

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROADS.
National Railway.

LEAVE ST. JOHN

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

THEY COULDN'T AGREE.

REV. MR. STOERGER AND HIS PEOPLE HAVE A FALLING OUT.

They Wanted him to French "Sanctification" and he did but only to a limited extent—Why Rev. Mr. Kinney Left the Reformed Baptists for the Methodists.

The Reformed baptist people are having rather serious times because of the falling away from them of some of their best ministers, and the dropping out of laymen because of schisms in the church caused by disputes on minor points of church polity or because of the morals of some of those who seek shelter beneath the folds of their religious structures.

A few days since the Rev. Mr. Stoerger refused longer to continue with that denomination, and gave up his church at Gibson or Marysville and vicinity. This of course caused a storm, and those who had been his brothers in arms and who had borne him on their shoulders spiritually considered, at once rose to denounce him and to take opportunity to cast stones at him. They evidently forgot that he was just as good a man out of their denomination as in it, yet because he left their door with the dust literally wiped from his feet, so far as their chief tenet of sanctification was concerned, they take occasion to attempt to cast contempt upon him.

The church which he led in York appears rather unfortunate in its work, pastorally speaking, as there has been, since its inception much difficulty between the pastors and congregation. This would imply that Mr. Stoerger then is not to blame but that he has done the best thing possible under the circumstances. The church wanted him to preach "sanctification," and he could do so to a certain degree, but not to the extent that they desired; consequently he had to sever connection with the church spoken of. The other clergy who labored there and who gave up the circuit for this, or some other reason consider no doubt that more charity and less sanctification would be beneficially preached to that body of worshippers. Mr. Stoerger has left the denomination and he has been roundly abused because of it.

But this is not all. Rev. Mr. Kinney broke away from the denomination some time since. It is probable this clergyman, who united with the methodists did not leave the church for the same cause as did the Rev. Mr. Stoerger, and it may be that Mr. Kinney though denounced by his old comrades in arms, is received with full and free acceptance by the people of his adoption. He is not only left the Reformed baptists but he is said by them to have tried his persuasive methods to take many members of his flock with him—to carry not only himself, his congregation, but even the church building into the camp of the other party—the methodists. That he did not do so, they say, was not because of his own goodness but because the Reformed baptists fought so strenuously against him.

On the other hand, it is said that Mr. Kinney was a very successful preacher, beloved by his people, but that the church was so poor, and the claims on the denomination so great, that a living salary could not be provided him, and he had to go elsewhere. He totally disclaims this, and announces as his reasons for going over to the methodists that he had become more fully cognizant of the correctness of the methods followed by the followers of John Wesley and had decided, after due consideration to adopt these views. His congregation determined, so it is said, to follow him, having become also imbued with the correctness of methodism, and the weakness of their own religious ideas, and it was their desire, not from Mr. Kinney's promptings, that they change the church from a Reformed baptist to one having full affiliation with the methodists.

Mr. Kinney went out; so did many of his congregation; but a few remained steadfast and these held the church building, and yet worship there, dividing the time with their old co-religionists.

Then there was the very decided split and contest in this city when Messrs. Sherwood and Colwell and others went out from the ranks of the reformed faithful. A change had been made by one of the laymen, impeaching the character of one at that time prominent clergyman of the denomination, then resident in this city. The laymen, so they say, tried, time after time, to get the church to call an investigating committee to hear their complaint, or search out the facts. They pretended that they were prepared to furnish all substantial de-

tails to corroborate their charges if only accorded a free or impartial tribunal. After a time a meeting was called, but they charge that it was a "packed jury" that was appointed to try the case, that the minister was exonerated before the case was called and that the committee did not pretend to give them fair play. A lady was called from Grand Bay, or a legal parlance was subpoenaed as a witness and the laymen claim that if she had been allowed to speak she would have proved their side of the case. The church on the other hand declares that every opportunity was accorded those who had anything to prefer against the minister, and after all parties had been heard, it was decided that the charge was made out of whole cloth and that the clergyman was free from all blame. This did not suit the minority and they left the church, still claiming that they are correct and that if given a chance they can fully substantiate what they presented. This case is in a somewhat unsettled state as yet and there is every reason to believe that another opportunity will be taken to have this matter fully ventilated.

Now that Rev. Mr. Stoerger has resigned, the fire that has smoldered in this case has again revived, and another investigation will be demanded, so it is said by the laity.

HE WANTED THE WRAPPER

How Soap Wrappers Play a Leading Part in Every Day Life.

HALIFAX, March 25.—Attorney-General Longley some time ago lectured before the Fort Massey Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor on "altruism," in which he showed how beautiful a thing it would be for men and women to think more of the interest of others than of themselves, but how infrequent, if not impossible is such a condition of mind or of society. He concluded his rather pessimistic lecture by expressing the belief that christian civilization in this nineteenth century has brought forth some fruits of "altruism" which had not been before seen to anything the same extent in the history of the world. This lecture, it is almost needless to say, was delivered before the occurrence of the incident which is here narrated.

A certain soap manufacturer, is offering a bicycle and other prizes for the greatest collection of soap wrappers an advertising or catch-penny dodge which seems to be working well, and which here in Halifax has brought out a striking instance of "egoism," the opposite of the attorney-general's beautiful but rare "altruism". The dramatic personae were a large grocery merchant on Hollis street, his porter, and a clerk in an adjoining place of business.

The porter was collecting the bicycle-earning soap-wrappers, a very legitimate enterprise, doubtless, for a porter. One afternoon, while next door entered the shop and asked for a bar of soap, naming another brand than the one in which this incident is based.

"Why don't you take—soap it has those bicycle wrappers?"
"All right let me have it."
"You might let me have the wrappers; I'm saving them for the bicycle competition," was the next remark, made by the porter, and he added "I'll give you a dollar for them if you wish."

"Oh, never mind the dollar, you may come in the shop and take them off, and the wrappers are yours," said the clerk who seems to have been the most altruistic of the trio.

The soap was delivered and the wrappers found their way into the porter's pocket. The sale of the box of soap was duly entered in the sales book.

By and by the large grocer returned and shortly after, in looking over the sales book saw the transaction. The merchant's eyes sparkled. "Ah," thought he, a nice little collection of wrappers for the bicycle." Master and man were entered in the same class; competitors for the same fascinating bike! Each was after the bicycle, in ignorance of the aspirations of the other. The merchant soliloquized further: "I'll give myself in to that clerk and ask him for the wrappers," so in he went.

"Would you mind giving me the wrappers from that box of soap you bought from me? I'm in for that bicycle."

"Awfully sorry," the clerk made reply, "but I gave them to your man."

"Too bad; can't you get them from him and give them to me?"
"Can't do it. He offered me a dollar for them, which I refused, making him a present of the wrappers; a bargain's a

bargain, and it's too late now, I can't go back on it."

The merchant turned away with some degree of sadness, but hope had not vanished from his eye. There still was a chance to get the pieces of paper, and that chance he would try. Returning to the shop he called his porter into the office.

"You sold a box of—soap; what did you do with the wrappers?"
"I have them, sir."

"Would you mind giving them to me? I particularly want them."

"I want them myself, sir. I sold the box of soap to—, and he gave me the wrappers. In fact I offered him a dollar for them, but he refused the money, and I think they are my property."

"I'm running this business was the merchant's rejoinder, and you must let me have the wrappers. Get them."

"No, I won't get them, for you; I've got a good collection and I wish to add those, which I honestly obtained. I'm trying for the bicycle, which goes to the holder of the largest number."

"Give me the wrappers or leave our employ," was the ultimatum of this merchant to his porter.

"All right sir," was the reply of the sturdy employe, as he turned, not to get the wrappers for "the boss" but to reach his coat, and throw up his job.

The man lost his place but maintained his dignity, and now merchant and exporter are probably both hustling on equal terms for all they are worth to see who will secure the coveted wheel.

Attorney-General Longley's Fort Massey audience of some time ago, who listened to the lecture on "Altruism," when they hear of this incident, will almost to a man sympathize with, and back up the porter.

GRANTED HIM A RESPITE.

The Dalhousie College Reporter Narrowly Escaped a Ducking.

HALIFAX, March 25.—The lot of the student reporter, the reporter who contributes to the press and who attends college, is apt not to be a happy one. This was shown at Dalhousie college this week in the case of a bright young man who employs his leisure moments in giving to the newspapers the college news as he hears it. A few days ago this young man wrote a thrilling account of a midnight escapade in which some college boys had taken down a portion of the college fence at a place where they desired a gate. This gate it appears had been asked for but never granted, so, more in the spirit of fun than anything else, the brave college boys, at the mystic hour of midnight, removed the palings. All the details of the destructive work were given, but the reporter considerably withheld the names of the daring depredators. He added, by way of ornamentation to the narrative, that the president of the college had taken the matter into consideration and that some students would probably be expelled from their alma mater.

Thus far the student-reporter had his innings. Then the rank and file of the college boys had their "go." When they cast their eyes on that college reporter next day, a couple of hundred stalwart fellows, whose energies had by no means been all diverted in the direction of brain culture, but who had lots of physical strength, made a rush for him.

"To the water tank!" was the cry. "Away with him!"

Then there was a mad rush for the ducking place, the resistance that one poor fellow most concerned could make hardly counting for anything. Just as the place of water was reached some one, more soft-hearted and forgiving than the others, suggested that the young man of journalistic proclivities be given a chance, without recourse to the extreme penalty of college student law.

"Let us postpone the ducking till tomorrow," he suggested, on condition that an amende honorable be made which will be satisfactory to students, college, and professors."

The idea proved contagious, and a respite of 24 hours was granted. The college reporter who was being thus roughly treated, though he did not mention it, might have brought an argument like this to bear on the mob. He might have said: "I know who the fence iconoclasts are; if you push this affair to an extreme I will divulge the names and then where will they land?" He did not say this, but possibly because he did not, and kept the names to himself the students were the more disposed to give him the chance of the "explanation" which was duly forthcoming next day. The enterprising college reporter found that a college mob is a fearful thing, as he had often read that any mob was cruel and dangerous.

SOME CIVIC QUESTIONS

WHAT SOME OFFICIALS RECEIVE THEIR SALARIES FOR.

Queries That Cover a very Broad Scope—The Rate-payers are Taking a Deep Interest in the Approaching Election—Some of the Candidates in the Field.

The rate payers are taking more than ordinary interest in the approaching civic contest as attested by the very systematic canvassing and the large number of candidates for the official positions of alderman and mayor. All the old board will be found in the fight except Mr. Wilson, and there is or will be a new man running in every ward. Among these are J. K. Dunlop, E. N. Sprague, H. Giggey, N. W. Brennan, R. C. Elkie, R. J. Armstrong, A. W. Macrae, and ex-aldermen, Blizard, Seaton, Baxter and Baskin are also in the field so that there is every chance to make a selection.

The canvassers are as numerous as the candidates, and just as perplexing and hard to understand. This is caused by the great interest taken in the fight and the desire of each ward, or a section of each ward, to be represented by their own candidate at the council board. The ladies particularly are in the fight, and they do assuredly ask pointed questions. A well known citizen presents the following queries to PROGRESS.

What work have the tax reduction association done to benefit the city?

What remuneration do the Salvage corps receive?

For what do the civic officials receive a salary? My reason for asking this question is the Recorder, Sheriff and Chief of Police are constantly asking for extra pay.

Is it necessary for a man to swear that he is worth a certain sum (above all just and lawful debts) before he can become a candidate for alderman or mayor?

This first question is one that covers a very broad scope, and may be interpreted in so many different ways that an exact answer is difficult to reach. For instance there are those who on reading it would at once conclude that it was pure sarcasm, and was intended to imply that the Tax Reduction Association had done "no work," little or nothing for the city, only increase the taxes, issue bonds and hold on to office. This may be the reply of some. Others will say the trouble with the T. R. A. is just this. The city in its dealings with it was like the boy who saw a very lively hornet buzzing past and wanted it. When he got it he did not care for it so much—he wanted to put it down again. The T. R. A. claim that they were fully prepared to reduce taxes on every hand but the city while they voted for it did not really want it. If it was decided to curtail expenditures on King street the alderman whose district that was, very speedily learned from his constituents that tax reduction must not begin there. If it was attempted on Paradise Row, the fat went forth at once—don't begin tax reduction here. If Moore street extension was stopped because money was scarce and the taxes had to be curtailed Alderman Millidge was at once seen about it, and told that in that particular place there was not the least necessity for tax reduction. So it was all over the city—the people had tax reduction or really did not want it—so that the association did little or no "work" in the particular line of tax reduction. They have done considerable in the way of tax increase however—but this will have to be discussed later.

The second question—that respecting the Salvage Corps, will also have to be stood over for a time.

As to question No. 3: "For what do the civic officials receive a salary? My reason for asking this question is this, the Recorder, Sheriff, Chief of Police, are constantly asking for extra pay"—we must at once plead ignorance. No man, no court, no tribunal of any kind whatsoever, from the British Privy Council to the Jewish Sanhedrim could tell for what do the civic officials receive a salary. Close observation of the city accounts and of the bill presented, leads us to say that the civic officials receive "increase of pay" for everything except breathing. They have not presented a bill for that yet, but it may at any time be forthcoming. A few weeks since his honor Judge Forbes very learnedly discussed this matter in regard to the Sheriff's bill in connection with the Kelly & Murphy assignment and his honor did not explore all the avenues nor point out all the resources that contribute to the wages of the sheriff. As it is with him so with the recorder only more

so. The work for which he may receive salary from the city is as boundless as the universe, as diverse, as peculiar as the fish of the sea, and as sure as a bear trap. He can send in a bill to the board—can tax costs for preparing that bill, can charge for making out the costs, can ask a fee for this making out and then send a constable to collect that fee, taxing for his charges, and so on infinitum. It really depends on the magnanimity of the man, that the city has any funds left at all after his charges are paid. Were it any other than the present incumbent one would not be responsible for a dollar being left in the treasury. As to the chief of police—he can charge what he pleases but the council consider that their chief aim in life is to dispute his bills and keep him down to shoal water all the time. There seems to be a peculiar idea floating around the civic boat that the chief of police can do the best work when his staff of men is reduced; when they are poorly paid and have to do double duty. When the chief presents a bill as he has to do for extra work, or pay it out of his own pocket (as he very often does) every alderman adjusts his glasses, shakes his head sadly, and says within himself—"There is something in that; I must watch it." This he proceeds to do—all of them proceed to do so; and the bill is cut down, the money voted being inadequate to the work required and the police service thus greatly hampered. Some bills are not to be questioned but police accounts must be very closely scrutinized. This is the rule, not because the chief is not respected, but because it has become the fashion and every man has to do it—the people decide and desire.

As to the fourth question we will beg the pardon of our questioner and at another time attempt to fathom the mysteries it covers. Civic questions have never been understood, when you think you have delved to the very bottom they rise before you again in newness of life and activity till you just hang your head in shame, and declare—This is a mystery. Our friend is evidently about to cast his first ballot—when he becomes older in civic matters he will reach the conclusion most people have—just to vote blindly and be glad they are doing as well as they are.

SOME ELABORATE MILLINERY.

H. G. Marr Brings Some Elegant Work to St. John.

Mr. H. G. Marr's Union street millinery store presented a very busy scene during the last few days, unusually elaborately preparations being made for his spring millinery opening which takes place next week. Mr. Marr fully expected to be in larger quarters for this event but circumstances have prevented his removal before the first of May.

Though the career of this establishment has been brief, its success has been truly phenomenal, crowds daily besieging the store in search of first class work at very low prices. Mr. Marr has done a splendid business, in his line, since coming to St. John and he hopes to increase it materially, this spring.

His showrooms are resplendent with bright flowers, and gay colored ribbons filmy chiffons, feathers and ornaments at wonderfully cheap prices. His stock of untrimmed hats, all in latest styles is very large, and it might almost be said that they are being sacrificed in order to clear before the spring moving begins. Dainty creations fresh from the hands of leading milliners of London, Paris, New York, and Toronto will be offered to St. John ladies next week, and those in search of something smart and up to date, at popular prices, will be repaid by a visit to Mr. Marr's establishment where everything in the way of good stylish millinery will be found at the very lowest prices.

POTILLOS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Civic and Provincial Candidates are at Work in Halifax.

