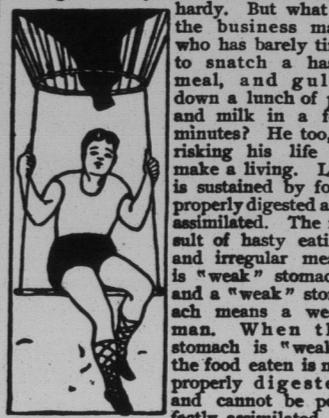
'I also rent to colored people. I have three houses full of them at present, and I must say that I have never had better tenants. But when you come down to facts, all my tenants are nice people, only I thought it might not be amiss, while on the subject of nationality, to mention a few of the peculiarities of each.

The Tiger's Make-Believe Eyes.

Mr. Beddard of the London Zoological society calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers which he thinks may be classed under the head of 'protective markings.' On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim

Risking Life

To make a living! And we stand and stare up at the man in the clouds, wondering that any man can be so foolhardy.



But what of the business man, who has barely time to snatch a hasty meal, and gulps down a lunch of pie and milk in a few minutes? He too, is risking his life to make a living. Life is sustained by food properly digested and assimilated. The result of hasty eating and irregular meals is "weak" stomach, and a "weak" stomach means a weak man. When the stomach is "weak" the food eaten is not properly digested and cannot be perfectly assimilated, so that there is a daily loss of nutrition, which in time will result in physical collapse.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the assimilation of all the nutritive values of the food eaten, and so builds up the body into sound health and strength.

Mr. Med Nelson, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Mimic, of 377 Royden Street, Camden, N. J., writes: "We fulfilled an engagement of twelve weeks and the constant traveling gave me a bad touch of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it till last week, while playing at B. F. Keith's Bijou Theater, Philadelphia, in the Nelson Trio, a professional friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried it, and, thank God, with good results."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Mayor Meets Mayor.

Civil characters of local fame imbued with a sense of their own importance are not wholly unknown in this country, a fact which may account for the familiar ring of the following story, found in 'Highways and Byways in East Anglia.'

Mayor Wakefield one day set out for the next town with a load of hay. On the way a truss fell from the load, and he applied to a passer-by for assistance in replacing it. The man addressed, instead of rendering willing aid, drew himself up to rather more than his normal height, and said: "Are you aware that you are addressing the Mayor of Lynn?"

"Man," replied Wakefield, "that don't make no odds. In the mayor of Casle Rising. Now will you lend a hand?" "With pleasure," replied the mayor of Lynn.

First Tramp—So you made up yer mind to take in de Buffer exposition, have yer? Second Tramp—I guess so. Me freight train leaves tomorrer afternoon at five-forty.

Easy Home Dyeing. That peerless Home Dye of highest quality. Maypole Soap, washes and dyes at one operation—no mess, no trouble. The colors are brilliant, fadeless and the Soap dyes to any shade. 10 cents for colors 15 cents for black. If you can't get it of your dealer, send the money right to the Canadian Agent, 8 Plises R yale, Montreal, stating the color you want.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, it is a collection of thirty-two of the world's greatest Artists. It is ready for delivery. But for the nob contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$1.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 lm ROBERT MARSHALL.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES, by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White. SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PRIXETTO, HENRY MORTON CARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Proseoctus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. A \$7.00 Book. EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND. (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

May 29 - to visit friends in St. John. Dr. Gilmour from Boston went to Truro about Boston Wednesday. Mrs A H Georgeon and Mrs Ellis from Boston will remain guests at M. Alyn (Yarmouth). Miss Jean passenger Among Yarmouth Maudie St. Dill and C. Mrs D. Zephra home on a hearsal at three hundred in the prof. Mrs M. Friday noon. Mrs R. Friday at Mr. Chas. day night. Among Prince Geo. Crosby, R. and Miss L. row morning. Mrs Nic. the late L. city of Mo. the Yarm. Among month, Bas. ence Guest. Mrs Clara.

[FRODO...] MAY 29 mission 1 week. tended. Mrs M. visit the l. Miss E. D A Hun. Mr Rod. brother M. Wolfville Leod. Mr and Mrs W. F. L. dangerous. St Geo. noon at M. Mrs Y. Mr A. health m. in a south. Mr and from Han. time. The pat. For Emph. ercises ve. ors attend. afternoon. African li. school li. A town. in a mat. toria Day. Mr and Sunday in. Mr Hen. his moth.

MAY 28 the white. published by Master B. Miss Z. Mattie H. A. W. walls V. Railway, his wife. Rev E.







BEAVERS ATTACK A BIG DAM.

A View of the Animals at Work Obtained by Mill Men in Maine.

Horace Frost, one of the Barlow Mills Company's superintendents, had the gates in the dam above Kennebec Falls, Maine hoisted the other day to let the water out.

When he did so he noticed a beaver on the other side of the dam busily at work cutting a 12x12 timber used as a brace.

The crew of twenty-five or thirty men were called to witness the unusual sight, for it is asserted that beavers will never work in sight of human beings.

The crowd watched the industrious little fellow as he first gave his uppercuts and then his undercuts, and then, if the chip did not fall, he would take hold of it with both sets of teeth.

Mr. Frost went down to where the animal was working but the beaver stood his ground, and when Frost backed away the beaver gave chase.

When one of the men went down to discover where the animal had disappeared and got on his hands and knees to look under the brush the beaver charged from the rear.

The high water, which was running some ten feet over the dam before the gates were raised, had evidently driven the colony of beavers from their homes, and they had reasoned out the problem and were going to clear away the obstructions.

Land and Water. One of the most interesting of census tabulations is that recently made of the water surface of all the states and territories in the Union.

To this some statisticians object, maintaining that water surface as well as land area should be regarded as a basis of human support.

Minnesota's lakes and rivers cover more than four thousand square miles, and this does not include any of Lake Superior, on its boundary line, except harbors and landlocked bays.

In Texas there are sixty-six counties which have a greater land area than the State of Rhode Island; one of them, El Paso, is considerably larger than Massachusetts.

People in the East can hardly realize the great distances of the far West, while to the residents of those states the Eastern coast seems cramped and small.

A writer in Nature, discussing the rise of the new chemical industry of producing artificial perfumes, makes a significant remark concerning the sense of smell in human beings.

Artificial Stone for Building. Mr. Baehr, the United States Consul at Magdeburg, reports that the manufacture of artificial stone for building purposes is growing to enormous proportions in Germany.

The Solar Motor in California. A practical demonstration of the possibility of running a steam-engine with heat derived directly from the sun has been made at Los Angeles, California.

Meteorites and the Nineteenth Century. Among the great scientific advances of the century just passed there is one which is seldom mentioned, although it is of remarkable interest.

Dr. Humphreys' Specific Manual mailed for the asking.

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

a remark of President Jefferson when told that Professors Silliman and Kingsley had described a shower of stones at Weston, Connecticut, in 1807.

Christian men and women who go out to convert believers in other religions to their own faith sometimes find skillfully set traps in their path.

'You think you know everything, yet none of you English can tell me why you all wear two useless buttons on the back of your coats.'

Doctor Johns, a missionary to the Pacific, met a similar rebuff.

'There is a grasshopper chirping on the other bank of the river. Do you hear it?'

'My son, down in the camp, has lighted his pipe. Can you smell the smoke of it?'

'No. My senses are not trained as yours are.'

'You have them. You are not half the man you ought to be. If you will not take the trouble to train the eyes and nose and ears, which have been given you to understand this world, why should I think that you understand that other, or take your word about it?'

Missionaries sometimes begin their work with a belief that all heathen are naturally ignorant and vicious, and are upholders of religions which they know to be false.

This is true, whether the heathen live on the banks of the Congo or in the back alleys of our own cities.

The Hungarian city of Budapest, noted for its enterprise, has at present 7,000 subscribers to the 'telephone journal,' which was established there in 1893.

Between 8 A. M. and 11 P. M. the subscribers receive all important news, an electric bell summoning them at certain hours to the receiving instruments, which are so arranged that two persons can listen at the same time.

A London electrician, Mr. W. Duddell, recently gave an exhibition of a novel musical instrument, composed of a series of electric arc lights, which played a popular air.

An experiment made a little while ago at Niagara Falls proves, says the Philadelphia Times, that it is possible to illuminate the great cataract so perfectly that the scenic effect is even more awe-inspiring than in daylight.

A complete marine search-light apparatus was set up in a large box car. A little

"Experience is the Best Teacher."

The experience of millions has demonstrated that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the perfect remedy for all troubles of the blood, stomach, nerves, bowels, liver and kidneys, and that it imparts strength, vigor and vitality.

Dyspepsia—"Hood's Sarsaparilla is a grand medicine. It has cured me of dyspepsia. My blood was so poor that in the hottest weather I felt cold. This great medicine enriched my blood and made me feel warm."



heat developed is sufficient to melt copper and a wooden pole thrust into the focus bursts into flame at once.

One of the chapters of General Chaffee's diary deals with the fight of the 'Big Dry Wash,' in the summer of 1882, a fight the memory of which is cherished by cavalrymen as one of the most gallant displays of their arm of the service.

Major Chaffee, with a pursuing troop of the Sixth Cavalry, held the summit of a rocky hill commanding the entrance to the canon.

Then he threw himself flat on the ground and crawled toward the wounded soldier. The scout followed. Slowly and painfully Chaffee and his companion, in the face of a concentrated fire from all the Indians, worked their way to the wounded man, and half-carrying, half dragging him, brought him back within the lines.

The handful of troopers on the rock, thrilled with the deed that had been performed, forgot the risk in hand, stopped fighting and began to cheer.

'Stop that noise and go to shooting!'

Thus recalled to the work of fighting Indians, Chaffee's men again turned their attention to their carbines, and having been relieved in the nick of time by two troops of the Third Cavalry, they slowly fought the foe to a standstill.

Lighter Up Niagara.

An experiment made a little while ago at Niagara Falls proves, says the Philadelphia Times, that it is possible to illuminate the great cataract so perfectly that the scenic effect is even more awe-inspiring than in daylight.

A complete marine search-light apparatus was set up in a large box car. A little

marine engine attached to a search light, was operated by steam from the locomotive.

The night was very dark and cloudy when the operator adjusted his thirty inch lens to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall and turned on his hundred thousand candle-power light.

After testing the light at Falls View station the car was run down opposite the American Falls, where an equally successful test was made.

This opens a new field for railway enterprise. Probably before many years leading lines will illuminate picturesque places along their routes.

When the Atlantic was bridged, according to the distinguished French anthropologists, Gabriel and Adrien de Mortillet, there was a junction between Europe and America by way of the British Isles, the Faeroes, Iceland and Greenland in what is known as the Chellean epoch, which is supposed to have ended a hundred and fifty or sixty thousand years ago.

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Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large box labeled 'SURPRISE SOAP' and text describing it as a pure hard soap.

Advertisement for Time and Energy, Chickering's Furniture Polish, and W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Canadian Pacific Change of Time, Imperial Limited Expresses, and Pan American Buffalo, detailing train routes and services.

Large advertisement for John Noble, Ltd., Brook St. Manchester, England, featuring illustrations of women in various styles of dresses and a list of clothing items with prices.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

## A Long Trip in a Balloon.

The recent balloon voyage of First Lieut. von Hildebrandt, of the Royal Prussian Balloon Section and Dr. Berson, as described by the former in the German periodical, Die Rundschau, is of much interest to balloonists.

Dr. Berson, already holds the record for attaining the greatest height, 29 280 feet in his balloon ascension at Stassfurt. The interest excited by this and similar trips to the higher atmosphere led to the formation of an International Aeronautic commission, the purpose of which was to have a number of simultaneous ascensions made at various geographical points in Europe, thus the better to study the physical properties of the atmosphere. At the meeting in September last, at Paris, it was agreed to take balloon ascensions on the first Thursday of every month. On Jan. 10, last, a great number of such ascensions took place, the most interesting of which was that of Dr. Berson and Lieut. von Hildebrandt.

The ascension was made at Berlin. Originally it was intended to make as high an ascension as possible, but a cloudless sky, indicating the possibility of remaining a long time at low level without loss of ballast, tempted the two observers to try to cross the Baltic sea.

There were several other favorable circumstances. In the first place, the balloon reached the coast without any loss of ballast; in the next place the wind was blowing straight toward the north, at low levels even northwest, the most favorable direction for making the shortest trip across the water, and finally the balloon arrived at the coast so early that the observers could hope to cross the 55 mile stretch to Denmark by daylight. The last condition did not quite hold, since the twilight was well advanced before their arrival at Frelleborg, Sweden; but then the observers were both tried and experienced craftsmen.

The meteorological instruments carried were an Assmann psychrometer (wet and dry bulb hygrometer) composed of two mercury thermometers, one dry, the other moist, to determine the moisture in the air; an alcohol thermometer for great elevations (last year a temperature of 41 degrees C. was found in the upper air on a similar occasion); two aneroid barometers, a barograph, and a black bulb thermometer to measure the intensity of the sun's rays. A flask containing 500 litres of oxygen at atmospheric pressure for breathing at high altitudes completed the outfit.

The voyage began at 8 17 a. m., with a surface temperature of 21 degrees F. Berlin was crossed at an elevation of about 600 feet, and by varying the elevation it was discovered that up to 2,400 feet elevation the wind blew right in a westerly direction, between 2,450 and 4,500 feet in a straight northerly direction, and at higher elevations more to the eastward.

At 2,900 feet the temperature was 15 degrees C. higher than at the earth's surface (generally the temperature is lower about one degree C. for every 300 feet of ascent); no degrees C. (32 degrees F.) was reached at 7,800 feet, and the surface temperature (20 degrees F.) at 9,800 feet. The lowest temperature could not be measured as it was dark when the greatest elevation was reached and the balloon was not furnished with electric lights.

It was not till they reached the vicinity of Neu Strelitz, after two hours' travel, that the observer gave up the idea of a high ascension, and decided to cross the water to Denmark or Sweden. They had been going about 27 miles an hour, and could therefore hope to reach land in Denmark at any rate.

The coast was reached at 1.15 p. m. near Stralsund, and 2 p. m. the island of Rugen was crossed. At 3.30 p. m. the balloon stood over the middle point of the stretch of water, and at 4 p. m. the sun set. The cooling of the air, with resulting cooling and contraction of the balloon gases, forced the adventurers to throw ballast overboard.

The compass was used to determine direction of travel while passing over the land, but on the water this became impossible as the observers could not tell which way the balloon was moving. By pouring

out sand they could tell approximately their direction of motion, and they soon found the balloon was moving too much to the eastward.

The balloon was lowered to the region of winds moving more to the westward, and when land came in sight the compass verified their course. The Swedish coast was reached at five p. m., and the balloon made straight for Trelleburg at an elevation of about 1,900 feet. Although dark by this time, the snow on the ground facilitated sight and orientation.

In crossing the water there was at first great danger of going too far eastward, which would have necessitated crossing the entire length of the Baltic before reaching land. Now the tendency was westward, which would have taken the observers into the North Sea.

Consequently ballast was thrown out to reach a higher level and a wind blowing more to the northward, and this was soon accomplished, the balloon moving northward over Malmo. At this point darkness set in.

At first the observers supposed there was much snow on the ground below them, but they soon learned that it was the effect of a dense layer of clouds, consequently they decided to land as soon as possible. A study of the weather map at that time also shows that had they continued their voyage they would have been carried to the Kattegat, then to the Skagerak, and there taken by the then prevailing east wind and blown into the North Sea.

As it was the observers after great danger in crossing two lakes and a large wood the tow line dragging and the basket touching the tops of the trees landed in the deep snow, about 14 miles north of the railroad station at Markaryd, in the province of Smaland.

The highest point reached 10,240 feet was just before the landing.

### THE OVER-TRAINED NURSE.

How Such a Perfect Creature Spills a Man's Pleasure in Sickrooms.

In an address to a medical society in Chicago a London physician has noted the disposition of the American doctors to avail themselves of the improvements which relieve the profession of much of its former drudgery and cares. Here long prescriptions are seldom written, since it is practicable to prescribe palatable tablets which offer the best of combinations. By this system the danger of mistakes on the part of the physician and blunders by apothecaries is greatly reduced. Dangerous drugs may be given in the form of 'diurnals,' or diurnal tablets, and the doctor need not rack his uncertain memory as to the maximum dose. The full dose of the drug is embraced in twelve tablets, one of which may be given every hour, two every two hours and so on; and it is only necessary not to exceed twelve in one day. The visitor further noted that while the trained nurse is appreciated in England, she is not so generally employed as in this country, where she has relieved the physicians of much care and annoyance.

It would be idle to challenge the statement that the trained nurse is popular in this country. In most if not all American cities the demand for nurses exceeds the supply, and in cases of severe illness or where there is no orderliness of self-restraint in a household the trained nurse is a necessity and a blessing. It is undeniable, however, that where the patient is a man, and not critically ill, the typically trained young woman is often a source of irritation.

Few men can endure the restraint which her presence imposes. She shows every mark of having been cast in a mold, and of being entirely artificial. Her fixed and restrained smile indicates only a stimulated amiability. The precision with which her hair is brushed back under her impossibly neat cap; her noiseless and ghostlike glide; her businesslike and untending administration of drops and powders with inhuman regularity and without the possibility of a mistake; her practiced look of celestial goodness and superhuman wisdom—all these are too unlike what is looked for from the spontaneous and sympathetic woman of the

ministering angel kind. To the average man who is not too sick to be impressed by his surroundings, this figure of mechanical perfection is more disturbing than would be a tipsy coal-heaver in the sick chamber.

So perfect a creature spoils all a man's pleasure in sickness. He can make no appeal to her sympathy—cannot plead for delay when the nauseous dose is due, or conduct himself like a spoiled child, which is one of the compensations of illness to a man. Perhaps he may be disappointed, too. When a trained nurse is suggested to the inexperienced male he may have visions of a young woman with human qualities whose feelings will be touched by suffering, whose gentle hand will smooth the pillow and cool the fevered brow, and that sort of sentimental thing. Only observant and experienced wives know how unimpressible and unimpressible a young woman, as exact and methodical and unsympathetic as a machine and as dead to his personality as a wooden Indian, he is disposed to be irritable. However efficient she may be, there are circumstances in which the trained nurse may be as oppressive as was the red nosed, fat old woman nurse who preceded her.

