

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

SOME OF THEM NOT IN IT.

LIQUOR LICENSES ISSUED FOR THE COMING YEAR.

Mr. Roop Again in Despair—Some New Names on the List and Some Surprises About the Refusal—Changes in the Restaurant Bars.

The liquor license commissioners have submitted their report and those who were in doubt are relieved from their suspense but whether agreeably or not is another matter.

There are some new names on the list and there are some names one would expect to find there who do not seem to have found favor with the commission.

According to the report the licenses this year had to be brought down to the regular number of 75 and in consequence there are some names which as not appear upon the list.

But there are some new names and this is one of the things no fellow can understand. The new people in the business are six in number including, James McLeary, Mrs. Stack, Harry Elmore, James Dalton, John T. Power and David Speight.

"Jack" Power can hardly be called a new man in the business, because he was a partner with Barker & Power and has remained in the same place ever since in the employ of the present proprietor. Moreover he takes the saloon vacated by Joseph Cain and so does not add to the number.

James Dalton too has been in the business for a long time but last year was running under the three month method. This year some one else will have to do that and Dalton will be sure of his selling privilege for a year.

Mr. J. W. Roop of the Central hotel is placed upon the shelf again. There is another hotel license to be issued but it has not been given to Mr. Roop nor to John Sims of the Belmont. In the first case perhaps the reason is that there is a fine of \$200 standing against Mr. Roop for violation of the law. The penalty has not been collected and perhaps this is because Mr. Roop has declared in plain language that he will lay out the forty days in jail rather than submit to what he considers most unjust to him. The fine was, as PROGRESS has stated before, the largest in the history of the court and the magistrate was good enough to intimate to Mr. Roop that if he was caught again this fine would be doubled. At the time it was imposed the weather was not at its best. Slush and mud were the order of the day and the time spent in jail would have been no great hardship to anyone, provided he was permitted to supply his own comforts; but now when the days are sunny and warm and all nature waking up the period of the sentence would hasten slowly.

There are others who are on the black list. First of all Tammany Hall may be mentioned. This resort fell under the notice (and displeasure) of the inspector once during the year and contributed an additional \$100 to the license revenue. That could hardly be the cause of the present refusal but it is said that the commissioners or some of them do not look with the friendliest eye upon Tammany and have a keenness of vision, so far as it is concerned, which does not extend to some of Mr. Driscoll's associates in the business.

If three months licenses are issued it is probable that John McManus and W. Peacock will be upon that list. Perhaps all who were refused will be. There is a tendency on the part of the commission to get as much revenue out of the business as possible, and the extension of these three months privileges in the same manner as last year, will mean something over \$3,000 for the city—and the government.

Perhaps the most remarkable refusal of the lot is that of Charles T. Ward at the one mile house. Ward is nearly out of the city but practically he is in it. He realizes this when he has to pay his license or taxes. He pays as much for the privilege of selling liquor as the man who does business on Charlotte street. He pays for fire protection and the nearest alarm box is three quarters of a mile away. If his premises took fire, by the time the alarm could be sent in and the apparatus arrive his buildings would be in ashes. He pays for police protection but the sight of a policeman is one of the novelties in that section. When he had neighbors in the same business they were not more than 50 yards from him but they paid \$70 or nothing at all for a license while he contributed \$900. Reason—the

invisible county line ran between them. But now Mr. Ward has no license. He may accept the three months compromise and look smiling which after all, perhaps, is the only thing to do.

PROGRESS understands that there are some conditional licenses—the conditions being a change in the premises. These apply to at least two of the three restaurant bars that have enjoyed licenses. The restaurants in connection with the bars are kept open after hours and the commissioners and inspector have been trying to devise ways and means to present any possible violation of the law. To this end they want such alterations made in the premises as will suit them. The changes outlined for one of these in particular would be very expensive—the proprietor says they would cost \$350—and they were not expected. In fact the highest officials in the city visited him after their completion and were pleased with the arrangement, since by it the bar was wholly shut off from the saloon after hours.

But under a new law and new officials there are many changes.

HOW A LIFE WAS SAVED.

A Young Man Hung From a Window Till the Fire Ladders Came.

When the fire alarm struck Thursday morning no one who heard it thought for a moment that a young man's life was in great danger and that it was a question of minutes—yes seconds—whether he would be dashed to pieces on the sidewalk or rescued by the firemen.

He was rescued, but it was a close shave. The young man, who was living with Mrs. T. W. Daniel on Charlotte street, just below the Singer rink, was sleeping quite late in the upper flat of her residence, when he was awakened by the thick and suffocating smoke that poured into his room. A fire had started outside in the hall or some adjoining room and escape was cut off for him down the stairway. Quick as thought he threw up the window and climbing through hung from the window sill with both hands and his feet resting on a small projecting ledge. He was forty or fifty feet from the sidewalk and the smoke was pouring from the window in such a thick black volume that he was in great danger of suffocation. He was on the wrong side of the window where the smoke blew right in his face and hid his body—clad only in a night gown— from the people and the firemen. But shouts of encouragement went up to him to hold on and the boys would save him. Fireman O'Leary of the hook and ladder company was first on the scene. He lives near and was at his breakfast when the alarm sounded. Then Capt. Charlie Jackson rushed up but as yet there was no team with the ladders. And when they did appear they were going at a snail's pace and only rushed when they saw that something was wrong and that they were wanted. It did not take long for the long ladder to go up the side of that building. Many willing hands were there to send it aloft as quickly as human strength could do it. And then Capt. Jackson went up. The captain is no light weight and the ladder was very straight, yet the lad was rescued—true, almost exhausted from his long and painful hold, but still rescued and guided down the ladder to his friends below.

Then after all was over there was a good deal of talk about the necessity for something that a person could jump into from a burning building. St. John's fire department is all well enough so far as it goes but such life saving appliances as nets and mattresses are lacking. The sooner the advisability of procuring something of the sort is considered the better.

MONEY AND REASON GONE.

The Sad End of a Misspent Life of a Well Known Woman.

A paragraph appeared in the daily papers this week noting the fact that Grace Walker had been arrested and that Dr. Berryman was inquiring into her sanity. There is a strong probability that she will be—if she has not already been—sent to the asylum.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world and Grace Walker was well known in that section of the community to which she belonged. Needless to say it was not respectable. The police knew her but they knew her more favorably than women of the demi-monde are usually known. Robbery was unknown in her place and an open purse and generous hand for those in want or need of assistance is the reputation that police officials give her. Grace Walker came from Nova Scotia some 15 or 20 years ago. As time passed on she accumulated considerable money but spent it with the prodigality that belongs to that class.

In later years, a police official told PROGRESS, her aim was to get enough cash together to leave the life she was leading and seek new associations in another place. But an event occurred which not only made her plan impossible but was such a shock to her that she began to lose her reason and sink into that state of dementia in which she is in at present. Her money went rapidly—there were plenty to take advantage of her mental condition—and thus weak, homeless and friendless, she was arrested by the police as stated above.

MR. STOREY HAS RETIRED.

The Dry Goods Merchant and His Civic Aspirations.

John K. Storey has figured before his "fellow citizens" to a considerable extent of late. He has been on the fence of doubt as to what course to pursue in regard to a possible civic career. There was an alarming rumor that he proposed to run for mayor and that a requisition to that end had been presented to this enterprising and genial merchant. But Mr. Storey is not the sort of a man to suddenly spoil the chances of Messrs. Daniel and Sears and he put aside the temptation of even such an urgent request from so many of his "fellow townsmen." There was a distinct sigh of relief from the mayoralty candidates when this popular gentleman sent a letter to one of the morning papers expressing his thanks and appreciation and at the same time his declination.

Mr. Storey rents business premises from the Sears estate, which is managed by Mr. Edward Sears, one of the candidates, and he wanted additional room up stairs for living purposes. Mr. Sears did not seem to entertain the proposition with favor and it is hinted that Mr. Storey in his disappointment was inclined to meet him and thrash out the issue with the aid of the electors. Still Mr. Sears was firm and Mr. Storey thought better of his idea, but he still thinks he would like to live above his dry goods.

Water Chestnut's Death.

No death that has occurred in New Brunswick for many a year is sadder than that of young Walter Chestnut a member of the Fredericton Klondyke expedition—which took place at Skagway on the 4th instant.

Judging from appearances Walter Chestnut would perhaps be taken as the last one of the party, who started out on that perilous journey on March 1st. For the gold fields, who would be likely to succumb to disease in such quick order as the advices received would indicate. He, was the very picture of health, and whom one would feel satisfied would stand almost any amount of hardship. But there it is, and the fates willed it otherwise—and in the prime of life, energetic, persevering and possessed of indomitable courage this young man was suddenly cut down when thousands of miles away from home.

But although many days journey separated him from home, it must be a source of comfort to those nearest to him to know that everything possible was done for his welfare and that his last hours were peaceful and happy. The remains will be brought back to Victoria B. C., where they will be interred by friends of the family residing there.

The present instance calls to mind two other most sudden and tragic deaths which occurred in the same family some years ago, when Mrs. John Babbitt (a sister of Mrs. Henry Chestnut) and Miss Chestnut, her only daughter, were drowned whilst bathing in the St. John river a short distance above Fredericton. Miss Chestnut had gone beyond her depth when Mrs. Babbitt made a desperate effort to save her and in doing so—she also went down. Both were found shortly after embraced in each other's arms. Such afflictions are certainly hard to bear.

Nothing the Matter With This.

There seems to be a grand future in store for Ole Theobald if his manager who brought him here succeeds in carrying out his plan. The warm welcome the violinist received at the Titus concert this week has so encouraged the management that a grand western tour is planned and a start will be made from this city Monday. Then after the large American cities have heard the artist London and Paris and the continental towns, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg are on the list. There is no rosin on this programme.

GROWING EXCITEMENT.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS ARE CREATING A DEAL OF INTEREST.

The Payment of Taxes May Defeat Some and Elect Others—Good Organization is Getting in Its Work at the Present Time—The Result on Tuesday.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of interest in civic parties at the present time. The contest is getting warmer every day and, since Tuesday and Wednesday when the actual voting lists were made up each candidate has, with the help of his friends, been calculating his own strength or his weakness.

The making of the list caused a considerable change of mind with many civic aspirants. In wards where certain men had the most strength it was found that the taxes were badly paid. That meant a loss and perhaps in their opponents strongest ward the taxes were well paid up.

As a matter of fact the taxes are not paid as well as usual this year, and in some wards this is particularly true. Of course there are changes every day if rumor is to be believed. The men who are making a systematic canvass and have their friends eager for their success are no doubt improving their chances. But there has been no real systematic aldermanic canvass in this city since the year G. G. Ruel ran against Ald. Blizard, when the younger man, by means of a splendid organization not only beat the veteran from Dukes but had more votes than any candidate in the city.

PROGRESS canvassed the chances of success in its last issue and does not propose to do so again. There have been some evident changes in the temper of the people. The organization of Capt. Keast is beginning to tell and Dr. Smith, who, by the way announces his candidature in this issue of PROGRESS, is making a most energetic canvass.

Perhaps the closest fight will be between the mayoralty candidates. The followers of each are confident of victory and will no doubt work hard toward that end.

EASTER MONDAY WAS A GREAT DAY.

The Taxes Rolled Into the City Building and Voters Were Made.

Easter Monday was a bank holiday but it was no day of idleness or play in the Chamberlain's office. It was the last day for paying taxes to entitle a citizen to vote at the civic elections and the result was a surprising rush to the counter of the chamberlain. If the amount paid is indicative of the interest in the elections then there will be a warm time next Tuesday when the polls open. For, strange to say, the amount of taxes paid last Monday was between seven and eight thousand dollars, nearly twice as much as went into the hands of the chamberlain the corresponding day of last year. What was the reason? That is hard to say. No one would suspect either Ald. Daniel or Mr. Sears of being so anxious to get into the mayor's chair that they would start in to liquidate taxes. They will find the expenses of running an election heavy enough without incurring any such obligation as that. The real truth of the matter probably is that the number of delinquents was larger this year than usual and the rush of procrastinators all the greater in consequence. Then there was another reason. Through the efforts of some of the council, the resolution moved by Alderman McGoldrick at the last meeting of the council to abolish the charge of 50 cents on tax bills paid before election (and which was ruled out of order by the mayor) was placed before the chamberlain in such a light that he consented and there were no constable fees paid on any of the seven thousand odd dollars that went into the city building on Easter Monday. The city marshals were mad—why shouldn't they be?—but the tax-payers were glad and paid with an alacrity and willingness that more than compensated the chamberlain for his generosity.

He Voted Against His Argument.

Honest confession is good for the soul. So Alderman Christie must have thought when he arose and began to oppose the motion to send the mayor to England to represent all the good qualities of St. John as a port. He began his remarks by saying that he was sore—felt sore because he had not been consulted by the mayor before the project was placed before the council. He thought from his position at the board, his age and experience that something should have been said to him about the matter. He did not mince mat-

ters and argued with all the skill that he possesses against the mayor's tip. But it took a good deal of persuasion to make him move an amendment. He did so however in the end but withdrew it and voted for the motion to send his worship forward. The only thing he accomplished was the appointment of a joint committee of the council and the board of trade to advise with the mayor.

HOW THE BALLOTS ARE PRINTED.

The City Gets Them Cheap Enough and so do Some of the Aldermen.

The civic ballot, since the T. R. A. brought about general representation throughout the city, is rather a formidable affair. That of this year is nearly a foot long and three and a quarter inches wide. The city orders 10,000 of them and each and every one has the official signature of the Common clerk in fac simile. None others are legal. And the city calls for tenders for this 10,000 and the price to be paid this year for the whole business is \$350. Cheap enough, is it not? Then the printer is compelled by his contract to furnish this official slip in 1000 lots for 35 cents per thousand. One or two candidates came to PROGRESS who secured the tender this year and wanted 500 ballots for 18 cents. They were all right, quite within their right but it shows how cheap printing is in these days and how cheap some other things are too.

Then there were others with an eye to business who ordered enough to give a few to their friends to distribute but they took the precaution of having their opponents name scored out. It would not have been worth while to distribute ballots which he could use. Of course the erosion of the name means more work for the printer and a bigger price but they are cheap enough in the end. At the same time PROGRESS will bet a big apple—and apples are dear these days—that there will be plenty of memorandum slips around town after election day and they will be about a foot long and three and a quarter inches wide.

THE HIGH CONSTABLE NO MORE.

George Stockford's Death, After an Illness of a Few Days.

High Constable George Stockford has attended his last council meeting. He died Friday morning.

A week ago today he was present at the last council meeting of the civic year. He looked the same as usual and attended to his duties in the same manner as he always did. He went from the council meeting home and to bed. Congestion of the lungs followed. No physician saw him until Tuesday night when he was past all hope of recovery.

George Stockford was one of the best known men about town. He was descended from a well known family and the name is a familiar one to all of the older residents. Fortune was not as kind to George as it might have been under other circumstances and the time came when he was glad to accept the office of high constable of the city. The office is an ancient one and carried a fair emolument with it. Beside that there was a certain honor that clung to the position. It was a curious fact that before the day of such an office as deputy mayor the recorder of the city assumed the position of chief magistrate in his absence. Next to him came the high constable. Under these circumstances Stockford was mayor of the city for four days once. He always spoke of this with pride and nothing could deprive him of the honor that had fallen to his lot. But at the same time George was keeper of the dead house, a position that yielded him a small revenue every year.

The Sudden Death of Capt. Campbell.

Captain Campbell of the Royal Mail Steamer Lake Ontario died suddenly the day after the steamer left Halifax. Two days before, he stood at Chubb's corner an hour before sailing and said good bye to many old friends here. This was to be his last trip to St. John this winter. He was in a cheerful mood and apparently as well as usual. But those who knew him said that he could not walk a hundred yards away without resting. His heart was seriously affected and he made voyage after voyage against the wishes of his friends and physician. It is said that he has been more unwell than usual ever since the collision of the Ontario and the shock resulting from it. Moreover he has been a victim of rheumatic gout which, combined with his weakness, is always sudden in its action.

ONE TRIP TO KLONDIKE.

A NEW YORKER'S EXPERIENCE AROUND THE HORN.

He Tells a Good Story in a Graphic way and Explains how a Bale of Hay stopped a Leak in a Wooden Ship—The End of His Trip on the Coast.

John E. Healy told a Sun reporter all about his experiences as a passenger on the Klondike steamship City of Columbia, which left New York in the middle of December. Mr. Healy bought a ticket to San Diego, Cal. He didn't care to go to the Klondike, he said, because of his business interests here. He just went in the City of Columbia because, although he took a trip every summer into more or less interesting foreign parts, he had never been around the Horn.

'Suppose,' said he, 'you'd make up your mind to go to the Azores and around there and had changed your mind and started for the Klondike without the slightest idea of getting there—which was lucky; if it wasn't for the row I took in Smyth's Channel I'd say "damned lucky;" but I won't. And suppose you'd got your ticket and gone aboard and started down the bay and stopped short and anchored off the status of Liberty! Just why I never did find out. I heard it was because the engineers deserted. Anyway, the next morning they brought aboard a couple of men with whiskers and breaths that'd drive a ship without the help of steam and we started.

'We were all right until we struck a storm off Hatteras. Now, the ship's capacity was 1,800 tons. We had aboard of her, so I found after I heard the way she groaned and strained in that storm, 1,800 tons of coal, to say nothing of the provisions and other freight, such as Klondike outfits. On the way from the Baradose to Rio I lay in a bunk locking at what I could see, and praying to my Lord to be merciful to me a poor sinner. I've been in Texas, I'd have you to know, where the roofs of the houses were made of canvas and with every puff would go now up and now down. But it was nothing to the way that ship batted and swatted. I tell you if she had been an iron ship I wouldn't be here now. But she was wood, and full of solid live-oak timber, and she lived through it. God be praised! But our crockery was all smashed to gravel. By the time we reached Rio we were drinking from tin cups, and passing our plates from one to another, so that each one could have a whole plate to eat from.