HALIFAX, March 25.—It used to be said that there was more politics to the square inch in Nova Scotia than anywhere else in the world. For some years past there has been strong reason to doubt the truth of this remark. Whether or no, the people of Halifax will have politics enough for the next four weeks to last them for a long time to come. We are in the thralls of provincial and civic elections. Canvassers are out for aldermen, for the mayorality, and we have entered on a provincial election campaign. The local elections will take place on April 20th, and a week later will come the annual civic election in which the chances are there will be some hot contests. If there is any significance in the meeting held in the Charles Street Methodist Church on Monday evening there will be a chance for the so-called temperance people to show how strong they are. The federal election, for the vacant seat in Colchester County is the same date as the local elections.

Music and The Drama

Probably the first in point of importance among our local musical organizations, is the Oratorio society and it is always a pleasure to be able to make favorable reference to it.

When our young and aspiring voices start out from home to study in a land and amid scenes that are strange to them, the favorable wishes of all music lovers attend them.

The initial appearance in our city of the Chicago Marine Band must have been a delightful occasion to its patrons judging by the interest aroused by the announcement of its coming.

The approaching concert of Prof. L. W. Titus is creating no little musical excitement and interest although its date is fixed for the 13th prox.

The opera "Satanella" shortly to be given at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, was first produced there by the Parepa Rosa Company in 1892.

The production of "Tannhauser" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week, is said to have been in the whole as a pleasing and fairly successful one.

A new musical comedy to which the name "The Isle of Gold" has been given will be produced in New York shortly.

Frau Materna, the original Brunnhilde at Bayreuth is said to be about to establish a school of dramatic singing in Vienna.

chorus of seventy five voices assisted by the Germania orchestra.

Madame Teresa Carreno, the distinguished pianiste, gave a second recital in Music Hall, Boston, last Saturday to a large audience.

The child cornetist, Miss Helen Apollonio, will play in Association Hall, Boston, on the 13th prox.

The supplementary season of grand opera which the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company will begin in Boston on the 5th April will be limited to five nights and one matinee.

Rosenthal will sail for Europe next month and will return to the United States in September next.

Gilbert (James L.) the composer who wrote "Not a Sparrow Falseth" has written a companion piece for this which is entitled "The Realm of Endless Days."

Richard Stahl who wrote the music for Hoyt's new comedy is said to be the composer of the operas "The Sea King" and "Said Pasha."

Mr. Myron W. Whitney the well known basso, recently sang in Boston at a concert in Tremont Temple in that city in aid of the Working Boys Home.

It is expected that Signor Borgotti who sang the title role in "Andrea Chenier" at La Scala, Milan, will be heard in the United States next summer.

The solo in Prof. Bridges' new cantata entitled "The Flag of England" will be sung by Madame Albani.

William Mertens who is a member of the Damrosch opera company has been engaged to sing in the Berlin Imperial opera company.

The Royal opera season in London will commence on 10th May next when M. Van Dyck and Mme Eames will be in the cast of "Tannhauser" giving the French version of that work.

The opera "Satanella" shortly to be given at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, was first produced there by the Parepa Rosa Company in 1892.

The Hasty Pudding club of Harvard college have in rehearsal a comic opera—a sort of broad burlesque—entitled "The Flying Dutchman" which they will give first on 30th of April next at Cambridge and at the Bijou theatre, Boston, on May 3rd, 4th, and 5th.

The production of "Tannhauser" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week, is said to have been in the whole as a pleasing and fairly successful one.

A fragment of an opera begun by Wagner, when 20 years of age, called "Die Hochzeit" and which was never finished, has been bought by an English woman for \$500.

"I'm saddest when I sing" she warbled

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

in agonized tones. "There are others," was the inelegant reply of young Sawyer.

Tid Bits.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Clarence Handyides who was here with Harkins a few summers ago, is playing in "An American Citizen" the piece in which Nat Goodwin is starring this season.

George Fawcett, a popular member of the one time Lansdowne theatre company in this city under the management of the late Eugene McDowell, is now playing in the "Two Little Vagrants" company which is filling a return engagement in Boston.

Nat Goodwin opened his present season at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco and will end it at the same house.

Adah Richmond-Stetson, more distinguished recently as a litigant in proceedings connected with the will of the late John Stetson, than as an actress, will play a week's engagement beginning next Monday, in "The Colleen Bawn" at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston.

The drama "Humanity" by Sutton Vane and under the management of Wm. A. Brady is on at the Columbia theatre, Boston, this week.

W. H. Crane's new play will be ready for him in September next. It is being written by Clyde Fitch.

It is reported that Olive May will be the leading lady for John Drew next season in succession to Maud Adams who will then be a stellar attraction.

Miss Amelia Bingham of the "Two Little Vagrants" company is a blonde and very graceful. She recently won the prize in the most attractive woman of the American stage in the competition started by the New York World.

A new comedy has been written for Miss Fortescue, the English actress, by W. S. Gilbert.

Sir Henry Irving has been re-elected President of the actors Benevolent Fund of Great Britain and Ireland.

Virginia Harned was the original "Trilby" in the United States, it is said will star next season in "The Dancing Girl."

"The Cherry Pickers" will be produced in London in August next, the English rights having been secured by Louis Nethercole and Robert Pateman.

It is said that a deadhead—he was not a Bostonian—sent the following letter to the manager of a theatre: "Dear Sir—I attended your theatre last night, and I re-

Spring and Summer Millinery Opening

Our opening of SPRING and SUMMER MILLINERY will take place on

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 31st, April 1st and 2nd,

when we will show the latest novelties in Patterns, Hats and Bonnets direct from Paris, London and New York.

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

The "WHY"

One teaspoonful of Tetley's is found to equal one dessertspoonful of most other teas.

WHY?—Because our sealed packets contain only TEA-LEAVES, no dried stalks or other adulterations.



If it is your intention to make a change in the kitchen



MODEL ART

can't fail to fill the bill as an all round, up to date, LOW PRICED RANGE. It is modern, well made, and works every time.

Prices run from \$25.00 to \$30.00, including fullest of Fittings. Don't fail to see it and compare prices.

EMERSON & FISHER.

get to say I spent such a wretched evening that I must request you to remove my name at once from your free list!

An ambitious Boston dramatic critic appears to have his head affected somewhat by the work of pretty Madge Leasing in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

A Bright Girl.

Miss May Downey, of Amherst completed the full course in book keeping also shorthand and typewriting in 3 months.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

AGENTS "VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN." The book of the year. Over one hundred illustrations; elegant bindings; popular prices.

A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO OUTFIT, for making photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for patterns and particulars.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Coat & Water Pants. Five million pairs sold in United States last year.

RESIDENCE as a home for sale or to rent pleasantly situated, for the summer months. This is a beautiful house known as the Titus property, about one and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel.



MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. In January last, Francis Leclaire, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully.

Isaac Pitman Shorthand



Is used by more writers than all other systems combined. It is the most up-to-date system, because the leading shorthand intellects are employed in its revision and improvement.

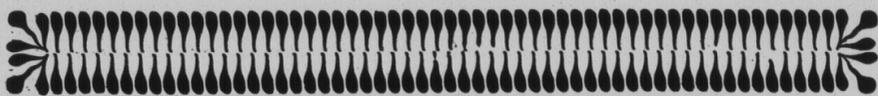
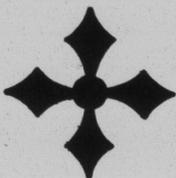
THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtless and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. B. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street.

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 16 DUKE STREET.

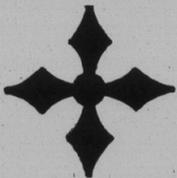
Do You Know...

That **HAWKER'S BALSAM** of **TOLU** and **WILD CHERRY** will cure a Cough or Cold quickly and surely? This is a season when the knowledge will be useful to yourself and to your friends. Mothers, especially, are helped and comforted, for children like the taste of **HAWKER'S BALSAM**, and it soothes and cures them. It cures the hacking cough that hangs on



Knowledge is Power...

If you are suffering from Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, or any throat or lung trouble, prompt treatment is needed. Get **HAWKER'S BALSAM** and follow the directions on the bottle. Neglected colds bring on worse diseases. Take no chances. People you know praise **HAWKER'S BALSAM** and keep it always at hand. All druggists and dealers sell it. 25c. and 50c. bottles.



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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 27

ESTIMATES NOT CORRECT.

There is a strangely familiar sound in the indignant protests that appear in the Bombay papers against what they call the grossly exaggerated statements about the plague ravages there. They say no such exodus has taken place from the city as is reported. That the asserted closing of half its shops is true only in certain streets frequented only by the lowest class of the population; and that the death rate never was two hundred per one thousand a week, as has been stated by the European press, but at what might be two hundred per one thousand if the epidemic lasted a year. Even the Bombay editors however, with all their regard for the city's reputation and commerce, especially the latter, admit that the situation is sufficiently grave to excite the apprehension of their nations. The most conservative estimates are that somewhere between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand persons have fled from Bombay since the plague appeared and while the weekly death rate has been nothing near like one hundred and eighty thousand, as it would be at two hundred per one thousand, yet even as an annual mortality that is terrible enough to account for a panic in the city and the adoption of vigorous precaution outside of it. A disease that kills six thousand nine hundred and seventy nine out of eight thousand three hundred and eighty persons attacked as this one has according to official records endangers the world to such an extent that it may well excite terror everywhere.

The flying railroad trip made by the Denver, Colorado, father to the bedside of his dying son a few weeks ago, will be historic in railroad circles, and would not be an unfit subject for a poem. It was a strange combination of parental affection and mechanical power that brought about the record-breaking trip of 1,025 miles in 1,069 minutes. This has never been equalled before and may never be again; yet rapidly as the journey was made, the speed of the steam was far outstripped by that of the lightning which conveyed the fathers messages from every station to the sick chamber in Denver. The incident has various phases. Railroad officials see in it a remarkable demonstration of the condition and management of the road which would enable such extraordinary speed to be maintained for more than a thousand miles, but the greatest number of persons recognize it as a fine illustration of parental love and will feel a sense of personal sorrow that the long journey was made in vain.

There is considerable private canvassing among the friends of the different aldermanic candidates in this city, but there is no concerted action in the way of combines or tickets; it appears to be every man for himself, and there is every evidence that this will continue. It is due in a great measure to the fact that there is no burning question before the people—the fight being rather personal than along any other lines. Respecting the office of mayor there appears to be general repugnance against a fourth term, and many who have been strong friends of the present incumbent do not care to place themselves on record as favoring that it establishes a bad precedent and one that it would be difficult to offset, if once established. As the time for balloting approaches it is expected the contest will become more heated; if not St. John will see the mildest fight yet undertaken.

Political "Science" often of an ingenious sort, is used in choosing the sites of capitals; but Brazil has now employed natural science for the purpose. Rio de Janeiro being unhealthy, the Brazilian government

appointed a commission of scientists to select a location suitable for a new capital. The commission has fixed upon a plateau four thousand feet above the sea level. The distance from the coast by rail is eighteen hours. No yellow fever invades the spot and other conditions favorable to health are reported. The Popular Science News says that this is believed to be the first occasion on record in which Science has been called in to choose the site of a capital. Bad air and bad Legislation have doubtless been associated, more than once as cause and effect.

When a man under sentence of death elects to die in a certain faith, whether protestant or catholic, it is nobody's business but his own, and his spiritual advisers, and the men or women of a different belief who attempt to interfere, are guilty of a gross impertinence, and should be taught their proper place without any unnecessary delay. The sickening sentimentality with which some persons regard criminals is not less disgusting than the desire for notoriety, which prompts them to thrust themselves into places where they have no earthly business.

The unspeakable Turk has a curious method of dealing with drunkards. The punishment for the first second and third offences is the bastinado in varying doses. After that stage is reached, however, the offender becomes a privileged character, as it were, and is entitled to be tenderly helped home by a policeman when he is found in an over stimulated condition. The rush to get through the preparatory schools to the honor grade can be imagined.

"Rockwood Park" has a much more distinguished, musical, and altogether appropriate sound than Victoria Park. As the new park is not commemorative of Her Majesty's jubilee it could hardly be regarded as a want of loyalty to call it by some other name than that of our much loved queen.

Many of the New York clubs have barred out the World and Journal newspapers, as entirely too sensational. In referring to this recently SAM JONES the Evangelist said, "Nothing shows how tough these papers are than the fact that a New York club can't stand them."

BON INGHESOLI insists of course that there is no such place; but did he ever live in a flat where the man in charge was off on a holiday and the water pipes were all frozen?

Out of sixty arbitration treaties among the nations of the world since 1815 the United States has borne a part in thirty-two—many more than any other nation.

It has been demonstrated that a man can live on \$1 a week, but it still remains to be proved that he can live longer than the week.

A teller in a western bank has just absconded with \$43,000. How he happened to get ahead of the cashier is not explained.

Victoria library, and Rockwood park.

Rockwood Park.

Comedy, Vaudeville, Drama.

An entertainment that promises to be very enjoyable opens in the Mechanics Institute on Monday evening for a season. Ten first class artists have been engaged for the occasion and the Union Blend Tea Co., will distribute presents. Every ticket purchaser will receive a coupon and the holders of two of these numbered ones will receive a gold watch and a ten pound caddy of tea. Prices of admission 10 and 20 cents.

ERRORS BY HISTORIANS.

Diogenes' Tub a Myth—The Hannibal Fable—Lies About Cleopatra.

The same year that Alexander died at Babylon Diogenes died at Corinth, 323 B. C., but not, we may be sure, in a tub, because he never made such a fool of himself as to live in one. The story that he did so had no better origin than a comment by his biographer, Seneca, who was not born till more than 300 years after the cynic's death. 'A man so grabbed ought to have lived in a tub like a dog.'

In 216 B. C. Hannibal, with about 50,000 men, nearly annihilated the Roman army of about 90,000 at Cannae, in Apulia Italy, but it is all a fable to say that he sent three bushel of gold rings plucked from the hand of the dead Roman knights back to Carthage as evidence on his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian Senate on concluding his report "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field of battle."

Four years later the Romans, under Marcellus, attacked and captured Syracuse, belonging to Greece, because of its alliance with Hannibal against Rome. As the invading ships approached, Archimedes is said to have set some of them on fire with immense burning glasses. However, modern science has so well watered this story that it only remains to add that even at this day the feat would be impossible.

THE CARNIVAL EPISODE.

A Young Man's Double Cause him Some Amusement.

The latest carnival given here was that at the Singer rink under the auspices of the Hockey club and although the least said about the manner in which it was patronized is perhaps best, it furnished opportunity for the practical joker to have lots of fun. One instance of a practical joke may be mentioned in which a young man who holds down a seat in the office of a leading shipping firm was the victim in part, and by which he was caused a very large quantity of anxiety and alarm compressed into a comparatively short space. The elite of Duke street east was represented at this carnival, all in costume of course, and among the skaters in addition were two young married women who are now and have been for the greater part of the winter, very close friends, and intimates—born companions as one might say. In the instance of one of these ladies such intimacy is not to be wondered at, as her husband is quite frequently compelled to be absent by his arduous duties and connections. This lady then would not infrequently experience many lonesome moments and would naturally respond promptly to such overtures of social friendship as the other married lady would make. The husband of this second lady is not obliged to be absent from the city, because his employment is such that he is not required to spend a night out of his own home. The lady first mentioned have been is not a native of St. John although this city is considered not inconvenient as a head quarter. Both these ladies admire the game of hockey very much and whenever there was a match game such as between Halifax and St. John for example, they were nearly always to be seen among the spectators. The natural outcome of this desire for sympathy would in time of course enlarge the circle of the lady's acquaintances and in due course the young clerk succeeded in becoming acquainted with this lady. What his salary per week amounts to or what proportion of it he expended in the purchase of caramels, chocolates, or other tonbons for the delectation of this lady has nothing to do with the matter, but the fact remains they have become very friendly. The lady though very attractive is the senior of this youth by not a few years, but he is susceptible. Both these ladies were accompanied to the rink by this young man and another thin hockey player and they were soon gliding gleefully over the moist ice. The costume worn by the young clerk, was somewhat after the style of the regulation domino—it was made of the material recently imported and known as Jubilee cotton. His fair companion was not so favorably impressed with this dress of her escort and asked him to take it off as 'he looked so much better without it.' Unwilling to deny her slightest wish he soon retired to the dressing-room to make the necessary change in apparel. In doing this he incautiously laid down his carnival raiment, which the practical joker perceived, and on fendish mischief intent immediately appropriated, and started out on the ice the very embodiment in appearance of the youth who had but a few moments before left the ice. Meantime the lady continued skating and as this costume approached to join her she held out her hand to the joker. This young man, nothing loath took her hand and as they skated around she reproached him with not having taken off the unbecoming dress. The joker replied that he could not as there was a party in the dressing room that he did not wish to have see him. The lady then inquired with some solicitation if her escort was not going to a certain place on Thursday evening. The joker kept the delusion and learned who was going to be present at the party that had been so nicely arranged. One of those who was to be present was her lady friend at that moment enjoying herself in the society of the hockey player referred to. When the real youth saw his double on the ice, he was not only amazed but horrified—enraged as well because of his tears as to what communications the lady might incautiously make to her deceiving escort, who managed to leave soon after.