### Conversation in the Jungle.

Paul Du Chailu has lived long enough in the jungles to have the most wholesome respect for the intelligence of animals, and when asked if he believed that animals talk to one another, he replied in the affirmative.

'Does a monkey, for instance,' inquired one of his hearers, 'have a certain word or expression for "water"?' 'Perhaps not for water,' said Mr Du Chailu, 'for monkeys in their natural state very seldom drink water. They eat berries and fruits which contain water; but there is no doubt that animals talk in certain ways among themselves.'

This statement he prepared to demonstrate. 'I have heard one gorilla call another which was seven or eight miles away, when the first had found some berries in profusion, and I have seen monkeys deliberate among themselves a long time before making an important move.'

'That reminds me that animals have to work hard to get a living, even in forests where there is an abundance of vegetation. Some animals travel miles every day to get food and then have all sorts of trouble in picking out a safe spot in which to rest for the night. That is where the elephants have hard work—in selecting a spot to rest. They seem to have the same hatred for snakes which human beings and most animals have. They will carefully trample over a large section to drive away or kill any snakes or small animals that may be around.'

### The Useful Telephone.

Two Baltimore young ladies went to an evening entertainment and as luck would have it, forgot to take a latch key. On their return they rang the bell repeatedly and beat on the door but could rouse no one.

Almost in despair, they stood on the porch, says the Baltimore Sun, wondering what they could do, when a neighbor who had been awakened by the din, appeared at his window opposite, and asked what was the matter.

'We are locked out and cannot seem to waken papa,' came the reply from the ladies.

'Wait a minute,' said the quick-witted man on the other side of the street. 'Your father has a telephone in his room, and I will call him up.' So the Central was called.

'Give me Number—,' said the neighbor. As soon as the bell sounded in the room of the sleeping father, he woke with a start and ran to the telephone.

'Hello, what is wanted?'

'Is that you, Mr. —?'

'Yes, what is it?'

'Your daughters are at the front door trying to get in. Go down and let them in. Good night.'

The young ladies were soon indoors, rejoicing in the usefulness of the telephone.

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.

'Miss Garlinghorn is a blonde, is she not?' asked Rivers.

'Nee brunette,' answered Brooks, with a somewhat Gallic play of the intellect, as it were.

## Hidden Wealth of Canada.

Some idea of the vast extent of the unexplored areas of Canada is given by the latest report of the Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, which has just been published. It is a remarkable fact that practically nothing whatever is known of one third of the whole Dominion of Canada. This vast area, it is believed, contains illimitable resources and will in time open an immense field for American capital and enterprise. It is significant that the great industrial enterprises of Canada are passing into the hands of Americans and it is becoming clearer every day that Canada must depend for the development of its great natural resources largely on American capital. An American, Mr. Whitney of Boston, at the head of the great Dominion Iron and Steel works at Sydney, C. B., and another American, Cornelius Shields, has just been brought from Virginia to manage them.

Mr. Clergue, another American, backed by immense capital from the United States, is developing in New Ontario. Everywhere in fact, American capital is pouring in to develop Canada resources, which for long years have lain dormant while the great era of expansion and progress has been under way in the United States. In fifty years, backed by American capital and progressiveness, the Dominion should have a population of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 and be one of the richest countries per capita in the world. That its industrial development by Americans will tend to draw the two countries into closer bonds is apparent.

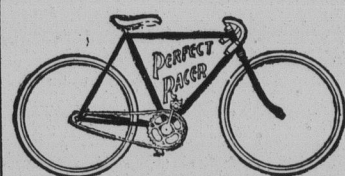
The entire area of the Dominion is computed at 3,450,275 square miles, and it is estimated that of this vast area, excluding the inhospitable detached Arctic portions, 954,000 square miles is for all practical

purposes entirely unknown. Beginning at the extreme northwest of the Dominion the first of these areas is between the eastern boundary of Alaska, the Porcupine River and the Arctic coast, about 9,500 square miles in extent, or somewhat smaller than Belgium, and lying entirely within the Arctic circle. The next is west of the Lewis and Yukon rivers and extends to the boundary of Alaska. Until last year 32,000 square miles in this area was unexplored, but a portion has since been traveled over. A third area of 27,000 square miles, nearly twice as large as Scotland, lies between the Lewis, Pelly and Mackenzie rivers. Between the Pelly and Mackenzie rivers is another tract of 100,000 square miles, or about double the size of England. This includes nearly six hundred miles of the Rocky mountain range.

An unexplored area of 50,000 square miles is found between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic coast, being nearly all to the north of the Arctic circle. Nearly as large as Portugal is another tract between Great Bear Lake, the Mackenzie River and the western part of the Great Slave Lake, in all 35,000 square miles. Lying between Stikine and Laird rivers to the north and Skeena and Peace rivers to the south is an area of 81,000 square miles which is practically unexplored. Of the 35,000 square miles southeast of Athabasca Lake, little is known except that it has been crossed by a field party on its way to Fort Churchill. East of the Coppermine River and west of the Bathurst Inlet are 7,500 square miles of unexplored land, or about half the size of Switzerland. Eastward to this, lying between the Arctic coast and Black's River, is an area of 31,954,000 square miles is for all practical

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN.]

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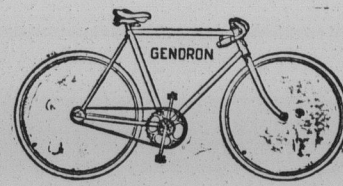
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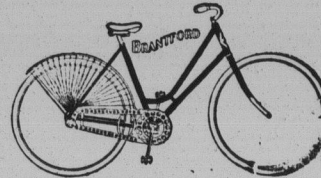
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his arm glide 'round my neck  
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we'll ' his action check—  
nothing to see, 't bet him.  
in manner 'Yummy yum!'  
strove to call my mother,  
the largest cry would come  
lips he tried to smooth—  
a wild, unsteady kiss  
't bend 't on noses!  
swam in a sea of bliss  
'round with star of roses!  
with rapture seemed 't spin.  
son! was rank with blisses,  
there and 't well-d in  
't free touch of kisses!

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# The Mystery of Muriel's Life.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

## CHAPTER I.

That there was some dark mystery attaching to Muriel Ferny's life was generally admitted as that she was beautiful, charming, and very wealthy.

A year ago she had purchased the old Hazlemere mansion, a low, rambling building, surrounded by some picturesque scenery in the beautiful county of Surrey.

And here Muriel lived in solitude with her aunt, Miss Janet Neal, who, to judge by appearances, could not have been very cheerful company.

These two ladies, however, seemed quite content with their lonely lives.

They paid no visits, nor did they receive any with the exception of the vicar's. He, worthy man, was rather a frequent visitor, because the fair young mistress of Hazlemere was ever ready to give liberal aid in the cause of charity.

One day as Muriel was strolling along the lanes, sweet with the Mayflowers' perfume, she met this gentleman in company with his nephew, Hugh Allingham, a young artist, who had already gained some fame.

An introduction followed, and Hugh suddenly discovered that the scenery around Hazlemere was more beautiful than anything he had ever seen, and he craved Muriel's permission to paint the old mansion.

The picture was an utter failure. Muriel, who was a great admirer of art, came sometimes to see how the young artist progressed, and Hugh found more beauty in her fair face than in all the landscapes of the world.

Almost ever the picture was begun he was in love with her, although he had not seen her a dozen times.

And as the days passed by and he met her more frequently, he felt that life without her love would be too desolate to contemplate.

Hugh was simply a tall, good-looking young Briton, without even a strikingly handsome face; to aid him in his suit, and he was comparatively poor.

Muriel was beautiful and very wealthy while she had not by one glance of her deep blue eyes, nor one word of her silvery voice—which always sent a thrill of joy through his breast—given him the slightest cause to hope.

One day, as he sat dreaming of her, and hoping she would come, he passed her fair face from memory on the canvas where the sky should have gone.

A silvery laugh broke a reverie into which he had fallen, and, turning, he saw the woman who had won his heart looking over his shoulder.

'Why, Mr. Allingham! Muriel exclaimed, 'whatever made you paint my portrait there? I need not ask you how your picture is progressing. You have completely spoiled it.'

'Then it is your beauty that has done so,' answered Hugh, rising, and tossing palette and brushes aside. 'I worked pretty hard last year, and I made three hundred pounds. I tell you this so that you may know how great is my presumption when I add that I love you. I love you, Muriel, so fervently that I have in my art merged in that one strong passion. I merged that you will laugh at me; but—'

'Mr. Allingham, you mistake me altogether,' answered Muriel. 'I should never laugh at anyone who spoke to me in sincerity as you have spoken, and something tells me that you are sincere. But you must forget this fancy.'

'Fancy, I have repeated.' 'Well, you must forget me,' said Muriel, 'for your love is hopeless.' 'You are only telling me what I already know,' he answered, in a voice so full of despair that it sent a thrill of pity through her breast. 'I never had hope, nor should have spoken, but that my love overcame my reason. How could you with all your beauty, with all your goodness, and your wealth, care for a man like me?'

'Mr. Allingham, once more you are mistaken,' answered Muriel. 'You speak as though I were your superior, which is not the case.'

'But it is. My uncle has told me what you are, and I know what I am.'

'You speak as though you were bad, Mr. Allingham,' she answered. 'No worse than other men, I trust,' he said. 'Yet I can never hope to be as good as you. Muriel,' he added, taking her trembling hand in his, you have told me that your suit is hopeless, and I know your words were not lightly spoken. May I ask you to tell me that you believe the words I uttered were spoken from my heart?'

She turned her beautiful blue eyes, now filled with tears, to his, and murmured—'For all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: It might have been.'

Hugh understood. He saw her bosom heave with the sob she could not check. He pressed his lips to the small white hand that lay tremblingly in his, and with one last, earnest gaze at her beautiful face, strode quickly down the grassy slope.

Muriel watched him until his tall form disappeared in the distance, then, sinking on the grass, she buried her face in her hands, and wept as though her heart was broken.

'Oh! why did he ever come here?' she murmured. 'My burden was heavy enough before, now it is greater than I can bear. Must I bring death and misery to all who love me, and whom I love?'

'What is the matter, Muriel?' inquired

her aunt that evening. 'You are eating nothing.'

'I am not hungry, aunt.'

'Nonsense, child,' retorted Miss Neal. 'You had no lunch, and now you are eating no dinner. Do you think I am blind and stupid?'

'Dear aunt, I think you are very clever. Don't be angry with me. I am wretched enough already.'

'I have no patience with you Muriel!' exclaimed the old lady. 'Now, for good news sake, don't cry!' she added, wiping her own eyes when her niece was not looking. 'I detest crying; it is ridiculous!'

Muriel rose from her chair, and, placing her arms round the old lady's neck, kissed her cheek, as she used to do in 'the years long past, when she was a little child and her own mother had been taken from her. From that sad day that mother's sister, whose manner was so austere, had never spoken an angry word to the girl.

'Now tell me, Muriel, what has happened?' she said, stroking her niece's golden brown hair as though, not a young lady of twenty-two, but a little girl of three had come to her for comfort, as in the olden time. 'This young artist, Mr. Allingham, has spoken to you of love?'

'However did you guess that, dear aunt?'

'Good gracious! do you think that, because I am becoming short-sighted, I am getting blind?' retorted Miss Neal. 'Have I not seen the young man hovering about here for the past three months? Painting, he calls it! Why, I could paint better myself. It is only natural that he should fall in love with you, considering how beautiful—that is to say, considering you are, by no means plain. Besides, you are wealthy.'

'I am certain he thought nothing of that, declared Muriel.

'I, too, am sure he did not,' replied Miss Neal. 'Otherwise, I should not call on him, as I intend to do this evening.'

'But, aunt, you will not tell—you won't!'

'Tut, tut, child! What are you thinking about? I shall simply convince him that his suit is hopeless. I have not spoken many times to Mr. Allingham, but I believe him to be a man of honor. I shall endeavor to extract a promise from him that he will never see you again. Rest assured, dear, your secret is safe with me.'

Hugh was not a little surprised at receiving a call from Miss Neal that evening. 'My uncle is out, unfortunately,' he said, thinking she had come to see the vicar.

'So much the better, Mr. Allingham,' replied the good lady; 'because I wish to speak to you alone. I have guessed from my niece's manner and my own observation what occurred this afternoon.'

'At least, I trust you will not deem me a fortune-hunter,' said Hugh, flushing.

'No; I certainly do not think that. I believe you to be a man of honor. Now, Mr. Allingham, I have come to tell you that it is not a matter of inequality in wealth, but that you must not think you could ever gain Muriel's love. 'I is quite impossible; she can never be your wife. Even if she loved you as you love her, there is an insurmountable barrier between you. I will tell you more. I have much influence over Muriel, and, were it possible, I would use that influence in your behalf, because I believe you are a man who would make the woman who trusted her life to you as happy as lay in your power. When I tell you that she has led a troubled life, and that were you to gain her love, you would only add to her trouble, I hope I do not mistake you in believing that you will give me your promise never to see her again. I know that what I ask must seem cruel to you; but I ask it for her sake—for her sake only.'

Hugh rose, and paced the room. His face was white as death, and when at last he spoke, his words were tremulous with emotion.

'Madam,' he said, 'I trust you as you have trusted me, I will never seek to see Muriel again.'

He well remembered the awful significance of his words when he and Muriel next met.

## CHAPTER II.

A year had passed by and it had been a very terrible one to Hugh.

At first he had striven hard to succeed in his profession; but an artist's work is almost as difficult as an author's if the mind be not at rest.

'At any rate, Hugh had failed. 'I am a fool!' he cried fiercely. 'Life is before me. Shall the beautiful face of a woman, who is infinitely superior to me wreck my whole existence? Never! I'll learn to be a man. I'll live in a new world and the past shall be forgotten.'

Then he left old England and sailed for Mexico; but the past was not obliterated, as he had hoped it would be.

In the evenings, when the fiery sun sank behind the distant mountains, the beautiful Surrey hills rose as in a dream before him and once again he saw Muriel's gentle face upturned to his, with the sorrowful light in those deep blue eyes.

'Then that strange longing for home came over him which has filled the breast of many a weary exile. One evening he was wandering along the street watching the dark-eyed Mexican

maidens trip gracefully by, when he was startled by being addressed in English.

'May I trouble you for a light, sir?'

'Certainly!' answered Hugh, glancing at the stranger, who was about five and thirty, and of gentlemanly appearance and handsome face, though the expression in his eyes was somewhat cruel; at least, so the young artist thought.

'Nay!' laughed the stranger. 'I do not want a light. It was only a ruse, to discover if you were a countryman of mine, as your appearance denotes. My name is James Stanton.'

'And mine, Hugh Allingham,' the young man said, smiling at this strange introduction.

'Then I hope we shall be friends,' continued Stanton. 'I assure you I need one in this hole, to which my bad luck has caused me to return, after some years of absence.'

'Then you know Mexico?' inquired Hugh.

'Far too well to my liking. When you have drunk your coffee, with its dash of aquadiente, smoked your cigarette, heard an undersized Mexican shriek himself into hysterics on the stage, under the erroneous impression that he is acting, you have done Mexico. But, see there! Esta noche cantara La Estrella. Which means, Estrella will sing tonight. Suppose you and I go to hear her. It is true that we strangers, but, if we don't like each other, we never need become friends. Rather ceremony!'

'I quite agree with you, Mr. Stanton,' answered the young artist. 'We will certainly have La Estrella. But who is she?'

'I know no more than you, my dear fellow,' returned Stanton, who perhaps thought it would be bad form to offer to pay for the theatre tickets; at any rate, he let Hugh have that honour. 'Probably some creature with a dab of red on each cheek, blue paint on her eyelids, and a voice like the tone of a penny whistle. There's one consolation, if my experience goes for anything, we are bound to hear her.'

'The acting was far better than Stanton's words had led Hugh to expect. He had gained sufficient knowledge of the language to be able to follow, and a glance round the building showed him that the elite of the city were there. The curtain fell; the applause died away.'

Then the voices were hushed as once more the curtain rose. Presently a murmur ran round the crowded house.

La Estrella stepped upon the stage. She glanced smilingly around, as a thunder of applause greeted her.

'You are wrong about the paint,' said Hugh, looking at his companion, whose face had turned livid. 'She is very beautiful!'

'Maldito! hissed Stanton. 'Curse her! You know her?'

'No, no!' exclaimed the artist. 'I must certainly stay to hear whether you are as wrong about the voice as you were about La Estrella's face. Ah!'

Hugh uttered the exclamation as Stanton rose, for the singer's dark eyes turned towards the stranger.

The somewhat sad light in them changed a moment to one of fierce hatred and loathing.

Her small hands clenched, and her bosom rose and fell with deep emotion. The expression on those two faces haunted Hugh.

Admiration, wonder and pity thrilled through his breast.

As in a dream, he saw Stanton leave the building, and Estrella's flashing eyes follow him.

'What a picture!' he murmured. 'If I could only reproduce that on canvas my name would be famous. Yet what is fame to me?'

Then on the breathless silence La Estrella's voice arose.

It filled the house, and thrilled through every breast.

Still like one in a dream Hugh listened to the young girl's glorious notes.

But as they died away a cry rang out—an awful cry!

'Fuego! Fuego! (Fire! Fire! Men and women sprang to their feet, to rush wildly from the building. 'Yet no longer menaced them.'

It was La Estrella who stood in deadly peril. The footlights had caught her dress, and a mass of flames licked round her.

Hugh seized a cloak, which a lady who was rushing from the theatre had left behind in her terror.

He leapt upon the orchestra rail, then upon the stage, and wrapping the cloak round the beautiful singer, smothered the flames, and carried her half fainting, but practically uninjured, from the stage.