'At Rio we found that the blamed old boilers had strained and shifted and the superstructure was likely to go to bunk any minute. Capt. Baker, long before we got there, came to me and said: "Say, says he, 'say one of these days you and I this,' and he pointed to the staterooms and boats and the whole darned superstructure, we'll all be floating over the bounding deep and the blamed ship she'll be going her way to Henneke-Hunk, or thereabouts! That's what he said, and by juggling Jerusalem, I believe he meant it! We went ashore at Rio and cut trees and propped things up with 'em.

'Now, all this time, except for Capt. Partridge (he came from Lowell, Mass., and was in no way peaceable, especially regarding women) we and the ladies were getting along most satisfactorily. The women were each an every one of the eight as good a lot of souls as ever you met, and see you don't quote me as saying otherwise. But things got so complicated that Capt. Baker (he was on the Nietheroy in the Brazilian revolution and he knew trouble when he saw trouble) he walked up to Mrs. Hannah Gould and he says, "Madam," he says, "Madam" (the Captain he is a perfect gentleman, but he knows his duty and he can be stern as stern needs be), and he says "Madam, there are ninety-eight men on this ship and never a quarrel between 'em since we left New York. There be eight women and each and every one of them has had eight squabbles with each and every other woman, and it's gorter stop," he says. And it did stop, sure enough. All except old Capt. Partridge, and he, as I mentioned, was from Lowell, Mass. He was death on women. He was for disciplining them all the time. Every little while he'd come rolling into the smoking room and holler: "Them women are too fresh! They don't know their place! I'll show 'em or they'll shut up, one or the other, darn quick!"

One day he went up on deck and Mrs. Watson she was reading a novel. Capt. Partridge he says to her: "What are you reading such trash for?" "What trash?" says she. And with that he pulls it out of her hand and throws it overboard.

'The Captain he had a carved meerschaum pipe which he said he paid \$10 for. He'd had it for years and it was worth any amount more to him. What did Mrs.

Watson do when he checked her book overboard but reach up and yank the pipe out of his teeth and toss that over, too.

'I'm astonished at you, Capt. Partridge!" she said. The Captain he left the women alone as much as three days after.

'We got down into the Straits of Magellan. The mountains were 4,000 and 8,000 and 10,000 feet high and covered with snow. As you'd doubtless know, the Atlantic is lower than the Pacific and the water rushes through the channel with frightful velocity. The wind blows the same way. Ships going through have to anchor every night. We got through all right. Then, on the Pacific side, instead of going out to the open sea, we went through Smyth's Channel. We anchored one night when we were about thirty miles from the Gulf at Penas. The anchor cable was rotten and parted, and we were carried ashore kerbang! It was the biggest noise I ever heard. Capt. Baker began sending the folks ashore. I was the last to leave except the Captain and the engineers and the watch. I jammed all my clothes into my dirty shirt bag and threw 'em overboard, and jumped overboard and swam ashore with it.

'When I got to shore it was about 7 o'clock in the evening. The women were scared to death and worse. We built fires on the side of the rocks—they were as steep as a roof—and tried to be cheerful. But we had passed the wrecks of seven ships coming through and just where we landed were three coffins from a German ship that had gone ashore about three months before we did. The natives had stripped the corpses to skeletons. It was no cheerful sight for us. It was less, along about mid'night, when the natives showed up.

'They were not cannibals,' said The Sun man, 'of course!' 'Of course, nothing. I tell you, I believe they would have made us into soup if they got a fair chance at us. They were the wickedest and most shameless looking villains ever I saw. I am a gentleman. I did the most I could. I took off my vest and gave it to the first one that came ashore. He turned the vest upside down and stuck his legs through the armholes and buttoned the waist across the middle, and walked around like he thought he was as good a Christian as any of us. They stayed around two days and three nights. They had fires in the bottoms of their canoes one fire in every canoe, but they seemed to like our fires better.

'They took to opening our trunks and looking over our blankets. I thought, and Capt. Baker thought, they were talking over what each one was to get after they had done for us. So as we had guns, I took twenty of the men and formed 'em in line and walked up to the boss Terra del Fuegan and I says to him with most comprehensive gestures: "Get out Git! Git!" They stood off for a little, and we fired a volley over their heads. They got into their canoes and began to paddle. They made the water fly, too. "Get out," says I, and we fired one more volley. Say! You never saw such fast paddling in your life. The water was all in foam. It fairly boiled for an hour after they had gone.

'You can say all you please about there being no cannibals down there. When you get through talking you just go down there and watch 'em lick their ugly chops and look hungry at you for awhile, and you'll believe the way I do. I believe I'd be in one of their fat stomachs this minute if it wasn't for those two volleys we fired.

'Well, we went up on the rocks and gathered a bale of hay and stuffed that into the biggest hole in the Columbia. It swelled up and stopped the water from that hole. The pumps were able to take care of the water from the rest. Thank the Lord she was a wooden ship, though! We got to the first port up the coast and found the dry docks full of Government ships, so we had to go on to Valparaiso. When we got there we were stuck for fair. I had money, so I went ashore and lived in a hotel. The rest had to live on the ship! They ate all the ship's store. They ate all the miners' outfits. They ate all the stuff the Captain had money to buy on shore and more that he didn't have money to buy, but took on his nerve, to save his man's life. At last I says to him, "What would you do?" and the Captain says to me, "I'd go home," and then and there I took the steamship Imperial to Panama and there the Advance to New York.

'When I saw the Statue of Liberty again the tears came into my eyes and I took a vow never to take the Lord's name in vain so long as I live, so help me! And I'll never go that trip again, so help me! As

"WHOSOEVER HATH, TO HIM SHALL B GIVEN."

That is Scripture, and its truthfulness is verified by e-ery-day experience. It is as true of those having a thorough business training as of those holding any other position. This is proved by the fact that our graduates hold almost every leading position in Saint John, and comprise a large percentage of our most capable business men.

Twenty (20) Students already (March 29th) in good situations this year.

Catalogues of our Business Course and of the Isaac Pitman Short-hand mailed to any address. S. KERR & SON, 24-26 St. John Street.

for the rest, I left them in Valparaiso and I hope that they come out all right, they're as nice a set of people as one would want to travel with. But no more Klondike ships for me.'

HEART DISEASE.

A TROUBLE NO LONGER REGARDED AS INCURABLE.

An Orangeville Lady Who Had Suffered Severely speaks of her illness and tells How She Found a Cure.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. A remarkable case recently came under the notice of our reporter, and for the benefit of many to some of our readers, we are going to tell them about it. In the southward of this town lives Mrs. John Hubbard, a lady much esteemed by those who know her. Mrs. Hubbard has been a great sufferer from heart trouble, and ultimately became so bad that it would not have surprised her friends to have heard of her death. But a change has come and she is once more rejoicing in good health. When our reporter called upon Mrs. Hubbard and made his mission known she said she would be delighted to tell him of her "miraculous cure" as she styled it.

'Of course no one thought I would get better. I thought myself I could not last long, for at times it seemed as if my heart was going to burst. Oh, the dreadful sensations, the awful pains and weakness, together with a peculiar feeling of distress, all warned me that my life was in danger. I consulted a doctor but he could do absolutely nothing for me. My friends saw me gradually sinking, and many an hour's anxiety I caused them. My strength waned, my nerves were shattered; I could not walk, for ever step caused my heart to palpitate violently. It is utterly impossible to fully describe my condition. One day a friend brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told me to use them, but I said there was no use—they could do no good. To this my benefactor replied, that if they did no good they at least could do no harm, so to please her I took the box of pills. Then I procured another box and began to feel that they were doing me good. I took in all eight boxes and now I feel strong and hearty, each day doing my household work without fatigue or weariness. For anyone who suffers from weakness of the heart, I believe there is no remedy so sure or that will bring such speedy results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Had I only used these wonderful pills at first I would have been spared months of intense suffering. Mrs. Hubbard but re-echoes the experience of scores of sufferers, and what she says should bring hope to many who imagine there is no relief for them in this world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved more lives than we will ever know of.'

George Cole came to Truro, married, one child now in Haverhill, Mass., claim put in. Several others. 600 persons advertised for to claim money. Write to us for name and description, book 10 cts.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each for insertion. 2 live cents extra for every additional line.

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FREE To any Lady sending us the names and addresses of five other ladies, we will send one box of our Extra Strychnine Antiseptic Tablets worth \$1 by mail, prepaid—No Lady can afford to be without them. BRISTON REMEDY CO., Red-Bird Building, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE! 75 Complete Stories! Picture books worth \$2, and a Big 100p. Picture book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Send 5c. stamps to pay postage. A. W. KENNEY, 93 1/2 Yarmouth, N. S.

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Regardless of the fact that thousands upon thousands of these books have been sold at \$3.00 each, we have by a lucky hit arranged to send you for a limited period a copy free, post paid, together with The Progress for one year, on receipt of \$2.00 the regular year's subscription rate. Old subscribers can also receive a copy of the book by sending \$2.00 and have their subscription advanced one year.

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The list of events in this department is limited to Professor L. W. Titus' annual concert which took place on Tuesday evening and attracted one of the most fashionable and critical audiences the Mechanics Institute has ever held. It is pleasing to know that from a financial standpoint the concert was most successful. While the great attraction of the evening, Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock the Boston baritone was suffering from a slight cold he succeeded in renewing his former pleasant success in this city. Of his selections "It is Enough" was undoubtedly the best. Professor Titus was received with the enthusiasm his appearance always provokes and his solos were rendered in a very pleasing manner. Every number was encored and met with a graceful response. Miss Jennie Trueman was the only lady soloist of the evening, and though she has for sometime been leading soprano in the Main Street baptist church it was practically her first appearance on the concert stage. In regard to her singing I must confess to a feeling of disappointment; her voice, while it has a certain sweetness about it is decidedly light and the want of fullness and method gives one the impression, and can only be likened to a badly finished bit of work, in which excellent material has been carelessly used. Her middle tones are good but the higher ones while not decidedly husky have an indescribable something about them that suggests that condition. I believe there was a very general impression that her selections were a trifle too ambitious.

If the wildest enthusiasm may be accepted as an evidence of success then Ole Theobaldi may certainly be said to have made the very great success of the evening. He drew some wonderful tones from his instrument, and though to a certain extent his effects are secured by a tricky manipulation of the bow, he succeeded in creating a positive furor and securing quite an ovation. His piano solo was fearfully and wonderfully executed, and if the man who owned the instrument was present he must have felt decidedly uneasy in regard to its future well being.

Miss Brown was very graciously received and her selections proved most enjoyable. Miss Godard was the accompanist of the evening and it is needless to say that her work was as it always is, very satisfactory.

A well founded rumor was current this week that Mr. Kelly of the Cathedral choir had been offered a position in St. Andrews church at a very good salary. I do not know whether he has accepted or not, but should he do so St. Andrews will secure the best tenor in the city while the Cathedral will sustain a loss it can ill afford.

Tones and Undertones.

The Russel Fox De Angelis combination will doubtless continue next season. "In the twenty-eight weeks we have been out," says Mr. Murray; "we have played to a trifle more than \$280,000, or an average of \$10,000 a week."

Calve is engaged to sing in New York next season with the Grau Opera Company, but she says that in case of war she will not be expected to fulfill her contract. She has received overtures to sing Armide in Gluck's opera of that name in Paris.

The owner of "La Poupée" wants Augustin Daly restrained from producing that work. He claims that Mr. Hammerstein has forfeited the American rights of the piece, through failing to produce it under the conditions called for in his contract.

George A. Sweeney and Mme. Thomson were last week the plaintiffs in an action against George W. Lederer, the manager of the New York Casino, for \$575.87, which they assert is due them for costumes which they made for the chorus of "The Telephone Girl" company.

"Die Meistersinger" was recently sang at St. Petersburg and Edouard de Reszke was the wanderer. It was given without cuts and lasted five hours.

A new musical comedy by Adrian Ross, with music by Osmond Carr, will be produced at Newcastle, Eng., to-morrow. It is entitled "Billy," and one of the characters will be taken by Little Tich.

Seabrooke and Katherine Germaine will shortly appear in the "Isle of Champagne."

Patti will sing with a festival chorus of some 3000 and an orchestra of 500 at a

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SKIN SCALP and Hair Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

concert in the London Crystal Palace June 25.

"Yvonia," a play by Miss Coyne Fletcher, of Washington, will be acted by Olga Nethercole next season. Miss Fletcher has recently completed an Irish drawing-room play, "The Heroes of '98," which has received the favorable verdict of professional play readers, who predict an unqualified success for it.

The repertoire of the Corinne Opera company will include "The Little Trooper," "Le Perichole," "Boccaccio" and "Carmen." "An American Beauty" will be revived next season.

Negotiations are on foot by which Anthony Hope and Edward Rose will dramatize Hope's latest novel, "Simon Dale."

Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," done into a morbid sketch and acted by Courteray Thorpe as a curtain raiser to "Julia," was last week's only London first performance.

The chief incident of "The Bellringer," a new play by Sutton Vane, occurs in a church belfry, where the murderer, by reason of his trade, is compelled to toil the funeral knell of his victim.

Plans are being made for the formation of a stock company in New York City with the novel feature of traveling stars. Branch companies are to be organized in other cities, making a sort of circuit over which the stars will travel. Thus, instead of shipping an entire company from city to city, the star, male or female, will travel in solitary state and reflect on the money saved in railway fares.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Spears Comedy Company are playing a two weeks engagement in this city. I dropped in at a matinee performance one afternoon during the week. The high sounding, euphonious title of the thrilling play was "Only a Jay." It is something of the style of "The Little Detective," the heroine assuming half a dozen or so different disguises in order to pursue to the death the villain of the piece. By the way the man who played the villain in "Only a Jay" must be an original sort of character inasmuch as he didn't follow the make up of the orthodox stage villain. This villain had very fair, almost yellow hair, he had no nose in his buttonhole, he didn't smoke a cigar while he thought, on some devilish plot against the heroine, and last and perhaps most noticeable of all he didn't wear patent leather shoes. He didn't make love as well either as the regulation villain, and when he wandered or the stage in his light suit, not like the light clothes the other villain wears one in a long, long time, he looked like a nice good natured schoolboy. The heroine was awfully clever and she had the true detective instinct too, or what in vulgar newspaper parlance would be called "nose for news," for just to see the way she chased up that very original villain was alone worth the price of admission. She was gifted with a wonderful amount of intuition, and without a bit of trouble what ever she always knew just where to find, and foil him. Time and distance were no object with the versatile heroine. The leading man of the company has it is said done some very good work this week, so that perhaps it would be hardly fair to judge of his capabilities by seeing him in "Only a Jay." The play itself was of the wildly impossible type, and robbers and murderers stalked freely around private drawing rooms, or hid behind screens and portieres while family conclaves were being held. There was a nice old time witch too and a bright little mountain girl who reminded me somewhat of Mora, the Comedy Sunbeam. She was pretty and she played her part well, as did also the man who was her father-in the play. Vice was in the ascendant when I left at the close of the second act but it is to be presumed that Virtue had its innings during the last act, in the good old fashioned way. There is a good deal in a name after all and per-

Permanent Cure of Cancer.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cured Mrs. Gilhula. Wife of the Postmaster at Buxton, Ont., 12 Years ago, and She has Never Been Troubled Since.



MRS. ELIZABETH GILHULA.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the well known postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble that baffled for a time the skill of the leading local physicians. At last, after a careful examination, they pronounced it cancer of the stomach, and informed Mrs. Gilhula that in the nature of things her lease of life would be short, as they knew of no remedy that could possibly cure her.

On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The result was that followed were little short of the marvellous. Every day she improved in health, her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Best of all, though, Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health and in all these long years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble, which goes to prove how complete and permanent is the cure B. B. B. always makes.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

"I wish to bear testimony of the good which I have received from the use of Burdock Blood Bitters. About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die."

of B. B. B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

"Yours truly,
"ELIZABETH GILHULA.
"Buxton, Ont."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago, dated March 27th, 1898: "I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind."

"Yours truly,
"ELIZABETH GILHULA."

Could anything be more conclusive as to the curative powers of B. B. B.? It means that when B. B. B. cures you you're cured to stay cured.

The secret of its wonderful success lies in the fact that it goes to the very source and origin of disease and clears it out of the system root and branch, so that not a trace remains to again cause trouble.

For all diseases arising from impure blood there is no remedy equal to B. B. B. It positively cures Eczema, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, and all skin eruptions and diseases.

In severe and malignant diseases, such as cancers and cancerous growths, tumors, scrofulous sores, large ulcers, even if to the bone, B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions never fails to effect a cure.

For all forms of stomach trouble, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism there is nothing works so well as B. B. B.

In short B. B. B. makes the blood pure, rich and red, the skin clear and smooth, improves the appetite, cleanses, invigorates and vitalizes the entire system and infuses new life, strength and energy into weak, worn, run-down, shattered constitutions.

"Mme. Sans Gen" and will produce it at his New York theatre next fall with Miss Rehan in the role. There is no doubt that "Sans Gene" will be revived in a way that will be most profitable.

Nancy McIntosh has retired from Augustin Daly's company. She will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gilbert at their English summer home and when she returns to this country in the fall will appear with her brother Burr in the production of his play "College Days."

"Hands Down," a play by H. A. Du Souchet, which the students of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School will produce at Hoyt's Theatre, New York, on Thursday afternoon of next week, is the first serious effort of this playwright. The scene of the play is laid in a reception room of a club house, overlooking a race track. A few effects incidental to a horse race are introduced. The author says "this is my first effort to be serious, and I would like to be taken seriously just once."

Margaret Mather, the actress, died in Charleston, West Virginia, Friday night. She was carried off the stage unconscious during the fourth act of "Cymbeline" and died in a few hours of convulsions.

At Minneapolis last week "The Curse of Gold," the free silver play, said to be backed by the Democratic National Committee was witnessed by audiences that crowded the theatre.

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Fritz Williams, Michael Kennedy, Charles Planket will next season be seen in Frohman's production of "Little Miss Nobody."

Mark Twain will prepare several plays for performances in America including "Bartel Tarasac" and "In Purgatory."

Margaret Mather's death-attack on the stage proved the climax of the series of illnesses which have befallen E. S. Willard, Fanny Davenport, and Julia Arthur in rapid succession.