Mr. Tree's Health Baths. Mr. E. M. Tree of this city has opened a health bathing establishment at No. 34 Canterbury street, where the public may take hot air baths in Quaker and Dr. Conant's cabinets, and in a short while Mr. Tree will be prepared to administer thermo-electric baths in connection with hot air; more especially prepared for sufferers from sciatica and rheumatism. The arrangements of the establishment are perfect, every attention being given to those taking the treatments, a shower bath of hot and cold water being supplied also. The sweating process or body cleansing

is most effectual, the impurities of the interior as well as outward uncleanness being excluded. St. John has never before had an institution of this kind; Mr. Tree by his enterprise filling a long felt want.

STYLISH SPRING MILLINERY.

Cameron's Chic and Fretty Headwear Shows Next Week.

Next week will be one of deep interest to milliners and all who are interested in the art of millinery. The fact that several openings have been announced for next week make the ladies, at least, realize that spring is with us once again, and the pleasant excitement attendant upon a spring opening may already be noticed in several establishments. This is particularly true of Chas. K. Cameron's store, where throughout the week trained, deft artists were deep in the enchanting mysteries of their work, the result of which will be seen on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week when spring headwear will be exhibited on a very elaborate scale.

Mr. Cameron's earnest efforts to please his customers have in the past been thoroughly appreciated, and PROGRESS assures its lady readers, that a very pleasant surprise awaits them next week. An advance opening, on a rather small scale it is true, was held on Thursday for the special benefit of this paper, and the cosy showrooms gave, on that occasion, just a faint hint of what might be expected later on. Triumphs of French, English and American milliners, were very much in evidence, though of course the stock will be largely increased by the time the opening day comes around. Flowers still continue to hold their own in trimming, and dainty chiffons and ribbons play an important part, but it may be said that the importations of this season are not nearly so startling in effect as they were last year; that is not nearly so much, or so great a variety of trimming is massed upon the hats this spring.

One striking French creation was of brown chip with white straw trimming; a pretty indescribable shade of brown moire ribbon made bows at the back, which, was caught up with a stiff spray of lily of the valley; a band of jeweled passementerie, on brown ribbon was placed around the crown with pretty effect. Another dainty looking thing was made of heliotrope chiffon, the brim formed with black chiffon; the high crown had a stiff roche of jeweled lace around it; two, feathers, a black one and one in shades of brown and green and heliotrope, some shaded ospreys well towards the back and green and black chrysanthums, and a jet ornament or two completed the trimmings. A large hat with fawn lace brim and black and gold crown had bows of canvas, covered with brown chiffon, at the back; a cream osprey and brown tips were held in place with brown and black ornaments; and a cluster of pink roses gave an effective touch of color. Shaded blue and pink roses were placed under the brim. A tam of dresden silk, the bright coloring of which was softened by a misty veil of net, was greatly admired. A lilac wreath went right around and was fastened at the back with bows of dresden ribbon. Two tiny green tips and a black osprey were placed at the left side. There were many large hats that were gracefully and artistically trimmed, one noticed especially, of black and cream with straw and chiffon brim and high cream and black crown; cream bows, and two cream tips at the left a cluster of peach color roses and a tiny bit of foliage making a very artistic and striking hat.

Touques show a tendency to grow larger but still retain their chic, smart air. A dainty confection in violets, with fans of gophered chiffon a black aigrette and tiny jet crown was one of the prettiest things shown. Another was made in tam effect with brown straw, covered with fish net; a brown ostrich tip, green and brown ospreys at the left gave this touque a very stylish look and one large cream rose made a dainty finish; rhinestone and pearl ornaments were used.

In the way of bonnets there was a black chiffon with jet crown, and trimmings of black ospreys, chiffon rosettes and heliotrope ornaments. Another was made of lace straw with sequin crown and aigrettes; tiny pink rosebuds and gophered fans at the left side made a stylish finish. Chiffon seems to be more extensively used in bonnets this year than last, quantities of it being seen everywhere. One of the most stylish bonnets imaginable being made entirely of black chiffon with fans of that material and lace straw combined; a cluster of forget-me-not was the only bit of color used. This bonnet had narrow velvet ties.

It is hardly necessary to go further into detail; a much more extended description would not do justice to the beautiful array of spring millinery with which Mr. Cameron proposes to charm the ladies of this city next Wednesday Thursday and Friday. His goods are always in the front rank both as regards style and prices.

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Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food, not only in all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands, but also in the most refined flour, that it is pure and healthful. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOME FEW CROWS.

A Story of One That Carried off Eggs—The Fate That Overtook It.

'The crows used to come down and eat our corn,' said a city man who once lived on a farm, 'and the old crows would carry away corn for the young ones in the nests. We put up scarecrows in the cornfield, but they never did any good, for the crows paid no attention to them. I reckon about the only really efficacious way of keeping crows out of a cornfield is to kill 'em, and we used to destroy the young crows when we could, the boys climbing the trees to get at the nests.

"Once I carried a couple of young crows home. One of these crows disappeared very soon but the other stayed with us for months, and became very tame. When we ploughed or planted he followed along in the furrow in a friendly, sociable sort of way, and pick up worms. But he was full of mischief, and forever carrying off things as most crows will, and the habit finally cost him his life.

'The crow lived in the barn. We could not keep him in the house, because he would have carried off all the knives and forks and spoons and such things, but we used to take him in sometimes, and when he wanted to come in he would come and peck at a window, and sometimes he'd bark like a dog. He didn't have a chance to get many things out of the house, but it was easier for him to get at the things in a building we had on the farm where we used to do our repairing of wagons and ploughs and one thing and another, and it seems to give the crow particular delight to carry off nails. There was a knothole through the weather boarding on the ridge of the barn, down near one of the gable ends, and there was a piece out of the shingle directly under it, so that there was a hole down through into the barn. The crow never got tired of dropping nails through that hole. It would fly up there with a beak full of them and sit on the sharp edge of the roof and drop them through the hole. Then it would bend over and hoist its head round, and look down through. Apparently, to this crow, dropping nails down through this knothole was the funniest thing in the world.

'The crow used to do other things that would sometimes give us real trouble. It would get up on the roof of the house for instance, and seek out shingles that had soft spots in them, and pick holes through them; and there never was a pair of red stockings put on the line on washdays that we didn't have to hunt for them later. The crow had either a great antipathy or a great fancy for red stockings, and he always managed to get them off the line in some way and get away with them. We always used to find them again, but sometimes we had to look for them.

'When we had the crow a few months he got to going down to the village, about half a mile from where we lived. The first we knew of that was when he began bringing home whole hard-boiled eggs in a restaurant there. He would jab one point of his beak into an egg, so as to impale it, and then he'd shut out the other point down on the egg to steady it and help hold it, and then fly away with it. He must have had to rest more or less on the way home, but he used to bring whole boiled eggs in that way.

'At first they liked him in the village and used to pet him and make a good deal of him and be glad to see him. He was a quaint, queer sort of chap, friendly and good natured, but sly, and he would carry off things, and after a while the very traits that had at first made people laugh at him brought him into disrepute. People got tired of him, and instead of being amused they were irritated by him. Of course, the crow couldn't understand this and if it had, I don't suppose it would have made any difference; it was the crow's nature to do things that way, and then, like man, the crow is perverse. Anyhow, it kept right on just the same, and finally somebody poisoned it.'

A letter from Judge Angers, brother to the Ex-Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec, has been written to the author of "Quickcure," saying: "It has always given my child relief from toothache; its effects is wonderful. I have also found it good for burns and cuts."

Signed, C. PANET ANGERS.

If Your Pants

look shabby send them to us. We sponge and tailor press them like new for 25c; full suits 50c. Ungar's Laundry and Dye works, Waterloo Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



BALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.

MARCH 24.—Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Prude gave quite a large party to a number of their young friends on Wednesday at their pretty cottage on Havenlock street.

On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Dunlap entertained a number of young people very pleasantly with whist. Although not progressive the affair was greatly enjoyed.

Miss Etta Millican returned to her home in St. John on Thursday after a short visit to her friend Miss Ella Millican, Havenlock street.

Mr. J. Albert Black has returned to her home in Halifax, while here she was the guest of her brother Mr. A. B. E. for a few days.

His Lordship Bishop Courtney administered the rights of confirmation to a large class in Christ church on Monday evening.

Miss Main came home last Thursday from a very pleasant visit to friends in Moncton.

Mr. Harry G. Rogers of St. John was in town on Saturday.

Mr. H. J. Logan went to Ottawa on Tuesday.

Miss Barry D. gave a small afternoon tea on Wednesday in honor of her guest Miss Jennie Webster of Sheldice.

Mr. Arthur Drysdale of Halifax was in town last week.

Mr. J. B. Black is visiting in Truro, N. S.

Mr. Alex Foraythe was in Halifax for a day or so last week.

Mr. C. J. White and little son of Annapolis are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock were in Halifax for a few days last week.

Miss Florence Sand is visiting in Truro, the guest of Mrs. Lewis Rice.

WE BELIEVE there is no better soap made than our

Baby's Own Soap

care and skill in making and the best materials are the reason.

THE PROOF—Its immense sales.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

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Mr. H. M. Bradford was in Annapolis for a day or two last week.

Miss Georgie Wilson spent Thursday and Friday in Halifax.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S. & R., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

ANAGANNE

Mrs. L. L. Smith has returned from a pleasant trip to Yarmouth, N. S.

Mrs. Geo. Fallon has returned from New York where she has been spending several weeks.

Mr. J. C. Simpson returned home last week leaving Mrs. Simpson and little daughter here where they will remain for some time.

Miss Katie McLarty of Grand Pre spent Sunday in town with her friend Miss Frances Woodworth at "Clifton."

Mr. A. D. Gillis mechant, New Glasgow, has been here on a brief visit this week.

Mr. Brothers, went to Annapolis on Monday, to attend the funeral of her brother William Word and returned on Saturday.

Mr. J. Curry of Sydney, spent a short time in town this week with his friends.

Hon. Colin McLean and Mrs. McLean, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. McKenzie is paying a visit to her sister Mrs. Dickinson of Hazel Hill.

Mr. J. F. Stahs of Halifax, leader of the conservative party in Nova Scotia was in town this week.

Mr. R. McDonald went to Halifax Saturday, to attend the millinery opening.

The remarkable success which has attended the production of "William Tell", by the Amateur dramatic club of St. F. X. college, on St. Patrick's evening, has been the theme of general comment.

The splendid stage settings, elaborate costumes and the general appointments, have been commended in the most liberal fashion by competent critics, and the excellent work of the principals, singing and orchestra under Prof. Horgan, have commanded the approval of all classes.

The audience was very large and bestowed cordial applause on the principal performers. The most interesting feature of the performance was the acting of the twin stars, Henry D. Barry and Matthew Phelan. Both are intelligent actors, as also is Mr. McKeenan. The farce "The Freedom of the Press" had followed was very laughable and well acted.

Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey station agent, has been ill the past two days. His duties are being attended to by Mr. H. Jasper Humphrey.

Mrs. Borden who has been in Harcourt for some time left by express train this morning going east.

Mrs. David Clark has been quite ill for the past three weeks and is slowly improving.

Mr. David D. Johnston has been confined to his room since Sunday.

Mr. George H. Morton shows some signs of improvement in his health which is still precarious.

Mrs. George K. Bailey has been quite ill for some days.

Miss Emma Young who has been spending a few holidays with her relatives here left for Boston U. S. this morning.

MANLE'S EARLY

Thoroughbred POTATO.

The Greatest Cropper

The Finest Flavor

I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in 1896.

JOHN H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TERMS: Per Pound, 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00

Address all orders to J. H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

Your Grocer

Knows that Tilsen's Mills are famous for their cleanliness. This means much to the flour buyer.

THE TILSON COY (LTD.), Tilsenburg, Ont.

SPECIAL SALE

If you want a Watch at a bargain now is the time. We have a very large stock of

Gold and Silver Watches

and wish to reduce it. Any one wanting a Gold Watch at a low price, now is the time. Do not be afraid to look at them.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

Brushes!

TOOTH BRUSHES. HAIR BRUSHES. NAIL BRUSHES. CLOTH BRUSHES. HAT BRUSHES. MILITARY BRUSHES.

A Beautiful Assortment Just Received

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, 35 King Street.

Telephone 239. Physicians Prescriptions receive every attention.

IMPERIAL Trusts Co.

OF CANADA, NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE.

47 Canterbury Street, St. John F. S. SHARPE, Manager.

Transacts all business usual to Trust Companies, including that of the executors or trustees, or as agents of same, management of estates, collection of rents and interest, negotiation of mortgage loans financial agency, etc.

Municipal and other debenture for sale, yielding from 3 1/2 to 5 per cent. interest.

Money received for investment in the General Trust Fund, at four per cent. interest, withdrawable on demand.

Scott's Emulsion makes the blood richer and improves the circulation. It increases the digestion and nourishes the body. It corrects diseased action and strengthens the nervous system.

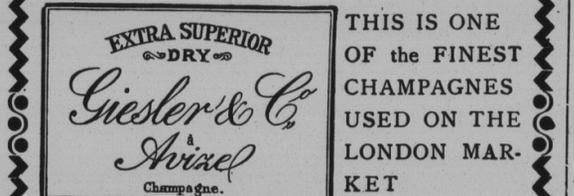
In a word, it places the body in the best possible condition for preventing the germs of Consumption from beginning or continuing their work.

In that one sentence is the whole secret. Book covering the subject very thoroughly sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Extra Superior Dry Champagne

THIS IS ONE OF THE FINEST CHAMPAGNES USED ON THE LONDON MARKET



McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, Sole Distributors for Canada,

P. O. BOX 252, ST. JOHN, N. B.

On and after May 1st we will occupy the premises now used by JOHN HORN & Co.

McINTYRE & TOWNSEND.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

her parents in Moncton before resuming her position at New Brunswick hospital.

Mrs. L. C. Archibald of Antigonish is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. P. S. Archibald.

Miss Morse of Amherst is visiting Mr. and Mrs. David White of Archibald street.

The many friends of Miss Frances Bliss of Westmorland are glad to see her in town again, as she is a universal favorite and always sure of a warm welcome whenever she visits our city.

Miss Bliss is the guest of Mrs. Edward McInerney.

Mrs. Charles Spencer left town last week for St. John to spend a few days in the seaside city.

Mrs. Spencer will be the guest of her sister-in-law Mrs. J. J. Bostwick during her stay.

Miss Hamilton and her friend Miss Johnson spent Saturday and Sunday in Dorchester, the guests of Miss Hamilton's parents, Judge and Mrs. Hamilton.

Mr. R. H. Simonds' numerous friends in Moncton will be glad to hear that he has received his formal appointment as American Consular agent for the port of Moncton, under Mr. J. S. Benedict who was lately transferred to Campbellton.

Mr. Simonds has won many friends during his residence in this city and his appointment will doubtless be a popular one.

The many friends of Mr. C. T. Novins late of this city but now of St. John were glad to see him in town again last week.

Amongst the many victims of the all pervasive grippe, are Miss Black who has been quite ill, Mrs. A. T. Clarke who is only just convalescent, and Mr. G. V. Forbes, who is only just able to be out, after a prolonged stage of this most unpleasant malady; while scores of others are suffering from it in a milder form.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stoford of Tidnish spent a few days in town last week, the guests of Mrs. Stoford's sister, Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street.

Miss Phillips, head milliner for Mrs. J. J. McDonald, arrived in town on Saturday after a six weeks' visit to her home in Toronto.