'Habra Vd. Espanol? (Do you speak Spanish?) inquired La Estrella faintly.

'But very indifferently,' answered the young man in English.

'Ah! I thought you were English,' murmured Estrella, in that language. 'It was an Englishman's action.'

'It would have been a base coward's to leave you to such a death!' replied Hugh.

'Yet you were the only man in the theatre who thought of me,' answered Estrella. 'Be pleased to wait here for a few minutes. Do you promise?'

'Yes, yes!'

'Oh, senior! I never mind that little word "but," which is quite English. We call it "pero," but it means the same. I have your promise.'

Ten minutes or so elapsed, then the artist was shown into a room where the beautiful girl was seated.

She was dressed quite plainly now, and rose to greet her rescuer.

'Sir,' she exclaimed, 'your bravery has saved me from a terrible death.'

'Pshaw! Dona Estrella,' replied Hugh, smiling. 'Surely you can't call such a simple action bravery. Any man would have done the same.'

'Other men were there,' answered Estrella.

'They did not think,' said the young man. 'Nay,' she answered, 'they thought too much of their own danger. But tell me, how can I show my gratitude?'

'By letting me paint your face, though there is no need for gratitude,' answered Hugh.

'Well, seeing that I have always refused to paint my face myself,' said Estrella, smiling, 'I do not see why you should not be allowed to do so. You are an artist, I presume?'

'Yes, and would try to reproduce your expression when you looked at the man who was in the theatre with me.'

'You know him?' inquired Estrella.

'I met him for the first time to night. I only know that his name is James Stanton. You do not know that he is an unrepentant murderer?' cried Estrella. 'Nor that he is the greatest villain that ever walked this earth. Listen, and you shall judge. One of your countrymen asked me to be his bride. I loved him, and it was very easy to answer "Yes." We were betrothed, and the world was full of gladness for me—'

'And for him also, I should say,' interposed the artist.

'You may think it strange that I should open my heart to you like this' went on Estrella. 'But you must not forget that you have just saved me from a fearful death. Well, this man whom I loved quarrelled with James Stanton; I know not what about, but I think Jack struck him. They fought a duel, and—'

'Heaven help me!—my loved one was—'

'Say no more, senorita,' exclaimed Hugh as the beautiful girl burst into passionate weeping. 'Only tell me if I can be of any service to you.'

'I will avenge that crime,' cried Estrella. 'See! his death lies here.'

And as she spoke, she drew a dagger from her bosom.

'Nay, senorita!' exclaimed the young man, extending his hand. 'Do not let such evil thoughts enter your mind. Right cannot come from wrong.'

'You would save that villain's life,' cried Estrella fiercely. 'If you are his friend, I wish you had let me die rather than that I should owe my life to you.'

'Now you are speaking unwisely, senorita,' said Hugh, taking her hand in his. 'I have already told you that Stanton and I are comparative strangers. Let me take this weapon from you. It is what your lover would have wished.'

'Yet I will have vengeance,' cried the singer, allowing him to take the weapon from her hand.

'But not such vengeance as that,' he said. 'Let the law take its course.'

'There is no justice in this country,' she sobbed. 'Oh! why did you save my life? I should have been at rest now had you but left me to die.'

'I am deeply grieved for you, senorita,' said Hugh. 'It I can be of service to you I will.'

'You wish to paint my portrait?'

'Indeed I do.'

'Then come to that address when you please—my mother and I live there; but evil thoughts enter your mind. Right cannot come from wrong.'

'There is one thing I would like to ask you,' said the artist. 'What was your affianced husband's surname?'

'Ferny.'

'Ferny!' cried Hugh, springing to his feet. 'Had he a sister named Muriel?'

'Yes; he often spoke of her. I met her once. Do you know her?'

'I should have been at rest now had you but left me to die.'

'You must promise me one thing,' said Estrella. 'I will gladly do that.'

'It is that you will not quarrel with Stanton.'

'You mean you want me to promise not to meet him with weapons?'

'Yes. You must shun him. If you quarrelled, he would call you out. Duelling is thought little of in this country. I look upon it as murder when it ends in loss of life.'

'So should I,' exclaimed Hugh. 'But have no concern on my account; nothing would induce me to attempt the life of any man, however vile he were.'

'I was thinking of your own danger,' she answered. 'That man deserves death. His hand is stained with blood. Beware of him!'

'Fear not, I will be on my guard,' said Hugh.

Then he took his leave, and went back to the hotel where he was staying.

He entered the coffee room, where a number of guests were assembled, and amongst them he saw Stanton, who immediately rose and stepped towards him.

'I learnt you were staying here,' he said, 'so thought I would wait for you, to offer my apologies for conduct which, I fear, may appear somewhat rude. But the fact is, Allingham, in La Estrella I recognized an old flame of mine. I met her some years back, and accused myself by flustering round the light like any other moth, and, as a result, got my wings badly singed. I was poor in those days, and she well nigh penniless. Such a marriage would have been absurd, so we separated; but, by George! her beauty nearly bowled me over once again to-night.'

'I have listened to you without interrupting, for reasons of my own,' retorted Hugh coldly. 'But—'

'Pshaw! Are you smitten also?' laughed



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The quickest, surest, safest cure for colic, cramps, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, biliousness, burns, stings, chafings, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, in grippe, rheumatism, muscle soreness, and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Get it from your dealer. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and 1.00. The larger size is more economical.  
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Stanton. 'I'll admit Inez Larida—that is her name—is entrancingly beautiful, but I thought you were scarcely the man to be captivated by her. After all, Allingham, there is no need for you and me to fall out. If you are conquered by gazing at La Estrella's charms, you cannot blame me for a stolen kiss or so. This is a land of love, nor are the maidens coy.'

'Was jealousy the cause of your murdering the poor girl's affianced?' demanded Hugh.

'Stanton's face paled, and an evil light came into his eyes.

'Who told you that?, he cried, in an angry voice.

'What matters? It is sufficient that I know it.'

'You have spoken to the girl?'

'I have, and have learnt from her lips what you are,' retorted the artist.

'It would be well, young man if you were made aware that I am a very dangerous foe,' cried Stanton.

'So I judged from La Estrella's words,' said Hugh. 'But you should know that any Englishman worthy of the name is not wont to be cowed by the threatening words of a braggart.'

'Sir! Do you call me that?'

'It is only part of my estimate of your character.'

'Pray give me the rest,' sneered Stanton, 'though what you have uttered is sufficient for my purpose.'

'With pleasure,' answered Hugh. 'I believe you to be a liar, and know you to be a murderer.'

'Gentlemen!' cried Stanton in Spanish. 'This man has insulted me. Some of you will let me know how I shall avenge my honor.'

Then, turning to Hugh again, he added—

'At break of day I'll put a bullet through your heart, you jealous cur.'

Hugh was a good-tempered young fellow but he was not proof against such words from such an utter villain.

He seized Stanton by the collar, shook him until his teeth rattled, and sent him reeling from the room, following him up with clenched hands.

He dearly would have liked to knock the false coward down.

And he would have done it, too, had not the villain quitted the hotel with a haste that was the reverse of heroic.

## CHAPTER III.

When Hugh went to bed that night he fell asleep almost immediately, and dreamt once more he was on those dark old Surrey hills, listening to Muriel's silvery voice.

A banging at the door awoke him. It was day.

The sun streamed brightly through the open window, and the rich perfume of flowers was in the air.

'What's the matter?' he demanded in Spanish.

'Senor, a gentleman has called from Senor Stanton. I think he wishes to arrange a meeting.'

'What's the time?'

'Five o'clock, senor.'

'Let me have breakfast at eight,' answered Hugh. 'Tell Stanton I'll horsewhip him at nine; and don't you dare to disturb me again. Call me at half past seven, and leave a good stout riding-whip at my door. Now go!'

'He is mad, murmured the waiter—'quite mad! But then, he is an Englishman, and they are all the same.'

Hugh had scarcely commenced his breakfast, when a Mexican approached him.

'Your pardon, sir,' he said. 'I bear a message from my friend. Doubtless you are expecting it.'

'I presume you refer to that fellow Stanton,' answered the artist.

'The same. He has commissioned me to arrange with you to meet him with swords or pistols, as you may choose.'

'Tell the micromet that I shall do nothing of the sort,' answered Hugh.

'But, sir, as a gentleman, but a despicable scoundrel. If I should meet him again, which I trust may not be the case, I shall give him a sound thrashing. I wish you good-morning.'

'But I require an answer.'

'That is my answer,' said Hugh. 'That

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

**CANCER**  
And Tumors  
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# Sunday Reading.

"Exactly Square"

"It's a good place to load up when you once get to it," said the homespun station-agent, "but 'tain't every driver that knows how to set his wagon. Never knew but one man that could back his team up to that platform without swearing."

"Likely his horse had got used to it?" muttered the travelling pedler. He was wondering if the man meant to be impatient. Evidently he had overheard him letting out profane epithets and cursing his patient beast.

"Wal, I dunno," said the station agent. "George Dean had fourteen horses, and sometimes he'd come with one team and sometimes with another. Never knew him to swear at 'em."

The pedler was cross. In the course of his business as a seller of small wares he had driven to this little country railway station to take in a consignment of goods. He was a self-righteous man, who prided himself on being always 'exactly square,' and the peculiar remarks of this blunt depot-master irritated him. The man had a good deal more to say about George Dean as he helped load the boxes into the wagon. "He was the squarrest man I ever did business with," he concluded.

"Wal, what's the matter with him now?" asked the pedler, finally. "Has he back-slid? I notice that you always speak of him in the past tense."

"He's dead," said the man. "Died a year ago. But there won't anybody round here forgit him very soon."

The pedler was glad to escape. But when he drove away there was one more man who could not forget George Dean, the young market taster who never swore. Had he known that another sermon from the same Christian text lay on his road he would have gone another way. Religion and religious subjects were matters which he usually avoided.

As dark came on, he stopped at a large and well-kept country homestead, and secured the privilege of putting up for the night. As Providence would have it, the place was the home of the late George Dean, and he was the guest of George Dean's parents.

The vexation of discovering where he was changed presently into something like awe. What singular fate had sent him there? He could not prevent the heaved mother from talking about her son; and when the hired team-drivers chimed in with their hearty testimony he had to listen; how good the young man had been to his parents; how scrupulous in his duties to his fellow men; how loyal to the laws of God; how kind to his dumb animals.

"He never would drive his team horses to church," said his mother. "He bought Townie for light carriage work. The others rested ever Sunday."

The uneasy guest carried all this to bed with him and lay awake. What a difference between 'exactly square' as he regarded it and 'exactly square' as George Dean had considered it! And he had heard enough to explain why. He caught himself envying a man he had never seen. Then the envy turned to admiration and self reproach.

"You couldn't ha' put up here if it hadn't been for George," said one of the hired men the next morning, as he harnessed the pedler's horse. "He built that addition o' purpose to 'commodate travellers.'"

It was years before Wightman, the pedler, in his circuits through New England, stopped again at his Berkshire County lodging place. He was not a self-righteous man now. A higher rule of life than his own had become his law, and the travelling trader was known as 'the pedler evangelist.'

During a long stage journey the driver remarked to Abraham Lincoln,—not knowing his passenger, and finding that he would not drink, smoke, chew or swear,—"I've a pretty poor opinion o' folks that haven't got any small vices. I always suspect they make it up in big ones."

Others have repeated that bit of cheap cephietry. The truth is that the lives which really rebuke wickedness and shame conceit are always pure in 'minor morals.'

Micky's Religion.

The acting Premier of Queensland, Hon. Arthur Rutledge, like the Hon. Dr. Montague, went from the pulpit into politics via one of the secular professions. Mr. Rutledge began life as a Wesleyan minister, but afterwards studied law, and was called to the Bar. In one of his ear-

lier cases he was cross examining a Kanaka witness. Wishing to know if the Kanaka understood the nature of an oath, Mr. Rutledge asked: "Are you a Christian, Micky?" "No," answered Micky, firmly. "Then what are you?" was the next question. "A Wesleyan, sab," replied Micky proudly, and Mr. Rutledge did not pursue the subject further.

### LOVE, THE CONQUEROR.

How an Australian Woman Saved Her Life After a Snake Bite.

As Mrs. Morgan bent over the wood-heap in the yard of her Australian home in the dusk of the early morning, she felt a sharp, fiery sting in her arm, and looking down, saw a snake glide away among the logs. It had passed the night in the wood-heap, and angry at being disturbed, had stung her. She flung down her armful of logs and rushed into the house. A sharp butcher knife lay on the table; this she seized and cut the wound, then sucked the blood. But she had little hope, for the bite was from the fangs of a venomous snake, and she had received the full force of the poison.

Already she seemed to feel the first symptoms of coming death in the deadly lethargy which crept through her limbs. The thought of her babies, now lying asleep in the adjoining room, further agonized her, for a mental picture rose before her of her darlings starving slowly to death. And how sad would be their father's home-coming! How terrible to find the wife and children he had left alive and well lifeless corpses!

Then her mother-love cried out for time, only a little time, in order that she might provide for them. Her husband had been away shearing for six weeks. He would be back in a fortnight, and she must prepare enough food to keep them for that time. It would be of no use to try to take the children to the nearest neighbor, fifty miles distant; she would die on the way, and leave the helpless little ones in the cart. The old horse might know enough to take them to their destination, but probably he would return home. There was ample flour in the house; she would bake and cook, and fight back death until enough food was prepared to keep the children alive until their father's return.

With feverish haste she ran back to the wood-heap, where she found the snake pinned under one of the logs she had flung down in her horror. She quickly killed it; then she returned to the kitchen, lighted the fire, put on the camp oven, kneaded up the dough she had prepared overnight, and put the loaves in the oven. Then she prepared other batches of bread, and placed them in the warmth to rise. Every few minutes a horrible drowsiness came over her, but she resolutely fought it down. She must do her work, and death must be forced to wait until it was done.

The children awoke and called for "mamma." She attended to their little wants in a kind of dream. Every now and again she would sway and nearly fall, but always with a strong effort of will she would shake off the fatal coma and address herself to some new task.

The water used in the house was drawn from a well near by; a supply must be secured and placed within reach of the children, the horses must be taken from their own paddock and put in the one where the sheep were grazing, within reach of the great clay water-tank. Little Mora, the eldest of the four children, was trained to take care of the younger ones when mamma should have "gone to sleep." Thus the day passed in ceaseless activity, and the evening found the mother still alive.

Only once had she fallen into the comatose state which precedes death from snake bite, and she was roused from this stupor by little Mora, whom she had hidden not to let mamma sleep for one moment, and by the screams of the younger children. She had risen and run up and down like one distracted until the heaviness partly left her.

Even now, when night had come, and the children were peacefully sleeping, she did not dare to lie down lest she should never rise again. She looked round with intense satisfaction on the pile of loaves she had baked; at least her babies would not starve. Then, hope began to dawn. If she had lived through the day, might she not recover? Then a dim recollection came of having heard that if one could ward off the deadly coma until the snake poison was worked out of the blood, life

might be saved. Spurred by this hope, she went out and passed the night walking up and down. The morning found her weak and weedy, but alive and hopeful. When the little ones awoke they cried out to her: "O mamma, can't you go to sleep? 'Tis so scared! Please don't go to sleep!"

Tears of joy and hope filled the mother's eyes as she kissed them, saying, "I won't go to sleep at all. I will stay with you all the time till father comes home." And so it proved. Mrs. Morgan did not die. Her mother-love, which had first stimulated her to action, had saved her life. Love conquered death.

For the Women of Japan.

Miss Tsuda's educational venture in Japan is something new in the history of women's education in that country. Her school opened in the autumn of last year, is the first boarding-school for girls started under purely Japanese auspices, and is the first to give an opportunity of higher work to women. Its object is to prepare students for the teachers' examinations in English held by the government. At present, for lack of adequate preparation, few women can pass these examinations, and the result is that the government positions must all be held by men.

The lady who has started this Christian school for girls is thoroughly Japanese in all her interests and sympathies, while she has the additional advantage of knowing something of western civilization. American furnished her with the education she is now engaged in passing on to her own countrywomen.

A writer in the Churchman, who has heard Miss Tsuda tell the story of her childish experiences in the strange land of the west, whether she came at seven years of age, explains that she was the youngest of five little Japanese girls, who, in the early seventies, were sent to this country to be educated. The long journey from Tokyo to Washington was full of adventure, and the American land, when it was reached, presented terrors and difficulties.

The first night after landing in San Francisco the children were taken to see a minstrel show, which frightened them almost into hysterics. Everything in America was strange to them. One evening they were served with supper in their own rooms at a hotel, and were much puzzled by a half hard, shiny yellow stuff, of the nature of which they were ignorant. They took at last a spoonful all round, knowing of no other way to eat this Western dainty.

From that day to this one of the party has never put between her lips a morsel of butter. She had too much of it in that first experiment.

When they reached Washington the strangers found that their troubles had only begun. There was no place for them at the Japanese legation. Indeed, there seemed no place for them anywhere, and for some time after their arrival they lived quite by themselves, with only hired attendants to help them. They were very lonely and homesick.

Miss Tsuda's recollections of those unhappy days are chiefly of "staggering on behind the older girls," and feeling that she was not wanted anywhere, since even the head of the legation, on seeing her, had asked indignantly why they had sent him a baby. At the end of six months three of the girls returned home, and the other two were adopted.

Miss Tsuda became as a daughter in the family of Mr. Charles Lanman of Washington. For ten years she remained in America, and then returned to Japan. She had a perfect command of English, but she found herself a stranger in her own land, ignorant of the manners and customs and even of the tongue, of her people. She set herself to become as thoroughly Japanese as she was American. Afterward when she had succeeded in this, she returned to America and studied at Bryn Mawr.

Miss Tsuda is an enthusiast on the subject of the education of Japanese women. Teaching has been her profession for many years, and she is fully competent for the work she has undertaken.

Truth Pays in the End.