Henry Miller stopped long enough in his performance in "The Master" at the Garden theatre on Saturday night to rebuke a party of persons in one of the boxes that had disturbed both actors and audience by their noisy talking. The audience applauded the actor's rebuke, and the box party subsided, says the New York Dramatic Mirror.

A. M. Palmer has leased it said, Hammerstein's Lyric Theatre, New York: it is his intention to divide the time of the theatre between Richard Mansfield and his productions and the A. M. Palmer Stock company.

Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller will star next season in "Pousse Cafe."

Al W. Martin is engaging a No. 2 "Uncle Tom's cabin" company for next season.

Gillette's company, which sailed last week, will be seen in "To Much Johnson" in London on April 16.

"Parson" Davies has been engaged to play the part of the Landlord of the Cliff House in "A Trip to Coiminstown."

E. E. Rice went sound asleep and snored during a performance of "The Girl from Paris" in New York last week.

Otis Skinner has been engaged to play Captain Absolute in Joseph Jefferson's revival of "The Rivals" next season.

"77"

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 16th.

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

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

The civic elections will be held on Tuesday next, and, when the polls close, this city will surely have a new mayor and the indications point to some changes in the council. There is opposition in eleven of the thirteen wards. The city is fortunate, inasmuch as the deputy mayor, A. D. ROBINSON, is not opposed, and Ald. TUFTS is in the best of luck that no resident of Dukes has come forward to fight a civic battle with him. The men who are seeking to oust the old representatives are well known citizens. Some of them have tried to gain a majority of votes in previous years, and not a whit discouraged, are trying again. If there is anything in persistence some of these men should surely meet with success before they cease to be citizens of this growing and glorious city.

We will not deny that some changes could be made at the council board with great advantage to the city. There are men of ability there, men versed in the business of life and much experience in civic affairs—they are good aldermen and representatives. But there are some who lack decision, who wait for some one else to bring important matters up and then have to opinion save with the majority. They are not good aldermen and to relegate them to private life would be a public benefit.

Under the present method of civic government much depends upon the prudence and attention of the departmental chairmen. The three aldermen occupying these positions have been at the board a long time and have no doubt the largest share of civic experience. These are Alderman DANIEL of the treasury, Alderman CHRISTIE of public works and Alderman MCGOLDRICK of safety. The former is in the contest for mayor and the city will lose his services as the head of its finance department but unless the electors say so it is not probable that any one else will preside over the safety and public works departments than Alderman MCGOLDRICK and CHRISTIE. The former has served the city—including Portland and the united city—for fourteen years. In addition to this distinctive period of long service it may be noted that he is the only catholic at a board of fifteen which is marked contrast to the days when he had as associates Messrs QUIGLEY, O'BRIEN, McCARTHY and CONNOR.

Ald. CHRISTIE is not only the veteran of the council in years but he has seen many terms of civic service. He is considered an excellent worker and a good chairman.

So far as these portions of the council go the interests of the city are in safe hands. What the people will say about them and the other gentlemen who are seeking election is another matter, but they will, no doubt, be guided rather by what they consider are the best interests of the city than any other considerations.

MODERN COAST DEFENCES.

Much attention has been paid to the defenses of American sea coast cities since war with Spain became one of the possibilities. When the army authorities began to enquire into the defenses they found them in a bad condition with one or two exceptions. The greatest energy was displayed in completing the fortifications and perfecting the batteries. So much has been done that the people of the larger cities have begun to feel easier about the dangers of a bombardment. Some idea of the power of a land battery to keep a fleet at a respectful distance has been given of late in some of the scientific journals, and is of keen interest. The accurate determination of the position of hostile vessels

approaching a fortified harbor, so that every shot fired from the great coast-defense guns will reach its target, is of the highest importance. Long-range, high-power guns would be unable to cope with armored mer-m war if gunnery were guess work. Modern heavy guns fire with wonderful accuracy—two successive shots from the Jubilee gun in England, fired at an eleven mile range, fell within thirty yards of each other—but exact position finding is necessary to take advantage of this accuracy. In the days of smooth-bore, black powder, cast-iron guns, tons of metal were fired at long range, with the hope that a few hundredweight might hit the target. The gunner in a harbor fort guessed at the distance of a hostile warship and her probable position when his shot should reach her; and, after guessing at the powder charge and gun elevation needed, fired. His trial shot proving the inaccuracy of one or more of his guesses, he guessed again, the distance of the ship from where his shot struck the water being an aid to better guessing.

Nowadays aiming a seacoast gun on a ship is an exact science. The range and the direction of the target are computed by delicate instruments, which make correct allowances for the rise and fall of the tide, the force and direction of the wind, the curvature of the earth, and normal and abnormal refraction of light, and the flight of the projectile is accurately gauged by the aid of range tables and delicate machinery for changing the elevation and direction of the gun, and such exact calculations are made of the time of the projectile's flight and the speed and course of a moving target that an 800 pound mortar shell, carrying enough gunpowder to sink a ship, may be dropped on the deck of a ship five miles away, in spite of the fact that the shell, in the air more than a minute, and the ship moves hundreds of yards after the gun is fired and before the projectile reaches her. An entire fleet of steaming armor-clads may be destroyed by the guns of batteries whose commanders take aim and fire without seeing a single ship, and who know the position of the fleet only from messages received over a telephone or telegraph line, from an observer perhaps hundreds of yards away.

And old lady Mrs. DUKESHIRE died in Nova Scotia a few days ago and the local paper in speaking of her life says that one of the things she prized most was a letter of her mother's which was written in 1825 at Chatham, N. B., and the reference in it to the great Miramichi fire. It is interesting to this day: "That dreadful fire of the 7th Oct. last, which drove us from our homes and deprived us of everything but life (and that in a poor state of health); but thanks be to the great and merciful God for his goodness to us. When I think of God's great goodness; indeed, when I look back and see his delivering hand in saving us from devouring flames. I was dragged out of my bed with my children by my husband. We just got out when the house fell in with the flames. The suffering we went through I never before thought we could endure. The Lord was good to us. The night was awful. No tongue can describe the awful scene—the screams and cries of women and children burning and drowning, and the falling of fire and smoke drove many to distraction, and the next morning most dreadful to see mothers and fathers running to pick up the dead bodies of their children. The cries were awful, indeed. Some whole families, thirteen in number, were found dead. Even the cattle in the field were burned. We lay in an open house for two days, on some shavings, almost out of our reason. Nothing but dead bodies around me! The sight and thought was awful indeed. Then we crossed the river and liked to have been drowned. We lay in the open woods, thanks to a soldier for two blankets. I thought of nothing but expected death.

Editor STEWART of the Chatham World was thrown into a reminiscent mood by something he saw in the Telegraph a few days ago which he thought the absent editor in chief would be disturbed by and he tells how "the late Mr. ELDER, was horrified to see by his paper, during his absence, that his substitute had given an appreciative editorial criticism on a variety show, including the statement that "Miss LILY LIGHTFOOT is the best highkicker and jig dancer we have ever seen." The night foreman of that time still gleefully describes the scene when the reverend editor returned to the office and keel-baunched his substitute. Wringing his hands, as was his wont when agitated, the editor wrathfully and despairingly cried: "My my, Mr. PARKIN, you have ruined me!"

So Mayor ROBERTSON goes to England after all in spite of the factious and foolish opposition to his plan. The council voted \$500 for the purpose—not a very generous allowance, it is true, but on a par with the spirit in which the mayor's proposal was greeted. It is regrettable that the council could not have seen their way clear to adopt the mayor's plan unanimously, but those who voted to the contrary were frank in the expression of their disapproval and quite ready to stand or fall by their action.

MARTIN BUTLER, the persevering editor of the Journal, is about to publish a book which he says "was written, composed,

set and printed by myself with our own hand, with the exception of a few evening's running off on the press by some of our boy friends." Surely such industry as this deserves recognition from the public.

PROGRESS starts a serial story today and it promises such interest that all who read the first installment will wish the second could come within a week. There are always good stories in PROGRESS, selected from the best publications and they afford much pleasure and recreation to the thousands who read them.

The sad death of Mr. WALTER CHESTNUT of Fredericton, while en route to the Yukon, is a striking reminder of the perils and hardships of the journey to the land of gold. That the fact should be impressed upon us by the death of one so popular and well known is a matter of much regret.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Spring Time.
The vernal whisper of the hemlock sweet,
Brings me the welcome of your trusting true;
And long before the coming of your feet,
There is a pearly glory on the azure dew.
The crimson splendor of our twilight star,
Grows brighter as the daylight fair has flown;
Its sparkling tells me you cannot be far,
From where you promised I should meet my own.
It is the grace and beauty of your face,
The chaste perfection of your hand and arm;
Your saintly presence charming all the place,
Where to our hearts thro' comes no rude alarm.
With you, the river seeing all our love,
Makes haste to catch you in its silver gleam;
And like the crystal waters bright above,
It steals your voice and sings on in a dream.
The busy leaves embroidering the fields,
Wherein a thousand song birds love to hide;
And wild rose scent its balmy odor yields,
Are at their best when you are at my side.
With you, the swaying increase of that clime,
Of blossom flower and bloom of immortelle;
Are waited to this distant realm of time,
Where I discover you them all excel.

The Hyacinths April, 1898. CYPRIUS GOLDIE.

A Good Samaritan.
Lay him away,
It matters not where;
Dig a hole in the ground
And deposit him there;
'Twill be useless to raise
A shaft o'er his head,
For heaven's aware
Of the fact that he's dead!

Lowly his low,
And humble his sphere;
The world—the big, busy world I know not
That he ever was sent to minister here;
He gathered no millions, he built up no trusts—
Covered no markets, robbed no one of bread—
His raiment was ragged, he lived up a crust—
But heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

Did he worship in church
In the orthodox way?
Did he utter a prayer
It was his turn to pray?
Alas, I know not—
But heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

The orphan he fanned
Through feverish days
May live or may not
To cherish his praise;
The sick that he nourished when stricken
himself,
The starving that, when he was hungry, he
fed,
May pray for him now, or may not, as they
list; but heaven's aware of the fact that he's
dead!

Lay him away,
It matters not where;
Dig a hole in the earth
And deposit him there.
When the last trumpet sounds
He will be there, he will hear
As well as the man
O'er whose head people rear
The highest of columns—
Aye, put him to bed!
If there is a God He will not forget
That this lowly man lived—and is dead!

The most popular answer was:
"The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white waves foam."
It was hard pressed however by,
"Rushed the bold eagle exulting forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North"
And by
"As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam"
Many chose
"And as a bird each found endorsement tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies"
While numerous others were decided on the correctness of
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is there"
Not a few pinned their faith to
"Ah home let him speed for the spoiler is nigh."
The answers were really so diverse that one felt constrained to say:
"Many men, many minds."
For instance:
"The angel of Death spread his wings on the blast"
"Fluttering between the dim wave and the sky."
"Musical cherub star glancing away."
"I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance
Among my skimming swallows."
"Tumultuous Honor brooded o'er Her van
Frothing wrath to Poland and to man."
"Come swiftly on the wing."
"With peaceful wings unfurled"
Several correspondents sent very appreciative notes to PROGRESS for which thanks.

PROGRESS PUZZLE WINNERS.

Twenty-two sent in the Correct Answer to the Puzzle.

When PROGRESS started its competition the idea was that the answers would come from New Brunswickers since it was the Fifth Reader used in the schools of N. B. from which the lines and picture were taken. We were naturally surprised therefore when answers came in not only from all over the province, but from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Maine and even Rhode Island; dozens were handed in at the office, scores came in by mail.

A few came in after the contest closed, some of these, however, contained the correct answer. The rules had not been read over carefully enough; by many. These wrote two or more quotations on one coupon, thus standing no chance for the prize even if one of the answers was the correct one.

The rules were explicit on this point and only consecutive lines could be taken as one quotation, two lines of one poem, for instance, written without the four lines which went between them could hardly be regarded as one genuine quotation, nor could a quotation of eight or ten lines be judged a good guess when the answer was to be written on the coupon and did not permit of more than two lines written legibly. The really correct answer was only one line and was handed in by twenty-two persons. The preceding line was so coupled with it, as well as were the two previous lines that it was considered more fair to consider these two or four consecutive lines as correct, and in the next contest to have it understood that only the lines necessary, should be deemed the correct ones. To judge from appearances answers were sent in by childhood, youth and age and PROGRESS is pleased that the winners are not confined to one age or sex.

While we regret that the prize has to be so sub-divided we are pleased with the insight we have had into peoples minds, and trust that acting on this knowledge we will be able to make the next contest equally interesting but not quite so easy. Some of the answers were so ingenious that we wished we ourselves had been more clever.

One very good quotation was evidently from the Fifth Reader of another series of school books,

"Again the ravening eagle rose, in anger wheeled on Europe shadowing - lags."
There were but two other instances in which a mistake had been made as to the book from which the extract was taken. Two good answers came from Bathurst; one stated "It illustrates selections from every poem in the reader."

"Your riddle is hard to read" another said "The puzzle represents the story of Lady Clare."

"Your riddle is hard to read"
A foot-note to this reply quite took our breath away. We were directed to "turn the picture side-ways and look at the eagle which becomes a pointer; by looking at it for a short time the other figures come out." Now since we were absolutely guiltless of hiding any shadowy figures in that innocent shrubbery, we trembled in our shoes at the thought of how circum-spect we would have to be in our next competition lest there should be "a dark horse" in Bathurst which would peer into our inmost thoughts and read the solution against our will. We compliment the owner of this ingenious mind, and wish our minds had not been so ingenuous.

Another unique answer was taken from Triumphs of the English Language.
"Faith, Freedom, Heaven and Home."

The most popular answer was:
"The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white waves foam."

It was hard pressed however by,
"Rushed the bold eagle exulting forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North"

And by
"As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam"

Many chose
"And as a bird each found endorsement tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies"

While numerous others were decided on the correctness of
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is there"

Not a few pinned their faith to
"Ah home let him speed for the spoiler is nigh."

The answers were really so diverse that one felt constrained to say:
"Many men, many minds."

For instance:
"The angel of Death spread his wings on the blast"
"Fluttering between the dim wave and the sky."
"Musical cherub star glancing away."
"I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance
Among my skimming swallows."
"Tumultuous Honor brooded o'er Her van
Frothing wrath to Poland and to man."
"Come swiftly on the wing."
"With peaceful wings unfurled"

Several correspondents sent very appreciative notes to PROGRESS for which thanks.



It is pleasant to receive cordial praise, and we are glad to have our efforts approved.

The correct quotation was:
"Comer events cast their shadows before"
—Loche's Warning. Page 123, line 24.

Following are the names of those sending in correct answers. Group first wrote the literal one line answer, group second wrote two lines, and group three, four lines.

- First Group.
A. Gordon McDonald, Sherbrooke, Guysboro Co. Nova Scotia.
Mabel E. Robb 408 Union St. St. John N. B.
Hattie Barnes, Hampton, Kings Co. N. B.
Marjorie Barnes, Hampton, Kings Co. N. B.
Ellis Ferguson, Richmond, Kent Co. N. B.
Laura Patton, 15 Coburg St. St. John N. B.
C. Appleby, Perth Centre, N. B.
Lillian Currie, Oromocto, Stanbury Co. N. B.
Peter Fraser, Amherst, N. S.
Harry Rowe Saeves, Hillsboro, Albert Co. N. B.
Willie Mowry, 230 Chesley St. St. John.
Ida F. Smith, 95 Winter St. St. John N. B.
Ruth A. Ryan, Quispamsis, Kings Co. N. B.
Lillian Nicholson, Moncton, N. B.
Imogene Janak, Eglar, Albert Co.
Guisle Turner, Tracadie, N. B.
Gladys McLaughlin, 110 Westworth St. St. John N. B.
Lillian M. Jordan, Woodstock, N. B.
Bertie L. Ralston, 68 Sewell St. St. John.
George S. Wilson, 22 Queen Square, St. John.
Miss A. A. Welland, 2 Burpee Square, St. John.
Mrs. F. Welland, Hampton, Kings Co. N. B.

- Second Group.
Jennie McInnes, 151 Stratford St. St. John.
Kate McNamara, Parrboro, Nova Scotia.
Mrs. T. R. Cully, Marsh Bridge, St. John.
M. Evelyn Clark, 22 Charles St. St. John.
Jennie B. Wisdom, Moore St. East St. John.
Ethel J. Hanson, 22 Peters St. St. John.
Tilley Foley, 85 Mackenzie St. St. John.
W. H. Steeves, Fredericton, N. B.
Lester Mowry, 230 Chesley St. St. John.
Ella L. Millican, 104 Wright St. St. John.
Margaret H. Cover, Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, N. B.
Alice S. Keith, Petitediac, N. B.

Third Group.
John Brayley, L. C. R. Freight Office, St. John.

About Time They Were Stopped.
They do say that post office clerk Joseph Ritchie and Postmaster Thomas B. Hanington are no on the best of terms these days. The reason is not far to seek and some explanations of the cause of the friction between these officials have already appeared in these columns. There was another worthy battle one morning this week. Mr. Hanington does not permit clerk Ritchie to make any slips these days and the latter, no doubt, is not giving him any chances but there was sufficient to cause the air to vibrate one morning this week. It was a war of words but these vocal engagements are becoming so frequent of late that the officials about the office are getting weary of them.

The Woes of a Publisher.
There are probably some people in this world, and in Annapolis county especially, who think others are put on earth for their special benefit. This week we sent a representative through the western part of the county collecting over-due subscriptions. After an absence of two days he returned, and out of a total amount of some \$200, representing about 150 subscribers, brought back not even an eighth. Now we wish it distinctly understood that we are not running the Spectator for the fun of the thing, and the sooner our subscribers realize it, the better it will be for all concerned. We do not wish to adopt harsh measures, but when we barly pay expenses on a collecting trip, it makes us think that it is the only remedy.—Annapolis Spectator.

"War on Wheels."
The Guaranteed High-Grade Bicycles for \$35.00 Cash, and the Wrappers for two boxes of "Welcome" Soap are on exhibition in the prominent grocery store windows of W. Alex. Porter, -Jas. F. Dunlop, -McPherson Bros., -Paddington & Merritt -Vanwart Bros., -and W. D. Baskin's, Carleton. The Wheel is strictly up-to-date, makes a first class appearance and is certainly a great bargain at the price offered. The Welcome Soap Co. guarantee the wheel, and we understand are booking a great many orders for ladies' and gentlemen's bicycles in connection with the famous "Welcome" Soap.