Miss Phillips brings a large assortment of pattern hats and bonnets from London and Paris which will be displayed shortly at Mrs. McDonald's coming millinery opening.

The many friends of Mr. Paul Lea, will regret to hear of a very painful accident which happened to him on Saturday last.

Mr. Lea was superintending the machinery of his mill, when a seven pound sledge hammer, connected with one of the pulleys, slipped striking him directly in the face, inflicting a ghastly wound under the left eye, and literally crushing his nose, to a jelly. Though intensely painful the injuries are not dangerous, and Mr. Lea will not be laid up for any length of time.

Mr. Robert Clarke manager of the Branch of Montreal left town on Saturday to spend a few days in Halifax.

ST. GEORGE.

MARCH 24.—All lovers of music had a chance to listen to something above the ordinary this week.

On Wednesday evening the Ollie Torbett company gave a concert in Couits hall.

Miss Torbett the young and clever violinist with the Swedish quintette delighted their audience with their sweet singing and skilled instrumentalism.

On Saturday evening the W. C. T. U., accepted an invitation from the division to meet with them at their hall to celebrate the ninety fourth birthday of Hon. Nell Dow.

After the regular meeting of the B. Y. F. Unit on Wednesday the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, Miss Beechie O. Brown; vice president, Miss Bertha Campbell; treasurer, Miss Russell; R. Sec'y, Miss March; C. Sec'y, Miss King.

The friends of Mr. Hector McKenzie Sr. will be sorry to hear of his serious illness.

On Monday evening the Flak Jubilee Singers sang to a large and appreciative audience in Couits hall one of the charms of these sweet singers was their willingness in recognizing the demand of their hearers for more; by request Mr. J. N. Cadwell sang Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

On Monday afternoon the funeral of Mr. V. Murray took place from St. Mark's church Rev. R. E. Smith officiating. Deep sympathy is extended to the bereaved family by being the third son they have been called to mourn.

BATHURST.

Mar. 24.—The entertainment given by the R. C. choir on Wednesday last was a grand success.

S. Sivewright Esq. M. P. returned on Thursday from Fredericton.

Mrs. E. F. Stacy entertained a few friends at a tea party on Saturday.

Mr. A. E. Hanson was in town a few days last week.

Mr. Racy of Halifax spent a few days in town last week.

P. J. Veniot Esq. M. P. returned from Fredericton on Tuesday.

I regret to hear of the illness of Mrs. S. Bishop.

Mr. F. Bishop and E. Johnston returned on Friday from a trip to the woods, where they have been

Nerves

Are the Messengers of Sense,—the Telegraph System of the human body. Nerves extend from the brain to every part of the body and reach every organ. Nerves are like fire—good servants but hard masters. Nerves are fed by the blood and are therefore like it in character. Nerves will be weak and exhausted if the blood is thin, pale and impure. Nerves will surely be strong and steady if the blood is rich, red and vigorous. Nerves find a true friend in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it makes rich, red blood. Nerves do their work naturally and well—the brain is unobscured, there are no neuralgic pains, appetite and digestion are good, when you take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 200 Hood's Pills

Blood Humors

Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

FACE HUMORS

Falling Hair and Baby Blemishes cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

spending a few days cruising among the lumber camps.

I am pleased to learn that Mrs. D. T. Johnston who has been ill in the house for the past week with grippe, is better again.

Mr. H. E. Johnston who has been sick for a few days is better again.

SALISBURY.

Mar. 17.—Miss Maggie McDonald of Moncton spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. D. Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Barnes are visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. Rupert McMurray returned to Parrisboro on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bulmer went to Amherst Monday evening to hear the jubilee singers.

Miss Aggie Wilmott is visiting friends in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Baird and Master Harry went to Point de Buie to attend the funeral of Mrs. Baird's father.

Mr. J. B. Gaynor is visiting at his home.

Choirs Re-constituted, Canto, Splend., Perforated Duets. 17 Waterloo.

A SUCCESSFUL OPENING.

Some Elegant Millinery Displayed To Admiring Moncton Ladies.

'This is the largest crowd we ever had,' said Mr. Marr when called upon by a TIMES reporter last night. A visit to the show room is a rare treat. Not only the largest crowd, but THE TIMES man felt bound to confess that he never saw so many beautiful hats and bonnets in his life before, (and he has seen a few too.) No trouble has been spared by this firm to place before the ladies of Moncton the very latest styles direct from Paris, London, New York and Toronto.

The scene looked just like a beautiful garden in full bloom. Flowers are shown in great profusion and so natural do they appear that one could almost smell the perfume. The most popular being roses in ever color geranium, lilac, lily-of-the-valley, foliage, pelargoniums, violets are in strong demand and will be exceedingly stylish this season.

Straw trimmings and chiffons will be extremely popular. For early spring trade the ever popular turban will again be paramount. In dress hats the styles shown decided change from last year, the hats being much larger. Sailors are quite large and becoming, particularly stylish when trimmed with flowers. Hat ornaments are steel, jet, crystal, rhinestones and pearls. Ribbons are wide and shown in all the new shades in glace, moire, satin, grass lawn, the newest way of using these ribbons is in high standing bows, in fact bows tied in every conceivable shape with ornaments of rhinestones, steel or jet. Nearly every hat has a touch of violet. Ostrich tips and feathers are much used, but flowers are given the preference. The Leghorn hats are marvelous of beauty and endless in variety. Perfect beauties all the way from Italy. We are safe in saying that the Atlantic.

The weather which was anything but agreeable yesterday could not chill the interest of the splendid company that desired to find out what Marr's know about millinery. The question will be answered again to day. Paris, London and New York trimmed bonnets and hats, with a beautiful show room, a great combination, society, approves, larger cities envious. You are again invited for to-day and to-morrow.

The music by Prof. Watts' orchestra was enjoyed by one and all and added much to the pleasure of the evening.—MONCTON TIMES.

JACKALS KILL A LION.

They Fall Down and Eat a Desert King That is Too Old to Fight Them Off.

When a lion takes a walk in Africa or Asia it is followed commonly at a respectful distance by half a dozen jackals, which, not being strong enough to pull down game for themselves and yet eager to taste blood, go after the great still hunter of the desert in the hope of getting the drippings from his claws. The lion does not object to them, as one swing of its unsheathed claws touches the venturesome jackal a lesson that may be survived but never forgotten.

A large lion which had grown old and weak, losing teeth and liveness of limbs, as well as sharpness of vision, in the shrubbery which grows up in the southern parts and to the south of the Desert of Sahara, betrayed its falling strength one day last spring, and instantly the near-by jackals, which had been respectful, came forward on the run and gave Wilson James, an American hunter, a fine lion-baiting scene.

The lion had sneaked toward a herd of antelopes which James was sneaking. It happened that the lion got within range before

the man did, and leaped out a medium-sized buck, bearing it to the ground. The most astonishing thing that the man had ever seen then happened. The buck, a sturdy three-year-old, in the prime of life and vigor, rolled over, and in spite of the jaws and claws which the lion closed on it got out of reach, leaped to its feet and made off as only a scared, lean-limbed antelope can. The lion rose to its feet, lifted its head, and watched the fleeing animal join its comrades on a knoll half a mile away. Then down went the lion's head, and the big brute started to walk on across the open in which the antelope had been. The jackals, which had been creeping on their bellies before the leap was made, and had sat up to watch the result, started up the moment they saw the lion fall, and sprang after it with eager bounds, and howling as if on the trail of a wounded deer. Nine of the jackals appeared in the open, but others came from all directions, and all were howling. They began to circle about the lion, which had stopped to catch his breath, and to wait for them. Gradually the pack grew the open in which the larger ones jumped toward the lion, landing nearer each time, but leaping back nimbly. One more venturesome than the rest nipped the lion's heel, and the big brute turned clumsily, too late to grip the daring dog. In its prime, the lion never allows jackals to come within ten feet of the meat it is eating, and kills those that do after the fashion of lions, but this one could not protect its own skin now.

First on one side, then on the other, came the jackals, snapping and even biting the big fellow. Little drops of blood trickled down the lion's heels. At last one of the jackals leaped to the back of the lion and was off and away before the brute could turn. James had heard lions roar at night and in the daytime because of love hunger, or wounds, but never such roars as those this lion gave. Neither did he ever hear more joyful howls or yelps from any of the dog kind than the howls of the jackals ready to pull down the lion, which was already weakening.

The commotion had roused life for miles around. Jackals hurrying to the attack from their daytime lairs came for a mouthful. The screaming birds and carrion eaters hovered above, while all the cloven-footed animals grew uneasy and ceased feeding to look in the direction whence the sounds came.

The end came suddenly. A jackal which had made itself conspicuous by its daring, and supposed by James to have been the one that first leaped to the lion's back, jumped as to seize the lion by the nose, but the lion was too quick this time and sank his teeth into the jackal's neck. Then the pack leaped forward all at once, and a mound of jackals heaved over the lion. When the mound dissolved a few bones were left to whiten in this dry sunlight.

WOMAN, WHY?

You have Sallow Skin, Pimples, Eruptions, Discoloration.

Why resort to cosmetics and Powders to hide the defects?

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills regulate the System and restore to the cheek the healthful rosy bloom and peach blush of youth.

Disorders like these arise from sluggish liver. From one to two pills a dose, will clarify and purify the complexion in short order. Dr. Agnew's pills at all druggists. See that you get what you ask for. 20c. for 40 doses.

NAPOLEON'S HORSE MARENGO.

He was Doubtful of the Most Famous War Horse of the Century.

The most celebrated war horse of the present century is unquestionably Napoleon's Marengo. In view of the many hundred biographies of the great captain, it is certainly surprising that so little should be known with any degree of certainty concerning this world-famous charger.

To an American visitor to the dethroned Bonaparte at Chiselhurst, in June, 1872, Louis Napoleon, in a conversation about his own horses and the war steeds of the most illustrious of modern soldiers, said: "The Emperor's favorite charger was Marengo, an Arab of good size and style, and almost white. He rode him in his last battle of Mount St. Jean, where Marengo received his seventh wound. I once mounted him when a youth, and but a short time before the steed died at the age of 36. Another favorite war horse was named Maria, and was used by the Emperor in many of his hundred battles. Her skeleton is now to be seen in the ancient castle of Ivenschen, on the Rhine, the property of the Von Plessen family. Of the other sixty or seventy horses owned by Napoleon and used in battle, perhaps the most famous were Ali, Austriliz, Styrie, and Jaffa. He had nineteen killed under him."

The American visitor might have added, but he did not, that Marshal Blucher had twenty shot in battle, while Gens. Custer and Forrest are believed to have each lost almost as many in the brief period of four years. Maria, or Marie, is thus described by Victor Hugo in the words of a French veteran: "On the day when he [Napoleon]



A LITTLE PAINT

will make an old farm wagon look like new. If you keep your farm implements and tools well painted they will last twice as long as if they were never touched after they left the shop.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

are made for every purpose. A paint for houses, another for floors, another for barns, still another for furniture and decorative work. A paint for buggies, for shelves, for cupboards, for farm tools, for bath tubs—each exactly suited for the purpose intended and nothing else. A paint that is recommended as good for every thing is probably good for nothing. No two articles to be painted are exactly alike. Upon one you may desire a glossy varnish surface, upon another an oil finish that can be washed.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT

is made for floors, and floors only. It dries quickly. It is made to walk on, and to stand being walked on.

Our booklet, "Paint Points," tells many valuable things about good paint and bad paint, how to paint and what to paint. Send to-day for a free copy, a postal will do. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve St., Montreal.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

gave me the cross I noticed his beast. It had its ears very far apart, a deep saddle, a fine head marked with a black star, a very long neck, prominent knees, projecting flanks, oblique shoulders and a strong crupper. She was a little above fifteen hands high." The Hon. Francis Lawley of London, possesses the picture of a white Arab stallion the history of which is well known, with the inscription in French, "All, battle charger of Napoleon. He was captured from the Mamukes and presented to the great captain. On his dowfall a French gentleman purchased Jaffa Marengo and conveyed them to his estate in England. The tombstone of the former is to be seen at Glessenbury, in Kent, with this inscription, Under this stone lies Jaffe the celebrated charger of Napoleon." The last trumpet call sounded for Marengo in September, 1829, just as he had completed 36 years. After his death his bones received an honorable place in the military institute as already mentioned.

Another souvenir of the famous steed is one of his hoofs made into a snuffbox, which makes its daily round after dinner at the Queen's Guard, in St. James's Palace, London. On the silver lid is the legend: "Hoof of Marengo, barb charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Russian campaign, and at Waterloo," and round the silver shoe the legend continues: "Marengo was wounded in the rear hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles." Constant the Emperor's valet, says: "He had a most ungraceful seat," and Hugo's old soldier, in answer to the question how the great Corsican rode, replies: "Badly. He did not know how to fall off, and so he never fell off."

"Where Doctors Disagree." There has been a great deal of disagreement from time to time about the therapeutic value of Sarsaparilla. In the main, authorities deny any particular medical value to the plant. "It's just an old wife's remedy," they say. And in the main they are right. There are about a dozen varieties of sarsaparilla, scattered through various countries, and of this dozen only one has any real curative power. So a man whose experience might be confined to the other eleven varieties might honestly say there was little value in them. The one valuable sarsaparilla is found in Honduras, C. A. Monardes, a physician of Seville, records the introduction of sarsaparilla into Spain a result of the Spanish discoveries of the New World, between 1536 and 1545. But the root did not accomplish much. But he added, "a better sort soon after came from Honduras." It is this "better sort" that is used exclusively in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. And it is the use of this "better sort" that has given Ayer's Sarsaparilla prominence over all varieties by reason of its wonderful cures of blood diseases. Send for Curebook, a "story of cures told by the cured." Free. Address J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SPORT WITH BROMBIES.

Hunting the Wild Horses That Roam Over the Australian Plains.

The brombie, the wild horse of uncertain origin, which roams the Australian plains, is hunted by the Australians for sport and profit. The brombie herds, of about a dozen animals each, are exceedingly destructive, and next to rabbits, are the most hated animals in Australia.

It is supposed that these mustangs are progeny of the horses which from time to time have escaped from the ranches. The wild life has agreed with them and they have grown into a type nicely adapted to their surroundings. The stallion, which can trace its pedigree back through uncounted generations of the brombies, is a handsome beast, with a trim body, quivering muscles, and a gait exceedingly graceful, almost flying, the hunters of brombies say.

Arthur C. Stephens was once in a brombie hunt on the plantation of McLean in the northern part of Queensland, on the shores of the gulf of Carpentaria. A herd of brombies, six mares, three yearling colts and a cream colored stallion were damag-

ing the ranch, and McLean decided to capture the bunch, alive if possible and dead if necessary. The animals lived on a vast plain where shrubbery grew. The Hunting party started in the morning. There were Jackie, a native, who could outride all the other rough riders in the country, and three young fellows, who could throw lassoes, Stevens, McLean, and others who helped drive the game.

Jackie, when the party got to the plain, while yet a hill hid the view, cocked his head to one side, and with a gesture stopped the noise the riders had been making. Very quickly the party turned around a point of the hill, and there was the cream colored stallion, fifty yards away, head up and tail arched, with his family near by. The stallion started and away it went, the horsemen widening out in a crescent. One lassoer managed, at the expense of his horse's wind, to turn the stallion back to another lassoer, who, with his rope, stopped it. Jackie, after the stallion had got to its feet again and jerked the blanket off. Then the animal danced a walking-beam jig, trying in vain to shake the man off. At last it started away at full speed. The rest of the party captured the other animals, and when they got to camp were followed by Jackie on the stallion, which had become docile.

His Preference. "Will you have a little whipped cream?" asked the hostess. "No, I thank you," he answered. "I prefer my cream unpunished."—Chicago Post.

"77" relieves a COLD over night.

If you will start in To-day and take a dose of "Seventy-seven" every fifteen minutes until bedtime, your cold will be better by To-morrow.

WILLIAMS & CORNFIELD, 4774 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh Pa., write: "As I went my rounds taking orders two weeks ago and giving evidence by my voice, coughing and other ways, that I was suffering from a very bad cold and possibly La Grippe, three of my customers told me that they had been similarly affected and had been speedily relieved by '77.' I have, therefore, used two bottles and as a consequence, as I went my rounds today I told several families, whenever the above symptoms showed up, to at once Fly to "77."

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

Sold by druggist, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John sts. New York.