A reporter had been commissioned by his newspaper to interview Wa Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington. Following his usual artless Chinese custom, Mr. Wu asked the reporter how much salary he received. "One hundred and fifty dollars a week," he answered. The familiar comment was at once forthcoming: "It is too much. It is altogether too much. You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week." Some time afterward, while talking with other newspaper men, he minister learned that the reporter had deceived him, and that instead of receiving one hundred and fifty dollars a week he was paid not more than sixty dollars.

Accordingly the next time he called at the Chinese Legation in search of information Mr. [Wu] thus sharply dismissed him: "You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week you are not worth anything at all."

Instances of Men who Started With Little and are now Well off.

The real mints of the United States are not in Washington, Philadelphia or San Francisco, but upon the broad lands of the West. Here are some actual experiences of the farmers whose lot Mr. Bryan has so often deplored.

Three years and a half ago Charles J. Wisker bought eighty acres of land within four and a half miles of Minden, paying \$17.50 an acre. In three years his profits from sales of what he raised on the farm paid for it. He would not sell now for \$2,600.

Fifteen years ago George Barnes came from Missouri to visit a brother in Nebraska. He had a dollar in cash and the clothes on his back. His brother lent him a pair of horses, and the first money he earned was hauling grain to the railroad. Afterward he borrowed money and took a timber claim and homestead in Harlan county. He paid back the borrowed money by hauling more grain. He worked for his board when he could get no other work. Today he has 320 acres of land under fence, a house in Alma where he lives in the winter and money in the bank.

T. C. Phelan came to Nebraska in 1880 and filed on a quarter section in Greeley county. He paid \$50 on an adjoining quarter section and built a sod house. It took every dollar he had. He borrowed some money to stock his farm. Three years later he had enough money laid by to buy another quarter section. Then he built a frame house, hauling the lumber fifty miles by wagon road. Today he owns 1,120 acres, 400 fenced for cattle and the remainder under cultivation. Mr. Phelan has been to Europe several times, has travelled all over his own county and today enjoys an annual income of nearly \$4,000 from his farms.

August Warner and Peter Peterson arrived in Lancaster county twenty years ago from Sweden. All they possessed was the clothing on their backs. They worked a year as farmhands, and the next year each bought, with his savings paid down to bind the bargain, an 80-acre tract of railroad land. To-day Warner owns twelve 'eighties' and Peterson has title to thirteen. Each is worth \$50,000.

Lem W. Titman came to Hamilton county three years ago with barely enough capital to operate a rented quarter section. He realized from his first year's crop enough to justify him in renting a 400-acre farm. Last year he sold 3,000 bushels on the market direct from the thrashing machines at 53 cents a bushel. He has this year 225 acres of fall wheat, 80 of corn, 40 of oats and 60 of pasture lands.

Ten years ago Andrew Sberback came to Custer county with \$2,000 in cash and some live stock. He had money enough left after buying a quarter section to stock it and operate it. To day he owns 400 acres of land, all well improved, with all kinds of labor-saving farm implements, several thousand in bank and doesn't owe a dollar. He makes \$3,000 a year without any trouble save that of over-seeing the planting and harvest. The remainder of the time he spends in town, where he is educating his children.

In 1885 Carl Graham loaded all his household goods upon a wagon in Malvern, Ia., and started west. He had just married and had little money. Thirteen days later he landed in Custer county. He struck a job herding cattle at \$25 a month, while his wife became ranch cook at \$4 a week. They had saved \$300 by the next spring. Out of this he paid for the team and wagon that had brought them west, and with the remainder purchased the relinquishment of a homestead. He made a dug-out and covered it with timber from the canons. Nearly all his furniture was homemade. By 1888 he had reached the frame-house stage and had 200 acres under cultivation. To-day at the age of 42, he and his wife have quit the farm for the city to give their three children an education. He can afford to do this, because he owns 640 acres of land, 187 head of cattle, hundreds of hogs and substantial houses and barns on all of his farms.

A John Allen Story.

Private John Allen of Mississippi has a new story which he tells apropos of his re-

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE**  
In sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Eaches the ulcers, cleans the sin passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Beware of cheap imitations. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Seattle.

**SOAP Straighten**  
up. Why do you wash in the hard-est possible way? Use PEARLINE, there's no bending over the tub, no back kinks, no work to speak of, no wear and tear from rubbing. Millions use PEARLINE. No matter how or when you use PEARLINE, or however delicate your hands or the fabric, it is absolutely harmless. 636

retirement from Congress. It is that of a colored preacher who said in a funeral sermon. "Some say our departed brother was good, some say that he was bad. We will leave God to judge, and console our grief with the knowledge that he is, at any rate, dead."

Stereoscopic Study of the Moon.  
It has been observed that on account of the absence of an atmosphere on the moon and the consequent lack of gradation in shadows, the eyes of the observer is seriously misled in judging the actual relief of objects forming the lunar landscape. Professor Prinz of Brussels, has recently developed a method of avoiding this difficulty, and of seeing the craters and other details on the moon in their natural proportions. Taking advantage of the fact that as the moon travels around the earth the eccentricity of its orbit produces the effect of a slow libration, or balancing to and fro, which causes its face to be inclined now a little the other way, Professor Prinz makes two photographs of the lunar object to be studied, at opposite points in the libration, and then combines them in a stereoscope, whereupon the object stands forth in full relief. This principle has hitherto been applied only to photographs of the moon as a whole, and not to particular craters or regions.

Toothache Cured in One Minute.  
Not only toothache, but any nerve pain is cured instantly by Polson's Nervine. Thousands have testified that its powerful, penetrating, pain-subduing properties make it an absolute cure for neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps, colic and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Nervine as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents.

'Electric Ghosts.'  
Dr. Oliver J. Dodge, in an address to electrical engineers in Birmingham on February 27th, thus defined an electron, that new term of science which has recently assumed so much importance: An atom is ordinarily associated with a charge, and force is required to separate the charge from the atom. The atomic charge, when separated, is called an electron. In an electrolyte, i. e., a substance decomposed by an electric current, there is a bodily transfer of atoms with their charges; in a metallic conductor the charges are handed on, as electrons, from atom to atom. In the discharge through highly rarefied gases the electric current is in its simple form, 'for here there is a flow of electrons travelling by themselves, of disembodied charges or electric ghosts.' Electrons, Doctor Lodge added, are the fastest moving of all known terrestrial objects, their speed being one-tenth that of light, which is 186,300 miles per second.

Hair in the Comb.  
A bad sign. You are growing bald. Stop it now. Use Dr. White's Electric Comb and you will find no more combings. Your hair will stay where it belongs. Send 60 cents for one. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Briefly, as to Patriotism.  
To mind your own business and do the square thing by your neighbors is an extremely high order of patriotism. If every man were to do this, flags, governments, powers, denominations, thrones, might all take an indefinite vacation. The man who does not steal sheep is not necessarily less a patriot than the man who takes off his hat when the band plays, 'God Save the King.'

How to Cure a Corn.  
It is one of the easiest things in the world to cure a corn. Do not use acids or other caustic preparations and don't put a hole in your foot. It is simply to apply Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor and in three days the corn can be removed without pain. Sure, safe, painless. Take only Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Magnalium a New Alloy.  
Aluminum and magnesium have recently been combined in Germany to produce an alloy which does not rust, and which is as light and tenacious as pure aluminum, while it can be with the file and the lathe. It is named magnalium.

**In the Night**  
Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment  
Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, influenza, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, hay fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps, colic, and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents.

"I'll admit Inez Larida—that is—  
—is entrancingly beautiful, but I  
—you were scarcely the man to be  
—led by her. After all, Allingham,  
—no need for you and me to fall out,  
—conquered by gazing at La Es-  
—trelle, you cannot blame me for  
—as or so. This is a land of love,  
—the maiden coy."  
—the cause of your murdered-  
—poor girl's affianced?" demanded  
—his face paled, and an evil light  
—his eyes.  
—told you that, he cried, in an  
—matters? It is sufficient that I  
—have spoken to the girl?"  
—and have learnt from her lips  
—are," retorted the artist.  
—he would be well, young man if you  
—de aware that I am a very dang-  
—erous man," cried Stanton.  
—judged from LaEstrella's words,  
—gh. "But you should know that  
—highlyman worthy of the name is not  
—to be coaxed by the threatening words  
—of a girl."  
—D, you call me that?"  
—only part of my estimate of your  
—value."  
—give me the rest," sneered Stanton,  
—what you have uttered is sufficient  
—purpose."  
—pleasure," answered Hugh. "I  
—you to be a liar, and know you to  
—reder."  
—men?" cried Stanton in Spanish.  
—an has insulted me. Some of you  
—to how I shall avenge my honor."  
—turning to Hugh again, he add-  
—ed:  
—"I'll put a bullet through  
—your heart, you jealous cur!"  
—was a good-tempered young fellow  
—was not proof against such words  
—as an utter villain.  
—used Stanton by the collar, shook  
—him till his teeth rattled, and sent  
—him from the room, following him up  
—with clenched hands.  
—nearly would have liked to knock  
—him down.  
—he would have done it, too, had  
—the villain quitted the hotel with a  
—at was the reverse of heroic.

CHAPTER III.  
Hugh went to bed that night he  
—slept almost immediately, and dreamt  
—more he was on those dear old Surrey  
—stepping to Maribel's silvery voice.  
—ing at the door awoke him.  
—his day.  
—sun streamed brightly through the  
—window, and the rich perfume of  
—was in the air.  
—"Is the matter?" he demanded in  
—a low voice.  
—"A gentleman has called from  
—Stanton. I think he wishes to ar-  
—range a meeting."  
—"At what time?"  
—"O'clock, sener."  
—"He has breakfast at eight," answer-  
—"ed. "Tell Stanton I'll horse-whip him  
—"if he don't you dare to disturb me."  
—"Call me at half past seven, and  
—"good stout riding-whip at my door."  
—"Is he mad, murmured the waiter—  
—"his mad! But then, he is an English-  
—"man and they are all the same."  
—"He had scarcely commenced his break-  
—"fast when a Mexican approached him  
—"for pardon, sir," he said. "I bear a  
—"grudge from my friend. Doubtless you  
—"are the man."  
—"I presume you refer to that fellow  
—"Stanton," answered the artist.  
—"The same. He has commissioned me  
—"to arrange with you to meet him with  
—"a pistol, or pistols, as you may choose."  
—"I've a pretty poor opinion o' folks that  
—"haven't got any small vices. I always sus-  
—"pect they make it up in big ones."  
—"Others have repeated that bit of cheap  
—"cephietry. The truth is that the lives  
—"which really rebuke wickedness and shame  
—"conceit are always pure in 'minor morals.'"

And Tumors  
Cancer  
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377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



# The Ghostly Door.

Dave and I were tramping on a lonely bush track in New Zealand, making for a sawmill where we expected to get work, and we were caught in one of those three-days gales, with rain and hail in it and cold enough to cut off a man's legs. Camping out was not to be thought of, so we just tramped on in silence, with the stinging pain coming between our shoulder-blades—from cold, weariness and the weight of our swags—and our boots, full of water, going splash splash along the track. We were settled to it—to drag on like wet, weary, muddy working bullocks till we came to somewhere—when, just before darkness settled down, we saw the loom of a humpy of some sort on the slope of a tussock hill, back from the road, and we made for it, without holding a consultation.

It was a two-roomed hut of waste timber from a sawmill, and was either a deserted settler's home or a hut attached to an abandoned sawmill round there somewhere. The windows were boarded up. We dumped our swags under the little verandah and banged at the door, to make sure; then Dave pulled a couple of boards off a window and looked in—there was light enough to see that the place was empty. Dave pulled off some more boards put his arm in through a broken pane, but back the catch, pushed up the window and got in. I handed in the swags to him. The room was very draughty, the wind came in through the broken window and the cracks between the slabs, so we tried the partitioned-off-room—the bedroom—and that was better. It had been lined with chaff-bags, and there were two stretchers left by some timber-getters or other bush contractors who'd camped there

stools by the heads of our bunks, turned in, and filled up and smoked comfortably, dropping in a lazy word now and again about nothing in particular. Once I happened to look across at Dave and saw him sitting up a bit and watching the door. The door opened very slowly, wide, and a black cat walked in, looked first at me, then at Dave, and walked out again; and the door closed behind it.

Dave scratched his ear. 'That's rum,' he said. 'I could have sworn I fastened that door. They must have left the cat behind.'

'It looks like it, I said; 'neither of us has been going it lately.'

He got out of bed and up on his long hairy spindle shanks.

The door had the ordinary common black oblong lock with a brass knob. Dave tried the latch and found it fast; he turned the knob, opened the door and called, 'Puss—puss—puss!' but the cat wouldn't come. He shut the door, and tried the knob to see that the catch had caught, and got into bed again.

He'd scarcely settled down when the door opened slowly, the black cat walked in, stared hard at Dave, and suddenly turned and darted out as the door closed smartly.

I looked at Dave and he looked at me—hard; then he scratched the back of his head. I never saw a man look so puzzled in the face and scared about the head.

He got out of bed very cautiously, took a stick of firewood in his hand, sneaked up to the door and snatched it open. There was no one there. Dave took the candle and went into the next room, but couldn't see the cat. He came back, and sat down

door to close; then Dave got out very gingerly, and upon one end, and went to the door like a cat on wet bricks. 'You shot the bolt outside the catch,' I said, as he caught hold of the door—like one grabs a nettle.

'What are you doing that for?' I asked. 'It there's a broken-down burglar camped round here, and trying any of his funny business, we'll hear him if he tries to come in while we're asleep,' says Dave. Then he got back into bed. We composed our

door wouldn't come!—it was fast and locked! Then Dave's face began to look as frightened as his hair. He lit his candle at the fire and asked me to come with him; he unlocked the door, and we went into the other room, Dave shading his candle very carefully and feeling his way slow with his feet. The room was empty; we tried the outer door and found it locked.

'It must be gone by the winder,' whispered Dave. I noticed that he said 'it' instead of 'he.' I saw that he was shook up, and it only needed that to scare me bad.

We went back to the bedroom, had a drink of cold tea, and lit our pipes. Then Dave took the waterproof cover off his bunk, spread it on the floor, laid his blankets on top of it, his spare clothes, etc., on top of them, and started to roll up his swag.

'What are you going to do, Dave?' I asked.

'I'm going to take the track,' says Dave, 'and camp somewhere further on. You can stay here if you like, and come on in the morning.'

I started to roll up my swag at once. We dressed and fastened on the tucker bags, took up the billys, and got outside without making any noise. We held our backs pretty hollow till we got down on to the road.

'That comes of camping in a deserted house, said Dave, when we were safe on the track. No Australian bushman cares to camp in, or even near an abandoned homestead—probably because a deserted home looks ghostlier in the Australian bush than anywhere else in the world.

It was blowing hard, but not raining so much.

We went on along the track for a couple of miles, and camped on the sheltered side of a round tussock hill, in a hole where there had been a landlip. We used all our candle ends to get a fire alight, but once we got it started we knocked the wet bark off manuka sticks and logs and piled them on and soon had a roaring fire. When the ground got a little drier we rigged a bit of a shelter from the door with sticks and the oilcloth swag-covers; then we made some coffee and got through

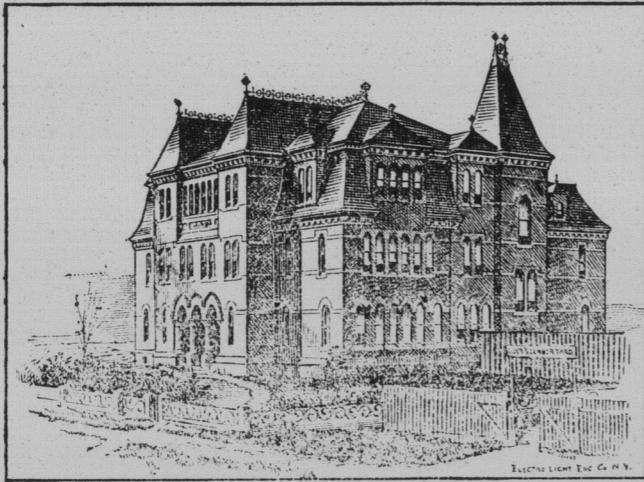


THE ROAD TO WANNAGAN.

'I'll swear I didn't,' said Dave. But he'd already turned the key a couple of times so he couldn't be sure. He shut and locked the door again. 'Now, get out and see for yourself,' he said.

I got out, and tried the door a couple of times and found it all right. Then we both tried, and agreed that it was locked. I got back into bed, and Dave was

my feet and sat up with a jerk, and so did Dave—the cat went over the partition. That door opened only a little way this



THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

last; and there were a box and a couple of three-legged stools.

We carried the remnant of the wood-heaps inside, made a fire and put the billy on. We unrolled our swags and spread the blankets on the stretchers; then we stripped and hung our clothes about the fire to dry. There was plenty in our tucker bags, so we had a good feed. I hadn't shaved for days, and Dave had a coarse red beard with a twist in it like an ill-used fibre brush—a beard that got redder the longer it grew; he had a hooked nose, and his hair stood straight up (I never saw a man so easy-going about the expression and so scared about the head), and he was very tall, with long, thin, hairy legs. We must have looked a weird pair as we sat there, almost naked, on the low three-legged stools, with the billy and the tucker on the box between us, and ate our bread and meat with clasp-knives.

'I shouldn't wonder,' says Dave, 'but this is the where' where the murder was that we heard about along the road. I suppose if anyone was to come along now and look in, he'd get scared! Then, after a while, he looked down at the flooring boards close to my feet, and scratched his ear, and said, 'That looks very much like a blood-stain under your stool, doesn't it, Joe?'

I shifted my feet and presently moved the stool further away from the fire—it was too hot.

I wouldn't have liked to camp there myself, but I don't think Dave would have minded—he'd knocked round too much in the Australian bush to mind anything greatly, or to be surprised at anything; besides, he was more than half murdered once, by a man who said afterwards that he mistook Dave for someone else—he must have been a very short-sighted murderer.