A Good Opportunity.
Don't miss it. Curtains 25c, per pair returned always in 3 days or sooner if necessary. The up-to-date laundry, -Jugars Laundry & Dye Works, Telephone 68.

While every person cannot have an abundant head of hair, it is possible, with care and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, to grow a respectable hair-cut covering.



The holidays opened up early enough and the week has witnessed many very bright, though for the most part small, social functions.

A luncheon party at Doctor Bayard's this week was given chiefly for those friends of the genial old physician who had been most active in getting up his anniversary last summer.

On Thursday of this week Miss Allison Jones entertained a small card party that proved most enjoyable.

Mrs. Fred Jones and Miss Edna Jones called this week for Halifax for Scotland. They do not intend to be away very long and upon their return will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Usher.

Lieut. de Bury sailed for Eng and this week en route to Cayles. He was accompanied by his mother the Countess de Bury, and Miss Gertrude, who will spend some time in Florence, Italy.

The members of Miss Betts dancing class gave a very pleasant dance at the assembly rooms on Wednesday evening, chaperoned by Mesdames Ward Field, Frank S. White, E. W. B. Scovill, Frank Rankine, J. P. Barnes and J. Oty Sharpe.

Mrs. Piffard wore a handsome black and yellow silk trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Rankine had on a black and green silk; Mrs. Scovill a lovely pale pink silk; Mrs. Barnes was in terra cotta, Mrs. Sharpe in a dainty white flowered silk, and among others who looked particularly well were Miss Betts who had on black with a blue and yellow bodice.

Miss Fielding, pale blue satin.

Miss Taylor, white silk accordion pleated chiffon.

Miss Hoben, black net and natural flowers.

Miss F. Rankine, red crepon.

Misses Ham s, Macaulay, Sharpe, Adams and Blizard, were all in pretty white gowns and excited much admiration during the evening.

The table decorations were composed of tulips and the usual amount of green accompanying, and with music was excellent. Among the invited guests were:

- LADIES. F. Schofield, C. Schofield, M. Schofield, F. Robertson, L. Robertson, M. Smith, H. Smith, L. Chesley, P. Johnson, G. Estey, N. K. Thorne, B. Egan, L. Kimball, C. Hagan, L. Haman, M. Allan, M. Johnston, R. Magee, M. Fowler, L. Oulton, L. Sharp, B. Armstrong, A. Hoben, E. Neales, A. Blizard, R. McAvity, J. Fleming, M. Taylor, E. Allison, L. Barkham, L. Hazen, A. Hall, M. Thompson, M. Titus, C. Gerow, W. Barnaby, E. Armstrong, G. MacLachlan, P. S. Babbitt, Fredericton, Miss Triton, Petticoatic.

- GENTLEMEN. G. McLeod, G. Sanctos, N. Sanctos, B. Purdy, M. Purdy, A. Rankine, A. Clarke, H. Clarke, A. G. Blair, F. L. Stone, F. Rankine, F. Holstet, W. Robertson, G. Robinson.

- F. P. Johnston, G. Murdoch, A. Cooke, F. Pheasant, W. Johnstone, E. Gerow, A. Rankine, E. Rankine, J. Oty Sharp, J. Pope Barnes, W. B. Scovill, E. D. N. Sears, H. B. Sears, E. Humphrey, G. Hilyard, E. C. Sturdee, B. Hamilton, P. Clarke, J. W. Rodgers, J. Sutherland, F. Eutherford, W. Hazen, D. Walker, A. Fattos, C. P. Holden, H. Godsee, G. Robertson, H. Porter, H. MacLeod, R. Skinner, F. Day, W. Harrison, H. Roberts, S. E. Peters, W. Howard, G. Howard, J. Rankine, C. Hamilton, E. K. Allison, J. L. Lewis, Sussex, S. Jarvis, Digby, C. M. Manning, Halifax, W. Montgomery Halifax, G. Hall, Chatham, R. Kerr, A. H. Lindsay, F. Hall, S. C. Lee, G. Noble, G. Boetwick, D. Seeley, J. Rogers, D. McLaughlin, T. F. Pagsley, F. Hilyard, F. Temple, H. W. Schofield, C. MacDonald, W. Black, S. Emerson, J. H. Kimball, F. Masters, L. Jewett, A. S. Harrison, A. S. Fowler, A. Schofield.

A very pleasant dance was given on Easter Monday evening, the arrangements being in charge of Messrs. E. Ellis and H. Wetmore, with Mrs. A. B. Wetmore as chaperon, assisted by Miss Bourne. Many very pretty gowns were worn, the music was delightful, and the nicely served supper was all that could be desired. Among those present were:

- Miss Smith, Miss Crocker, Miss Foley, Misses Hall, Miss King, Miss Foster, Miss Kennedy, Misses White, Misses Potts, Miss J. Chasison, Miss M. Charlton, Misses Barnes, Miss Deah, Miss Alward, Miss Ellis, Miss Nagle, Miss Dodge, Mr. A. King, Mr. F. Roden, Mr. A. Jordan, Mr. F. Dunfield, Mr. C. Nelson, Mr. W. J. Wetmore, Mr. G. Tapley, Mr. W. Wetmore, Mr. W. Kennedy, Mr. L. Brennan, Mr. W. Clark, Mr. W. Dean, Mr. J. Kirkpatrick, Mr. P. Masters.

Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock of Boston was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Galloway during his visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen entertained Mr. A. R. Tibbits of Fredericton during the Easter holidays.

Miss Eva Yerta spent a few days recently with her parents at the capital.

Mrs. M. S. Hall of the Colonial was here last week attending the marriage of her daughters the Misses Jennie and Kate Hall.

Mrs. John H. Neway spent Easter with Miss Parkins, at the latter's home in Fredericton.

Miss Stella Steeves of Moncton is spending a few weeks with city friends.

Mrs. H. H. Warman who spent the Easter holidays with her sister Mrs. H. E. Pickett, has returned to Moncton.

Mrs. Harold Moraa has returned from a visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. Harvey Smith spent sometime in St. Stephen lately as guest Mr. E. G. Vroom.

Mrs. Richard Knox has been staying recently with her mother Mrs. Dick of St. George whose health has much improved of late. Miss Winifred Dick has gone to her home after a pleasant visit in this city and other parts of New Brunswick.

Mrs. Morris Robinson has been visiting her sister Mrs. George Chandler at the latter's charming home "Maplehurst," Dorchester.

Miss Gilbert of Dorchester was the guest of city friends during the holidays.

Dr. Murray of Springhill N. S., brother of the Premier of Nova Scotia was here Monday on his way to Boston for a visit of eight or ten days.

Mr. A. G. Blair and Miss Blair who arrived in Fredericton from Ottawa this week came to St. John on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Currie of Halifax who have been spending a little while with Mr. James F. Robertson returned to Nova Scotia this week accompanied by Miss Robertson.

Miss Clara Fitzpatrick, Miss Gertrude McGowan, and Mr. Phillip Fitzpatrick spent Easter at St. Joseph's College Memramook.

Mrs. Brigstocke wife of Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke leaves shortly on a visit to England. She will probably sail from Halifax next week.

Mr. Frank Hall who came here to be present at the marriage of his two sisters last week is on his way to the west, and will probably go to the Yukon gold fields.

Mrs. Byers of Spring Hill, N. S., and little Miss Jean spent Sunday with Mr. John Byers of Wentworth street leaving on Monday for New York where Mrs. Byers will spend six weeks with a school friend formerly Miss Page of Iruo, now Mrs. Daniel O'Day, a bright provincial girl who married a very wealthy American.

A very pretty double wedding took place last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Thomas Hall, Orange street, when his two daughters Miss Katie Hall and Miss Jennie Hall were united in marriage to Mr. John Masters of Tyrone, Pa., and Mr. Albert Carr of Woodstock respectively. Dr. Carr and Dr. Kierstead of Woodville officiated. A large number of friends witnessing the dual ceremony. Miss Katie's marriage was solemnized first. The charming bride wore a lovely white brocade satins wedding gown on train and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Her attendant Miss Nan de Forest was very daintily gowned and carried a large bouquet of heliotrope hyacinths. Little Miss Hazel Hall who was a lovely little maid of honor for both brides wore a pretty yellow organdie dress and carried a basket of daisies tied with yellow ribbon. The groom was supported by his brother Professor Vernon Masters of Harvard. Following immediately after the ceremony was the wedding of Miss Jennie Hall. She was gowned in white duchess satin, with silk lace trimming and flowing train, and carried a large bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Emma Robertson, who was attired in a pretty gown of heliotrope organdie and also carried a bouquet of heliotrope hyacinths. Mr. Frank Hall of New York performed the duties of groomsmen at this wedding. Both brides wore beautiful pearl necklaces and the bridesmaids pearl brooches, the gift of the grooms. After the ceremony and a wedding luncheon, the wedding parties left on honeymoon trips to the United States. The brides were the recipients of many beautiful remembrances from their numerous friends all of whom will wish them much happiness and prosperity in their new homes.

Miss Clawson and Mr. Joshua Clawson of King Street East, gave a pleasant little entertainment this week to a small party of friends among whom were several well known musical people. It goes without saying therefore that the evening was particularly enjoyable. Among the guests were Mr. Charles Gillespie, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. (Dr.) Daniel, Mr. Fred G. Spencer, Mrs. Spencer, Miss Alice Haas, Miss Mabel Fairall, Dr. Merrill, Mr. Gilbert Jordan, Miss Mabel Jordan, Miss Ella Jordan, Miss Lily Gardner, Miss Bartlett, Miss Narrowsay and several others.

Mrs. W. P. Fiewelling of Fredericton is here with her sister but expects to return home shortly.

Miss Hamlin Crookshank has returned to the capital after a very lengthy visit to her cousin Miss Crookshank of Queen street.

A very successful Easter sale was held in the basement of the Congregational church this week, the promoters of the affair leaving nothing undone that would in any way contribute to the enjoyment of the patrons. The fancy table was looked after by Mrs. G. B. Thomas, assisted by Misses Aline Fowler, Pearl McMurray, Bertie Hackett, and Mabel Hatfield. Miss Phillips, who had charge of the candy table, had the assistance of Misses Hortense Heath, Hazel Gregory and Ethel Creighton. The refreshment table was superintended by Mrs. G. E. Williams, with Misses Jennie Holms, Helen McMurray and Iona Kerr, as her assistants. The following programme was very nicely rendered: Chorus, Easter Bells, the Buds of Promise; solo, Miss A. Lee Fowler; mandolin solo, F. Likely; solo, Miss Dorothy Creighton; swingings clubs, Masters S. Gregory, Bonnell, Scovill and Crawford; violin solo, Miss Aline Fowler, accompanied by Miss Ethel Creighton; Floral Exercises, The Gates Ajar, Misses Hazel Gregory, Jessie MacMichael and Emma Heath; recitations, Miss Nora Williams, Miss Marlon Estabrooks and Miss Mabel Hatfield; swingings clubs, A Likely; Mother and rabbits, Miss Hazel Gregory and six little girls; recitation, Miss Hortense Heath; chorus, Buds of Promise.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Steele and child of Amherst were among the strangers here during the week.

Mr. Henry Murchie, Mrs. Murchie and child were here from Montreal for a day or two during the week.

Mrs. Robert Luggie spent a part of this week in St. John, returning to Loggieville the last of the week.

The Misses Sterling came down from Fredericton for a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bennels of Campbellton spent a few days here during the past week.

Miss Nan Mills of Annapolis is the guest of relatives in the West End for a week or two.

The annual sale of the Church of England Institute opened on Thursday afternoon. The rooms were prettily decorated, the display of fancy articles unusually beautiful and the attendance large. Tea was served during the evening and the sale continued. The art and fancy tables were in charge of the following ladies:

Needle Work—Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. J. S. Harding, Miss Robertson, Miss Kentor, Miss M. Harrison, Miss M. Holden.

Art—Mrs. S. Ritchie, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. G. Jones, Miss A. Jones.

Apron—Mrs. C. H. L. Johnston, Miss Wright. Novelties—Mrs. W. S. Myles, Miss A. Tingley, Miss R. McAvity.

Five O'clock Tea—Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mrs. Holly.

Ice Cream—Mrs. J. R. Smith, Mrs. R. L. Smith. Door—Miss Osa Barbour, Miss May Johnston.

The tables in the tea rooms on the second floor were in charge of Mrs. W. F. Harrison Mrs. W. S. Fisher, Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis, Mrs. John Bay, Mrs. Estough, Mrs. W. F. Best, Mrs. C. F. Kinnear, Mrs. L. A. Currey, Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Miss Dibrow and Miss Stevenson, assisted by a corps of young lady waiters.

The other departments of this room were in charge of Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. W. E. Vroom, Mrs. C. F. Clarke, Mrs. G. F. Baird, Mrs. A. Porter, Mrs. E. L. Perkins, Miss Patton, Mrs. H. Allan, Mrs. E. Scovill, Mrs. Arthur Coster, Miss Clinch and Mrs. L. R. Harrison.

The reception committee were Mrs. G. A. Schofield, Mrs. F. E. Barker, Mrs. A. G. H. Dicker, Mrs. T. W. Daniel, Mrs. Charles Holden, Miss Murray, Miss H. Peters, Miss G. Scammell and Mrs. T. Walker.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Loane & Co.]

APRIL 13.—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Dibble, daughter of the late Livingstone Dibble, and Mr. Lewis B. Bliss of Lincoln was solemnized at Christ church on Wednesday afternoon by Ven. Archdeacon Neales, assisted by Rev. H. E. Dibble brother of the bride. The bride looked charming in a very stylish and most becoming travelling costume of gray and mauve, with hat to match. She carried a bouquet of cream bridal roses. She was attended by her sister Miss Dora Dibble, who wore a costume of gray with black trimmings, hat to match, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by Dr. Stewart Skinner of St. John. The church was decorated with blooming plants and cut flowers. The bride was the recipient of many lovely presents. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss left by the C. F. R. for Boston and New York on a bridal trip, followed by the best wishes of hosts of friends. Mrs. Bliss will be greatly missed in social and church circles.

(Continued on Page 2.)

Place Your Order Now For a "Welcome" Bicycle,

A guaranteed High-Grade 1898 Wheel for

200 "Welcome" Soap Wrappers and \$35.50 Cash.

Here is an easy way of getting a good Bicycle for very little money. Your grocer has the Famous old reliable "Welcome" soap and specifications of the "Welcome" Bicycle, or write us for particulars.

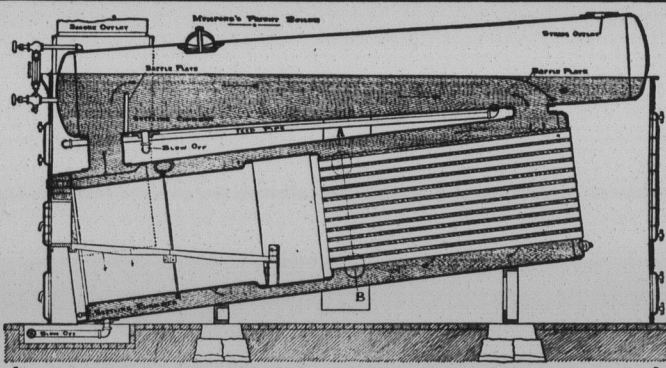
This is the most liberal Premium proposition ever offered to the public. Remember we guarantee the wheel.

They are being snapped up quickly, the supply is limited. Place Your Order Now.

The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

Cocoa Certainty Fry's. "You're sure it's pure" when you buy Fry's Cocoa. If you try it once you buy it always. It's worth something to you to be sure of Cocoa purity.

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



Mumford's Improved Boiler

Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N. S.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

When You Order... PHILIP ISLAND WINES... BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. "Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LUNN. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DEWITT. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SOOVL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

The Dye of Quality. That new, clean, quick, brilliant, fadeless, Home Dye, "Maypole Soap" is the dye of highest quality. It gives safe results in Home dyeing every single time. Maypole Soap doesn't dye the hands. Its high quality prevents that "streaky" effect that powder dye's seldom fail to yield. grocers and druggists sell it—All colors. Free illustrated Book all about Successful Home Dyeing at the wholesale depot, 5 Place Royale, Montreal.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



ANOTHER BIG CUT.

- Solid gold frames for \$2.35
Or the best gold filled frames, 1.10
Or the first quality lenses, .90
Or the aluminum frames, .35
Or the alloy frames (note), .35
Or the steel or nickel frames, .10

Free examination by M. G. Thompson, Graduate Foster's Optical College, Boston, for a short time only. Come now. Don't delay.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO. 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEFEY, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street
LANE & CO., George street
POWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
G. J. KLINE, Gortigan street
J. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
H. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

Lent is over but there has not been a general revival in social circles and the prospects are not bright for the next week or two...

It was a very great surprise to hear that the Lenten regulations were ordered to leave for Jamaica on May 5th. The announcement caused regret too for the regiment has become very popular during its short stay in Halifax.

The officers have got to know the people with surprising rapidity when contrasted with the last regiment and have done their best to make some return for the little courtesies and civilities offered them by city society.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]

APRIL 13.—Miss McDougall, New Glasgow, is visiting her cousin Miss Mary McDougall who gave a very pleasant impromptu dance in her honor at night.

Mr. O. A. Horsely of the Merchants' bank spent the Easter recess in Halifax. Mr. Dickenson was in Kent county N. B. for the holidays; and Mr. Williams of the same office was with Acadia Mines friends from Saturday till Tuesday.

Mrs. H. F. McKenzie and her sister Mrs. Curry McDougall are spending a few days with home friends in Matilda this week.

Mr. B. F. McDurdy of the Halifax bank Halifax, was in town Saturday en route to his home in Clifton for Sunday and Monday.

Mr. A. V. Smith of the Halifax bank and Mr. Murray of the Commercial spent the bank holidays at their respective homes, in Sackville, N. B. and Middleton, Kings Co.