Mechanics' Institute GRAND OPENING

Monday, 29th, for the Season COMEDY, VAUDEVILLE, DANCE.

Admission 10c. and 20c. TEN FIRST CLASS ARTISTS specially engaged from Boston.

NOTICE—Look out for the Union Blend Tea Presents. Each purchaser of a ticket will receive a coupon, and on Saturday, April 3rd, the holders of two coupons numbered by Geo. S. deForest & Sons will receive a Gold Watch and a Ten Pound Caddy of Tea.

Tickets for sale at W. A. Stewart's, Market-Building.

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

Sunday Reading.

FOSTER'S SELFISHNESS.

'It isn't worth while to have a bicycle if fellows like Lew White are beginning to have them,' said Foster Barney, as he stood tightening the girth of his saddle, which creaked with a delightful newness.

'Why should you care?' questioned Suzanne from the verandah, where she sat watching her brother's movements.

'Oh, it isn't so flattering, after all, to be aped in everything one does and has. It gets monotonous after a time,' replied Foster, contemptuously, turning Duke around restlessly, and Lew White of all people.

'And as I say, he hadn't another thing in the world but a bicycle. I have a good mind not to ride mine any more.'

'Well, it wouldn't be so disagreeable, Foster, if I were you,' replied Suzanne, with sisterly frankness. 'If Lew White has saved up money enough for a machine, I think it is to his credit, and no doubt it will keep him out of no end of mischief.'

'See here, Miss Suzanne. Let me move you to a shadier spot, out of sight of the road; then I'll wheel back and get some help, and suiting his action to his word, he bent and lifted Suzanne a few feet back on the slope, where she was sheltered.'

'Oh, I suppose so,' said Foster, disinterestedly. 'He is rather frisky, though,' he added.

'That is because he isn't ridden enough I suppose. If you use him every day, have forever eschewed the bicycle, I ought to be able to manage him some of the mornings you are at school.'

'I do not see why you cannot, after riding Paul Lyman's broncho last summer. Of course, I shall have to ride my wheel to school. I can't leave Duke there.'

'Then I want to try,' cried Suzanne, 'I am not a bit afraid; Mary Foy will lend me her saddle. I am glad I brought my old habit home from the West. You go as groom on your wheel, like a good boy, for the first time, at least, just to see what Duke may do. Then I can ride around these country roads perfectly well.'

'Foster was as good to his sister as he was disagreeable to some other persons, and he consented willingly, and the two had some fine trips.'

'One bright morning, some weeks later, Suzanne started off alone, after Foster's careful inspection, to call on an invalid friend down the river road.'

'Come on, I'll go as far as school with you,' said Foster from his wheel. They passed Lew White riding, and Suzanne gave him a bright greeting, while Foster nodded briefly.

'He must take the same size wheel you do,' said Suzanne, turning to watch him, he is so tall. You two must be by far the tallest boys in school. How do you compare?'

'We have never measured,' replied Foster, shortly.

'Well,' said Suzanne, undaunted, 'I should laugh to see 'Count' Leigh or Frank Benson try the machine your long legs would fit,' and she laughed merrily.

'Good-by,' she said, curbing Duke, as they reached the school.

Just before the noon dismissal, Lew White, having an errand with the principal stepped out of the front door preparatory to going around the building. A clatter of hoofs caught his ear, and, looking up the hill, he beheld a powerful gray horse galloping toward him and the town.

He caught his breath. 'Foster Barney's Duke!' he exclaimed; 'Miss Suzanne! Where can she be? Has he thrown her?' He gave one wild look around; then, seeing a bicycle, he realized that to take it was to save, perhaps, many precious minutes, as to procure his own meant entering the school-house for the key, explanations, and so on.

'It's for his sister's sake,' he said to himself, and, wheeling the bicycle down the terrace, he was mounted, and off down the river road in an instant. 'Duke will go home,' he thought, as he bent his energies to mount the hill over which the horses had come. On he went, seeing hoof tracks along the road, moistened by a shower the night before. About a mile down the road a noise of hammering arrested his attention across a field. He looked sharply, then said aloud:

'Blasting—and Duke was frightened—no wonder. But where is Suzanne? He did not go much further. Not far beyond, by the side of the road, lay Suzanne, with a pale, distressed face. Her eyes were open and she watched Lew approach, but she did not move.'

'Oh, Miss Suzanne!' exclaimed Lew, 'are you much hurt? and he bent his long awkward body rather bashfully over the prostrate girl.'

'I don't know,' she answered, weakly, 'but I cannot seem to move this foot. Lew, I think—I think—' and she grew white.

Lew hesitated a moment then spoke. 'See here, Miss Suzanne. Let me move you to a shadier spot, out of sight of the road; then I'll wheel back and get some help, and suiting his action to his word, he bent and lifted Suzanne a few feet back on the slope, where she was sheltered.'

'I will hurry,' he said, mounting again Foster's wheel, he turned homeward, riding as he had rarely ridden before.

School was dismissed. Foster Barney, after a word with his chum, had come to the door, and without stepping out stood chatting about a gunning party for the next Saturday. Suddenly he ceased, as a bicycle rider went racing by. He gave him and his machine a second glance, then, looking out of the door for his own, exclaimed:

'Lew White! and on my wheel! Is that the kind of a fellow he is? I ain't content to have one of his own, but must go stealing rides on other people's when they are not looking! I'll teach him where he belongs,' he said, angrily. 'Say, here, Lew White!' and his enraged shout made itself felt. Even Lew heard and recognized it. And it would have surprised Foster if he had, for an instant, imagined that it was a welcome sound to the supposed culprit. Lew made a swift sweep with the wheel round the gravel circle, and stopping, dismounted before Foster, whose eyes were blazing, and whose tall figure was quivering with feeling ill-suppressed. But before he could command his voice Lew burst forth:

'O Foster, your sister—Miss Suzanne—Duke has thrown her, and I went as fast as I could, but had to leave her to come back for some help, and I'm mighty glad to find you. Was afraid you had gone gone. Here, take it,' pushing the bicycle towards its owner; 'go down to her. Just beyond Field's ten-acre lot, up in the shade of that great pine behind some bushes, out of sight of the road. I'll go for a carriage.'

'Is she badly hurt?' Foster managed to say. The wisp had been so completely taken out of his sails that he was reduced to very simple utterances.

'I don't know; she conscious, but she says she cannot move her foot. The blasting at the ledge scared Duke. He has gone home. That is how I knew he had thrown her. He ran past as I came out, and I'm right glad your wheel was here,' Lew added, unconsciously.

'All right, Lew,' said Foster in an altered tone. 'I'll wheel down and cheer her up till you come with a carriage. Too bad she is so far from a house. Send a carriage.'

age from Berk's at the corner, and, mounting, he took the direction from where Lew had come with the same amount of speed.

Suzanne escaped, most fortunately, with nothing worse than some wrenched and twisted cords, and being denied the privilege of riding for some time to come. But when she found that she had been the instrument—no matter how badly used—of eliminating from her brother's nature what promised to be a most disagreeable and reprehensible trait that would surely grow, she remained content and submissive to her lost pleasure. For Foster certainly had experienced a conquering of worldly pride. And it was Suzanne who was proud as she saw the two tall fellows marching down the street together, bent on a mutual interest, or setting off on excursion with their wheels; and Foster had called to her this last time:

'We would take you, too, sister, if we had not sold Duke.'

'The will is as good as the deed, answered Suzanne, laughing, 'but I will remember the invitation.'—Helen T. Wilder, in 'Our Sunday Afternoon.'

SOME TOOTH POWDERS.

Useful Information From a Dentist, About Tooth Powders and Mouth Washes.

Many of the best tooth powders contain coarse particles or grit, and many of the mouth washes contain Acid. Grit injures the enamel of the teeth, and also causes inflammation of the gums; and the slightest acid (sometimes used in mouth washes to whiten the teeth) will soften the enamel after a short time, and finally destroy the teeth; some washes contain ingredients to harden the gums; this is dangerous, as it causes the gums to recede from the teeth, which finally become loose and are removed. It is well to be sure that what you use is free from all these evils, Grits, Acid, Astringents—(such as Myrrh which is too commonly supposed to be harmless, or Camphor, which tends to make bone brittle, and will cause the teeth to split more readily). Ask your Dentist about this important matter and he will tell you to use the "Q. C. Liquid Tooth-Powder."

It contains the finest precipitated powder, washes, strained, and again re-precipitated, rendering it so fine that it remains for hours suspended in the fluid forming the mouth wash, which is delightfully refreshing to use and guaranteed to be absolutely free from Acid or any injurious ingredient. "Q. C. Liquid Tooth-Powder" for sale at all Druggists, 25 cents per bottle.

LORD TENNYSON.

Some Interesting Anecdotes of the Great Poet Laureate and his Wives.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly gives a few reminiscences of Tennyson at the Isle of Wight, where the visitor was amused to see upon the Freshwater Cliffs, notices relative to trespassers and the like, all signed, 'A. Tennyson, Lord of the Manor.'

Later the visitor was admitted to the very sanctum of the Lord of the Manor, taken thither by Tennyson's old friend, Mr. Maurice. Indeed, the poet's attitude toward Maurice was most deferential, or even reverential. Many significant talks took place in that room; a very memorable one about the book of Ecclesiastes.

Tennyson said that he could not understand its admission among the sacred books it was utterly pessimistic, of the earth, earthy. Maurice fired up.

'Yes,' said he, 'if you leave out the last two verses; but the conclusion of the whole matter is "Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgement, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." So long as you look only down upon earth, all is "vanity of vanities." But if you look up, there is a God, the judge of good and evil.'

At another time, a certain whimsical obstinacy seems to have animated the poet. The newspapers had just contained the story of some one who had fallen heir to a fortune, on condition that he assumed the name and arms of Smith. Tennyson raged about it. Nobody, he said, ever left fortunes to poets. Why

CATARRH!

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure

SEEK, BESSIE, THIS IS THE WAY MOTHER DOES.



You insert the tube and give one good blow and away she goes. And do you know I have never had breath or a touch of headache since using it. Now just let me try it on you and I am sure it will help that cold in the head and fix up that red nose.

Is the breath foul? Is the voice husky? Do you ache all over? Is the nose stopped up? Do you sneeze at night? Does your nose discharge? Is there a dropping in the morning? Is the throat dry in the mornings? Are you losing your sense of taste? Do you sleep with the mouth open? Does the nose stop up at night?

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE

Gives instant relief—in less than a minute after the first application the air passages are freed, and the breathing becomes natural and easy—the most acute attacks of cold in the head are cured in a few hours—cures incipient catarrh in a few days—and will permanently cure most chronic cases in from one to three months—it allays pain—counteracts all foulness of the breath—keeps the ulcers—and in an incredibly short while absorbs and dries up all discharges. It contains no injurious ingredients, such as cocaine, the use of which, like morphine, in many cases has been the means of contracting the dreaded narcotic habit. Beware of catarrh cures containing such ingredients. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is safe, pure, harmless and easily applied. Dr. Chase's Improved Inhaler accompanies every box free of charge. Follow directions closely. Here are a few from a thousand or more testimonials who have been helped and cured.

A BAD CASE BUT A PERMANENT CURE.

For years I suffered from that dread disease—catarrh—I spent a small fortune in medicines without receiving any relief—I had the disease in a very bad form, and nothing seemed to reach the seat of the trouble until I procured and used Chase's Catarrh Cure. I got almost instant relief and I declare that, though I can hardly credit it myself, I have been permanently cured, and gladly give my testimony to the merits of this great cure.

ARTHUR P. THORNE. Charlestown, P.E.I.

CHRONIC CATARRH FOR 15 YEARS.

I had been a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years—it became chronic. I have spent a lot of money and tried many doctors. I also treated with a catarrh specialist in London—in fact, had tried most everything I saw advertised without getting any benefit. I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used three boxes and a complete cure was effected. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh.

Clachan, Ont. JAMES SPENCE.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE WITH BLOWER FREE—AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

didn't some one leave him fifty thousand pounds on condition of his taking the name and arms of Smith? He would do so at once.

'No, you wouldn't!' asserted the guest. 'I would do it, and I would never write another line.'

'Yes, you would!' and so the controversy went on.

It is interesting to remember that his brother Charles did change his name, becoming Tennyson-Turner; but the writer still refuses to believe that the poet would have become Tennyson-Smith for a consideration.

HEART PAINS LEAVE IN A DAY.

Unable to Attend to Her Daily Duties—And a Great Sufferer from Heart Trouble—Induced to Try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it Proved a Wonder Worker.

These are the words of Mrs. W. T. Rundle of Dundalk, Ont.: 'I was a great sufferer with severe pain in the region of my heart. For a time I was quite unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me, and after the first day I have had no pain or trouble since.'

Guarding a Cent by Electricity. A correspondent of Nature suggests that a long coast-line may be rendered safe to ships in foggy weather by means of an electric cable lying ten miles offshore, and parallel with the coast, is about fifty fathoms of water. When even an iron ship approached within 200 yards of the cable, he says, an electric detector on board the vessel would give the alarm. In support of the suggestion he asserts that messages sent along an electric cable lying on the sea-bottom have been read, with suitable apparatus, on a ship floating above the cable.

Completely Knocked Out. 'I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if life was not worth living,' writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zephyr, Ont. 'I took Scott's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling as I did years ago.' Scott's Sarsaparilla tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatic and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it.

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Sh of ay MP, ck to self, ing proper I open the the stream s as to be ident shall ight to have instead of way. Self-fo. ck pains to until the uned and re- RY LINE. in the salt e gradually of sight is no s, as, when rid regions. Yet they here there is ok at? On thing is the objects where- on all sides! his occurs in requested to as that I be- weary. My id a strange ch; it was a e sometimes eat but little, in and a feed- and sides. eat and pal- stury sour fluid ar I removed d, which was trouble grew adful cough, or day, and The fits of ar three hours and throw up on, and exhaust- ng became so ed up in bed, g gasping for so bad that e wet in the ough and the le or no sleep er, and could I could, my ne. I was so eartly knocked at cough fluttering id not breath- on, and would at all faith in and fast drift- and heard of Syray, and per- was in May, of confidence began taking it week my appe- digested and le had turned. ation and the not long after- e but those who what that word Mother Seigel's life. You may and I will gladly dressmaker, and ourhood twenty- rs. H. Radford, market, August he slightest an- being believed. on the face of it. even now pass- cal experience— h. Heaven only will come as It depends on But what was as it consump- the says; and the the emaciation; sumptive look. s not of the lungs, of that only. That le loss of appetite nes, 1880—these mystery. That do- as consumption, gention and dys- ment which made almost reckless be the case with re that its counter- Mother Seigel's tance when faith- tance take fresh er up. horses don't miss 'beings miss their and everything. fford should say, the word 'well'

Notches on The Stick

It may not be needful, in this day of literary clubs and multitudinous authorship, to commend the study of poetry; and yet there may be some who condemn such study, from an ultra-religious or an ultra-utilitarian stand-point. Many consider poetry not, as science or philosophy, a subject for meditative thought, but merely as an easy recreation. The poet is art, however, equires study, and implies mental growth and development. If you have never become a student in the school of the Muses it is not too late to begin.

This is a wide domain, and the product therein of great variety. There is more-over, that which is adaptable to the present taste and capacity of all. Cast about and find what is suitable for you; gather your mixed treasures;—now a glint of gold hints of auriferous possibilities before you, now a single pearl, or a red or purple gem, will declare the crown be-starr'd, or the robe encrusted, which you may don by and by. You need not begin with Dante, or Milton, or Browning;—above all, do not feel that you must affect a liking for these, or knowledge of them. But when you have arrived at them, in your real appreciation, in the development of judgment and taste, claim them yours, as far as you do really appreciate them. Meanwhile do not be afraid to acknowledge the plainer muse who can charm you now. The grains of gold today—gather them in your hand; you will come to the mazy yellow bar in some tomorrow, and lift that, too.

A man of real talent, a strong, elemental man, with a vein of poetry in him,—con-fessed to me he could not be interested by Shakespeare, but that Burns delighted him. I could not blame or despise his taste, finding many points where I was in sym-pathy with him. I could not tell him, ex-cept by the little enthusiasm I could ex-press, that there was something in the great Briton of which he had never con-ceived. I knew I had only seen a little of that mighty realm the poet's magic had opened up. But I liked the honesty of the man who would not profess a knowledge he did not possess, and a taste he had not seriously tried to educate. But he who now cultivates his Longfellow may one day ar-rive at the profundities of Dante, or Browning, or to the universal truth of Shakespeare.