Presently we put the tobacco, matches and bits of candle we had, on the two

by the fire and meowed, and presently the cat answered him and came in from somewhere—she'd been out the window, I suppose; he kept on meowing, and she sidled up and rubbed against his hairy shin. Dave could generally bring a cat that way. He had a weakness for cats. I'd seen him kick a dog and hammer a horse—brutally, I thought—but I never saw him hurt a cat, or set anyone else do it. Dave was good to cats; if a cat had a family where Dave was round, he'd see her all right and comfortable and only drown a fair surplus. He said once to me: 'I can understand a man kicking a dog, or hammering a horse when it plays up, but I can't understand a man hurting a cat.'

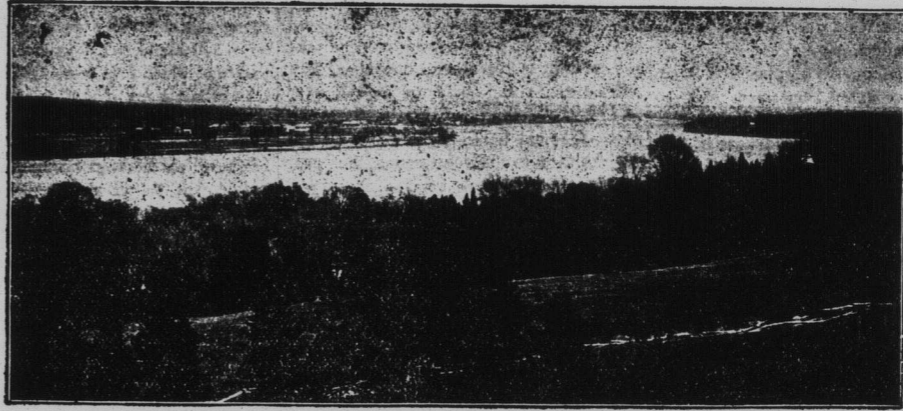
He gave this cat something to eat. Then he went and held the light close to the lock of the door, but could see nothing wrong with it. He found a key on the mantle-shelf, and locked the door. He got into bed again, and the cat jumped up and curled down at the foot and started her old drum going, like shot in a sieve. Dave bent down and patted her, to tell her he'd mean no harm when he stretched out his legs; and then he settled down again.

We had some books of the 'Deadwood Dick' school. Dave was reading 'The Grisly Ghost of the Haunted Gulch,' and I had 'The Dismembered Hand,' or 'The Dismembered Corpse,' or some such names. They were first class preparation for a ghost.

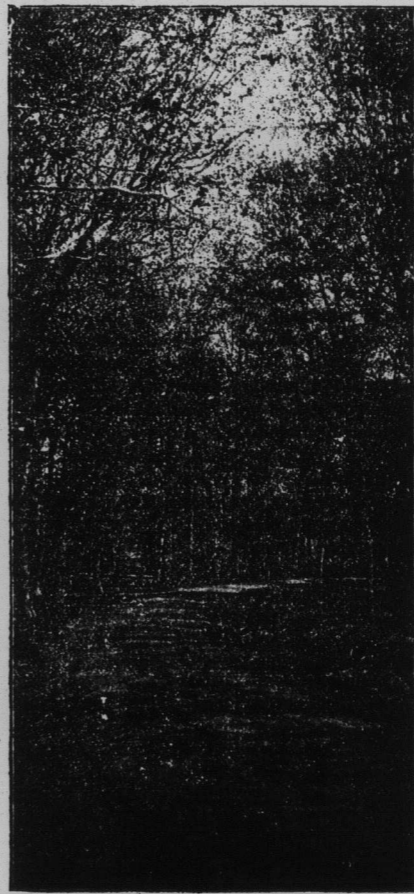
I was reading away, and getting drowsy when I noticed a movement and saw Dave's frightened head rising, with the terrified shadow of it on the wall. He was staring at the door, over his book, with both eyes. And that door was opening again—slowly—and Dave had locked it! I never felt anything so creepy; the feet of my bunk was behind the door, and I drew up my feet as it came open; it opened wide and stood so. We waited, hearing each other breathe, for five minutes it seemed, for the

of times and found it all right. Then we both tried, and agreed that it was locked. I got back into bed, and Dave was

my feet and sat up with a jerk, and so did Dave—the cat went over the partition. That door opened only a little way this



VIEW FROM THE COLLEGE LOOKING DOWN THE ST. JOHN RIVER.



THE COLLEGE DRIVE.

about half in when a thought struck him. He got the heaviest piece of firewood and stood it against the door.

time, paused and shut suddenly. Dave got out grabbed, a stick, skipped to the door and grabbed at the knob. And the

the night pretty comfortably. In the morning Dave said, 'I'm going back to that house.'

'What for?' I said. 'I'm going to find out what's the matter with that crimson door. If I don't, I'll never be able to sleep easy within a mile of a door so long as I live.'

So we went back. It was still blowing. The thing was simple enough by daylight—after a little watching and experimenting. The house was built of odds and ends and badly fitted. It 'gave' in the wind in almost any direction; not much—not more than an inch or so, but just enough to throw the door frame out of plumb and out of square in such a way as to bring the latch and bolt of the lock clear of the catch (the door frame was of scraps joined). Then the door swung open according to the bang of it; and when the gust was over, the house gave back, and the door swung to, the frame easing just a little in another direction. I suppose it would take Edison to invent a thing like that—which came about by accident. The different strengths and directions of the gusts of wind must have accounted for the variations of the door's movements; and, maybe, the draught of our big fire had helped.

Dave scratched his head a good bit. 'I never lived in a house yet,' he said, 'as we came away—I never lived in a house yet without there was something wrong with it. Gimme a good tent.'—Henry Lawson in 'Cassell's Magazine.'

Sincere Regret.

'Man Sandy, is that you?' exclaimed in surprise an old man in the other day. 'Man, I thought ye were dead. I heard ye were throated!' 'O! no; it wasn't me!' returned Sandy, solemnly. 'It was ma brither.' 'Dear me, dear me! I murdered the old man.' 'With a terrible pity!' There was a somewhat thoughtful look on Sandy's face as he wandered away.



Chat of the Boudoir.

If ever the modern young girl had a chance to live up to her grandmother's record for charms, she has it this season. The young matrons have consolatory modes and even the dowagers have not been overlooked in Dame Fashion's planning, but this is above all a summer for the young—for youth, with its fresh color, its plump neck, its rounded arms, its fluttering locks, its dimples and curves, and that indefinable something which refuses to be crystallized into words, but is a hundred times more delicious than mere beauty. Of course all seasons are the seasons for youth, but even the debutante may be handicapped by fashions vagaries and eighteen has its varying shades of attractiveness. Choker collars and Medicis sleeves may not obscure a girl's charms, but our grandmothers, with their bebe décollete gowns and their short sleeves, had a distinct advantage over their grand daughters until now. This summer has changed all that. Even the sixteen-year-old girl is having her dainty summer frock cut at least low enough to show her throat, and her sleeves stop in their career at the elbow or even earlier than that. Angel sleeves, too, are pushing their way to the front, along with the other details of flowing lines; and an angel sleeve, under pretence of hiding a pretty arm, shows it to as good advantage as any invention known to femininity. Probably the summer's modes will not lead to the day-time décollete dress and the tiny puff sleeve is here to stay and the modified décollete gown takes a host of forms. Not one girl or woman out of a thousand can look her best in a collarless bodice, finished at the base of the throat; and so long as the average woman retains her senses and her mirror the collarless bodice threatened in French and English fashion journals will not materialize into painful reality. There are always English women who wear gowns out in that fashion, but then English women wear their hair in both buns and frizzed fringes. The French woman isn't even attempting to develop a beautiful throat at the price of this round-cut collarless bodice, but she is accomplishing the desired result by use of the dainty surplice effects, fichus, &c., that have been out of style altogether too long. The fichu is deliciously feminine; why more feminine than the other toilet details one hardly knows, but the fact remains; and, if other proof were wanting, the unqualified approval with which its return is hailed by men would be ample testimony. The man creature endures masculinity and eccentricity and artificiality in the garb of his wife and women folk, but in spite of his own lurid taste in hose and ties and waistcoats his heart goes out to the women who wear fluffs and frills and creamy laces and all the things that look sweetly simple though they may represent dressmaker's and milliner's bills calculated to strain masculine amiability. There's a Corydon at the bottom of even the most confirmed Lothario, and he wants a woman who might be named Pyllys and go a Maying, even though she is called Elizabeth and prefers teas to cowslips. So when the girls come out in their muslins and wiseses and organdies this summer, with their short sleeves ending in dainty frills, and the demurest of fichus crossing on their breasts and from frouching down the fronts of their bodies, and with their soft sashes floating on the breezes, and their Watteau leghorns wreathed à la Langtry, with simple blossoms, the summer man will be exceeding glad. He may even forsake the golf links and sit on the club verandas to watch the fichu frills flutter. Many of these fichus are not in surplice form. They are often folded around a low-cut bodice, falling off the shoulders and knotted at the middle of the front, or at the left side. Charming gowns of muslin on other sheer goods are made with this simple fichu as the only bodice trimmings and are worn décollete, or with a guimpe of lace and insertion. Other fichus are folded across the low-cut back of the bodice and the shoulders, but end in knots, just in front of the arms, and fall in cascades of the bodice, whose front may be drawn into a high collar, or may be cut square and finished with bending and a lace frill. Then again, the fichu is close around the neck at the back, folded down either side of a square, slightly low-cut bodice front and tucked under the girdle at the waist. The gowns shown in 'The Emerald Isle' in London have hit the public fancy, with their attractive simplicity and are serving

as suggestions for many of the summer models. Lady Sybil Cuff's bridesmaids wore frocks modelled upon one of these stage costumes and the effect was pronounced admirable. The first cut shows such a frock in soft white silk dotted with pale green. The plain flowing skirt opens over a full petticoat of white mousseline finished at the bottom, with six narrow frills of the mousseline. The full, round bodice is of the silk with a surplice fichu of the mousseline, edged with frills. The close-fitting elbow sleeves are finished with shaped frills of mousseline, and the girdle is of pale green panne velvet. There is not an inch of lace or other trimming on the frock, and yet, made with good lines, and care in color, it will be more effective than nine-tenths of the fussy and elaborate summer creations which are, so say Parisians, particularly American. The other play which has influenced English modes this spring is Langtry's 'A Royal Necklace'; but the Louis XVI. wave began last summer, and in its new development shows nothing surprising. Here too, the fichu and petticoats and elbow sleeves are in evidence, and Trianon hats are only the Watteau hats, broad, flat, flower-wreathed and simple. In almost every case a motif of black velvet shows on the hat; and, often, the black velvet ribbon, drawn about the crown or brim, is tied in a large loose bow at the back, with ends falling over the hair. These floating scarf ends, on the backs of hats, have appeared in many of the Fifth Avenue shops; and though not always becoming, are if well handled, distinctly chic. They point to the coming of low coiffures, and already, the season's hats have driven many women into coiling their hair low on the neck. The style is almost universally becoming to young girls, but is not so kind to older women, and whether it will make its way into general favor remains to be seen. The Gainsborough hat, for which great popularity was promised, has apparently died of its own success, and is rarely seen on a fashionably dressed woman; but ostrich plumes are being used most effectively on the summer hats and rival the flowers. The one aim of the milliner seems to be the lowering and widening of the hat and short women are finding their height sadly out by the prevailing mode. The beauty and popularity of this year's artificial flowers open a vista of possibilities for the woman who trims her own hats. The tying of a stylish bow and the handling of velvet, chiffon and plumes call for something akin to genius, but, given a mass of beautiful blossom and a hat shape that is becoming, it is possible for even the veriest amateur to stumble into successful millinery. The low, broad-topped, large crowned sailor shapes of the season are especially susceptible of such treatment. One sees them in the millinery shops swathed round with folds of silk or chiffon and bearing a long, narrow buckle reaching quite across the front at the edge of the brim, but, as the season advances, the prettiest of these simple shapes are wreathed in flowers. The clever woman who wants variety in her hats without paying heavily for it, should select such a hat in effective straw, preferably in rough white or ecru, although rough black braid faced with white is serviceable, and a braid of alternating rows of black and white is chic. Around this hat she should fold broad black velvet ribbon, passing it through a slit in the straw at the back and tying it in a broad loose bow under the brim, the ends floating over the hair. Then lying out on the brim from where the velvet folds stop to the brim's edge, must be a wreath of the great floppy roses and foliage, laid flat on the brim in front, but touches the top of the crown and ends in a mass of flowers and foliage. By changing one wreath for another the entire color scheme can be altered, and though the flowers are very expensive it costs much less to buy an extra wreath than to buy an extra hat. One of the fashionable milliners has condescended to cater to thrifty customers by selling such a hat, with any required number of the floral garnitures; and last week she sent out a black and white straw for which were provided four wreaths, one of La France roses, one of white roses, one of sprawling silk poppies shading from coral to flaming scarlet, and one of primroses. By the way, the primrose has been the favorite flower with the most exclusive Parisian milliners this season, the white rose being its only rival. The for-get-me-not, which has been perfected as never before, is lavishly used, and the large gardenia helps the roses to fill the demand for pure white garniture. Artificial flowers are being used by the dressmakers more freely than in many years past, and wonderful corsage garni-

tures, skirt garlands and applique designs are seen on the imported models. One spangled black net gown had huge black panne poppies forming a ruche at the bottom of the skirt flounce, with a cluster of poppies nodded on the left shoulder. A gray tulle had much the same treatment in scarlet silk poppies. For one of last winter's debutantes, a fashionable dressmaker has just finished a delightfully flower-trimmed evening frock. The body of the gown is in fine white swiss. On the skirt, are two flounces of white, with a small embroidered black dot. These flounces are edged with narrow black lace and headed by a garland of exquisitely natural tea roses. The full round bodice of white is low cut and has a Marie Antoinette fichu of white, finished with two narrow dotted frills, edged with black lace. On the left shoulder is a great loose bunch of long stemmed tea roses and foliage, falling over the bare arm and down the side of the bodice to the girdle, which is a narrow one of black velvet. Dotted effects of all kinds are popular now. Dotted swiss and point d'esprit have been first favorites for graduation frocks, and dealers say that they have been unable to supply the extravagant demands for sheer white goods dotted in black. The white swisses, with black embroidered dot and inlays of black lace, are particularly effective over silk slips of shell pink or delicate green, but the prevailing mania for black and white makes a white silk slip the best investment for any one who can not afford several. If women would but realize it, a well-made silk slip to wear under thin gowns is the most profitable item of a summer wardrobe. If the skirt is will hung and properly flounced and the bodice well cut, it will give distinction and style to even the simplest thin frock. A limp organdie or mulle or swiss is a lamentable sight, and the lawn petticoats will not keep their stiffness and freshness. Many of the slips this summer are made in princess fashion and fasten up the back, but only an expert dressmaker can handle a princess frock satisfactorily, and a separate bodice and skirt is a more practical model for the ordinary silk slip. The black and white dotted gown shown in one of the cuts is made up over a white silk slip. The upper part of the skirt is of white mousseline, spotted with black, and hangs closely from the waist to the knees, where it is joined to a sweeping shaped flounce of white mousseline by an applique of black chantilly lace. Bowknots and garlands of lace trail over the white flounces and enwreath medallions into which a touch of color is introduced, by hand-embroidered Dresden sprays. The bodice of dotted mousseline has a guimpe and high collar of white, applique in black lace, and the elbow sleeves are finished in the same fashion. A black tulle hat, with a sweeping plume and a cluster of pink roses, completes the costume. Another black and white gown shown in a cut is of foulard, with a tiny black figure on a white ground. The deep skirt flounce is of black net covered horizontally with narrow stitched folds of the foulard folds. A tucked foulard bolero is worn over this blouse, and held together by a soft black net scarf. The crush girdle is also of black net. Only one thing is more popular than black and white in this season's toilets. That is pure white. Pure white costumes in every imaginable material are being turned out as rapidly as the dressmakers can make them. White pique, white duck, white linen, sheer white wash fabrics, white cloth, coarse white Monk's serge, white camel's hair, white frizzes, white taffeta—the list is practically endless. Nothing is so exquisite for summer wear as the thin white frock, and, although most of these frocks are elaborate enough to rebute the term wash frocks, it is possible to make up many of the materials into simple frocks that can really be washed, while the more elaborate ones can now be dry cleaned. The white woollen gowns are stunning but have a capacity for attracting dirt that is little short of miraculous. Only the woman who can have many such gowns and who has no objection to always having one or two of them at the cleaners, can really afford the luxury of white stuff gowns, for anything save house wear. The white taffeta costumes are much more practical and are a rage with Parisians this summer. The silk does not catch the dirt like the wool goods, and cleans well. Most of these white taffeta costumes are made with a jacket and skirt, elaborately stitched and strapped, and worn with a lace or chiffon blouse; but some of them have a bodice of the taffeta, in place of the jacket. Handsome lace collars, drooping over the shoulders, are seen on many of these gowns but the skirt is seldom lace trimmed.