J. Astor Broad's cantata, "Ruth" was given its first production last night, under the direction of Lewis Rice, and was listened to by a crowded and thoroughly appreciative house who testified by generous applause their appreciation of the artistic work of the performers.

The dancing class gave their closing dance, last night in the Merchants' Bank Ballroom, and it is needless to say, had a thoroughly pleasant evening. The pupils were there in full force and all charming; Miss Lulu Archibald, was conceded the belle-ship, arrayed in a dainty frock of white dotted Swiss, with trimmings of valenciennes. The misau was danced very gracefully by sixteen of the pupils.

The patronesses were:—Mrs. A. D. Wetmore and Mrs. D. B. Cummings.

Mrs. J. C. Mabon, Havelock, N. B. is visiting friends in town.

Mr. C. R. Coleman, was hastily summoned to his home in Natrope, Kings County, last Thursday, to attend the obsequies, of his father, Mr. John N. Coleman. RSC.

PICTOU.

[Progress is for sale in Pictou by Messrs. McLellan's.]

APRIL 13. Miss Kate Stewart and Miss Maggie McNeil who are attending the Ladies college in Halifax spent Sunday at home.

Miss M. Logan of Charlottetown is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Chisolm spent their Easter holidays in Halifax.

Mr. A. D. Mauro spent the Easter holidays visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. Jack Taylor of Halifax spent part of last week in town the guest of Mrs. James Primrose.

Mr. Will Davis of Stellarton spent Sunday in town visiting friends.

The Rev. Mr. Moss spent Sunday in Truro having exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Falconer.

Mrs. H. G. Ives and Mrs. Dr. MacMillan were visiting friends in New Glasgow, Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. MacMillan and Miss MacMillan leave shortly for an extended trip to the O. d. Country. They will spend all summer abroad.

Miss Grace Patterson returned to Truro Tuesday after spending a few days with Mrs. Carson.

Judge Moses of Amherst was in town for a few days this week holding court.

Miss Sadie Epps is paying a visit at Amherst. Mr. H. Epps has returned from New Brunswick.

Rev. E. H. Howe and Rev. Mr. Bancroft of Springhill exchanged services on Sunday.

Mr. D. A. Morrison of St. John and Mr. Barnes of Annapolis are in town.

Miss Agnes McCabe went to Truro yesterday to hear the cantata "Ruth."

The Literary club discussed American humorists on Monday evening at Mrs. Woodworth's. It was the closing meeting for the season which has been pleasantly and profitably spent.

Bicycles are too numerous to mention. In every street by day or night turn which way you will you meet them by dozens and scores.

Mrs. J. A. Johnson of Halifax is staying for a short time with her sisters the Misses Leitch.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore, and at S. McNeil's.]

APRIL 15.—The small number of strangers were in town for the Easter holidays, and a goodly number of Moncton people spent them abroad: the beautiful was her making a truly ideal Easter. The special services in the different churches were all largely attended and some very beautiful Easter music rendered. The array of Easter hats and bonnets was larger and more gorgeous than usual owing to the bright weather and the streets resembled an animated flower garden, when the various congregations streamed homeward, after service.

The numerous friends of Miss Lillian Bart of Fredericton who is now teaching in Dorchester, were delighted to see her in town again for the Easter holidays. Miss Bart was the guest of her sister Mrs. F. M. Murray of Queen street during her stay.

Mr. F. W. B. Moore of the Amherst branch of the Bank of Montreal spent the Easter holidays in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Miss Sadie Borden, student at Mount Allison Ladies college, who has been spending the holidays at her home here returned to Sackville yesterday.

Mr. W. B. McKenzie, chief engineer of the I. C. R. returned on Thursday evening to spend Easter with his family in Truro.

Miss Bertha Faulkner of Mount Allison Ladies college spent the holidays with her parents in town. Mr. August Miller of the I. C. R. St. John, spent Good Friday in town visiting his parents.

Miss Edith Gibson of Mount Allison spent the Easter holidays in town the guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Bradley.

Miss Nellie Benedict also of Mount Allison spent the holidays here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden.

Mr. A. H. Holmes of the I. C. R. engineering department spent Saturday and Sunday at his home in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Avard Knight formerly teller of the Bank of Nova Scotia here, but now of the New Glasgow branch spent Easter at his home here.

Mrs. L. G. Pheasant of Springhill is spending a few days in town the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marr.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Chapman of Dorchester spent Sunday in town visiting friends.

Miss Stella Stevens left town last week to spend a short time with friends in St. John.

Miss Laura Newman who is a student at the Mount Allison conservatory of music, Sackville is spending the Easter holidays at her home in Moncton.

Mrs. James McNaughton of Dorchester is spending a few days in town visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sells of Weldon street.

Mrs. George W. Daniel who has been spending some weeks in Montreal, returned home last week. Mr. Charles Burney of the I. C. R. Halifax spent Saturday and Sunday at his home in Moncton.

The many Moncton friends of Mrs. J. A. Flett of Campbellton, formerly Miss Mabel Hillson of this city are glad to see her in town again. Mrs. Flett is the guest of her mother, Mrs. A. Hillson.

Mr. E. W. Lewis principal of the Campbell school spent the Easter holidays at his home in Moncton.

Mr. Gross of the Victoria school teaching staff spent several days in Sackville last week visiting friends.

Mr. F. A. LeFuray of Summerside who has just graduated from the Baltimore Dental College is spending a few days in town the guest of his sister Mrs. George McSweeney at Hotel Brunswick.

Mrs. F. R. F. Brown returned last week from Montreal where she has been spending the past few weeks visiting friends.

Mrs. Samuel Gordon left home on Monday for St. John to spend a few days visiting her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith returned here on Monday from the West Indies where they have been spending the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Smith had had a delightful trip and are delighted with Bermuda, where they spent several weeks.

Mr. C. R. P. liner former secretary and superintendent of the city schools, now general store-keeper at the I. C. R., was given a very enjoyable and pleasant surprise last Wednesday evening when the teachers of the Moncton schools arrived in a body at his residence, and presented him with a very handsome roll headed cane, and an address expressive of their appreciation of his services in the cause of education, and the regret at the severance of his connection with their work. The address was read by Mr. Irons, and the presentation made by Mr. Oulton, on behalf of the teaching staff. Mr. Palmer replied in fitting terms, and remarks were made by Messrs Oulton, Irons and Black, and after a pleasant evening the visitors dispersed.

Miss Margaret McLaren who has made her home in Lewis since last winter, spent the Easter holidays with her mother in this city, returning to Lewis last evening.

Moncton people were greatly shocked this morning to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Percy Kinder of the I. C. R. audit office. Mr. Kinder was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and had been in delicate health for some time on that account, but was always able to attend to his duties. He was in his usual health on Saturday, but after partaking rather heartily of veal at his dinner he was seized with a violent attack of dyspepsia, and in the evening with convulsions. In spite of all that medical skill could do, he continued to grow worse until last evening, when death relieved him of his sufferings. Mr. Kinder was thirty-seven years of age and leave a wife and two children. IVAN.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

APRIL 13.—Lent is over and the Easter gaieties may be said to have commenced.

Miss Florence Palmer entertained a few of her young friends last evening. The young ladies of the party took tea with Miss Palmer. After tea a few young gentlemen joined them and a little waltzing was indulged in. After partaking of a light lunch the party broke up about midnight. Miss Palmer may congratulate herself on giving her friends a very delightful evening.



Cures While You Sleep Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized.

Millinery Days.

The impetus given to Hats and Bonnets by our marvelously and successful opening of a week ago is making Marr's Millinery Parlors talked of in the best homes of city and country, for visitors were here from near and far. We have never within the same time in any former season booked so many orders for Spring Millinery, whilst the daily sales from stock show a large percentage of increase. It could hardly be otherwise, with the beauty and style in Hats, Bonnets, Flowers and Feathers that meet you in these exceptional Millinery Parlors and the Best Milliner in Canada direct from New York City.

H. G. MARR, MONCTON, N. B.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effective. Readily taken by children.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Squares.

J. D. TURNER. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leshchitsky" Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Fresh killed Turkeys and Fowls, Lettuce, Radish, and extrafine nowflake Potatoes

THOMAS DEAN. City Market.

There are rumors of a large whist party to be given in about a fortnight's time.

Miss Chapman of Amherst spent a few days last week with her grandmother Mrs. David Chapman. The Misses Chapman gave a ladies tea in honor of Miss Chapman last week.

Miss Ethel and Mr. Henry Emmerson returned home from Wolfville for the Easter vacation last Thursday. They went back to school yesterday.

Mrs. Morris Robinson of St. John spent Easter with her sister Mrs. George W. Chandler at Sackville.

Miss Diblee returned to Dorchester last week after an absence of four months. She is receiving a warm welcome from her many friends here.

Miss Robinson, who has been spending the winter months with Lady Smith at Woodlawn, went to Sackville last Wednesday. She will be very much missed in Dorchester, as she has made many friends during her stay in our little town.

Mrs. W. A. Mack of Campbellton is visiting her friend Mrs. Emmerson.

Miss Gilbert spent Easter with friends in St. John.

Mr. C. A. Atkinson of St. John spent Easter with friends in town returning to St. John yesterday. Mr. Atkinson was looking exceedingly well, and seems to like St. John immensely.

Messrs. John and William Forster spent Easter with their parents at Willowdale, they were accompanied by two friends who are also students at Mount Allison University.

Mr. J. B. Chandler spent Easter at his home here returning to Sackville on Monday morning.

We have a treat in store for us to-morrow evening—when Judge Wedderburn will lecture in the Court House on Forestry—What it is—the intention of the order—and its benefits. Mrs. McGrath—and Miss Constance Chandler have kindly consented to act as soloists. Miss Bache Hamilton will be the accompanist for the evening. Mr. Thomas Murray of Sackville will also sing a solo in his delightful style. As there will be no admission charged, Judge Wedderburn may expect a large audience—and Dorchester may feel honored in having the pleasure of listening to such a faithful speaker.

Miss Lillian Burt returned from Moncton, where she spent her Easter holidays.

We regret to hear that Mr. A. Grierson has been detained on account of serious illness in her family. We hope soon to see her back at her work.

Mr. Judge Hainington and Mr. Justice Landry have gone to Fredericton to attend the Easter term of the Supreme Court. PERSONNEL.

ST. GEORGE.

APRIL 13.—Easter services were held in the churches on Sunday. There was quite a display of floral beauty in the Baptist church. The musical part of the programme was very complete and well carried out.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Lavers baptised and received into the Upper Falls church eleven candidates. The services were very impressive.

In the E. C. church the decorations were principally of cut flowers a number of Easter and calli-lilies roses and carnations were used. The music under the direction of Miss McCardl was very effective.

The services in St. Marks were largely attended at the close of the morning service the Holy communion was celebrated. The choir was assisted by Prof. Mooney. The decorations were very pretty.

In the afternoon a children's service was held in the Presbyterian church which was very prettily decorated with potted plants.

Mr. J. Dykeman and Mr. Palo Epps who have been seriously ill are much better.

Mr. Simmons has returned from Maryville where he has been spending the Easter holidays.

Mr. Richard Knox of St. John spent a few days last week with her mother Mrs. John Dick who I am glad to say is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moran and Mr. James McCormick of St. Stephen, Mr. G. Wetmore of Deer Island and Mr. Will Johnston spent Easter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burns are being congratulated on the arrival of a young son.

The Drageorgian club gave a very fine athletic and musical entertainment in their hall on Monday evening.

Miss Laura Wetmore of Truro is visiting her aunt Mrs. Ludgate.

Miss Winifred Dick is expected home this week from an extended visit in St. Martins, Moncton and St. John. Max.

THE HORSE CAN'T TATTLE'S ELIXIR

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE IF NOT CURED of Calves of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Soils. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897, Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Breed," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. L. ROY WILLIS, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

PARRSBOBO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

APRIL 13.—The Easter services were very largely attended, St. George's church was crowded to overflowing in the evening, several instruments from the band assisted the choir very materially in obtaining a musical. The floral decorations were profuse and tastefully arranged and the church brilliantly lighted by the handsome electric lights which have just been placed there. The altar was in the Roman Catholic church were beautifully adorned with potted plants and cut flowers.

Mr. W. B. King of the Halifax banking Co., St. John, spent Easter Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

Miss Fullerton, Howard, and Gow, came home from Mt. Allison for the holidays. Mr. Carleton Mack and Mr. George Young also from Mt. Allison spent Easter with friends here.

Miss Edna Tucker has lately become a pupil at the Ladies college, Halifax.

Mrs. Charles Howard is visiting friends at Oxford.

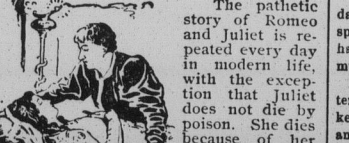
The pathetic story of Romeo and Juliet is repeated every day in modern life, with the exception that the latter does not die because of her own neglect or ignorance.

Neglectfulness causes much of woman's peculiar sickness. Neglect of the minor troubles causes serious complications. The irregularities, the burning, dragging ache, the debilitations, the drains that mark the progress of feminine diseases, are passed lightly over or are borne in ignorance of their cause. Their continuance means death or insanity. This is all unnecessary. So-called female weakness can be cured. It can be cured quickly and permanently, and right in the privacy of the home without the humiliating local treatment so universally insisted upon by physicians. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does this and more. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong and healthy. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It tones and strengthens the nerves. At all medicine stores.

W. R. Malcolm, Esq., of Knobel, Clay Co., Ark., writes: "My wife for perhaps four months previous to the birth of our child took the 'Favorite Prescription.' This strengthened her entire system and child-birth, to her, was very easy, being attended with little pain. Our baby Ruth is thirteen months old and she has never been sick a day, not so much as had the colic, she is hearty and stout and pretty as a picture—pretty because she is healthy, and we very much blame Dr. Pierce's family medicines for it.

We keep Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets' in our home and use them. We have been married almost three years and I have called a physician into my family but one time—at birth of our baby."

Rosy cheeks. The rich, pure, red blood of health makes them. Keep the blood pure and you will have them. Constipation causes impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it promptly and permanently and never gripe. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. No other pill acts so naturally and perfectly. Druggists sell them.



serious complications. The irregularities, the burning, dragging ache, the debilitations, the drains that mark the progress of feminine diseases, are passed lightly over or are borne in ignorance of their cause. Their continuance means death or insanity. This is all unnecessary. So-called female weakness can be cured. It can be cured quickly and permanently, and right in the privacy of the home without the humiliating local treatment so universally insisted upon by physicians. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does this and more. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong and healthy. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It tones and strengthens the nerves. At all medicine stores.



BABY'S OWN SOAP is made particularly for little folks. It is the purest soap in the world. Really and truly the purest. It looks good; smells good; is good; and does good to the pink and tender skin of infants.

Thousands of men and women use BABY'S OWN SOAP—because they like it—but for Babies it is indispensable. 76.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Beware!

SACKVILLE. (Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.)

April 13.—Thursday last a party was being talked up for an expedition to the sugar woods but it rather fell through. First the prime mover, Messrs Fred Dixon and Fred Hart, stood no longer upon the order of their going but just went.

Saturday evening a reception was held at the ladies' college. This is only the second that has been held there and there will not be another gathering of the sort till the "year" is closing.

Sunday was a particularly fine day and all the churches had large congregations. The Easter head gear and gala attire generally were much in evidence. The Methodist church was a mass of bloom within the communion rails. The front of the pulpit was covered with white, bearing the inscription "Fear ye not, He is risen" worked in blue, on either side were palms and foliage plants, colored flowers and tall Easter lilies in pots.

In St. Paul's church there was early communion, the eleven o'clock service being held at St. Ann's Westwood. In the afternoon there was a Christian service in St. Paul's when Mrs. S Taylor's infant received the name of Edmund Stevens.

The anthem by E. V. Hall was most melodious, the hymns 498 and 499 well sustained. The "piece de resistance" was the duet from Stainer's "Daughter of Jahu," by Miss Jennie Estabrook and Mr. Murray. It was much enjoyed by all and will be repeated next Sunday by request. Miss Estabrook who is not yet very far along in her teens and has received but little instruction carried through her part well, taking G. with great ease.

Mr. Murray was in magnificent voice all through the service so much so that one could forgive the few places where he did not strike his note quite truly. The eloquent address of the Rev. G. F. Wiggins was enjoyed in keeping with the day.

Monday appeared to be kept a holiday by more than the bank men, many being out "for" wheel or for "whoa" enjoying the bright sun and dry roads. There was a very entertaining party given in the evening by Mrs. George Black. The guests, many of whom belong to the senior class were, Miss Sprague, Miss Webb, Miss Brecken, M. S. Harrison, Miss C. Webb, Miss Sherwood, Miss Bowles, Miss Maxwell, Miss L. Hart, Miss Paisley and Messrs A. Lison, Johnson, Craig, Porter, Steeves, Pagley, McNeil and Egan. The amusements consisted of a large variety of progressive games, including crokinole, bean bags and spooning potatoes till at last the party "progressed" to the supper table where something more attractive than potatoes were spooned.

Another batch of invalids are making their appearance. Woodford Turner is on a trip to St. John. Howard Alward who has not recovered as well as his friends would wish is at his home in Bay Verte. Every one regrets hearing of Miss Segie Copp's illness.

Mrs. Archibald has taken several short drives. Miss Hester Wood who has been kept in for some weeks with bronchial trouble is out again. Miss Annie Bulmer has returned from Moncton and will be in her own home in two weeks. Dr. and Mrs. Langstroth have been the guests of Mrs. Chas. Pichard.

Walter Black, Moncton, and Robert King, Sussex, two young school teachers spent the Easter holidays in Sackville. Mrs. Robinson was in Dorchester for Sunday. Miss Grace Tower was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Prescott and Miss Alice McHaffey of Mrs. Wm. Prescott, Bala Verte at Easter. Miss McMurray from Hawlock is in Sackville. H. C. Read has been on a business trip to Bala Verte.

Mrs. Christie and Master Lyrind, Amherst, were visiting Mr. H. C. Read last week. A. H. McCredy has been a few days in St. John. Mrs. Harry Dixon arrived from the West Monday evening. Her brother, Frank Read returned a fortnight ago.