It was formerly more the practice of re-ligious people to condemn the study of po-etry, and especially the drama, than it is at present. Sometimes books of this kind are still denounced with true Puritanic re-probation; but, on the whole the Church is too enlightened for the trumpet of the phil-istine-bigot to sound this note over loudly. We read, not long ago, of a young South-erner who was brought summarily to hook for a complimentary allusion to Shakes-peare, in illustration of his point "with regard to the Bible as literature." Some mental kinsman of Luchlan Campbell, doubtless, forthwith arose in church and "delivered a very severe Paulippic against Shakespeare and 'others of his tribe,' sty-ing that they had done incalculable harm to the cause of sound morality and religious instruction." This literary iconoclast found a prompt ally in the pastor of the church, who presently declared that he "had never read but one play of Shakes-peare's, and very little else of secular lit-erature." The minor critics of the church immediately followed the major, as the flock follows the bell-wether through a gap in the fence; so that the young man, over-whelmed by the majority, "went to his home a sadder but, perhaps a wiser man."

The reverse of such opinion is given in a quotation from Farrar, in the article from which we quote [Edwin Mims, M. A. in his article, is the Southern Methodist Re-view, on "Poetry and the Spiritual Life,"] therefore we will reproduce it. It is the testimony of a mature and highly-developed man, who is able to appraise the value of poetry as a study. "I dare to say that I have learned more of high and holy teaching from Dante and Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, than I have learned from many of the professed divines. The poets have given me more consolation in sorrow, more passion for righteousness, more faith in the divine goodness, more courage to strive after the attainment of the divine ideal, more insight into the sacred charities which save us from despairing over the littleness of man, than I have derived from other men. . . . Next to these [Christ and the prophets and apostles of the Bible,] of all human teachers I would place the illumined souls of the few Christian poets of the world who, sweeping aside the sham and rubbish of Pharisaism, lead us to realities and to the living Christ." How like is the

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testimony of the Preacher to that of the most helpful and healing of all poets!

"Being with them, and eternal praise, The poets—who on earth have made us heirs Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays! Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs, Ten gladly would I end my mortal days."

Mr. Mims, on his own part, declares that Shakespeare "more than any man that has ever lived, had a vision of the life of man in its entirety," and he seconds the opinion of Dr. Broadus, delivered before the students of Vanderbilt university, that the scholars of the church "could not afford to leave Shakespeare out of their libraries." Next, he maintains, Wordsworth "had a vision of nature as the revelation of God and as the teacher and comforter of man."

To an age of materialism he spoke a message of spiritual life; to the age of doubt and skepticism he brings the calm and rest of a sublime faith in God and man and nature." Tennyson, too, he exalts, for he "has many a message for those who are seeking for the truth;" and as for Browning, his "faith in God and immortality and Christ was never shaken; his poetry is a triumphant assertion of those fundamental facts of the spiritual life."

As for the effect of the study of poetry upon the intellect, it should not be necessary to argue, that, in due proportion, with scientific, mathematical and logical studies it has an influence ennobling, strengthening and refining. The poetic passion is in itself pure, and may have a modifying effect upon a character in which much of evil may exist. Byron, though a poet, may in-deed be a bad man; but Byron, the man, might have been worse but for the poetic element, which, in spite of the earthy and even lurid tinge it took, we hold to have been a saving quality. With the best of men, however, poetry has been a lamp lit with celestial fire, a smile of the godlike face, more radiant and beneficent than the one at his rising.

A man of character and intellect, able in executive matters, and a reasoner, but with scant imaginative endowment, de-clared to us that he never read a piece of verse without wishing it had been written in prose, that he might the better un-derstand it. He had several times attempted an epic, but soon desisted, feeling that he, and not the epic, was deficient, for it he could he would willingly understand and enjoy it. We have, indeed, thought it a good practice for the students of poetry, that of recasting verse into prose form, as an analytic exercise. There is some verse indeed, which would be just as poetic in substance, if cast into limpid prose,—and this is an exceedingly good test of its quality. Take, for example, a few lines from William Sharp's "Sospiri Di Rome, which by the transposition of a few words may be rendered as follows:

"Through the tall corn of the Sabine valleys, and through the seeding, goes the nimble-footed wind. I hear a blithe voice calling. What says the wind as it passeth by,—the shepherd-wind? Low laugheth he, far and near, and the red poppies lift their heads, tossing them in the sun. A thousand, thousand blooms, in the air tossing banners of joy; for it is the shepherd-wind that in passing by singeth low and laugheth through the seeding grass and the tall corn."

Our reader will have read—and will he not instantly recall it?—Wordsworth's description of a bank of daffodils in motion blithe as that of the poppies:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the Milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of the bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. "The waves beside them danced, but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:— A poet could not but be glad To see such a lovely company: I gazed—and gazed—but little thought The wealth the show to me had brought."

But here follows the stanza—holding the poet's central idea, as a husk the kernel—that makes of the piece a poem, instead of merely a bit of bright description:

"For oft when on my couch I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasure fills And dances with the daffodils."

A correspondent speaks in commenda-tory terms of "The Seven Seas" by Red-ward Kipling: . . . "You will like them better than the 'Barrack-Room Ballads.' Part of these, indeed, are 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' but the greater poems are not. His ballads are unique in their kind, how-ever,—real ballads, and presenting the life of the British soldier. But the other poems are all alive with imaginative beauty and invention. I think you will like them."

"The Forge in the Forest," by Charles G. D. Roberts, we are glad to learn is well spoken of in the press, and is success-ful in the market. In ten days 1000 copies were sold. We expect to treat this work in a future paper; and also "The Book of the Native," by the same author, which is received with much favor.

Charles and Mary Dickens, son and daughter of the great novelist, are dead. While the brother was being buried at Mortlake, the sister was lying at Farnham, a small village in Surrey famed for its castle and Episcopal palace. "Mamie" Dickens,—so called by her father—is familiarly known on this side the sea through her writings. She was the elder of the two daughters of Dickens, and was born in 1838 when he was in the throes of writing "Oliver Twist."

Balsac, the French writer, is to be com-memorated by a statue at Tours, the city in which he was born. On the house made signal by so important event a tablet has been placed, and on the notary's office where he served his apprenticeship another. The statue is designed to occupy one of the public squares, and will be welcome ad-ornment to the city in which are statues also of Descartes and Rabelais.

PASTOR FELIX.

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As a compensation we only ask, if you are a resident of a town or village contain-ing the number of inhabitants mentioned below, to send the names of merchants who deal in clothing or Dry Goods and from whom you have inquired for and are unable to obtain Shorey's make of clothing or Rigby Waterproof Cloth or Clothing.

- From a village or town of 500 to 1200 inhabitants send 2 names.
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Our reason for making this offer is that as a consequence of making a superior class of clothing a demand has been created for our goods, and it has been claimed that it was sometimes impossible for people to get our make from their dealers who probably could make more profit by selling an inferior class of goods. We wish to investi-gate the matter and intend arranging that everyone shall be able to obtain Shorey's Guaranteed Clothing, no matter in how obscure or out-of-the-way place they may reside.

As we are receiving a number of names of merchants who are already our custom-ers and who keep our goods, we wish it distinctly understood that the conditions are, that you must inquire for and find out that our goods are not kept in stock and by any merchant whose name you send us.

H. SHOREY & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Clothiers and Dealers in Rigby Waterproof Clothing and Cloth.

Rats and the Plague.

According to Dr. James Can'ile, in The Lancet, the disease called the bubonic plague, now raging in Asia, attacks rats before it makes its appearance among human beings in the same locality. A month before the plague broke out in the city of Bombay it was observed that the rats were dying by thousands. Other animals are also affected, but none so soon or so fatally as rats.

Mrs. Thom, wife of one of Quebec's best known Educators for fifty years, writes: "It is marvellous how 'Quickcure' subdues pain."

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

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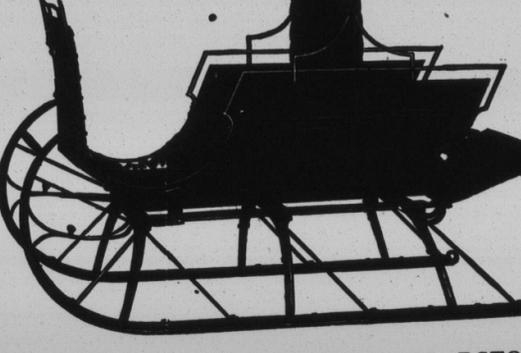
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Woman and Her Work

We have heard so much about the theatre hat that we are beginning to class it with the mother-in-law classic, the widow who is anxious to get rid of her weeds, the elderly girl who tries to conceal her age, and similar antiquities which used to tickle the fancy of our ancestors away back in almost pre-historic days. It is an acknowledged fact that such "nagging" will lose its effect in time, and thus defeat its own object; we get used to most things however disagreeable, in time, and just as the child who is being scolded perpetually becomes utterly indifferent to the fault finding after a while and pays no attention to it; so criticism may be overcome, and lose its effect also.

The woman who wears a large hat at a theatrical performance is an undeniable nuisance, and everyone who is obliged to sit behind the hat joins cordially in anathematizing her but at the same time we get quite enough of her during the performance without being obliged to associate with her at all times and seasons and encountering her, by hat and all, in the pages of every comic weekly one takes up, not to mention the supposed humorous columns of newspapers that should know better. Lately however, a new interest has been aroused in the theatre hat by the bright idea of a clever woman that which has long been needed, in the theatre manners of the other sex. This sturdy reformer comes forward with the suggestion that women-kind should cling to the big hat no matter how much her natural enemy man, may swear about it, and that she should insist upon retaining it just as long as he persists in disturbing all right minded theatre goers by leaving his seat, and going out to see a man between the acts. She contends that no theatre hat ever constructed has caused the same amount of annoyance as the going-out-habit amongst men, has occasioned and calls on her sisters all over the country to use their big hats as engines of reform, and not to yield one inch until the desired object is attained.

Now I am not in any sense a reformer myself, and I have suffered from the theatre hat to quite as great an extent as other people but at the same time I can see the justice of this contention, and I say with all my heart more power to the elbow of the man or woman who seeks to bring about any improvement in the existing state of affairs. Few things are more annoying than the general stampede that occurs in most theatres the moment the curtain falls after an act, and I have often wondered if the nuisance could not be put a stop to, by the lazeses of theatres and opera houses. It does not matter whether the man with the chronic thirst is seated next to the aisle, or six seats up in a closely packed tier, the moment he feels an inclination for liquid refreshment he proceeds to collect his hat, gloves, stick and overcoat, gathers them up into an unwieldy bundle and scuffs and scraps his way past six respectable people most of them ladies, trampling their toes, and generally dragging their bonnets half off during his progress. Those who are seated near the end of the row rise hastily and step out into the aisle in the hope of saving themselves from being crushed, and nearly everyone in the seat drops either programme, opera glasses, or fan during the fray. Scarcely have these victims of man's selfishness and bad manners settled back into their places, arranged their headgear, and concentrated their attention upon the stage—for the man who goes out between acts, makes it a rule never to return until the curtain has risen and the next act is well under way—when he arrives to claim his seat again, and the same performance has to be gone through with. When we consider that this goes on all over the theatre and that the same man will have the boiler-plate nerve, to go out, and come in three times, if there are so many acts, it is a wonder that the theatre-going public has submitted to the outrage for such a long time without protest.

I don't know that I could suggest a remedy if I were asked to do so, unless it were that man who could not pass one evening without taking three drinks, should carry their flasks with them, and partake of refreshment without leaving their seats. But of one thing I am quite certain, and it is that the cure of this nuisance lies in the hands of the women who go to theatres. Any man who takes a lady to a theatre, and leaves her at the intermission, or between the acts, offers her a deliberate insult, and should be ignored by her ever afterward. If every girl were to make up her mind to strike the name of every man who treated her with such rudeness, off her list of acquaintances

the evil would soon cure itself, and we should not need such an extreme measure as the theatre hat.

I remember once sitting behind a recently married couple of whom it had been said at the time of the marriage that the bride would soon make many changes in the habits of the groom, which were decidedly of a convivial nature. She was a pale, gentle looking, fragile girl who seemed as if she would be entirely dominated by her self-assertive spouse; and this was their first appearance at a public entertainment since the waning of the honeymoon. As the curtain fell upon the first act the bridegroom stooped down, secured his hat, threw his light overcoat gracefully over his arm, and as he rose from his seat leaned over his bride with the assured manner of one who takes a thing perfectly for granted, and said—"You don't mind if I go out for a moment, do you dear?" "Yes" answered the bride in an even voice, that had not the least trace of excitement in it "I do." Then she lifted her glasses calmly to her eyes, recognized an acquaintance at the other side of the house, and remarked to a friend who was seated next her, that the evening was very warm. Not another word was spoken between that couple, but somehow or other the bridegroom's coat and hat were replaced, and he did not leave the opera house until the performance was over, and he took his beloved one home. Oh but his face was a study though, while he was making up his mind whether to go out or not, and his demeanour was beautiful to witness!

It is hard to imagine a man with any pretensions to good breeding being guilty of such rudeness, but yet I have seen men who should know better make a common practice of leaving wives, sweethearts and friends, between the acts at a theatre, and though I do not mean to accuse all of them of going in search of refreshment, that is the generally accepted explanation of such absence, and no man has a right to render the lady who is under his protection for the time conspicuous by leaving her several times during the evening.

The large hat is a heroic measure but severe diseases require violent remedies, and if nothing else will avail let us by all means band ourselves together under a solemn oath never to wear a hat smaller than a bicycle wheel to the theatre, until the lords of creation promise to sit still during the entire performance, and quench their thirst with aid drops, or small pieces of root ginger, both of which I have been told are excellent for that purpose.

We are all more or less familiar with Shakespeare's remark about the jolly gilding refined gold or painting the lily, but it has remained for modern foolishness to add a new meaning to the Bard of Avon's warning against ever doing these things, and "go him one better" as it were on his own ground and in a manner that would make the divine William turn over in his grave, if he could know about it! This latest development of fashionable folly is nothing less than gilding the eyebrows, literally touching them up with gold paint, in order to attract attention to their beauty. If they don't happen to be beautiful I suppose they can be "picked out" as the house painters say, with the gilding in such a manner as to disguise the fact. It is a lovely idea and eminently practical, since gold paint is cheap, and most of us have eyebrows of some kind to work upon.

I believe this particular style of eyebrow is supposed to be more becoming when the eyes beneath are large and dark, a pair of large dark eyes looking out from under narrow gold lines being particularly fetching and presenting a decidedly Oriental appearance. The operator has to be very careful about suiting her work to her complexion and general style, and if she should chance to be a freckled beauty, with the ruddy hair which generally accompanies freckles, and either the ruddy brown, or light blue eyes which seem to be the inseparable companions of those beauty spots, she must on no account gild her brows, but leave them entirely to nature, otherwise she will be in almost as awkward predicament as Samuel Warren's red haired hero, in "Ten Thousand a Year," when he tried to change the color of his hair, and met with such marked success that he

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arose one morning to find it a bright green—it did not harmonize with his complexion in the least, and neither will the gold paint with that of the red haired girl. It is a fact that the woman of society's upper ten who spend most of their time in seeking after new fads and studying ways and means of adding to their beauty, and preserving what they already possess in that line, are devoting exclusive attention to their eyebrows, and utterly forgetting their eyes, nose, chin, and even complexion. The eyebrow is the feature of the time being, and hence the gold paint and which has the same effect in attracting attention to a beautiful eyebrow as the patch of the last century had in showing off a lovely complexion.

We are warned that the painting must be accomplished with great care, otherwise the hand painted brows will only look grotesque instead of piquant and attractive. Verily we are going backward steadily through the centuries for our fashions and the painted brows take us back beyond the time of Shakespeare and old testament days when that lovely but naughty daughter of Kings, Jezebel tried her head and painted her face, previous to taking that last and fatal peep out of the window. We read that the daughters of Babylon reddened their cheeks and painted their eyes; and now the daughters of the great republic, are touching up their eyebrows with modern gold paint! Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

BLANC-MANGE BENSON'S CANADA PREPARED CORN

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE.