Occasionally, one sees a white taffeta made up over a lining of colored taffeta in some delicate shade. In such a case, heavy lace insertions are often used, with the under color showing through, and a touch of this collar is introduced in the girdle and collar. A delicate pink of lilac is particularly effective for lining such a gown and gives the white taffeta a soft iridescent glow. Black taffeta coats and skirts are eminently serviceable and stylish, but are becoming too common to be well loved by the fashionable woman. The same thing is true of black silk coats. The black silk Eton has lost caste entirely, and American women have not taken up, enthusiastically, the long black silk clock that is so popular in Paris and London. Trimmed with stitching, straps or applique and lined with white, this long black coat is a most serviceable and effective garment, but, save for evening wear, American women have not greatly favored long or three-quarter length cloaks. On the other side of the water these cloaks, in pale cloths, taffeta, peau de soie, tussore, alpaca, &c., are indispensable items of the summer wardrobe and are worn to protect dainty summer gowns in driving. Two good models are given, one is in a soft robin's egg blue alpaca, lined with white satin. It has bands, cuffs and collar of heavy Irish gauze. A scarf of black and white dotted silk falls from the breast to the knees. The other cloak is in the dove color, or tourterelle, that is especially favored by Parisians for such garments. It also has bands, cuffs and collar of deep ecru gauze. The loose fronts are folded back to show the cream satin lining, and are held by cockades and fluttering ends of black velvet ribbon. The black taffeta theatre coat, shows an attractive variation on the silk jacket. It is tucked deeply all over—the tucks running around the coat, and hangs in loose box form, reaching about five inches below the waist line. It is lined with white, and the broad white collar of heavy silk is embroidered by hand, in black and white. Very large silver buttons are used on this coat. Buttons are an important feature of all of these coats and cloaks, and many of them seem appallingly expensive. Large buttons of velvet or silk embroidered in gold silver and colored threads, and set in metal rims are among the latest fancies. The long beque coats which many of the French houses, notably Worth and Felix, are trying to push to the front, also call for these handsome buttons. Linen models are attaining a prominence that they have not had in past seasons, and some of the imported models in linen display hand embroidery and elaboration that lift the costume out of all pretence to simplicity. One of the two linen gowns shown, one is in buff dotted with white, with a stitched castellated border of plain buff linen. Above the two shaped flounces are two bands of heavy cream lace; applique. The collar and cuffs are appliqued with the lace, and the jacket is worn over a sheer white blouse with yoke and collar of heavy lace. The second gown is of white linen, trimmed in bands of dark blue linen dotted with white. The broad shaped collar of white is bordered by a dotted band, and is caught in front by a scarf of crimson silk passed through large eyelets and tied in a bow with floating ends. The narrow girdle is of crimson silk, and the under blouse is of white mull and insertion. With this frock is a rough white straw hat trimmed in folds of dark blue velvet and a wreath of crimson silk poppies. Bands of black and white dotted pique, appliqued with cretonne designs, are put on many of the linen gowns with excellent effect. The cretonne applique is being carried to such excess that it is likely to run a short course, but just now it appears on everything, from chiffon to crash. Taffeta applique, with cretonne wreathed sprays and true lovers' knots, is used for evening gowns, veiled in chiffon or tulle; and the flowered taffeta are used in the same way. A white taffeta, with cretonne applique in Dresden colors and veiled with black net, makes a charming gown. The sunshades, too, are decorated with cretonne applique and veiled in chiffon and gauze. One in white silk and cretonne is veiled in dotted black gauze. On another applique artificial flowers are used in place of the cretonne. One marked tendency in this seasons sunshades is the introduction of a multitude of soft frills, inside the parasol, making a delightful flower-like background for a pretty face.

**Hood's Pills**  
Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They  
**Rouse the Liver**  
Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. E. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

There is a good story told of political bribery. An Irishman, so the story runs, received a rather strong smelling hare just before polling day. He hummed and hawed about taking it for some considerable time, but the donor begged him to have no misgiving, as there was no possible question of bribery in the matter. 'Shure, 'tis no bribery I'm fearin' at all,' said Pat; 'it's—and he sniffed the hare—'Just a matter of corruption.'

**20 Years of Vile Catarrh.**—Chas. O. Brown, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." 50c.—73

Visitor—What has become of old Scraggs who used to trade horses all the time?  
Native—Oh, Scraggs? Didn't you hear about him? He's made a fortune now, and is so blame stuck up he won't trade for nothin' but automobiles any more.

**Rheumatism will Succumb to** South American Rheumatic Cure because it goes right to the seat of the trouble and removes the cause. Many so-called cures but deaden pain temporarily only, to have it return again with doubled violence. Not so with this great remedy. It eradicates from the system the last vestige of the disease and its cures are permanent.—74

'I notice that Binks doesn't sit in the front row at the theatre any more.'  
'No, he says he's afraid of the dust.'  
'Dust? Why where would dust come from?'  
'It might have come from the slipper of a ballet girl.'

**Heart-Sick People.**—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart tonic that never fails to cure—is swift in its effects—goes closer to the "border land" and snatches from death's grip more sufferers than any other remedy for any family of diseases and ailments in the category of human sufferings. Gives relief in 30 minutes.—75

Mrs. Caller—I just heard about your husband being struck by a trolley car. I'm glad it wasn't very serious.  
Mrs. Style—Yes; it might have been very awful. Dear little Fido, who was with him at the time, might have been bit, too.

**The Poisoned Spring.**—As in nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are bound to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter means poison in the spring. South American Nervine is a great purifier, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the unsolicited testimony of thousands of cured ones.—76

'Poor Henpeck's wife still bosses him.'  
'Nonsense! She's dead.'  
'I know, but he's a spiritualist, and he can't get away from her.'  
'Ah! She is 'the ruling spirit strong in death,' eh?'

**Life's a Burden.**—If the stomach is not right, is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light-Headed? Do you have Sick Headache? Any and all of these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—77

Miss Freeman—Why, I thought you knew her. She lives in the same square with you.  
Miss Hamilton—Perhaps; but she does not move in the same circle.

**'My Kidneys are all Wrong!** How shall I insure best results in the shortest time? It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the "pill form" treatment, and when it strikes the spot there's healing in an instant.—78

Bleeker—How seedy and 'run down' Smith looks. Has he lost his money?  
Baxter—He must have lost his money. I haven't heard of his getting married!

**Pile Terrors Swept Away.**—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—79

'He is an old-fashioned person, you say? Very.' He continues to get excited over international expositions and baseball games.

**'Bought my Life for 35 cents.'**—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. "It was a living death to me until I tried Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Thanks to them to-day I am well, and I tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents." 60 in a box.—80

**TO THE DEAF.**—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nichol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$21,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750 Fifth Avenue, New York.



# The Ravages of Consumption

An enemy one three-thousandth of an inch long seems beneath contempt. But this is the average size of the tubercle bacillus, and it has been said that the tubercle bacilli, working as consumption, have killed more people than all the wars and plagues and scourges of history put together. One specialist assures the 70,000,000 people in the United States that at the present rate 10,000,000 of them must inevitably expect to die of consumption. In the abstract, the danger seems comfortably remote; but Dr. Briggs, who has been fighting the disease for the city of New York, declares that every fourth New Yorker dying between the age of 15 and 65, prime of working years, is killed by consumption.

In the face of such statistics, it is no wonder that consumption is the most important problem of the medical world. It is no longer a hopeless problem. For hundreds of years, doctors worked in the dark, meeting the disease as best they could, without any sure knowledge of its character. But twenty years ago, Dr. Koch hunted down the bacillus of consumption, caught it under his microscope and discovered a test which would reveal it, wherever it might be. With that discovery, the outlaws days of the tubercle bacillus ended. It can no longer rest undetected in remote corners of the human anatomy, or pounce upon sensitive lungs from unexpected quarters.

Doctors know now what they are fighting—an infectious disease which can absolutely be prevented. Already the more intelligent treatment of consumption is bearing fruit. In London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York and other cities where restrictive measures have been attempted, a remarkable decrease in the number of deaths from this disease has taken place in the last ten years. If the future shows as much improvement in the past, consumption, before long, may be expected to skip the seventh unfortunate person and kill the eighth instead.

Before Dr. Koch's investigations proved the contrary, consumption was supposed to be a hereditary disease. There was a very general belief that children of consumptive parents might as well make their wills and prepare to die at an early age of the same disease. This idea has given way before the certainty that consumption is caused only by bacilli which have been thrown off from a consumptive person or animal. No bacillus, no consumption, is the new axiom. Doctors are convinced that if a child of consumptive parents could be sent to a place where there were no tubercle bacilli and kept there, it might live to the age of Methuselah without contracting the disease. Susceptibility to the disease, however, is passed on, and while those who come of a consumptive line can avoid the disease, it can only be done by using every safeguard against it.

When it was proved that cases of consumption were not assigned by Providence and the hereditary theory was abandoned, the problem took a new turn. Granted that consumption was communicated from one to another, the question was, how? A few experiments with the new test soon answered the question.

A doctor today, with his medical art, learns that a consumptive patient can communicate the disease only through expectoration. But the public in general is slow in recognizing this foundation fact about consumption; until it does, the disease will continue to thrive and flourish.

Meist, the germs are harmless, but as soon as the matter which the consumptive has coughed up and spit out becomes pulverized the germs are released and floating about invisible in the air, or lodging in some convenient place, they lie in wait for their victims. In this way the rooms of careless consumptives may become hotbeds of infection, the wallpaper, even the clothes they wear, may be distributing the bacilli.

The danger is greater because consumption is not a disease which confines the patient to one spot. It often lasts for years, and during all that time the ignorant consumptive walking about the street, riding in cars, working in shops or stores may be a menace to hundreds of persons.

'If we could only make people do what they ought,' said the specialist, 'we could save so many good lives. Sometimes the patients are careless. Sometimes we have trouble with their friends. When we suggest that the expectoration must be scrupulously destroyed, they hold up their hands. 'It would be cruel,' they say. 'We wouldn't for anything make father or

mother or sister or brother or whoever it is do such a thing. 'But the cruelty is on the other side. Patients can save others from infection, and not only that, but they increase their own chances of getting well a hundredfold if they are as careful as they ought to be. With carelessness they can inoculate themselves over and over again. But it is hard to make a family heartbroken over some one they love see that they are selfish instead of kind when they fail to carry out my directions.

'People will run fewer risks when they understand better about consumption. A few laboratory lessons to prove the power and persistence of tubercle bacilli would work a revolution in popular opinion.'

The history of only a few of the cases which abound in medical history are enough to indicate that the specialist knew what he was talking about. One regiment of bacilli deposited in a sleeping room by a man and his wife, who died there of consumption, were powerful enough three years afterward to give consumption to a mother, a little girl and a baby who slept in it.

A young lawyer, perfectly strong and robust, who spent some time at a health resort in a room which had been occupied just before by a consumptive, was attacked by quick consumption and died a few weeks after he returned home. A young girl who went to boarding school well and strong contracted consumption, because the principal had not realized the necessity of disinfecting a room after a consumptive patient.

One case of consumption in a certain apartment was the beginning of a kind of Medical House that Jack built. Twelve deaths which broke up three families that lived in the apartment successively could all be traced back to the original case, because the landlord neglected to clean the apartment and repaper it between tenants.

One mild kindly consumptive who would not voluntarily have killed a fly passed in the disease to at least four other persons because he simply wet his thumb to turn over the pages of a book on which he worked day after day. Each of his successors as he took up the task and poured over the same book breathed in the bacilli which the consumptive had deposited and contracted the disease. The story might have repeated itself a dozen times more if an intelligent doctor had not destroyed that source of infection once and for all.

With the proper precautions these cases and thousands of others like them might be prevented entirely. People are just beginning to realize this, and their interest is quickened by the knowledge that greater safety for the mass of people means greater safety for themselves. Bacilli are no respecters of persons they attack sick or poor with indiscriminating cheerfulness. When one expectorating consumptive who knows no better can distribute seven billions of bacilli, as one well known specialist says he can, the average person begins to feel that the suppression of such consumption is able to start going an endless chain of cases, and no one who prizes life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is anxious to make a link in the chain.

Against the prevalent carelessness and ignorance about consumption, the city authorities of New York have been fighting systematically for eight years. As a result the chances of infection are 30 per cent less for each New Yorker than they were at the beginning. Such a reduction in so short a time is a remarkable tribute to the work of the Health Board. But much still remains to be done. Even last year there were 9,000 deaths in the city from consumption, and to make them materially less the public must put its shoulder to the wheel.

The measures adopted by the Board of Health are comprehensive and as thorough as they can be under the circumstances. Stations have been established all over the city where specimens of sputa can be left by physicians or any other person who wishes to have a test made. These are collected each day examined, a record of the person and the conditioned filed and a report mailed at once. In this way a great number of cases are brought to the notice of the board.

To help in locating consumptives also compulsory registration has been adopted. Every doctor now is required to report the cases of consumption that come to him within seven days. If a doctor is in charge of a consumptive the Board of Health does not interfere in any way. Its work ends

with registration and no one goes to the house unless the doctor requests it. He is supposed to furnish all the necessary information. But consumptives among the poor cannot afford to have a doctor and the greatest possible danger comes from their ignorance. The disease lasts so long that few hospitals will take them in. They drag about their work as long as they can and then as they get weaker and poor they move from one place to a cheaper one down the scale of wretched rooms until they get to the worst of the sunless, airless holes on the East Side, scattering infection as they go.

'We are attacking consumption in three ways,' explained Dr. Briggs who has charge of the work: 'by educating the people, by enforcing sanitary regulations and by examining cows and milk.'

The Board of Health as schoolteacher takes the consumptives of the poor as pupils. The whole city is divided into districts, each under the charge of an inspector. As soon as a case is reported it is turned over to the proper inspector who, armed with his bundle of circulars, starts out to make his rounds. Even among intelligent people consumption is little understood and to the foreign poor who have no thought above their buttons the disease is only another wretched mystery of a hard world.

Huddled in one dingy room, perhaps, with the consumptive, the inspector finds three or four children and babies, playing on the dirty floor, running the risk of infection every time they put their grimy little fists into their mouths, while the consumptive adds to their danger and his own with every racking fit of coughing. The only source of infection is in the expectorator of the consumptive. If this is entirely destroyed no communication need be feared.

But it takes line upon line and precept upon precept to teach such people the why and wherefore, and the inspector some times finds his task almost impossible. When he has explained as carefully as he can what to do, he leaves a circular for reference. The directions are as simple as they can be made and the instructions given in the following extract from the official circular have already served hundreds of times as the ounce of prevention which has made unnecessary the pound of cure.

'It is not dangerous for persons to live with a consumptive, if the matter coughed up by the consumptive be at once thoroughly destroyed. This matter should not be spit upon the floor, carpet, stove, wall or street, or anywhere except into a cup kept for that purpose. The cup should contain water so that the matter will not dry, or better, when possible the cup should contain carbolic acid in a 5 per cent. watery solution (six teaspoonfuls in a pint of water). This kills the germs. The cup should be emptied into the closet at least twice a day, and carefully washed with boiling water.

'Great care should be taken by consumptives to prevent their hands, face and clothing from becoming soiled with the matter coughed up. If they do become thus soiled they should be at once washed with soap and hot water. When consumptives are away from home, the matter coughed up should be received on cloths (or in paper cups made for this purpose), which should be at once burned on returning home. If handkerchiefs be used (worthless cloths, which can be at once burned, are far better), they should be boiled for at least half an hour in water by themselves before being washed. The use of cloths and handkerchiefs to receive the matter coughed up should be avoided as much as possible, because it readily dries on these, becomes separated and scattered into the air. Hence, when possible, the matter should be received into cups. Paper cups are better than ordinary cups, as they with their contents may be burned up after being used. A cheap and convenient form of paper cup for this purpose may be purchased at many drug stores.

'It is better for a consumptive to sleep alone, and all his personal clothes and bed clothing should be boiled for at least one-half an hour separately from the clothing belonging to other people.'

Teaching the people does not end the attempt to suppress infection. The Board of Health aims not only to protect the friends of the consumptive, but also the others who may live in the rooms afterward. With the measures which have been adopted, the mournful possibility of consumption's breaking out even in the third and fourth generations of tenants after a consumptive is prevented. Furniture and bedding are disinfected by the city free of charge. If a patient dies or moves away the landlord is notified that he must cleanse and disinfect the rooms or the apartment or the house as the Board of Health directs.

Walls, woodwork and floors must be thoroughly scrubbed with a certain preparation of washing soda, and calcimining

and repapering make assurance doubly sure. A notice on the door forbids a new tenant to enter until the work is done. The enforcement of these orders is put in the hands of the Sanitary police, and the landlord does not carry them out within ten days the Board of Health attorney takes him in hand.

Another precaution which the city has adopted against the spread of consumption aimed at the consumptive abroad, is the familiar sign in every car and public building forbidding expectoration under penalty of the law.

The inspection of milk and the examination of cows and they guard against evasion by seeing them killed. The government seal set on milkcans or meat is as good as an oath that no tubercle bacilli are lurking behind it.

The Board of Health, with all it is doing must stop short at preventive measures. The city has no adequate provision for taking care of consumptive patients, and the poor among them must get along as best they can under unfavorable conditions.

'We can lessen the chances of consumption,' said Dr. Briggs, 'this is all; but if consumptives would take the precautions that they could easily take, even with the odds against us, I feel sure that we could reduce the number of cases one-half.'

If consumptive patients could be sent to hospitals or sanitariums where they could have proper care, a great number of them could be cured who are now a burden to their families and themselves until they die. Each circular about consumption states that 'consumption can often be cured if its nature be recognized early and in proper means be taken for its treatment.'

If tenement consumptives had a sense of humor this information might seem a fine illustration of irony. For fresh air, sunshine and good food make up the trio of remedies which a doctor prescribed for a consumptive, and any one of the three seems as impossible in an East Side street as rain in a desert.

These tenements opening on wells or the narrow tunnel like lanes that serve as streets, are the centres where consumption thrives better than anywhere else in the city. From one single block 102 cases have been reported in less than five years. Another block bounded by Cherry market, Catherine and Monroe streets, had 241 cases of consumption in a population of 3,688. In the Chinese quarter, on the Bowery, wherever people are hoarded together like animals, in airless, sunless rooms, consumption riots with such vigor even disinfection seems powerless to kill the germs.

Yet Dr. Briggs believes that the disease, with proper precautions, could not only be greatly restricted, in just such places, but that it could in time be almost entirely suppressed. He estimates that there are no fewer than 20,000 cases of consumption in the city constantly and half of them at least are in dangerous infectious stage.

Only about one twentieth of the cases are actually under treatment in the public and private institutions of the city, and the first need of all in the crusade against consumption he considers to be hospital provision for 2,500 or 3,000 consumptives. This should be made at once. Afterward ample and comfortable accommodations for the care of all advanced stages of consumption should be provided, pleasant enough to attract consumptives.