Messrs. Fred Smith and Fred Walker have taken advantage of the bank holidays to be in Sackville. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Goodwin and Miss Elsie Turner were in Bala Verte over Sunday. Mr. Harry Black, Amherst was the guest of Mrs. Pichard Trueman the same day. Mrs. Gross, Moncton, has been visiting Mrs. Humphreys, Wedding street. Miss Robinson left the first of the week for Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. John McInloch of Woodstock have been visiting relatives in town. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berie Smith have decided to return from Boston about the thirteenth.

Mr. Frank Grimmer expects to soon leave for the Pacific coast where he expects to make with his family his future home. Mrs. Harold Moran has returned to her home in St. John.

Mrs. John C. Taylor has returned from an extended visit to Boston. The engagement of Mr. James E. Crist of New York city to Miss Alice Nichols was announced last week, and is most pleasantly discussed among their friends, who most heartily congratulate them on their happiness.

Mr. Charles Lyford has returned from Boston. Mr. Harry Smith of St. John has been in town during this week and has been the guest of Mr. E. G. Vrooman.

Letters from Mr. Thomas Main announce his safe arrival in Vancouver, B. C. and that he already feels much benefited in health. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Gauson, came from Ottawa to spend the Easter holidays, and returned to the capital on Tuesday. During their stay, they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Robinson, Mrs. Ganona's parents.

Mrs. Jean Shute, of Fredericton is the guest of her sister Miss Fanny Moore. Mrs. Constance Chipman's young friends in the cordially welcomed her home on Friday last. Mr. Frank F. Fowler of Boston spent Easter in the city and has extended his visit into the last of this week.

Mrs. W. J. Rose, has been spending a few days at the "Stars" with her friend Mr. Adams Chipman. Miss Emma Grimmer has returned from Boston. Mrs. Thomas A. Vaughan, intends to leave tomorrow for Boston, after an extended visit of several weeks with her aunt Miss Grant.

Mrs. Keating, is visiting her daughters in Boston and expects to stay a month or more. Mrs. Wellington Seives, of Woodstock is in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles Vanstone. Miss Florry Cullinan, has returned to Sackville, to visit her brother Mr. Alexander Cullinan.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.) APRIL 13.—The Easter concert, to which we all have been looking forward, with a good deal of anticipation, came off in the Opera house on Monday evening and met with wonderful success. The opening piece, Trio for Piano and Violin, by William T. H. Fenety, by Miss Carma, Miss Alice Day and Prof. Bristow were beautifully rendered and showed that the performers fully caught the spirit of the author.

Next on the program was the duet "Maying" by Mrs. Stephen Dixon and Prof. Bristow. Mrs. Dixon sang very sweetly and was well received, her voice blending with the rich tenor of Prof. Bristow's making perfect harmony. The third number brought out Ole Taebaldt to the stage and he was welcomed with much enthusiasm, but for the most part was very disappointing; as he had been looked upon as the great drawing card, much was expected of him. A Norwegian tone, landscape could scarcely be expected to have much appreciation from a Canadian audience. The artist was certainly unhappy in his selections. That he is a fine executionist all may see, which was particularly noticeable in his playing, but it is not given so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly, as he has appealed to the senses, where as his descriptive pieces found no response in his audience. His quartette accompaniment was a truly wonderful piece of execution.

Mrs. Stephen Dixon's slumber song was much appreciated and very sweetly sung. She came Miss Nan Thomson, her song—When the Heart is Young, showed off her voice to the fullest; the rich tones met with a warm appreciative audience, as she never sang to better advantage. Mrs. Jeffrey captured the audience with her song, "Asthore"—by Coan. Mrs. Jeffrey's enunciation was perfect, and was the great charm of her singing and has won for her a warm place in the hearts of the musical world.

Prof. Bristow's tenor solo, Anbach Serenade was a delight to his audience. Mr. Bristow sings with an ease that is delightful to his hearers always. To Mr. Bristow is due the credit of the wonderful success of the concert. Miss Winifred Johnston has been home from Sackville, for Easter holidays.

Mr. A. R. Tibbitt spent Easter in St. John a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hazen. Mrs. W. P. F. W. is still in St. John visiting her sisters. Mr. Helen Todd, a Boston artist is visiting his aunt Mrs. Geo. Inch. Mrs. Benson of Chatham is the guest of Mrs. B. Orr.

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Van Wart on the birth of a baby daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen are also being congratulated on the arrival of a son and heir. The Messrs. Minnie and Leticia Vandin spent Easter in Sackville the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Palmer.

Major Edwards and Mr. Robt. Edwards of Halifax have been spending a few days in town, visiting relatives. Mrs. E. A. York of St. John has been spending the Easter holidays with her parents here. Mrs. H. A. L. on Brookbank has returned from a long visit with her cousin Miss Cookbank at St. John.

Dr. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock spent the holidays here with the doctors' parents. Miss Bessie Everett is spending the week with her parents here. The Auntie mistletoe will give their children in the opera house under the auspices of the King's daughters on Tuesday April 19, apart from the fact that the proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to some charitable purpose, the boys are all well and favorably known and that of itself should command a good house.

Mr. G. B. Blair, Jr. and Miss Marion Blair of Ottawa have been spending a few days here visiting their sister Mrs. Robt. F. Randolph. Miss Lizzie Perley of Oromocto is spending a few days in the city. Mr. Walter Scott of Montreal is among the visitors in town. Mrs. M. S. Hall is in St. John having gone to be present at the marriage of her niece, the Misses Jennie and Katie Hall of St. John. Miss Florry Armstrong of Boston is visiting her sister here.

Mr. and Mrs. John McInloch of Woodstock have been visiting relatives in town. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berie Smith have decided to return from Boston about the thirteenth.

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MONSOON Indo-Ceylon Tea. Murmuring lips of discontent give place to smiles of sweetness when you use MONSOON Indo-Ceylon Tea. Fragrant and delicious, 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. At all grocers, Black and Mixed.

Mr. John Hately and a lady friend of St. John spent Easter here with Miss Perkins. Mr. Arthur Wood of Boston is spending a few days with friends here. Mr. Chas. Carter of St. John is in town. Mrs. John Fairley of Sackville is visiting friends here.

Mr. George G. Thompson of Montreal is among the visitors to the city. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brasscomb spent Easter here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel O'Connell. Mr. A. Daniels of Montreal is in town and Mr. Masie of Montreal is visiting his home here. Mr. Lewis Blair, was married to Miss Dibble of Westport. Mr. Blair's many friends have extended congratulations. Mr. Frank Shuman has returned from a very enjoyable visit to Boston.

The sad news which was received here yesterday of the death of Mr. Walter Casenat, was left with Mr. Black's party for the Yakon on the 1st March has cast a gloom over the whole community. Mr. Casenat was a special favorite among his associates and his sudden and early death was a great shock to all. To his family and friends it extended the heartfelt sympathy of the whole city. CHAS. CARTER.

Richibucto April 13.—Miss Sylvia Black went to Moncton Monday to spend a few days. Miss Black assisted in the singing in one of that city's churches on Sunday evening. Special Easter services were held in St. Mary's church of England on Sunday morning in the Methodist church in the evening, at both services special music was given, appropriate sermons delivered, and the churches were prettily decorated with flowers.

Miss Maud Grierson who was home from Dorchester to spend the vacation was unable to return on Tuesday on account of the serious illness of her father Mr. David Grierson Sr. Mrs. Wm. J. Smith of Chatham, who visited friends in Kingston last week, was in town on Saturday calling on her old acquaintances. Mr. Geo. V. McInerly M. P. returned to Ottawa on Monday. Mr. Fred Cole of Moncton was in town on Monday. Mr. Hiram Thompson returned from Chatham on Tuesday.

An interesting entertainment was given last night in the Methodist church under the auspices of the "Woman's Foreign Society." Mr. John Short of St. John was in town for a few days visiting his son Mr. W. W. Short returned home on Tuesday. Mr. William Brown returned home on Saturday from a trip to Nova Scotia. Conductor Thomas Murray returned on Tuesday from a trip to Newcastle. Mr. Richard O'Leary left on Monday for Boston. Dr. Thomas J. Bourque went to Memramcook on Tuesday.

Springtime and the old standby. Experts are constantly trying to get a dye better than the Magnetic. THEY CANNOT DO IT. Especially in the richer colors, that test both dye and dyer, as Crimson, Green, Navy Blue, and Black. MAGNETIC DYES. Especially Black, are the best of dyes—giving best results with least work. If your dealer does not keep Magnetic Dyes, we will mail you as sample, a full size packet, any color, post paid, on receipt of price, 10c. HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.

PEDIGREE Trotters and teams, get fine glossy coats, good appetite, increased energy, when given DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. Sold by all reliable dealers, 25c. per package. Full size package sent post paid as sample on receipt of price. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL, MONTREAL.

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

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Havana Cigars. Just received, a supply of genuine GOLDEN EAGLES CLEMENTINAS, LA PUREZA, and CADORES QUEEN. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 35 King Street. Telephone 239.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. IMPORTED CIGARS. First Spring Import. 5000 HAVAANS. For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

CANCER. And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 30-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) The bell given by the members of the band on Easter Monday was a most enjoyable affair. Music was furnished by a Honiton orchestra. A good programme of dances was carried out. The grand march and circle was led by J. T. Allan Dibbles and Mrs. Dibbles.

Mrs. H. V. Dalling entertained a large party of young people most pleasantly on Tuesday evening at the residence of her daughter Estelle and son Clifford. Dancing was the amusement. The young ladies looked very pretty in their bright and dainty dresses. The invited guests were: Misses Lillian Sadler, Bessie Gibson, Ethel Baird, Nellie Phillips, Nellie Gales, Jessie Watt, Estelle Jamieson, (Richmond), Rowena Kitchin, Maud Dibbles, Vera Connell, Maud Wright, Alexa Corbett, Kate Jamieson, (Florenceville), Lillian Lake, Kate Rankin, Bessie MacLachlan, Annie McIntyre, Maud Collins, Ffy Camber, Pearl McKibben, Ethel Brewer, Elia Colter, Jessie Porter, Hazel Welch, Rosa Dibbles, Annie Graham, Allie Comer, Mabel Gilchrist, Irene Brooks, Miss Harman, Nan Phillips, Katie McAtee Agnes Green, Messrs. Raymond Gable, Charlie Walker, Fred Munro, Jack Dibbles, Herb Smith, Frank Dickison, Hollie Drysdale, Aubrey Connell, Gordon Connell, Hugh Wright, Robt. Welch, Robt. Corbett, Harry Saunders, Sabine Carr, Kenneth Connell, Arthur Hay, Warren Lindow, Berrett Anderson, Clowes Phillips, Frank Lee, Harry Lee, Albert Phillips, Harry Watt, Archie Kirkpatrick, Leo Brown, Alois Warner, Clarence Johnson.

PERITODIAO.

April 13.—Dr. Taylor of Moncton paid us his usual trip on Monday. Mrs. J. H. Morrison of Amherst spent a few days of last week with her sister Mrs. D. L. Tutes. Miss Ayers of Mt. Allison spent the Easter holidays here the guest of Mrs. H. B. Baker. Miss Annie Webster has returned from her visit to Sussex. Miss Brady of Moncton spent Good Friday with Mrs. C. H. Gross. Misses Alice Keith and Mayme Tritts spent Good Friday in Moncton. Mrs. G. H. Davidson of Anagnaw was in town on Tuesday. Mr. Edmund Cochrane was in Moncton Thursday. Mrs. Arthur Robinson and Miss Mary Price of Havelock spent Monday here the guest of Miss Webster. Miss F. Cotward of Moncton spent the holidays with Mrs. G. M. Blakney. Miss James Smith who has been in New York for the past year is home for the summer. His many friends are glad to see him back again. Mrs. S. H. Langstroth and Miss Jean of Sussex spent a few days of this week with relatives here. Mrs. G. S. Fleming was in Moncton one day last week. Mr. W. B. Ryan went to Sussex Tuesday on business. Miss Stockton who has been visiting here for the past few months returned to her home in Sussex. Mrs. Estabrooks and Mrs. Guard of Sackville who have been visiting Mrs. Horace Estabrooks returned home on Monday. Mr. Wm. Blakney returned to Fredericton this afternoon to resume his studies at Normal school. Mrs. J. Cochrane and Miss Cochrane are visiting friends in Moncton. Master Raleigh Tritts spent Sunday at Fairview. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Price and family spent Easter with friends here. Mr. B. S. Keith who spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Keith returned to St. John Tuesday. Miss Jessie Fleming of Newcastle is visiting her grandmother Mrs. H. Humphrey. Mrs. U. R. Ring returned last week from a lengthy visit to St. John. Mrs. J. B. Pascoe who has been visiting in Dorchester returned home last week. The many friends of Miss Julia Keith are very sorry to hear that she is ill with a gripe. Mr. Humphrey Davidson spent Easter here the guest of Mrs. John Webster.

BUCVOUGH.

April 12.—On Saturday evening a sacred concert was given by the Mission band and choir in Methodist church which was very much enjoyed. On Sunday evening an Easter service was held.

Merit Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit. Made Hood's Sarsaparilla That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



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

DOUGLAS McARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Lilies and other potted plants were nicely arranged around the platform and organ. Easter music was rendered by the choir.

Messrs. Frank Parlee of St. John, and Clarence Gross of Moncton, are in town today.

Mr. A. Coates has returned from a visit to friends in Kingston.

Mr. Robinson of Moncton, Mr. Sutherland of Sussex and Mr. Smith of Shediac, visited our town last week. Rev. Mr. Robinson was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Irving, Rev. Mr. Sutherland of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ross, and Mr. Smith of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irving.

Miss Johnson has returned from an extended visit to her sister Mrs. A. J. Gowan of Kingston.

Mrs. Goddard of Elgin spent the Easter vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Goddard.

Miss Maggie Foley spent Thursday in Kingston the guest of Mrs. A. J. Gowan.

The christening of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gorman's infant son took place on Sunday, the name he received was Thomas Oakley. Mr. Thomas Gorman of Moncton came up for the occasion.

Messrs. E. A. Irving and J. A. Irving drove to Richibucto on Monday.

APPOHAQUI

APRIL 12.—Mr. Will Abrams, Moncton, spent a few days of last week here.

Mrs. H. Montgomery-Campbell spent Monday in St. John.

Miss Dora Sinnott went to Rothesay for Easter Sunday.

Mrs. W. J. McD. Campbell returned on Tuesday from a visit to Moncton, her former home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Tritts were visiting Mrs. J. Riecker last week.

Mrs. W. J. Peters, Rothesay, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Lieut. H. S. Jones went to St. John on Saturday and returned Monday.

Mrs. Wilnot, Abel and little son, Sussex were at Mrs. J. Wamamak's last week.

Mr. Hedley Sinnott and Mr. James Spronl have gone to Campbellton to remain sometime.

HERE SHAMROCKS GROWS WILD.

A Unique Distinction Claimed for Grindstone Point in Maine.

There is a firm belief hereabouts (Gouldsboro, Me.) that the only place in the United States where the Irish shamrock grows wild and hides itself away among ranker vegetation, after the manner of all genuine shamrock plants, is on Grindstone Point, a bald bluff which makes out from the south shore of this town and stands facing Bar Harbor, ten miles across the bay. At present the rough pasture land produces a big crop of summer cottagers, and is worth anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre; but when Mooney and Maloney came here seventy-five years ago, they bought the whole point for 'three p'nn' ten English money, and everybody who knew of the transaction declared openly they had been cheated out of \$15, which they would need later on.

The manner of their arrival on Grindstone Point was peculiar. The millionaires from Boston and New York who come here now ride on special trains or embark on steam yachts built for speed and comfort. Mooney and Maloney reached Halifax from Cork on an emigrant ship which was thirty-five days on the passage. From Halifax they worked their way to Pictou, and hired out before the mast on a schooner bound for Boston.

The schooner carried the usual cargo of oats in the hold and grindstones on deck. When the craft had been out a few days a leak started, and the great mass of oats below deck began to swell.

As she was nothing more than a Yankee craft, made of hard pine, and old at that she could not stand the strain which the oats exerted, and she began to split open lengthwise, like a pea pod. With water running in and swelling the oats below and with fifty tons of grindstones on deck to drive her to the bottom, the schooner was in great danger of going down with all on board, when a southeast gale came along and drove her head first on the sand beach lying under the bluff. Mooney and Maloney escaped to land, but the rest of the crew, together with the schooner and cargo, were lost.

The vessel was lost in June, 1822, and the following autumn Maloney sent home to Ireland some leaves from the first sham-

rock plant, perhaps, that ever took root on American soil. He had brought a few sprays with him in a box mixed with damp moss, and when he found he was safe on land he set out the plants on the west side of the point in a small depression which is now known as Shamrock Hollow. Mooney and Maloney named the whole headland Shamrock Point, and the name would have held if it hadn't been for the grindstones. The vessel soon went to pieces under the blows of the sea, and the broken timbers and oars were ground to pulp or drifted away and were lost. The grindstones stayed where they fell. Grindstones were high and hard to get in those days. Therefore when the inhabitants alongshore learned that a cargo of grindstones had been dumped down on the point and could be had for the taking away they came and supplied their immediate needs and laid in a stock for future use. It was in the nature of things that a point which furnished ready-made grindstones should be called Grindstone Point, a name which the summer residents use today, and which appears in all the deeds and on this map.

A CUBAN CHARGE.

How Much Depends on the Machete-Strings and Thongs are Factors.

Strings, thongs and snap-catches play important parts in the field uniform of a Cuban insurgent. Persons who have seen the little band of Cuban patriots with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show come dashing into the arena have noticed that each man, by a quick movement of the head, throws off his straw hat. The hat, which is held by a string, dangles upon the horseman's shoulders during his ride. The movement revealing the fine, alert and spirited faces of the men who served under Gomez and Maceo, looks like a trick for theatre effect, but it is what they always do when riding into action, so one of the little band explained the other day.

'The Spanish soldiers,' he said, 'have the Mauser rifle, which kills at 1,000 or 1,200 yards, while we have only the Remington carbine, which is of short range. It is all we can afford. If we remain at a distance, the Spanish without danger to themselves will, as you Americans say, 'wipe us out.' So we must get close to them. That is the first consideration. The Mauser bullet will not kill any more at one yard than at 1,000, but it is different with the machete. For it does quarters in necessary.