BLANC-MANGE
Four or five tablespoonful of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; dissolve the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk, and when boiling add the dissolved Prepared Corn; boil fifteen minutes, flavor to taste, and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

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A Pleasant Surprise

is in store for the house-wife who has never kept Johnston's Fluid Beef on hand ready for immediate use, for making Beef Tea, Gravies and Soups.

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Convenient. Economical. 16 oz. Bottle, \$1.00.



MISS BEVINGTON GOT THE BEAR.

A Wyoming Girl, Hunting for Antelope, Brought Down a Big Grizzly.

Mildred Bevington, who lives near Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, has written a New York friend:

"What do you think, Kittie. I've gone and killed a great big bear, a regular man-biting grizzly, and I did it with that pretty little 30 calibre rifle you gave me when you started for home last fall. It was like this: 'I put on my skies one morning last week, Thursday, and asked mamma if I couldn't go up the canon and try and shoot a deer. She said I might, and so, calling Tippy, I went after the deer. My! but that dog did make the rabbit's run, and barked so I thought he would surely scare everything away. I hadn't gone very far—you know where that big lava rock is—it was just above that, and behind the bend where papa and you tried to shoot that moose and didn't. Well, Tippy barked up on the bank at the entrance to the gulch and came running down full speed, all like a flash, and almost threw me down on my skies. I looked and looked, and pretty soon I saw something up on a rock beyond where the dog had been, and then the bear came up and stood right out in the open sideways to me and looking over his shoulder at me and the dog.

"I was scared almost to death, and I just looked at the great big thing, till pretty quick I thought of my gun and how it had killed that antelope, and had helped kill that big elk, and what a fearful hole the bullet made in the deer I'd shot. I just knew if I could hit that bear behind the shoulder I would hurt him fearfully, and I thought if I couldn't shoot him after that before he got to me and poor Tippy, who was whining beside me, I deserved to be all chewed up. So I aimed at him, and then I shot. Dear me, how he jumped up on his hind legs, and over backward, and down that slope, head over heels, with me shooting just as tight as I could jerk the trigger. I hit him twice out of six times, but I needn't have shot after the first time. The bullet hit him just behind the heart in the lungs, and he bled and kicked just awfully. Papa and the boys brought him home for me, and mamma says it I go up again she will whip me."

Then Miss Bevington asks how to have a new dress made.

Who late be Adjutant of Blaisy Team in 1897?

Apparently it rests between Major A. T. Patterson of 85th Battalion of Montreal, and the popular Major of the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, who has written the author of "Paeno Banum", saying: "Your Quikcure! stops toothache immediately I have known of its merits for many years. As a pain relieving and healing remedy it is fully worthy of confidence."

Signed, J. S. DUNBAR.

Her Motto.

An amusing relic of the Civil War is in the possession of a young woman, into whose father's hand it fell some years ago with other effect of a Southern relative.

At the time of the siege of Mobile the women of the city were busy for many hours making bags to be filled with sand. The young ladies in one popular boarding-school not only made such bags, but decorated them with ribbons in silk or worsted. The relic referred to was one of the bags sent out from this school, and bears faded blue the unpunctuated device, "God save the South from Harriet Brown."

W. J. Fraser, Esq., Manager and Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, Quebec, writes: "My wife suffered intensely from ear-ache for ten days, causing complete deafness in affected ear. We tried several remedies without effect. 'Quikcure' warmed and dropped into the ear removed the pain, and in one night hearing was restored. We have also found it splendid for toothache and burns."

A Sad Truth.

"The best type of man always concedes that woman is the noblest created being."

"Yes!"

"And then he acts mad because the first baby isn't a boy."—Chicago Record.

The First German Bank. Brewer says the first book printed in the German language was the "Edelstein," or "Precious Stone," in 1461, by Ulrich Boner. Seven years before this, however in 1454, Gutenberg and Faust printed in Latin an indulgence issued by Pope Nicholas V. to Paulinus Chappus, an ambassador of the king of Cyprus. There is order of the earlier copies of the Faust and Gutenberg books, and in many cases the exact time of their issuance is conjectural.

SILVERWARE
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
"WILL IT WEAR?"
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE
TRADE MARK
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AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.
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1847.
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
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FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.
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The Outward Sign of Inward Health.

Lovely Faces,

Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give You All These:

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blotches, Moth, Fleas Worms, Eczema or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents.

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Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

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Rubber a pair of look for d to take out boot, of shoe, draw the astic and Iron.

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AND GRAY'S JUNG weak lungs you without it in the Kings Co.

Street, St. John Province

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SONS.

B.

Constipation

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, depression, and dulls the intellect. Then follow chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness, bad breath, dingy complexion and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

Cured by

Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills. Leading physicians the world over, have acknowledged this fact, and thousands of people throughout the land have testified to it.

Warner's

SAFE Cure puts a stop to backaches, headaches, constipation, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, tired feelings and sleeplessness. It builds up the exhausted system. It is a sure cure for liver and kidney complaints in any form, and the only remedy that has ever been able to cure Bright's disease.

If you are feeling the need of such a remedy, you cannot do better than try this king of remedies, the great

Safe Cure

An excellent wash for the eyes, and one that any druggist understands compounding is boracic lotion. This not only strengthens them, but imparts a natural brilliancy. A teaspoonful of borax in a quart of warm water used as a bath for the face and eyes is also beneficial.

A dark eye should be soft and gentle in expression or flashing with humor, never with anger, as the pupil of a dark eye when angry contracts, giving a mean look to the eye. Blue eyes are always more lovely when animated. The laughing blue eye of fiction is in reality a charming sight, for the pupil dilates, and the eye becomes liquid. The possessor of gray eyes should cultivate them so as to look frankly and calmly at an object, be it human or otherwise. Nothing is more unpleasant than a shifting gray eye.

At any time the eyes feel irritable, do not rub them, for this breaks off the lashes. Dampen a soft handkerchief with a little boracic lotion and bathe the eyelids until the irritation ceases. Should the lashes be thin here is an excellent French receipt for renewing the growth: Twenty parts of aromatic vinegar, 10 parts of glycerine and two parts of extract of jaborandi. This is to be rubbed gently night and morning. A small eye brush should be purchased, like the tiny brushes in a manicure set and nothing keeps the lashes so healthy or the brows so beautifully smooth and glossy as one of these little brushes.

If the brows are too colorless, which often happens with the real blond, dip the brush into a little alcohol and shape the eyebrows broad over the eye and tapering to the ends.

Safe Course.

An excellent reply was that once made by a Yankee pilot to the owner of a Mississippi River steambot.

The boat was at New Orleans, and the Yankee applied for the vacant post of pilot, saying that he thought he could give satisfaction, provided they were "lookin'" for a man about his size and build.

"Your size and build will do well enough," said the owner, surveying the lank form and ragged face of the applicant with some amusement, "but do you know about the river, where the snags are, and so on?"

"Well, sir, I'm pretty well acquainted with the river," drawled the Yankee, with his eyes fixed on a stick he was whittling "but when you come to talk'n' about the snags, I don't know exactly where they are, I must say."

"Don't know where the snags are!" said the boat-owner, in a tone of disgust; "then how do you expect to get a position as pilot on the river?"

"Well, sir," said the Yankee, raising a pair of keen eyes from his whittling and meeting his questioner's stern gaze with a whimsical smile, "I may not know just where the snags are, but you can depend upon me for knowin' where they sit, and that's where I calculate to do my sailing."

More Monsters of Olden Times.

The fossil remains of an apparently new species of the ancient reptile named by geologists the 'mosasaur' have been discovered in the chalk-beds of France. These reptiles which became extinct ages ago, were of enormous size, some being seventy or more feet in length. They had comparatively slender bodies, like a snake paddles like a whale, and some of the characteristic features of a lizard. They were especially abundant in America, and their remains have been found in New Jersey and in the States bordering the Gulf of Mexico, as well as west of the Mississippi River.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co., Yarmouth, N. S.

GENTLEMEN.—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was when found placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his limbs being badly bruised and his body turned back from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

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WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY

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WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY

ESTABLISHED 1815

BEAUTY OF THE EYE

How to Obtain and Retain Attractive Eyes
The Blue Eye of Fiction.

In expatiating on the interesting topic of the cultivation of personal charms—how to attain and retain them—experts are prone to neglect the eyes, eyebrows and eyelashes. But the Standard Designer, appreciating that these features go far to enhance or mar beauty of countenance, has the following to say about them:

Any one who is affected with a torpid liver or is bilious can scarcely hope to be the possessor of clear, brilliant eyes, for both these unpleasant ailments cause the eyes to have a lack luster, sallow expression. An old-fashioned remedy considered very good is a cup of hot camomile tea taken before retiring. This has the effect of clearing the complexion as well as the eyes. Another excellent decoction to be taken at bedtime that will remedy an inactive liver and bring back brilliancy to the eyes is a glass of hot lemonade with about as much bicarbonate of soda as would rest on a 10 cent piece stirred into it.

Those who truly value their looks must not indulge in the 'luxury of tears.' The instant one feels that tears are going to start she should exert her self control or drink a glass of very cold water. Often if the eyes are full to overflowing this will act as a preventive and the tears will return to the tear gland.

An excellent wash for the eyes, and one that any druggist understands compounding is boracic lotion. This not only strengthens them, but imparts a natural brilliancy. A teaspoonful of borax in a quart of warm water used as a bath for the face and eyes is also beneficial.

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Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

cleanly and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills, 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparil.

Bishop's College School

LENOXVILLE, P. Q.

52nd YEAR.

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HEAD MASTER, E. J. H. FETTER, M. A., Bishop's College.

SECRETARY, H. D. NICOLLS, M. A.

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The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

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SERRAVALLO'S TONIC

HERBINE BITTERS

A NOVELIST IN THE KITCHEN

Even, J. M. Barrie might have a Living Should Literature Folk.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, should literature ever fall him as a livelihood, might take service as maid-of-all-work. To be sure, he could scarcely claim the wages of a fully competent cook or housemaid; but neither is he a wholly inexperienced 'greenhorn.' In his charming memoir of his mother, Margaret Ogilvy, the pages of which range from delicious humor to melting pathos, there is one funny little chapter devoted to his experiences in running the kitchen department of the little Scottish home, when the mother was too frail for more than the lightest work, and his sister was disabled by one of her prostrating headaches.

No servant was kept, as both these able housekeepers bristled with ire at the mere suggestion of such an unnecessary intruder on the domestic privacy of the cottage.

After a gallant struggle with the kitchen fire came the preparation for a very simple breakfast, and the washing of the dishes.—'The teapot is fair on the outside,' he admits 'but what of the interior?'—and the making of the beds,—and making them thoroughly, because after I am gone my mother will come (I know her!) and look suspiciously beneath the coverlet.' After attending to her mourning duties the distinguished author at length retired to his desk and began to write.

It is an important chapter; he is in the midst of the hero's proposal to the heroine. Nevertheless, he presently, leaves Albert and Marion to settle it between them unaided, on an appeal from his mother to come and help her fold the sheets. The sheets folded, he returns and resumes his task, when this startling question is shot by his sister through the keyhole:

'Where did you put the carrot grater?' 'It will all have to be done over again if I let Albert go for a moment,' the novelist explains. 'so, gripping him hard, I shout indignantly that I have not seen the carrot-grater.'

'Then what did you grate the carrots on?' asks the voice, and the door handle is shaken just as I shake Albert.

'On a broken cup,' I reply with surprising readiness, and I get to work again, but am less engrossed, for a conviction grows on me that I put the carrot-grater in the drawer of the sewing-machine.'

Not was that his only error; for presently he overhears his mother and sister lamenting together over the discovery that he has employed one of the best napkins for a discloth, and afterward polished the grate with it.

'It defies the face of clay, mother, to fathom what makes him so senseless.'

'Oh, it's that weary writing.'

'And the worst of it is, tomorrow he will talk as if he had done wonders.'

'That's the way with the whole clam-jamfray of them.'

'Yes, but as usual, you will humor him, mother.'

'Oh, well it pleases him you see,' says my mother, 'and we can have our laugh when his door's shut.'

'He is most terribly handsome!'

'He is all that; but, poor soul he, does his best.'

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

In the Testimony of Frank S. Emerick of Alhambra, Ont. — Says South American Kidney Cure Saved His Life — It Relieves in Six Hours.

"For two years I was greatly troubled with kidney disease. I suffered intense pain, and frequently was unable to work. I doctored at intervals, but got little or no relief. I began to grow worse, and the pains were frequent and intense. About this time I saw South American Kidney Cure advertised as a speedy relief for all kidney troubles. I purchased a bottle, and it gave me wonderful relief in a few hours. I improved steadily, and after taking four bottles I am completely cured. I consider it worth its weight in gold, for it assuredly saved my life."

Narrow Escape.

Adam Vandever, one of the original settlers of Tallulah, Georgia, was a famous hunter and trapper. The historian of Georgia relates several of Mr. Vandever's hairbreadth escapes, from which we select the following:

At one time Mr. Vandever was encamped on a lofty mountain in Union County. To make an observation of his surroundings he climbed upon an immense boulder which stood on the brow of a precipice. Just then he heard the howl of a wolf in the woods below. He stepped to the far side of the boulder, hoping to get a glimpse of the enemy. As he moved, the great rock, which chanced to be delicately balanced, began to roll and an instant later it was plunging over the precipice.

Fortunately an oak-tree drooped over the boulder, and in that moment of peril the woodsman gave an upward lead and grasped one of the branches and hung suspended in mid-air while the great stone went crashing down the mountain-side.

'I felt my hair turn white,' said the old gentleman afterward, when I realized how near I'd come to going along with that rocking stone. The limb I hung to wa'n't overtook, and when I swung back from over the cliff and dropped to the ground I felt as weak as a baby.'

Safe, sure, Painless.

Just what you need if you are troubled by aching corns. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor acts in this way. It makes no sore spots, acts speedily, removing the worst corn in twenty-four hours. Putnam's Corn Extractor, the only sure corn cure.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE

ONLY IN BRANDY CANS FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS. MONTREAL.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES

ARRESTS DEBRIS - PLEASANT TO USE

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS - ALL - 25c.

DRUGGISTS - SELL - IT - ZODIAC - CHEM.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

A. M. WILKES, Proprietor.

Belmont Hotel, St. John, N. B.

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

F. SIMM, Prop.

Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N. B.

J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. First class livery stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY.

10 Kegs Pigs Feet,

5 " Lamb's Tongues.

At 19 and 20 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona"

"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.

For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

Whatever You Eat...

Let it be the best quality. The best is always cheapest in the end. We guarantee our Spices, Coffees, Cocoa and Chocolates to be the very best in the market. See that you get them.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

BEST ON EARTH

PURE—WHOLESOME

Watson's Dundee Whisky

Established 1815

CHARD JACKSON & CO., MONTREAL, Agents for Canada

Cafe Royal,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Meals Served at all Hours

DINNER A SPECIALTY.

WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

HOW POLLY PROPOSED

"Hi! Hi! All right! Now we shan't be long," said the gray parrot...

"I am an old sea captain—at least not old, perhaps the word slipped out on a waver. I am on the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot, I have cast anchor in my present abode in the expectation of weathering many a winter storm yet."

Being without a known relation in the world, I willingly fell in with the suggestion that I should pick up my moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Capt. Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slaver, was pensioned off at an even earlier age than myself, and now lived with his sister—a most comfortable party, fat, fair, and 40, or thereabouts—in the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers. His sister I had not previously been acquainted with, but being in many respects like her brother, we were soon firm friends.

Capt. Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot—his the common African gray, with red-tipped tail, and mine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar. I had not long settled down in my new quarters, and got everything ship-shape, or what seemed so to me—a very important difference, as I knew to-day—when, almost unconsciously at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was and what a set-off to all my other belongings the figure of Miss Rachel Travers would be by my bedside. But just here the course of my life began to make itself felt. Inherent shyness in the presence of the opposite sex had dogged my foot-steps from my earliest recollections. Give me a gale of wind in the bay of Biscay, a tornado in the tropics, or twenty hours' duty on deck, wet through to the skin, and Capt. Manley, late of the P. and O. service, will thank you for it, and consider life well worth living; but as a dispenser of delicate attentions to the fair sex, intensely as he inwardly admires their pretty ways, Capt. Manley does not, no, he certainly does not, show up to advantage.