More air, light and sunshine in tenements and workshops are necessities, Dr. Briggs declares, if the disease is to be controlled entirely. The bacilli are readily killed by sunlight and strong daylight. Moreover, men, women and children living and working under better sanitary condition and be able to resist more surely what bacilli there were about.

Dr. Briggs' third suggestion involves simply a continued application of the methods which the Board of health is already using.

Consumption is still a thing to be dreaded, but much of the hopeless unremitting fear of it, which people feel, fades before a better understanding of its nature. No specific cure has yet been found for it. The bacillus is killed by freezing or burning, but so is the patient. Yet consumption is a curable disease. Even now it is not fatal in the majority of cases. In the future it need be a fatal in only a few.

Individually, the people in New York can help to bring about the consumptive millennium by enforcing the regulations of the Board of Health with their friends and by consulting a physician at the slightest hint of consumption in themselves. If they cannot afford a doctor, a card sent to the Board of Health will bring one, who will tell them free of charge whether they have consumption or not, and if they have what to do for themselves.

Intelligent care, even without change of climate or work, will often save a patient who is in the first stages of the disease. Collectively, the people of the city can

strike at the root of the evil by insisting on better tenement houses and workshops, and by assisting to build sanitariums outside of the city, where hopeless cases can be taken and curable cases made well. With such measures consumption would soon lose its foothold in New York and become one of the comparatively insignificant dangers of the city.

## BACK TO HEALTH.

THROUGH THE KINDNESS AND PERSISTENCE OF A FRIEND.

An Every-Day Story That Will Bring Health and Happiness to Young Girls Who Act Upon the Advice Given.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

In every part of Canada are to be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that the good health they enjoy is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the town of Orangeville there are many such people, among them being Miss Lizzie Collins, an estimable young lady who resides with her mother in the eastward. Miss Collins' cure through the use of this medicine was recently brought to the attention of the Sun, and a reporter was sent to get the facts from the young lady. Miss Collins cheerfully accorded the interview, and her statement is given practically in her own words: 'Two years ago,' said she, 'I became so weak that I was forced to take to bed. The illness came on gradually; I found myself much run down, suffered from headaches, and was as pale as I used several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I consulted a doctor, and he said that I had scarcely any blood, and that my condition was one of danger. Medicine did not seem to do me any good and I found myself growing weaker. I reached the stage where my heart kept palpitating violently all the time. The headaches became continuous, and my condition one which words can scarcely describe. I really despaired of getting better, and loathed the sight of medicine. I had been confined to bed for about two months when one day a friend called and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told her I had lost faith in all medicines, but she was apparently determined I should try the pills, for she brought me about half a box she had been using herself. I could not then do less than try the pills, and when they were used, while I cannot say that I felt much better, I had more confidence in the pills and got half a dozen boxes. Before these were gone there was no doubt that they were rapidly restoring me to my old-time health, as I was soon able to sit up and then be around and out. I used in all eight or nine boxes, and before these were gone I felt as though I had never had an ache or pain in my life. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, and I think I would be very ungrateful if I did not add my testimony for the benefit it may be to some other young girl.'

Miss Collins' story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches, and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness, will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Thermometer Eight Miles Up.

The exploration of the air by means of balloons carrying self-registering instruments is pursued with much vigor in Europe. On Feb 27 there were simultaneous ascents from many points, extending from France to Austria and Russia. One unmanned balloon near Paris reached an elevation of 41,656 feet, not much short of eight miles. The temperature of the air at that height, as shown by a self-registering thermometer, was 67° below zero, Fahrenheit. Another balloon near Berlin found the same temperature at an elevation 10,000 feet less. These experiments are expected to throw much light on the laws of storms and of atmospheric circulation.

A Wholesome Ascent.

Farmer Stackpole—I guess, Cap'n Hooks, the postmaster at the village, is dead—sure he is going' to hold his position durin' the next four years.

Farmer Hook—What makes you think so Eli?

Farmer Stackpole—Wa-al, I noticed this afternoon that he's just had the front of the buildin' repainted and has stuck up a placard sayin', 'This paint is fresh and sticky. Everybody, please feel it and convince yourselves.'

SCEPTICS TURN BELIEVERS.

AND ARE CURED.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a Great Blessing.

'When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder could relieve Catarrh in 10 minutes I was far from being convinced. I tried it—a single puff through the blower afforded instant relief, stopped pain over the eyes and cleaned the nasal passage. Today I am free from Catarrh.' B. L. Egan's (Easton, Pa.) experience has been that of thousands of others and may be yours.'

(Continued)  
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root of the evil by insisting on cement houses and workshops, turning to build sanitariums quietly, where hopeless cases could be cured...

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Stackpole - I guess, Cap'n the postmaster at the village, is he is going to hold his position next four years.

Stackpole - What makes you think...

Stackpole - Well, I noticed...

Stackpole - This point is fresh and everybody, please feel it and yourselves.

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(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.) I will horsewhip him if he ever again crosses my path.

'In that case, I think he will require to speak personally to you,' said the messenger.

'I think not,' retorted the artist. 'Should he so wish I shall be here until half-past nine.'

But, altogether Hugh waited till ten, Stanton never came; then the young artist called on Estrella, who granted him her first sitting.

His visits became frequent, and he felt his interest in this beautiful girl deepen.

And as Inez's mother watched the pair, she began to hope that a new love would overcome her daughter's grief.

But although Hugh admired his fair model greatly, the old love was as strong as ever within his breast.

Several times he went to hear Estrella sing, and on each occasion it seemed to him her voice had grown more beautiful.

At last the picture was finished, and he stood gazing, first at that, and then at the blushing model.

'Why do you look like that?' inquired Inez, fixing her brilliant eyes upon him, and then quickly lowering them.

'It has not been your work?' 'You are not satisfied with my picture.'

'Perhaps the fault rests with you model,' suggested Inez, smiling.

'That is undoubtedly the case,' replied Hugh. 'How could I, or any other man, reproduce on canvas such beauty as yours? It is hard to catch the expression of eyes that change with every glance, as yours do. I am under a great obligation to you for it.'

'And what are my obligations to you?' interrupted the beautiful maiden, meeting his eyes bravely now. 'Do you think I can ever forget that I owe my life to you?'

'No. I think you are as good as you are beautiful,' he answered, taking her hand in his. 'I believe you would remember the past, even though that memory marred the future.'

'You, too, remember the past,' answered Inez, though she made no attempt to withdraw her hand.

'Yes,' returned Hugh sadly. 'A first love is not lightly to be forgotten. Good-bye, Inez. You will let me take you for a walk this evening?'

'Certainly. Adios!'

He released the little hand, and hurried away, while Estrella sat pondering over his words.

And as it did so, thoughts of the past came to her, and filled her eyes with tears.

For she pic upon that fearful scene when her loved one lay upon the sword, with a cruel wound in his breast.

She was recalled to the present by her mother's voice.

'Inez mia! why are you weeping?'

'It is nothing, dear mother. I was but recalling the years gone by, and there is sadness in them.'

'But there is happiness in the future. Ah! it is a beautiful picture. I have seen you look like that so often, Inez. The young Englishman has true genius; one day his name will be famous. He is good and true, too; I can see it in his eyes. Tell me, Inez, has he ever spoken to you of love?'

'No, no; indeed he has not,' cried the girl, with crimson face. 'Why do you ask such a question?'

'Because I would wish it, dear,' answered the old lady. 'I should feel at rest if I could see you the wife of that young man. I am old and cannot live much longer; before I die I would desire to see you happy, and as Senor Allingham's bride, I am convinced happiness would be yours. Now, tell me, Inez mia, supposing he should ask you to be his wife, what would be your answer?'

'He will not ask me, mother,' answered Inez. 'He has asked that question of another, and he is not a man to forget—neither can I.'

'Ah! time changes all things, and happiness, which we think we have lost for ever, comes back to us, leaving the past but a dream. Once, when I knelt by your dear brother's deathbed I felt that an agony of grief would be mine for all time. Then you came to me, and happiness was mine once more.'

'Yet you have not forgotten, dear mother?'

'True; but the wound is healed, and though it may ache at times, it is not to be compared with the first great grief. If Senor Allingham has told you so much, he will tell you more.'

'Nay, madre mia, he does not love me; neither do I love him.'

'But the love will come. You will look upon the past as but a dream of what could not be. And I shall live to see you a brave man's wife. May Heaven grant my prayer.'

Later that day Hugh called, and took Inez for the promised walk.

It was a glorious evening, and they wandered on up the hill towards the little church, then listened to the music of the organ mingled with the voices of the choir.

And somehow those sweet strains reminded Hugh of home.

He thought of the sad light in Muriel's eyes, as he and she had stood on the sunlit hills, and he knew that his love for her was as strong as ever.

'Inez!' he exclaimed suddenly, after they had been silent for some minutes, 'I am thinking of returning to England.'

'I am very sorry,' she answered. 'It is hard to lose a friend.'

'Then you would wish me to stay?' inquired Hugh.

'I would advise you to go,' she answered. 'We are friends, Senor Allingham, and I give you a friend's advice. Go to that beautiful place you have told me of—Surrey, is it not?'

'Yes; Haslemere, in Surrey.'

'True; then plead your love to Muriel once again. Hark! what is that?'

Hugh stepped towards a clump of bushes, and saw a man walk quickly...

away. The moon had risen now, and he recognized that form quite distinctly.

The man was James Stanton, and that he had heard every word of their conversation the artist never doubted.

But why had the villain gone away so suddenly? Why had he not waited to hear more? That he must have heard Muriel's name mentioned Hugh felt certain; also the place where she lived; and that he should have hurried away at that moment struck the young man as very strange.

He could not help thinking that this man was in some way connected with his fate.

However he made light of the incident to Inez, and that night he bade her farewell, as he believed, for ever.

'Good bye,' he said. 'I will strive to win the fame you predict for me. I shall never forget you.'

He pressed his lips to her hand; then hurried away, and it seemed to him that he had said farewell to a dear friend.

He even wondered whether this beautiful girl was not something more to him than a friend.

'Why do you look like that?' inquired Inez, fixing her brilliant eyes upon him, and then quickly lowering them.

'It has not been your work?' 'You are not satisfied with my picture.'

'Perhaps the fault rests with you model,' suggested Inez, smiling.

'That is undoubtedly the case,' replied Hugh. 'How could I, or any other man, reproduce on canvas such beauty as yours? It is hard to catch the expression of eyes that change with every glance, as yours do. I am under a great obligation to you for it.'

'And what are my obligations to you?' interrupted the beautiful maiden, meeting his eyes bravely now. 'Do you think I can ever forget that I owe my life to you?'

'No. I think you are as good as you are beautiful,' he answered, taking her hand in his. 'I believe you would remember the past, even though that memory marred the future.'

'You, too, remember the past,' answered Inez, though she made no attempt to withdraw her hand.

'Yes,' returned Hugh sadly. 'A first love is not lightly to be forgotten. Good-bye, Inez. You will let me take you for a walk this evening?'

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A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

Verdicts in Different States and in Various Countries of the World.

The establishment of the bureau of standards authorized by the recent session of the U. S. Congress means ultimately, though not immediately, the adoption of a standard United States bushel, ton and every other weight and measure, explained a gentleman who had taken great interest in the legislation. 'At present some States have what is called a "short ton" and a "long ton," the former 2000 pounds and the latter 2240 pounds, though nearly all the states which have legislated on the subject in recent years have adopted a ton of 2240 pounds on the standard. The United States government has no standard ton, though in all contracts when made there is a provision stating that the ton shall be 2240 pounds, even in States which have a standard of 2000 pounds for a ton. The same is true in regard to the bushel. There are a lot of instances in which the same state the various counties have a different weight stated as a bushel. It is to remedy all these conditions and seeming contradictions that a national standard is found to be necessary. Of course the federal government has no power to provide a standard of anything for a state without the consent of the state, but it is understood that, as the federal government is to provide a standard, there will be little or no objection to the adoption of that standard by the various states. It seems a work of some years, however, for each state will have to accept the federal standard by an expressed statute. It will be a good thing for all concerned.'

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Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

BATTLE-SNAKES COMING OUT.

And Hunters Busy Now Collecting Hand-some Belts for Women.

This is the time of the year when the rattlers in this region come out of the dens in which they have spent the winter and make for the water. It is also the time of the year when the snake hunters get out their implements and set forth for their annual hunt. They get at work as early as they can, because the skins of the snakes are more brilliant now than they will be three months hence and therefore bring a higher price in the market. Later in the year the snakes will be fatter and there will be more oil in their bodies to reward the hunters, but that is a factor which is not of so much importance to the hunters as the skins, which have been increasing in value ever since it was learned that they had a commercial worth as the material for belts.

Women don't like the snakes when they are alive, but there is no handsomer belt in the world than the hide of one of the big diamond backs when it has been tanned in such a way that all the markings are preserved and its scales are returned in their places. A snake skin is a delicate one to handle and there are not many men who know how to take it off its owner, tan it and keep it in shape for use in a belt. The skin is used for other purposes, but most of the good ones are worked into belts, and the supply is never ahead of the demand.

Only once in awhile is one of these belts made up for a man. The vast majority of them are worn by women and most of them are made up to order, usually being the present of some young man who does not hesitate to tell a story of the capture of the snake that will make the wearer think that he is one of the bravest snake hunters that ever lived.

As a matter of fact there is nothing particularly dangerous in the pursuit and killing of a rattler. The snakes are timid and always try to run if there is any chance for them to get away. Usually there is such a chance that the snakes attempt to escape



In the Supreme Court.

Everything conspired. It wouldn't have happened if poor little Bobbie's first discipline had not taken place early on that morning, and if Frances Wylie had not been 'on the rampage' again when school opened. Bobbie was the principal's only and idolized son, and still in his kilt. Frances Wylie was the mischief-brewer of Miss Virginia Trapp's room, Number Seven.

'It was awful' groaned the principal under his breath. He spread his hands out on the green baize of his table and regarded them with horror, as if there were blood on them. Could it be they had punished Bobbie—Bobbie? He had looked so bewitching and inky and naughty! His little crisp, sun yellow curls had stood up round his reproachful face so becomingly.

'A'wful awful!' the principal groaned. He was in no mood to begin the day's work in his 'Supreme Court,' on the ground floor of the Malbie High School. There would be punishing to do, of course, and to think he had punished Bobbie—little sunny-haired Bobbie!

'It's going to be a bad day. I see it in Frances Wylie's eyes,' groaned little Miss Trapp, inwardly. Frances from her back seat gazed about with studied, innocent wonder. She was almost half again as big as little Miss Trapp.

Frances was 'on probation.' She had been warned that one more misdemeanor would send her to the Supreme Court. 'I'm not afraid,' she thought, serenely. 'She's so little I could put her in my pocket and run away with her.'

But tiny, gentle-faced Virginia Trapp came of Puritan stock, and was endowed with courage. She might twist her small white fingers nervously, but she would not draw back. Let Frances Wylie beware!

So the day began in the Malbie High School, with a sore-hearted, self-reproachful father in the Supreme Court, and in Room Number Seven a mischief-loving girl and a tiny, troubled teacher. So the day went forward until the Vergil class was called. Then—

'Miss Wylie!' The voice was ringing and firm, and the little teacher took an impetuous step forward. She had seen the placard, 'Rooms to Let,' pinned on the collar of the 'Tilly Slowboy' of the class, and Frances's solemn face, set among so many laughing ones, was enough to fix the culprit.

'Miss Wylie, you will accompany me to the principal's room,' the little teacher said, quietly. 'The class may go to the board and write out the scansion of the first six lines of the lesson while I am absent. I am sure I need not ask the young ladies to remember that it is study hour. I am ready, Miss Wylie.'

There was gentle emphasis on the word ladies. Miss Trapp and the tall girl crept the open space to the door, side by side. Frances Wylie held her fair head high. There might have been two pages in her wake, holding up trailing robes. At the door she cast a haughty backward glance into the room, and suddenly dimpled with laughter at the legend she read upon the blackboard:

Frances's laugh sounded softly in her throat. The little teacher was already in the hall, waiting, and failed to see the words provoking her mirth.

The two walked down the long hall silently, both remembering that this was the first public disgrace of Frances Wylie's life. For one moment, midway down the hall, the girl caught her breath in a sob of pity for the invalid mother at home—not for herself.

'We're in for it, as sure as there's avenging justice at the end of the hall!' breathed Frances to herself. She showed no signs of sorrow. Little Virginia Trapp glanced up sideways into the cold, impassive face, and sighed gently.

In the Supreme Court sat the principal, still thinking of Bobbie. He was measuring time until the noon hour, when he could go home again. He had not been able to decide to his entire comfort that Bobbie would be at the halfway place today as usual, and the doubt was making him nervous and distressed.

There was a low knock at the door. 'Come in!' the principal called. He had left a spectacles at home in the inquisitorial chamber with Bobbie, and the two figures that entered—one tall, the other short—were unfamiliar and hazy to him. He was very dependent upon his spectacles.

'Good morning,' he said, absently. The two figures edged a little way into the room. For an instant there was embarrassing silence, while the principal from behind his desk observed vaguely the tall dignity of Frances and the curly brown head of the tiny teacher. There was no question as to identity. Even to unexpecting eyes it was plain enough which was which.

Under the stress of excitement Virginia Trapp's tongue sometimes failed her. Now as she opened her lips to speak, she found herself incapable of uttering a syllable. Her tongue fluttered soundlessly.

'Well?' The principal gazed dimly at Frances, waiting. He would give her time. It was a source of grief to him that he was held in such awe by his teachers. This tall, stately woman must be the new teacher in Room Nine.

'You have brought the young lady to me? She has been—transgressing, I see,' he said, gravely, turning his near sighted eyes with grave disapproval upon the tongue-tied little teacher. And before little Miss Trapp had time to gasp with astonishment, he had waved her peremptorily toward the 'Prisoner's Dock' and turned back to Frances.

'You may leave her with me. I prefer to have the story directly from her, he

said gravely.