'Now see how we are prepared for an attack. The carbine hangs by this snap-catch from the belt on the left side. The revolver, suspended by a strong string through its butt, hangs on the left side. The machete, by a thong through the handle, swings from the right wrist. The hat is made fast by a string so that it may be thrown back out of the way but not lost, for we are too poor to lose anything, even an old straw hat, and when the fight is over if we are alive we will want our hats. But during the fight we want our heads bare, clear, that we may see. The Spaniard pulls his hat down over his eyes.

'The order is given to charge! Three, our or five hundred yards we must go very fast—straight for the Spaniards, who all the time have us in range of their Mausers, while we can do nothing to them. Then we are close enough for the carbine to have effect and they go bang-bang-bang, fast as we can load and fire. If we only had magazine guns like yours; but they are too costly for us. Quickly we are close enough for the revolver to do execution. The carbine goes back to the hook on the belt and the revolver speaks bang-bang-bang until it is empty, when it is dropped for the string to take care of.

'By that time we are on our enemy with the machete. That is the tool to kill with. Shots fired in a gallop may miss, but there is no mistake about the chop of the machete. The Spaniard knows it and dislikes it exceedingly. A man who knows how to handle the machete can lop off an arm or a head or split a man like a carrot with it. A gun may get out of order, ammunition may be exhausted, but the good machete is always ready for service. Grind it sharp when it is dulled on bones, and it will not fail to serve you well.

'When the fight is over everything is in place. The hat is put back on the head, for our sun is very hot; the revolver and carbine hang in their places ready for reloading, and we are prepared for another fight.'

BEAVER LITTLE CHILDREN.

They Cross the Continent Without Their Friends.

The plea of complete helplessness is seldom unavailing. It is because the weak can always safely appeal to the strong that it is possible, and even safe, for little children to cross the sea alone, to come from a far-away spot in Europe to this land, where parent or guardian is awaiting them.

Only the other day, says the Outlook, a little five-year-old girl arrived in New York. She had come all the way from Russia, and was much interested in getting in safety to the new land the handkerchief full of playthings which had been her treasures during the journey.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

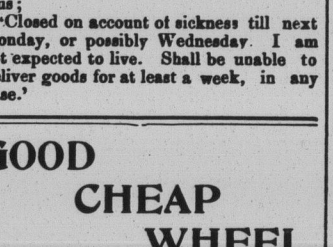
The child's father left Russia some time ago to make a home for wife and little one on this side of the sea. Now he has his baby again, thanks to the good care of captain and passengers; but the little traveller, with her shawl over her head and her handkerchief full of precious possessions, was motherless when she reached the father who was waiting for her.

The little like was not the only child to brave the journey across the sea without father or mother to care of her. Two little sisters from Russian Poland were equally fortunate in finding friends on ship-board, and in reaching America safely. The oldest, a small child of nine, had all through the journey been a little mother to her sister, who was two years younger. The officers of the ship had only words of praise for the small matron and her unselfish devotion to her little charge.

Still another pair of sisters, named Freda and Gamma, came from Austria. They wore tags about their necks, bearing the names and addresses of their relatives in this country. The little ones must all have been brave and their friends kind, or the journey would hardly have ended so successfully for each of the five.

GOOD CHEAP WHEEL.

Thousands are looking for cheap machines. Are you one of such? If so DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY by buying a poor machine, you cannot afford it.



Buy One of Our CRAWFORD Speed = King's or Queens at \$40 Cash They are fully guaranteed, and guaranteed to give good service and results. AGENTS WANTED.

E. C. HILL & CO., 101 Young St., Toronto.

Better Have a Good Roof.

You Can be Sure of it by Using Eastlake Steel Shingles.



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE. They're not an experiment but a proved success. Quickest laid, most durable and economical. They can't leak, can't rust, can't burn. For your own sake don't be satisfied with anything else. Write us for full particulars.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

Wanted at Once

A good, live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply.

The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the request of a number of the electors of this city, I hereby offer myself as a Candidate for Alderman for Sidney Ward. If you see fit to elect me I will do all that lies in my power to promote the city's best interests.

Yours Truly, STEPHEN B. BUSTIN.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall be a candidate for the office of MAYOR at the Election to be held in this city on the 19th inst.

While endeavoring to see as many as I can personally it is impossible to visit all, but having been intimately connected with public affairs during the last few years as a member of the Common Council, you will be able from my record to judge of my fitness for the position for which I respectfully solicit your support.

Your obedient servant, JOHN W. DANIEL.

To The Electorate, MAYOR

In compliance with the request of numbers of citizens, I herewith announce my Candidacy for the Office of MAYOR in the Election to be held on the 19th inst.

Most earnestly trusting, if elected, I may prove worthy of your confidence, helping to materially advance and protect, as your representative, the largest interest affected by civic administration.

Sincerely yours, EDWARD SEARS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I SHALL BE A CANDIDATE FOR THE Office of Alderman of Queens Ward, at the Election to be held on Tuesday, the 19th inst., and respectfully solicit your suffrages. If elected, I pledge my adherence to a progressive yet economical form of civic government.

Faithfully yours, WALTER W. WHITE.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: AFTER THE EARNEST SOLICITATIONS of many friends I have decided to offer for Alderman for Wellington Ward in the coming Civic Election.

I shall, if elected, use my best endeavors to promote the city's interest.

Yours faithfully, JAMES F. DUNLOP, Grocer. Cor. Waterloo and Paddock St.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall be a Candidate for the representation of Lansdown Ward in the Common Council, at the election which will take place on the 19th day of April next, and, as it will be impossible for me to see more than a comparatively small number of the electors, I take this means of respectfully soliciting your suffrages.

If elected, I shall devote my best energies to advancing the welfare of the city, by urging rigid economy in all branches of civic administration, and at the same time supporting reasonable expenditure for such measures as will promote the material progress of the community.

I am, yours faithfully, J. M. SMITH. St. John, March 29th, 1898.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: AT THE SOLICITATION OF A LARGE number of the electors of this city I shall be a candidate for Alderman for Lorne ward, at the coming election. If elected I shall give the business of the city my most earnest attention. I cannot place myself in the hands of any particular party or faction. I want to be elected by the citizens to represent all the citizens. If the electors will place me in this position I shall be able to do honest straight forward business at the council board.

Yours faithfully, J. W. KEAST, 80 Bridge street.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: THE VERY LARGE VOTE I POLLED LAST year, has prompted me again to offer myself as a candidate for Alderman, of Dufferin ward, at the coming election. Should I be honored with an increase of your confidence this year, and elected, my every act will be for the very best interests of the city generally.

Yours, etc., N. W. BRENNAN.

ELECTORS OF ST. JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I SHALL BE A CANDIDATE FOR ALDERMAN of Prince Ward at the Civic Elections to be held on the 19th inst., and hereby respectfully solicit your support.

Yours respectfully, ROBERT MAXWELL.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: AT THE SOLICITATION OF A LARGE number of friends I have decided to offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Alderman for Brocks Ward.

Hoping for your generous support, I have the honor to be Yours very truly, JOHN J. GORDON. March 30, 1898.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

THE CROWD APPLAUDED

THE GRACEFUL ACT OF A YOUNG ST. JOHN GIRL.

Made Fun of By an Impertinent Dry Goods Clerk An Aged Farmer Receives Kindly Attention From a Young and Pretty Girl—What the People Thought.

The time was noon, on a day of last week, and the place was a much affected lunch room in a central part of the city. The numerous tables with their nice appointments, were rapidly filling with the workers in office and store. Most of the tables had their quota of mutual friends who aided digestion by gay conversation and bright repartee. Others had one or two occupants who either were deep in the daily papers, or listlessly watched the more lively diners. Seated alone near the door was a stylishly dressed young man who looked as if he might have owned the restaurant, or entire block for that matter. He had a bored expression that only changed to one of deep disgust when an old man of rough appearance entered and after a survey of the tables sat down opposite the manipulator of the yard stick.

The last comer was rough in appearance, his long beard and hair were uncare for and unkempt; his clothes were old and patched, though clean, and in fact he looked just what he was, a farmer with whom fate had not dealt too kindly, and who had left home early on the day in question with a "load of market stuff."

He had a good honest face, though it was reddened and seamed by summer suns and winter winds, and he showed a disposition to be friendly with his neighbor, who was gazing around and smiling broadly whenever he intercepted a sympathetic look. Finally his smile developed into a very decided giggle and when the old man made some loud remark about the fine "sugar weather" he straightened himself up and said, "Sir, this table is engaged; I am keeping the three seats for friends who will be along right away."

The poor old fellow looked helplessly around and ran both hands through his long locks with the effect of making each individual hair stand straight on end.

There was only one other table, but it was at the other end of the long room, and at it was a daintily dressed girl of not more than eighteen. She had watched the little scene at the other table with interest and the color in her softly rounded cheeks grew deeper and deeper as she noted the fact that the old man was being "guyed" by half the male occupants of the room.

When the rural visitor had been practically told that his room was preferable to his company, the look of indignation on her face deepened. Hastily laying down her knife and fork, she walked up to the embarrassed man, quite indifferent to the fact that every eye was upon her, and laying her hand on his arm said in the clearest and sweetest of voices, "There is a place at my table if you wish to come down to it." The girl was just as cool as if she had been inviting some mutual friend to a seat beside her, and the only confusion or embarrassment noticeable was when a young law student led off in a hand clapping that was taken up by every one present except the three principal actors. When the applause subsided those nearest the old man and his brave girlish champion heard her say in answer to an inquiry "Oh, yes, of course, it must have been engaged you know. He probably had promised his friends that he would save seats for them at his table." She was still making an effort to spare his feelings.

A Turkish Heroine.

Ahmet Bey, a Turkish officer who served against the Russians in the campaign of 1877-78, was handsome, well-proportioned and of extraordinary physical strength. He was not only a Hercules, but the beautiful ideal of a soldier, one whose military knowledge seemed instinctive. Doctor Ryan, an English surgeon, who served with Ahmet Bey, tells in his book, "Under the Red Crescent," the following story of his strength and daring:

Abdul Kerim Pasha, the commander-in-chief, while inspecting his troops one morning, casually expressed the wish to capture a Serbian prisoner from the Serbian lines. Ahmet Bey, overhearing the remark, saluted, and asked permission to get the commander a prisoner. He received it, though Abdul Kerim wondered at the request. Ahmet wheeled his charger, dashed spurs into its flanks, and galloped straight for the nearest Serbian outpost. As he approached, half a dozen

rifles cracked; but Ahmet galloped unharmed, and marked down one sentry for his prey. The sentry fired at the audacious horseman, missed, and started to run. Ahmet swooped on him like a hawk upon a chicken.

He bent down, grasped the Serbian by the collar, and flung him across the saddle in front. Then he galloped back again, bending over his horse's neck to escape the bullets, and handed over his prisoner to the Turkish commander amid the shouts of the soldiers.

WHY THEY NEVER PARTED.

A Texas Ranchman's Faithful Servant and His Deed of Daring.

A Texas ranchman had among his cowboys one whom he called "Pronto" because of his quickness when on horseback. At other times, it appears, he was abnormally slow, and for that reason was made the butt of many jokes on the part of his fellows. One day, when the boy was being teased beyond endurance, the ranchman came to his relief, and after that Pronto was his devoted slave. There came a time when his devotion saved his master's life. The story is told by the ranchman in the New York Sun. A band of Indians had stampeded his cattle, some fifteen thousand in number.

I was one of the first to mount, and away I rode to the front to try to turn the leaders of the herd, so that they would not break and scatter and get away from us. Daylight had by this time broken, and the scene must have been inspiring as the fifteen thousand wild, bellowing cattle rushed down the Concho Valley in one mass.

My horse was doing his noble best, and finally, just as we entered a wider expanse in the valley, I passed the foremost cattle and turned quickly to the front of them. It meant death to me for my horse to stumble or slacken speed, but I hoped to out-distance the herd and then turn and cause the leaders to deflect and carry the others back toward camp. The very ground trembled under the feet of the cattle. My horse had caught the excitement, and was exerting every muscle.

Suddenly his pace began to lag, and I felt an unsteady motion in his gait. I knew instantly that the strain had been too great for the poor animal, and that I must move quickly if I wished to save myself from being trampled to death. I glanced sideways and saw that I was several hundred yards from the outside ranks of the herd, and that it would be impossible to get out before the herd reached me.

I resolved to take the desperate chance of keeping on until the herd was upon me, and then trying to save myself by mounting the first steer that came alongside. I had just settled my mind on this resolve when above the terrific roar I heard a shout, and looking to my right saw a horseman riding down upon me. It was Pronto, bearing like the wind.

His body was bent close to his horse's back, and about all that could be seen of him was his high sombrero, which still sat firmly upon his head despite the swiftness of his riding. In another instant, almost, Pronto rode alongside of me. His horse slackened speed to keep pace with my crippled animal. Pronto reached over, and with one of his strong arms lifted me from my saddle, and placed me behind him on his own horse. He dug the spurs into the sides of his animal, and turned the latter's head toward the outer ranks of the herd. We had hardly reached our safe position when the cattle speared us.

We stopped and looked at the fleeing animals a moment, and then Pronto told me to dismount, for he must stop the stampede. I got off his horse, so weak that I could not say a word, and Pronto rolled off at full speed. He rode many miles, but accomplished his purpose, and the herd was quickly placed under control.

That night around our camp-fire I told of my experience, and how Pronto had saved my life, and the Mexican was a hero for the remainder of the trip.

The horse which I had been riding was, of course run down by the cattle and trampled into a shapeless mass of bones and flesh. Pronto has stuck to me ever since that day, and I may add that I have stuck to him. He has been employed on my ranch for over thirty years, and would not leave me if the presidency of the Mexican republic were offered him.

Cohen—"Don't v'ip him, R' peccah. Der veer ut tear on his clothes will be more as der value of der bunishment." Mrs. Cohen—"How I bunish den? Cohen—"Deprive him of his dinner, unt gombine bunishment mit profit."

England has requested a bid from the Missouri packing establishment for furnishing 750,000 pounds of canned meats for the British army in India.

TWO FAMOUS TRIALS.

GREAT TICHBORNE CASE TWICE FOUGHT OUT IN COURT.

The Trials Lasted for 103 Days and 189 Days, Respectively—How the Case Began, Continued, and Ended—The Fate of the Famous Tichborne Claimant.

The death in London on Thursday evening, March 31, removed from the stage a most laggard actor in the person of Arthur Orton, otherwise Thomas Castro, otherwise Sir Roger Tichborne, baronet. Never did a man of so unromantic a character have such a romantic career. Son of an English butcher, a gold digger in Australia, then claimant to an English baronetcy and for a time treated as the real baronet; then a convict, then a dime museum freak in New York, and a bartender, and then a broken-down walt in London again—Dick Whittington's career, or Edward Osborne's alone can match it.

This man of three names and so many vicissitudes was the hero of two of the most remarkable trials in the history of the British courts. To show how he became such a hero, a little bit of family history must be told.

On Jan. 5, 1829, a boy was born to Mr. James Tichborne, brother and heir to Sir Edward Tichborne, baronet, which boy was christened Roger Charles. Until his seventeenth year he was educated in France; then he was brought home to England and placed at Stonyhurst College a Roman Catholic school. In 1849, when twenty years old, Mr. Roger Tichborne entered the Sixth Dragon Guards, the carabinieri, as a cornet, where his brother officers laughed at him because of his French accent. In 1852 he proposed to his cousin, Kate Doughty, but she refused him; and shortly afterward he went abroad. On June 19, 1853, he was known to be at Valparaiso, Chili, and afterward on April 20, 1854 he sailed from Rio Janeiro on the ship Bella, bound for New York. The ship was lost at sea.

On March 5, 1854, Mr. James Tichborne became baronet, succeeding his brother, Sir Edward. Sir James died June 11, 1862, when the title and estates went to his second son Alfred. Not quite four years later, on Feb. 22, 1826, Sir Alfred died, and three months later, on May 28, a posthumous son was born, Sir Henry, the twelfth and present baronet.

In 1862 Sir James's widow, hoping that Roger might be alive, began to advertise for him in various English and Australian papers; and during 1865 her advertisements were answered by Thomas Castro, a butcher at Wagga-Wagga, Australia. Castro wrote that he was Sir Roger Tichborne, her son, and that he had been saved from the Bella. After nearly a year's correspondence Castro came to England—Lady Tichborne having sent him the passage money—landing on Dec. 25, 1866. In January, 1867, he presented himself to Lady Tichborne in Paris, where she was living. The old lady—she was really only about 60 years old—recognized him as her son, though most of the other members of the family did not do so. He told Lady Tichborne that he and eight other men had been saved from the Bella, and that after much suffering he had reached Australia, where he had roughed it for thirteen years. For twelve and a half years he had called himself Castro; in January, 1866, he had even been married as Castro, but on July 3, 1866, he was remarried as Sir Roger Tichborne.

Now begins the first of the two remarkable trials. In March, 1866, the claimant filed a bill in chancery against the trustees of the late Sir Alfred Tichborne, who held the estate for Sir Henry Tichborne, a child less than a year old. The case was 'intituled' Tichborne vs. Lushington et al.' Four years later, both sides meanwhile having been getting evidence, the case came up for trial. Lady Tichborne, however, had died on March 12, 1868. She believed up to her death that the claimant was her eldest son. She had raised and given to him \$200,000, and had helped him in every way. Public subscriptions, too, had been raised, and the claimant had issued bonds payable on his getting possession of the estate; so that when the case came up for trial he had received more than \$1,000,000. He had lived as he fancied Roger would have lived, too, so that he had little left of this amount. His expenses in getting evidence were also very heavy.

The case came up for trial before Lord Chief Justice Bovill and a special jury in the Court of Common Pleas on May 11,

1871. In form it was an action for ejectment against the trustees. For the claimant appeared Sergeant Ballentine, Mr. Giffard, Q. C.; Mr. Pollard, Mr. Jeune, and Mr. W. B. Rose. For the trustees appeared Sir J. Duke Coleridge, Solicitor-General; Mr. Henry Hawkins, Q. C.; Sir G. Honeyman, Q. C.; Mr. Chipman Barber, and Mr. Bowen. Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Purcell watched the case in the interest of the Doughty estate, the next heirs after the infant Sir Henry Tichborne.