Although fond of pets generally, I have an antipathy to cats, especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in its aspect or other qualifications to feline constitution, but I know that until I was inhuman enough to start an air-gun cannonade on my numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest. One infernal black and white Tom defied my finest efforts. If average cats have nine lives, I am sure this one must have had nineteen, and I began to wonder what sort of unconscious being this was that had no objection to letting my bullets pass apparently through its body without suffering any inconvenience. But after all it must have been my bad marksmanship, for one afternoon I saw my enemy quietly walking up the low fence that divided my back garden from Capt. Travers'.

The opportunity was too good to be lost and quietly getting my air-gun I took a steady aim and fired. There was no mistake this time, and without a sound parrot passed dropped on to my fiver bed as dead as the proverbial door nail. My exultation, however, was of short duration, for to my horror and dismay, on proceeding to pick up his unfortunate carcass and give it decent burial, I saw that my shot had passed right through the unlucky animal and killed my neighbor's parrot, which had been put out to sun itself in a little summer house that stood at the bottom of the garden.

I was staggered at my position; I knew the parrot was a supreme favorite with Miss Travers, and how I could ever explain my carelessness I could not imagine. Suddenly my dilemma presented itself to a way out of my mind, and I hastened to put into execution. I knew that the Traverses were out, and would not be back for some little time, so hurrying indoors and taking my own parrot from its cage I carefully painted the end of its tail with red ink in imitation of its deceased comrade, and finding no one was about I stepped lightly over the fence and substituted the living for the dead bird, which I buried, together with the cat, in my own garden. I knew that my parrot would not readily talk before strangers, and I hoped that by the time it had got used to its new surroundings it would have forgotten its former accomplishments; at any rate, I must risk it.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," sang some poet, who, I expect, never wore anything harder than a night-cap, but, true as it may be, compared to the torture of my mind, now launched on a course of duplicity, it would be no bed of roses. It was toward the end of the following week that I happened to be out in the garden and saw my old friend coming stamping down the path of path of his own garden in his dot-and-carry-on style, and, seeing me on the fence, cried:

"Halloo! Captain, you're quite a stranger! What's been up? Rachel has been talking about coming in to inquire about your health, as she was afraid something must be wrong."

"Yes, I have been a bit poorly," said I. Oh, how easily the words slipped out, although I had been as right as nine-pence—why that particular sum should be endowed with more rectitude than its fellows I have never been able to discover—this by the way.

apresent attire, and with a smart flower in my buttonhole—gay dog that I was—slipped over the fence. Miss Rachel was there, looking as fresh as a spring cabbage with the dew on it, which I consider a very pretty simile, and she bade me welcome with one of her beaming smiles. There, too, was the unlucky parrot in its cage, and standing just outside the summer house. I had noticed it had been set out to sun itself as usual on all fine days, and as far as I could see nothing had transpired to make me think they had any cause to suspect my imposition.

I purposely sat with my back to it, and avoided taking notice of it in any way whatever.

"I've went off all right; my old friend was very cheery and Miss Rachel showed me great attention. I could hear Polly rubbing her beak up and down the wires of the cage, and swinging backwards and forwards in the mesh of the cage."

After the meal Capt. Travers went indoors to get his supply of necessities for the evening, and, turning to me, Miss Travers commented:

"By-the-by, Capt. Manley, how is your parrot? I have not seen it out in the garden lately."

I felt my heart beating a bit faster, but with every semblance of outward calm I said:

"No; the fact is, it's not been at all well; in fact, it is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "Well, I never. What did it die of?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "It died quite suddenly about a week ago."

"I hope our Polly isn't going to follow suit," she continued. "She has been very dull and quiet the last few days, but seems a bit more lively this evening. I don't think she has spoken a word all the week."

"Thank goodness!" inwardly ejaculated. Things were beginning to look a bit awkward, and I cast a sort of something to change the course of conversation. I am not a quick thinker, however, and before I could collect my wits Miss Travers continued:

"Dear, dear, to think your poor Polly's dead! Well, I am sorry to lose you. Polly, dear," she said, addressing the parrot. "But, really, Capt. Manley, looking me straight in the face, 'I can't make our Polly out. Sometimes I could almost believe she was a different bird. She hasn't once seemed pleased to see me all the week."

I felt the blood rapidly rising to my cheeks and forehead, but I tried to show a tanned complexion for it not to show. I feebly replied: "Perhaps she's moulting."

It was an unlucky slip. "Well, now I come to think," said Miss Travers, "I noticed that its tail looked much paler after its bath the other morning, and the water was quite red. Is that a sign of moulting?"

"Yes, I often used to notice it about my own parrot."

"But I thought your bird had no red about it," she pursued.

"Confound the woman's persistence," I thought, but I stammered; "I mean—that is to say—you see—I've noticed it in all red parrots I have ever come across. They shouldn't be bathed at all, it injures their constitution."

"Oh! I thought you recommended it," she said.

So I had, dozens of times. "Only for the gray ones," I said, forming a convenient distinction on the spur of the moment.

Miss Travers didn't seem inclined to pursue the subject further, much to my satisfaction, and then there was a dead pause.

During the whole of our conversation the subject of it had not ceased to continue its antics in the wire cage. Whether it be the sound of my voice that caused it to be thus excited I do not know, but at this opportunity it burst in with "Hi, hi!"

I was getting desperate, and could think of nothing to change the subject; and yet I didn't say something I was terribly afraid the parrot would.

A bicycle bell sounded down the road. "Are you thinking of getting a bicycle, Miss Travers?" I said.

"No, certainly not," she replied; "how can you ask such a question?"

Another awful pause, during which I mopped the perspiration from my brow.

"Ra—Ra—Rachel, I love you!" came in clear tones from behind my back. The wretched bird had caught the exact tone of my voice.

"Capt. Manley! Sir!" said Miss Travers, raising herself to her full five feet one and one-half inches. "Did you address that remark to me, sir?"

I had, however, utterly collapsed, and, burying my head in my hands, I leaned down on the little round table. Whether the sight of the poor old ship in distress touched her tender heart I don't know, but she added, in softer tones:

"This is very unexpected, Capt. Manley. I could hold out no longer."

"Miss Rachel," I cried, "I'm a thundering old hypocrite. My parrot isn't dead at all; there it is in the cage; it's yours that's dead—I shot it. I didn't mean to. Can you forgive me for all the lies I told you?"

"All right! All right!" said the solemn voice of the parrot behind me. "It was Polly that made that remark just now, not I. Believe me, she speaks the truth, if I don't. Rachel, I do really love you."

I ventured to look up. Tears were standing in her eyes, and the expression on her face made me hope that I did not look quite such a big booby in her eyes as I felt I did in my own.

Moving nearer, I clasped her hand, and, as it was not withdrawn, I put one arm gently round her ample waist.

"Now, we shan't be long," said the gray parrot.—Tit Bits.

Itching, Buring Skin Disease, Cured for Thirty-five Cents. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quinine and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.



EDWARD H. TEN EYCK. Something About the Young Man Who Will Row at Henley.

Edward H. Ten Eyck, the amateur champion sculler who will go to Henley to have a try for the Diamond Sculls, is a mere schoolboy, a lad of 18, and yet no other American has ever accomplished on the water achievements like those that have made him famous throughout the world.

Young Ten Eyck is a son of the famous professional oarsman, James A. Ten Eyck. He was born at Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1879. When he was quite a little boy, his father began to instruct him in the use of the oars, and, under such tuition, he steadily grew in proficiency, until today he is in the front rank as the fastest amateur sculler for a mile in this country.

Ten Eyck stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and when trained down to rowing condition weighs, stripped, 155 pounds. His first victory was won when he was 16 years old, at the Labor Day regatta of the New England Rowing association. He started off with the junior single scull championship with very moderate effort. This performance worked the experts up to the wonderful powers this youngster possessed, and very soon predictions of a great future for him began to circulate. These prophecies were partially realized at the last national regatta at Saratoga, where Ten Eyck carried off first honors in the intermediate single shell event, and afterward in the New England regatta, at Boston, where he won the senior single scull race.

On the 1st day of last October he rowed a race with Joseph J. Whitehead, who had won the senior single championship at the national regatta. It was a hard struggle, but won by Ten Eyck.

At Henley he will have the hardest pull of his life, and, as his opponents will be hardened veterans, the odds will be largely against him, but the boy is stout of heart and full of fire and ambition, so he is certain to make a creditable showing.

MOTHERS REJOICE AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES MADE STRONG AND WELL BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

Mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because Mothers gladly state under oath how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

Another, Mrs. Isabella Sullivan, of 65 Walnut Street South of the same city, has a little boy aged five, who was attacked with Rheumatism and pains in his back and kidneys so bad that he could not stand or get out of bed without assistance. Despite the skilled medical attendance he grew very weak, and at times would faint. Kootenay has gladdened the heart of Mrs. Sullivan by restoring her boy, so that now she says he can play hard all day, and is as healthy a child as one could wish for.

Instances like these are well worth the serious consideration of those having sick or suffering children.

The detailed sworn statements of the above cases, together with hundreds of others, sent free, by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The New Ingredient works well. One bottle lasts over a month.

RARE ICELANDIC ORNAMENTS.

Collection Exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. A beautiful collection of rare Icelandic ornaments owned by Mrs. S. E. Magnusson, is now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of New York city. The collection comprises some 87 pieces. It consists of chains, girldes, belt clasps, coronets, spoons and key-rings made of silver. A few pieces are of gold. The dates of manufacture range from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The workmanship is fine. Outside of the South Kensington Museum, London, and those at Stockholm and Copenhagen no such collection of antiquities is known to exist.

Mrs. Magnusson, who came to America as a delegate from Iceland to the Women's Congress at the World's Fair, likes to explain how she came into possession of this rich collection of objects in the precious

metals. During years when the people of Iceland were suffering from famine the women of the country sent their heirlooms to Mrs. Magnusson, asking her to sell them for their benefit, and thus she accumulated one of the finest collections of antiques in the world.

HOTHOUSE LIVES.

Disease Germs In Homes that Are Badly Ventilated.

Sickness and Disease Prevail at This Season.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives New Life.

It Should Be Used by Every Ailing Person This Month.

The all important thing for nervous, sleepless and run-down people to know is that Paine's Celery Compound builds up the whole physical system, improves digestion and regulates the nervous system. By accomplishing this work, sound, refreshing sleep is insured, that daily helps flesh-building and the gathering of strength.

In the winter the majority of men and women have lived hothouse lives. Thousands of homes are badly ventilated and without proper sanitary arrangements. The air is full of poison germs that are inhaled by the inmates, and we find sickness and disease holding sway.

This is the month when the blood is impure, when eruptions, boils and skin diseases make life a misery. This is the month when we see the sallow faces, the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, betokening ill health and weakness. This is the month that demands physical repairing and cleansing, in order that the seeds and germs of disease may be eradicated from the system.

Paine's Celery Compound is the medicine needed by every broken-down and diseased mortal at this time. Its marvellous virtues have been noted and recommended by the ablest physicians in the world, and its best and strongest advocates are those whom it has restored to perfect health.

Dr. A. W. K. Newton, an eminent physician and surgeon of Boston, says: "Paine's Celery Compound is not a patent medicine, and it must not be confused with the ordinary nervine, bitters and sarsaparillas. It is as much superior to them in formula and results as the diamond is superior to glass. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is nature's food for the brain."

"I had some trouble myself from blood poisoning received in a very delicate surgical operation. The formula of Paine's Celery Compound led me to try it, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and are weak and run-down. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal."

"When a man or woman has lost appetite, lost sleep, and feels that life is a burden, that person is in a serious condition. I prescribe Paine's Celery Compound for my patients who have these common and dangerous symptoms with invariable satisfactory results. It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the spring and summer months."

ANOTHER MATTER.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking but the man was obstinate.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"My enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael; "and it was your reverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!"

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

WILL CARRY THE SCARS TO HER GRAVE.

Spent Thousands for Health, But Did Not Obtain This Greatest of All Blessings Until She Suffered Intensely for 12 Years. Mrs. F. Brawley of Tottenham, Ont., states: "I suffered almost continually for 12 years with rheumatism, the effects of which I will carry to my grave, and while still I am entirely freed from pain in the use of South American Rheumatic Cure. It has indeed proved a wonderful cure in my case. I have spent thousands in doctors' bills and medicines without avail. Five bottles of this wonder-worker has cured all pain. I am better in health generally than I have been for ten years."

SAVED BY AN UNSPOKEN SERMON.

How it Saved a man who was on the Verge of Suicide.

How a sermon did good though it was not preached, is told by the Baltimore Herald. The sermon was written by the Rev. D. B. Greigg, and the subject of it—the 'Unemployed Masses'—was announced in the usual course in the Saturday papers. One of the papers sent a reporter to Mr. Greigg's house and secured a copy—or perhaps an abstract—of the sermon, and put it in type for the Monday issue.

At that time evangelistic services were being conducted throughout the city, and the committee in charge of them sent several speakers to address Mr. Greigg's Sunday evening congregation. He had once gave way to the evangelists, and the sermon he had prepared was not preached, but was laid aside for another occasion. The next morning, however, the daily papers contained a long report of the sermon which was as yet undelivered.

On that particular Monday morning there was in Baltimore a homeless and penniless young Scotchman. Every hour his prospects had seemed to grow darker, and finally desperation crushed out what little hope had been left in his heart. He determined on suicide.

With his last few pennies he purchased poison enough to end all, and was leaving the drug-store when his eyes fell on a newspaper. Probably the glance would have been but a passing one if he had not noticed the headline, 'To the Unemployed Masses.' This phrase struck a responsive chord and he read the abstract of Mr. Greigg's discourse.

Then it occurred to him that a minister who preached such a sermon might be interested in his case. The better man in him rose and he made up his mind to search out the preacher, if only as a last resort.

Securing Mr. Greigg's address, he went to the house and was received with a heartiness that changed desperation into hope. The preacher himself was a Scotchman and listened with interest to a Scotchman's story. What was more, he promised help. He communicated with the Scotch societies of the city and many hands were extended to the young stranger in distress. He was given temporary aid and finally a position, which is now worthily filling.

And this was the result of a sermon never preached.

WRECKED.

Mrs. Harkley, the Wife of Captain Harkley, Well-known Lake Captain of Owen Sound, Ont. Tells How La Grippe Left Her, and How Other Doctors Gave Up Hope and Her Family and Friends Despaired of Her Recovery—South American Nervine was the Reason Which Directed Her into the Good Health Harbor.

"About four years ago I was afflicted with a severe attack of la grippe, which left me almost a complete wreck. I was prostrated for weeks. I doctored with several physicians and used many remedies, but none had any lasting effect. My friends began to be alarmed for my recovery. The doctors shook their heads, and held out little hope. I was attracted by an advertisement of South American Nervine, and as my trouble was of a nervous nature I decided to try it. The first bottle helped me greatly. I persisted in its use and this great remedy has completely built up my system, and I positively declare that it is the only remedy that gave me any relief."

HIS FUNERAL.

A Difference in the matter of pronunciation That's All.

The minister of a colored church in a Connecticut town gave out a funeral notice one Sunday which came near upsetting the gravity of a visiting clergyman, who had come to preside over some ceremony in the mission church which was connected with his society.

"I had to announce to you brethren and sisters," said the pastor, earnestly, "that de funeral ob de only surviving son ob de late William Johnson and his widow, Sarah Johnson (formerly Baker), both deceased, will take place and come to occurrence on Tuesday next at twelve noon precisely."

And I had to say, brethren and sisters, that contributions for carrying out ob dat funeral will be in order and acceptations or else de funeral cannot take place, excepting and save only as a plain burial; for Samuel Johnson has got jes' money enough to bury hisself widout any obsequious ceremonies, such as he deserves."

The visiting clergyman was glad to learn that this remarkable appeal was not without effect, and that Samuel, "this on'y surviving son," did not lack proper obsequious ceremonies."

A VETERAN'S STORY.

At Eighty Years of Age One Box of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures a Case of Fifty Years Standing—It Relieves Colds and Catarrh in Thirty Minutes.

George Lewis of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age, I have been troubled with catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all suffering from this malady."

HARD TO PLEASE.

"The weather is very trying for everybody," said the physician.

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't see how my wife is going to bear up under it. When the sun doesn't shine it gives her the blues, and if it does she says it's fading the carpet."

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including: Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, BERRY FOR THE, and others.