It had all happened in the briefest possible time. When the little teacher was still flushed and speechless, Frances had realized the principal's mistake and the rich possibilities for fun in it. She had taken in all the things that conspired—the absence of the all important spectacles from the principal nose, the presence of the far away, preoccupied look in his pleasant gray eyes, and the ridiculous contrast between herself and the tiny cropped haired teacher. A reckless spirit seized the girl. The end of the world was at hand, in any event; why not make the most of this last opportunity?

Frances drew herself up and bowed with dignity. 'I will leave her here, then, with you—and with her own conscience,' she added, in little Miss Trapp's best manner.

Then she closed the door behind her and sped down the hall, stifling her laughter. Straight into Room Seven she walked, and then she dropped into the chair behind the teacher's desk.

There was a dead silence in the room, while from one girl to another travelled a look of mystification. Then Frances rose to her feet. She had recovered her breath and was quite calm and serious.

Young ladies our beloved teacher has unfortunately been arranged before the Supreme Court, and I have been put in charge of Room Seven, in her place,' she said, impressively. 'I need not ask you to remember that it is study hour. The class in Vergil may recite.'

A ripple of merriment ruffled the calm surface of the room, but Frances arrested it with a sharp tap of little Miss Trapp's ruler.

'Be quiet!' she commanded. 'There aren't but fifteen minutes left before the noon hour. Don't any of you dare to make a disturbance till then! I shall report every living, breathing soul that does! Now somebody recite.'

Frances Wylie and little Miss Trapp were soon forget those fifteen minutes. In Room Number Seven they passed with fearful slowness. Frances watched the hands of the great clock in momentary expectation of avenging doom. That it did not come filled her with amazement. Where was the scandalized principal, with Miss Trapp, white and angry, at his heels? Why didn't they come?

'Call this tun' thought Frances in disgust. 'I never enjoyed myself so little in my life! I guess I'm getting scared.'

In the Supreme Court the fifteen minutes dragged their length out monotonously. The principal had turned back to his desk and resumed his writing quietly. It was his way to leave alectors to their own thoughts for a season. The thoughts of this particular one, sitting still and flushed in the 'Prisoner's Dock,' were gradually straightening out from paralyzed bewilderment and anger into steady reasoning.

Miss Trapp had not succeeded in uttering a word. As the door snapped behind Frances she had stepped forward and cleared her throat desperately. But the principal had waved his hand deprecatingly.

'At yet; we will talk later on,' he had said calmly. In his mind he had determined to wait until the beginning of the afternoon session, and then settle this trouble.

Miss Trapp consulted her watch. It was cool and still in the Supreme Court, and she folded her hands on the cover of her Vergil and rested, with a smile in the corners of her mouth.

'A hardened ear,' reflected the principal, dimly aware of the smile. 'But we will practise patience—yes, yes, certainly, patience.' It was what he was sorely afraid he had not practised that morning with Bobbie, and his conscience was sensitive on the point.

'If I tell him about it now, he will dismiss her anyway. What hope would there be after an escapade like this?' the little teacher mused. 'He would never let her come back—never! And that would break her mother's heart. I don't know but it would break Frances's, too. She's really a dear girl, mischief and all. I can't do it! I'm going to give her a chance to take it all back. There was just the one chance—'

'—Frances should have it. You may go now, young lady, but you will return at the opening of the afternoon session. We will talk then.'

The principal's voice was kind and, although he did not look up from his work, it was certain there were friendly lights in his eyes. Miss Trapp's heart warmed to him.

Room Seven was emptying itself into the corridor in its usual orderly fashion. Frances stood soberly at the door. The little teacher touched her arm and beckoned her aside. There a suspicion of a laugh in Miss Trapp's eyes, but her lips were grave.

'Judgement is suspended. I am to go back this afternoon for it,' she said. 'I thought I would tell you, and if you cared to go, instead—'

'Miss Trapp!' cried Frances, breathlessly, catching at both the small white hands. 'Do you mean he doesn't know yet? That—that there is some chance after all, for me? You haven't told?'

'I haven't told,' the little teacher said, gently. 'There was a chance to wait, and I did. I thought you might want to take my place this afternoon.'

'I do! I will! I'm going to!' sobbed Frances, in a tempest of tears. 'I'll tell every single thing—I'll get down on my knees! O Miss Trapp, I didn't think of mother then, or you or anything in the living, breathing world but fun!'

Bobbie, in his little blue kilt, met his father on the way home with a glad cry of welcome. It argued well for Frances.

WANTED—Men and women who look young to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb to men and women who want to look young. It never fails to interest and never fails to cure dandruff and hair falling out. That is why our agents grow rich. Sample 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

HIDDEN WEALTH OF CANADA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

000 square miles or about equal to the size of Ireland. Much larger than Great Britain and Ireland and embracing 198,000 square miles, is the region bounded by Black's River, Great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake, Hatchet and Reindeer lakes, Churchill River and the west coast of Hudson Bay. This country includes the Barren Grounds of the continent.

On the south coast of Hudson Bay is a area of 22,000 square miles in extent, or larger than the Province of Nova Scotia, and lying between Trout Lake, Lac Seul and the Albany River is another 15,000 square miles of unexplored land. South and east of James Bay and nearer to large centres of population than any other unexplored region is a tract of 35,000 miles.

These figures give some idea of the immense regions still open for settlement and development in Canada. Plans are already under the way for the opening up of some of the richest districts. The provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba have arrangements under way for the opening of a railway to James Bay. Mr. Clergue asserts that his railway, the Algoma Central, will reach James Bay within three years. The Ontario government will send a survey party this summer to explore the region with a view to projecting a route from Toronto to James Bay.

The province of Quebec is also making steady progress in actual railway construction toward the bay. The distance from the city of Quebec to James Bay is 550 miles, over 190 miles of which a track has already been laid. A subsidy has also been granted by the government for an extension of the line from Roberval to James Bay and it is proposed to proceed with the construction of this extension at once. The railway will run through rich territory, well timbered and watered, with farming lands and extensive waterfalls.

From the terminus of this section the projected line will run to the mountainous region which slopes upward through a hundred miles to the dividing crest or height of land from which the shores of James Bay is a further stretch of 200 miles. This region is watered by large rivers and possesses a soil as fertile as that of Manitoba, a pleasant climate, and extensive pine forests. The James Bay region possesses immense mineral resources. There are extensive iron deposits in the islands of the Straits of Nastakops, which is distant 600 miles from the rocky end of James Bay. These islands are rich in spatio iron ore, which forms a covering at least twenty feet thick all over the islands of the group. The rock is much disintegrated by the heavy frosts of the region and the ore can be gathered in inexhaustible quantities.

The mineral is regarded as of first quality for the production of iron and steel and gives bar iron of unequalled strength, which can be readily changed into steel. It is said that these mines are richer and more extensive than the sources from which the steel works of Sydney are supplied. They are 1,200 miles from Quebec and the distance is divided into nearly equal parts of land and water transportation. It is expected that once the line to James Bay is completed it will promote the establishment of extensive mining industries to the country. The whole region is a treasure house of untold riches.—N. Y. Sun.

Catarrh Easily and Quickly Cured. Poor remedies have given Catarrh the reputation of being incurable. But it is curable, easily and quickly, if the right method is employed. Snuffing an irritating powder or ointment up the nose, won't cure Catarrh, neither will tablets, douching or stomach medicines cure. These treatments fail because they are not far reaching enough. They only affect local conditions, but do not remove the cause, which is germ life established deep down in the lungs, bronchial tubes and nasal passages. Ordinary remedies do not reach these remote parts, but Catarrhazone does, for it is breathed through the inhaler into every air cell in the head and throat. No matter where the Catarrh is, Catarrhazone will reach it. It kills the germs, heals sore spots, cleans the nose and throat instantly. Universally used; pleasant and clean; guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Try Catarrhazone, 25 cents and \$1.00. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Shortest Report on Record. There has been a terrible drought in Queensland, in which millions of sheep and cattle have perished. When things were at their worst a wealthy pastoral company summoned their manager to the capital to consult regarding the drought, and what was best to be done with the station. The manager was a man of few words, and he hated making reports. Preparing a bag, he placed therein sundry relics, such as a piece of hide with the station brand on it, a broken bridle and stirrup-iron, a greenhide girth, a pair of horns, some hoofs, and the skin of his

favorite cattle dog. Entering the board-room of his directors, he 'dumped' the lot on to the table, with the laconic remark: 'There you are, gentlemen; that's all that is left of your d—d station!'

Told of the Marines.

A marine captain, desiring to reprimand some chronic growlers in his corps, arranged for complaints to be made after morning parade. During parade, having previously noted the grumblers, he ordered them to tighten their helmet chin-straps by four links. Of course they obeyed. When complaint time came the men could not open their mouth!

'Faith, the cap'n's an aisy man intirely,' said one, whose sense of fun was proof against tightened straps, 'g'ivin' us iv'ry-thing we eat for the mornin'!'

An orderly officer, on a day when chin-straps were loose, asked the stereotyped question:

'Any complaints?'

'Yes, sir, the spuds ain't done,' answered the marine.

'What?' said the subaltern.

'The spuds, sir,' replied the man.

'What does he mean, sergeant?' asked the puzzled young officer.

'Oh, he be ignorant, sir,' returned the sergeant. 'He means taters.'

He Would not Interfere.

Emperor William is said to have a very poor sense of humor, and this point is neatly illustrated in a story that dates back to eight or ten years ago, when the Emperor was even more dignified and impressed with his own importance than now. At that time there lived in Berlin an officer [now dead] who was marvelously like the Kaiser. When this curious coincidence was mentioned to His Majesty by a certain court official, the Kaiser seemed more than surprised; he appeared almost upset, and became meditative. Presently, turning to the official, His Majesty, with great dignity and much tolerance, remarked: 'I have been thinking over what you have just told me, and you may inform Captain S—that I have decided not to interfere in the matter!'

Hymns Up to Date.

An old gentleman of eighty-two whose occasionally cynical speeches are always tinged with good humor, was asked his opinion of modern church music.

'It's all very fine,' he said dryly, 'and I like to hear it; but there's one thing I've noticed it a good many times.'

'When I was a boy the people went to two services a day and sometimes three, and they sat on hard seats with straight backs, and sang with all their hearts.'

'My God, the spring of all my joys.'

'Now the congregation lean comfortably back in softly-cushioned pews and listen to the choir singing.'

'Art thou weary, art thou languid? I may be mistaken, but it come home to me every now and then that hymnology is changing to suit the times.'

This Scot Did not Take Advice.

An old Scotman, not feeling well, called upon a doctor. The doctor gave him some verbal instructions as to how to regulate his diet, advising, among other things, that he should give up drinking spirits for a time. As the patient rose to leave the doctor said: 'I will trouble you for half a crown. I am in the way of charging for my advice.' 'Oh, may be, maybe,' answered the Scotsman, 'but I'm nae gaun to tak' it!'

BORN.

Sydney May 23, to the wife of W. Nye, a son. Kingston, May 10, to the wife of A. Tufts, a son. Burlington, May 8, to the wife of A. Best, a son. Pictou, May 13, to the wife of D. Cameron, a son. St. Croix, May 13, to the wife of B. Smith, a son. Halifax, May 14, to the wife of R. Demons, a son. Yarmouth, May 11, to the wife of H. Titus, a son. Ellershouse, May 16, to the wife of W. Moore, a son. Yarmouth, May 13, to the wife of J. Borge, a son. Avondale, May 16, to the wife of J. Clinton, a son. Bay View, May 19, to the wife of J. Hayden, a son. Halifax, May 26, to the wife of A. Doyle, a daughter. Truro, May 16, to the wife of F. Pickren, a daughter. Windsor, May 14, to the wife of B. Atz, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 2, to the wife of F. Thompson, a son. Farnboro, May 7, to the wife of H. Timmerman, a son. Farnboro, May 7, to the wife of M. Timmerman, a son. Yarmouth, May 11, to the wife of Wm McDormand a son. Liverpool, N.S., May 11, to the wife of I. Dexter, a son. Moncton, May 21, to the wife of J. McFeters, twin boys. Springhill, May 16, to the wife of C. Dumphy, a daughter. Pictou May 10, to the wife of D. McDonald, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 10, to the wife of T. Maloney, a daughter. Berwick, May 10, to the wife of F. Abbott, a daughter. Cumberland, May 9, to the wife of E. Brown, a daughter. Windsor, May 17, to the wife of F. Cochran, a daughter. Ellershouse, May 16, to the wife of A. Powell, a daughter. Springhill, May 21, to the wife of G. Foster, a daughter. St. John, May 22, to the wife of H. Waring, a daughter.

Avondale, May 16, to the wife of M. Kennedy, a daughter. Richibucto, May 17, to the wife of E. Talbot, a daughter. Marshalltown, May 19, to the wife of A. Seely, a daughter. Bridgetown, May 15, to the wife of F. Ruffe, a daughter. Piedmont Valley, May 11, to the wife of D. McMillan, a son.

MARRIED.

Digby, May 9, Willard Ryan to O. Ives Marshall. Milford, May 21, Alex. Emack to Lucy Dickson. Toronto, April 30, Harry E. Baine to Jean Squaroy. Gay's River, May 21, James Milne, to Ellen Lennox. Nappan, N.S., May 22, J. Thomas Smith to Myra Read. Burgeo, May 16, John T. Monlon to Emma Jessie White. Cupids, May 8, Wm. Henry Snow to Martha Case. April 24, Joseph L. Gallagher to Beatrice George. Wintwerp, May 14, Benj. T. Chappell to Dolly France. Shelburne, May 14, Allen W. McLean to Martha R. Dowie. North Sydney, May 8, Harry McNeil to Lottie B. Anesty. Liverpool, N.S., May 9, Daniel Winters to Sarah Hemson. Halifax, May 23, William Bremner to Julia Hodson. Everett, Mass., May 1, E. N. Chisholm, to Alma T. Lylop. Malton, Mass., May 12, Joshua Brewster to Mary A. Macrae. Hardwoodland, May 25, Alex. Robertson to Bessie McDonald. Chesapeake, May 24, Robert S. Corning to Martha H. McConnell. Digby, May 21, Robert Norman Weagle, to Alice Mill Village, Queens, April 29, Joseph Monsy to Kliza Haskett. Salt Springs, Pictou, May 8, Gilbert Roy to Mary Jane McLeod. Sydney Mines, C. B., May 1, Peter McDonald to Susan Jardine. Attleboro, Mass., May 8, Chester Leroy Guild to Estelle L. O'Brien. North Cambridge, Mass., April 29, Nicholas Power to Annie Murphy. Wabana Mine, Bell Island, Charles Jenkins to Eliza Jane Anthony. Georgetown, Yarmouth, May 17, Robert S. Corning to Martha R. McDonald. Stellarton, May 11, John George McKenzie to Lillian Sophia McKenzie. New Germany, Lunenburg, May 3, Walter E. Urquhart to Cora A. Silver.

DIED.

Bell's, Anne Pitt, 52. Boston, Amos Carlisle, 40. St. John, Hannah Carney, 61. Holyrood, Patrick Haley, 40. Truro, May 24, Wm. Olive, 94. Halifax, May 24, Edith Forhan. Windsor, May 19, Wm. Parks, 53. Pictou, May 16, Susan Wilson, 70. St. John, May 26, Laura Bradley. Halifax, May 25, Rebecca Allison. St. John, May 25, Andrew Panley. Boston, May 25, Fannie Rogers. Pictou, May 25, Eljah Ayer, 76. Milton, May 20, Asa Whitman, 75. Halifax, May 25, George King, 75. Halifax, May 25, Richard King, 75. Springhill, May 21, Mary Foster, 2. Pictou, May 21, George Waters, 39. Yarmouth, April 7, Mr. Thos Baker. Smithtown N. S., Andrew Hayes, 71. Newport, May 20, John Burgess, 61. Wintwerp, May 21, Mrs. Saunders, 84. Halifax, May 23, Samuel Wallace, 64. Avondale, May 18, Susan Sanford, 41. St. John, May 25, Mary E. Rourke, 17. Pictou, May 21, Eleanor McDonald, 41. Dartmouth, May 25, Alice Mary Hare. Springhill, May 20, Annie Arivesau, 21. Springhill, May 21, Cecil Terris, 31. St. John, May 18, Marion McConnell, 2. Springhill, May 11, Grace Thompson, 11. Yarmouth, May 18, George Randall, 42. Yarmouth, May 16, Lettie Wilson, 60. Caledonia, C. B., May 5, Lottie McKay, 7. Leptand, May 19, Mrs. James Croome, 65. Providence, R. I., May 12, Bel Frater, 15. Salt Springs, May 14, Caroline Hudson 33. Boylston, N. S., May 5, Eva M. Martyn, 21. New Glasgow, May 12, Aartrik Baile, 22. East Boston, May 10, Laura Simonsen, 28. Dartmouth, May 22, Arthur E. Geisler, 25. Springhill, May 18, Florence McDonald, 11. St. John, West End, May 22, Wm. K. Vall, 1. Port Greenville, N. S., May 10, Alex. Wilson, 94. Springhill, May 12, Quince Harrison, 11 mos. Central Kidare, May 17, John McDougall, 17. Dartmouth, May 20, Katherine Landsburg, 64. Milton, Queens, May 11, Samuel West, 3 weeks. Fortland, Oregon, April 29, Jennie Robertson, 46. Port Monton, Queens, May 8, Nancy Pzzyant, 51. Brookline, Mass., May 16, Marion Brown, 8 mos. St. Ann's, C. B., May 16, Alfred L. Montgomery, 18. St. Margarets Bay, May 23, James R. Blauchen-wille. Manganese Mines, Colchester, May 12, Alex. McLeod, 39.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN!

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....12.00 Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.00 Express for Sussex.....12.00 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....12.00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....12.00 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec, and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax, Yarmouth, Pictou, and Sydney. \*Daily, except Mondays.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....12.00 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....12.00 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Sydney.....12.00 \*Daily, except Mondays. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. FORTYING, Gen. Manager

Moncton, N.B., March 6, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N.S.