Castro was on the witness stand for twenty days. On the fortieth day the case was adjourned for four months until Nov. 7. The jury was not locked up, by the way. On Nov. 7 the case was resumed, and the claimant closed his side until Dec. 21. Then the trial went over until after the holidays, to come up again on Jan. 21, 1872. Sir John Coleridge spoke for twenty-six days for the defendants. On March 4 the jury interposed, saying that they had heard enough, and that their verdict was that he was not Sir Roger Tichborne and on the 103 day of the trial, March 6, 1872, the plaintiff was non-suited.

The Tichborne estate, though it got costs, found that it had spent about £92,000 (about \$450,000) in fighting the case, so Sir John Colridge moved that the plaintiff be committed for perjury. Castro was arrested on March 7, and on April 9 was indicted for perjury as Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton.

With very little delay the case of Regina vs. Castro" was called for trial on April 23, 1872, in the Court of Queen's Bench before the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and Justice Mellor and Lush, and a jury. It was a trial at bar, that is, before a number of judges; the government was bound to make the proceedings as impressive as it could. For the prosecution appeared Mr. Hawkins, Q. C., Sergeant Parry, and Mr. Bowen; the defendant was represented by Dr. Kenealy, Q. C. and Mr. McMahon. Dr. Kenealy moved that the prisoner be admitted to bail, and the Chief Justice granted the motion, placing bail at \$50,000. This amount was raised by subscription, and the claimant was released on April 26.

The prosecution rested on July 10, the sixty-seventh day of the trial. Then came a recess for eleven days, and on July 21 the defence began. Meantime public interest had been renewed all through England. The working classes were staunch adherents of the claimant; meetings were held; money continued to pour in; according to Punch, servants gave up their places 'because o' master's flings at that pore persecuted Sir Roger,' and the populace was so eager to read the reports of the trial that in houses where they 'took in' the Times for an hour every day, one person sat on the floor and read the inside pages, while four others read the outside pages, the paper meanwhile being held up over the sitting member's head. At least, so Punch said; but it may have been a joke.

Our result of all this excitement was that on Sept. 19 the defendant—Castro or Orton, but not Sir Roger—was forbidden by the Court to attend public meetings.

The defence closed on Oct. 27, 1873, the 124th day of the trial. Then an adjournment was had until Nov. 17; and as in the ordinary foreclosure sale in this city another adjournment, until Nov. 27. On the next two days evidence in rebuttal was heard. Then, on Dec. 2, Dr. Kenealy began to sum up for the defence. With intervals for meals, Sunday and Christmas, he added up until Jan. 14, 1874. Then Mr. Henry Hawkins (later Baron Hawkins of the Court of Exchequer and now Sir Henry Hawkins of the Queen's Bench), started in on his addition for the govern-

ment. He talked from Jan. 15 to Jan. 28 with the same intervals (Sunday and meal); that Dr. Kenealy enjoyed. During this summing up occurred a regular field day in the way of contempt proceedings. On Jan. 20 Mr. Guilford Osalow, M. P. was fined \$500 for speeches against the presiding Judge; on Jan. 21 Mr. Whalley, M. P. was fined \$1,250 for similar remarks, and on the 22d Mr. G. D. Skipworth caught it to the extent of \$2,500 for saying that he intended to ask Parliament to interfere and prevent the trial from continuing before Cockburn.

On Jan. 29, the Lord Chief Justice began to sum up. Being a trigger man than either Dr. Kenealy or Mr. Hawkins, and having moreover, the right to fine any one for contempt of court, he used his rights to the utmost, and talked from Jan. 29 to and including Feb. 28. In the course of his remarks he commented severely on Dr. Kenealy's methods of conducting the case. The doctor had made himself generally disliked. One of the jurors interrupted to suggest that the doctor had gauged the violence of his attacks according to the importance of the witness for the prosecution; and his lordship, in so many words, declined to say that the juror was wrong. Then, on Feb. 28, the case went to the jury.

The jury was out only twenty-nine minutes, and came back with a verdict of guilty on both counts. In the first trial the claimant had made a particularly brutal attack on Miss Kate Doughty, swearing that he, as Sir Roger Tichborne, had seduced her; and especial weight had been placed in the indictment on the claimant's perjury in so swearing. So there was much interest in exactly how the verdict ran. The Judge asked the foreman if the verdict was guilty on that count, and the foreman read the verdict as follows:

"We find, first, that the defendant is not Richard Charles Doughty Tichborne; secondly, we find that the defendant did not seduce Miss Catharine Doughty, now Lady Radcliffe, and further we find that there is not the slightest evidence that Richard Charles Doughty Tichborne was ever guilty of undue familiarity with his cousin Lady Radcliffe. [applause in the court] and, thirdly, we find that the defendant is Arthur Orton."

Mr. Hawkins moved that sentence be passed at once; so instead of waiting a week, as we do, the Chief Justice sentenced the claimant at once to two terms of imprisonment at hard labor, the second term to begin at the expiration of the first, and after the claimant had been forbidden to say a few words, 'he was then led away by the tipstaff, Mr. Fribley, Jr.'

Two months later, in April, 1874, the Court of Common Pleas, composed of the three Judges who had tried the claimant and some others, decided that he could not have a new trial, and on appeal to the House of Lords the verdict was sustained in an opinion that required two days to read. This decision was made in 1881.

Just before the court refused the new trial, April, 1874 Dr. Kenealy began to publish a new paper called the Englishman. It was attacked at once as libellous, and on Aug. 1 1874, the Society of Gray's Inn disbarred him the doctor and the disbarred him. Being an Irishman with a determination to have his rights, the doctor settled down in his rooms to fight it out, but on June 29, 1876, a Vice-Chancellor issued a rule requiring him to give up his chambers in Gray's Inn, so he had to get out.

Before that moving, however, the doctor had got into Parliament as member for Stoke, carried in by a vote of the people who had supported the claimant. On April 26, 1875, he moved for the appointment of royal commission to inquire into the trial; but his motion was negatived, 433 to 3. The three were Dr. Kenealy, Mr. Whalley, and The O'Gorman.

Lady Radcliffe, cleared from all the claimant's attacks, is still alive, a grandmother; and Sir Henry Tichborne is a happy father. And as Thomas Castro, or Arthur Orton, is dead, the Tichborne case may be said to be ended.

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physician pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. Always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, the Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice Department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Dr. Ayer's Curebook sent free on request. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A TANGLED WEB.

Neville Lynne leaned on his pick, and wiping the perspiration from his face, gazed in a ruminative, not to say melancholy, fashion across the plain.

It was not a particularly pleasant view; in fact, it was as hideous as can well be imagined, and could have given 'points' to a scene in our own English Black Country and beaten it easily. For it was an Australian gold field—an arid, dusty plain which would have been ugly at any time, but was rendered simply appalling by the dust, confusion, and squalid poverty of the diggers' camp.

The sun had been glaring down upon this cheerless prospect during the whole of what had seemed an endless day, and was now sinking in a bed of fire, to stoke up for the next morning. There were a few trees in the valley, but not a parched leaf of them moved. A bird or two flew listlessly, across the waste, and dropped with heavy wings on to the scorching rocks or the cracking tent poles. If they had dropped into the tents themselves no man would have molested them, for every man was too tired, too dead beat and literally too exhausted even to knock down a bird.

A group of horses, whose bones stood out under their skins like the lines of a Gothic cathedral, drooped sleepily in what remained of the river, and the only sounds that broke the natural stillness of this aggravating, soul-crushing heat were the click of a pick in some claim, the restless bark of a dog, and now and again a feeble shout from Sandy Macgregor's gay tent, where some men were drowning care and poisoning themselves with the liquid which Mr. Macgregor with a facetiousness beyond all praise, called 'whisky.'

Lorn Hope Camp was very much down on its luck. There was gold in the ravine, everybody believed, or said they did; but for some weeks past no man had succeeded in finding it; and, but for the heat, what remained of Lorn Hope Camp would have up sticks and departed for some other hopeless forlorn, but the heat had turned up the energy, melted the purpose, sapped the perseverance of nearly all, and the men of Lorn Hope Camp still clung on, digging occasionally, sleeping often, quarreling at times, and drinking whisky always. Neville Lynne's claim was at the end of the ravine, half a mile or more from the camp at which he gazed. A rough but of planks and canvas stood at a little distance, and in this Neville and his partner and an old woman—so old that the boys had christened her Mrs. Meth, as short for Methusalem—had lived. 'Had'—for the evening before, Neville's partner, depressed by the run of bad luck, had cleared out and departed.

Why Neville Lynne had not gone too he could not have told. His belief in the presence of the hidden gold was certainly no stronger than that of the other diggers, and as certainly he had not grown to love the hideous, sandy, dusty, sun-stricken plain; but something—some feeling he could not have defined if his life had depended upon his doing so—had made him reluctant to leave the Lorn Hope, and there he stood, friendless, solitary, and most utterly bored on the edge of his barren claim, with the last rays of the sun spitefully smiting him on the head, and the flies buzzing round his ears. There were two reasons why Neville Lynne's claim was at a distance from the camp. The first was because he believed in the upper part of the ravine; the second, because he was different to the rest of the men who composed Lorn Hope Camp.

To put it shortly, the young fellow—he was very young, younger than he looked a mere lad just under twenty—was a gentleman, and the rest of the camp were not gentlemen.

Now, the only gentlemen in a society of black-legs, 'lage,' roughs and ruffians is always regarded by them with a certain amount of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. It is very awkward and disadvantageous to be the only honest and well-bred man in a party, whether it is a picnic-party or a party of gold diggers, and it was very much to the relief of the majority that Neville Lynne pitched his tent nearly a mile from the main body. And yet, though they regarded him with a groundless dislike, and a not altogether groundless envy, they respected him. There was not a reckless, desperate dare-devil among them who possessed more pluck than the 'Young 'Un' as he was called. He was, in their expressive language, 'all grit,' and they knew that he was as ready with his revolver and his fists as any of them, and though slow at beginning a fight, was slower still at leaving off.

On his first joining the camp, Bully Swanger, the desperado, 'had gone for him with the altogether unlooked-for result of having been laid on his back for rather more than a fortnight, and since then the 'Young 'Un' had been severely let alone.

There were some—the best of the crew—who would have been friendly with the lad who had so effectually shown that he could hold his own, but oil and vinegar will not easily mix, and though Neville Lynne was civil and courteous to all, he was not sociable.

Even with his partner, the least dishonest man in the camp, Neville had been reserved and reticent, and the man had worked with him, slept in the hut beside him, shared his meals and hopes and disappointments, without learning his real name or anything about him, and had known that Neville Lynne had a history.

There were two or three women in the camp, mostly old and battered, who eyed the young lad curiously and admiringly; but not even the youngest and least ill-looking of them had ever received more than a smile or a civil 'good morning' from him. 'The Young 'Un' as full of pride as

Mac's whisky is of fustel oil,' remarked the wit of the camp; 'that's what's the matter with him. I shouldn't be surprised if he was a young duke in disguise. Some of these days he'll soar around with a coronet on his head, and then float up to heaven—that is, if some of the boys don't get too much of his pride and bore a hole through him.'

But though many doubtless would have liked to have 'perforated' the Young 'Un, no one had as yet attempted it; the reflection that he was a very quick land at the perforating process himself perhaps deterred the desperados.

The sun sunk at last, and Neville, as if he had been waiting for its disappearance, dropped into the hole and resumed work; but there was not much heart in his strokes, and he seized the appearance of a solitary figure coming slowly across the plain toward him as an excuse for stopping again, and once more leaning on his pick, waited and gazed.

The man came up with a lagging gait and threw himself down on the edge of the claim. He was inexpensively attired in a pair of trousers made out of some sacks, a shirt frayed and torn, and a rather blacker than a tinker's boots, which no self-respecting tramp in England or America would have deigned to pick up, and a chimney-pot hat so battered and napless and brimless as to convey the idea that the man who would wear it could only have insanity for an excuse for doing so.

He was the doctor of Lorn Hope—there is always a doctor, a barrister, not unfrequently a baronet, and occasionally a clergyman in a diggers' camp—and he, too, like Neville, was nameless, answering always to the abbreviated cognomen of 'Doc.'

'Well, Young 'Un,' he said, mopping his face, scamed and hollowed by a long and steady course of Macgregor's whisky, 'still hangin' on?'

'Still hanging on, Doc,' said Neville, with as cheerful a nod as could be expected under the circumstances.

The doctor stared at the handsome, sun-browned face with its short crisp hair looking almost yellow against the darkened skin, and the clear blue eyes that met his so squarely, and then let his own blinking, undecided ones drop into the pit.

'Seems as if there wasn't any more luck for this year camp, don't it?'

'Yes, it seems so,' assented Neville, listlessly, and he took out his pipe.

The doctor's eyes glistened.

'Ain't got any 'bacca to spare, I suppose?' he remarked.

'Oh, yes,' said Neville; and he tossed his pouch.

The doctor caught it with eager, shaking hands, crammed a blackened old briar as full as it would hold, hid another pipeful in the palm of his hand with charming dexterity, and tossed the pouch, with just half a pipeful remaining, back to its owner.

'Fardner's cleared out, ain't he?'

Neville nodded as he lit his pipe.

'Tired out at last, eh? Ah, well, I'm not surprised. Why on earth the rest of the boys don't up stick and cut it, I can't make out! Appears to me Lorn Hope is clean played out. Why don't you go young 'un?'

Neville Lynne leaned against the side of the pit and looked absently across the plain.

'I don't know,' he replied at last. 'I suppose I shall presently.'

'That's what most of 'em says,' remarked the doctor, squatting on his haunches and puffing away with profound and sleepy satisfaction in the elementary tobacco.

'Seems to me there won't be many of us left to go if we don't look sharp about it. Two more waiting the undertaker this morning—suns-roke—and there's three lying low besides, guess we had better wait and bury 'em all together; it's a saving of time—though time don't appear to be money in this year camp now.'

The doctor was not an American—no one knew exactly what country could rightly claim the honor of his birth—but he had been in the California gold fields, and had caught the tone of that country, and half a dozen others as well.

'Sickness always follows other ill-luck,' said Neville.

'Not much sickness about you, Young 'Un!' remarked the doctor, eyeing the slim but well knit frame approvingly.

'No; I'm all right enough,' assented Neville. 'I trouble the baker more than your profession, Doc.'

'Kind of a teetotaler, ain't you?' said the doctor. 'Don't see you often up at the poison shop.'

Neville smiled absently.

'No, I'm not a teetotaler,' he said.

The doctor smoked on in silence for a minute or so; then, without movement, remarked:

'Well, I must be going. And so you mean to stick on here, then?'

'For the present—yes,' said Neville.

'It ain't no good. There's nothing at the bottom of that, Young 'Un,' and he nodded at the pit.

'I don't think there is,' assented Neville, looking down at the hole. 'I shall stick to it for—say two days longer, and then—'

The doctor nodded.

'Well, here's luck to you,' and he raised an imaginary glass. 'I must be going.' He half rose, then sunk down again.

'There, now I hang it all! I haven't clean gone and forgotten what I'd come for! and he smote his leg feebly, causing a faint cloud of dust to rise. 'You ain't got a drop of brandy—real brandy, cognac, you know, not old Mac's—have you, Young 'Un?'

Neville hesitated and glanced at him.

'Oh, it ain't for me, don't you mistake,'

said the doctor, as promptly as the heat and his jelly-fish condition would permit. 'Mac's poison is good enough for me. I want it for the stranger.'

'What! ain't you heard?' rejoined the doctor, stretching himself.

'I've not been down to the camp for the last three days.'

'No; you ain't very sociable, Young 'Un. Well, last night or yesterday evening the Scuffler—the gentleman so-called was one of the idle vagabonds of the camp, who was always ready for a fight or a drink, but showed a marked disinclination for anything in the shape of work—the Scuffler comes down to my diggin', and says he's got company as wanted me—wanted me bad. I thought at first that the Scuffler had been on one of his sprees, and was a bit wandering; but he took his oath that he hadn't had more than half a pint of whisky the whole blessed day, and I went along of him. And it was Gospel truth, for there was a new chum a-lying there a-lying in his checks as fast as he could. Scuffler said he'd found him and the girl—'

'What girl?' asked Neville.

'Didn't I say there was a child?' said the doctor. 'Well, there was—a bit of a girl like a young colt, and—Where am I now?'

Oh, yes; the Scuffler found the old gentleman, the Young 'Un or I've forgotten, in this God-forsaken hole, here, to tell a gentleman—lying in the road, and, doing the Good Samaritan, Scuffler helped him into his shanty, and not having any oil or a penny to bless himself with does the next best thing he could, and went for me.'

'Who is he?' asked Neville, not callously, but with that lack of keen interest which becomes natural to a man who has spent nine months in a diggers' camp, especially when that camp happens to be one like the Lorn Hope, in which sickness and death are always present or very near.

The doctor carefully stopped his pipe, using his begrimed finger as the stopper, and shook his head.

'Not knowing, can't say. Visitors to the Lorn Hope don't, as a rule, bring letters of introduction with them, or call around dropping visiting cards, and the stranger ain't no exception. But he's a gent, I'm sure, and it occurred to me that you, being also a gent, might feel inclined to part with a drop of this real old stuff; that is, if you'd got it.'

'There is no resisting such a compelling as that, Doc,' said Neville. 'I think there is a little cognac left; if so, you are welcome to it.'

He put his strong hand on the side of the pit, and, leaping lightly to the top, went toward the hut.

The doctor followed him, and stood leaning against the apology for a door, while Neville unlocked a strong box, and after some rummaging about found a bottle containing a small quantity of brandy.

'There you are,' he said, tossing it to the doctor, who caught it as dexterously as he had caught the tobacco-pouch. 'Is there anything else I can do, Doc?'

'No, not as I know on, and I'm thinking no one else can do anything.' Then, holding the bottle under his tattered shirt, he patted it meaningly. 'Don't you be afraid; I'm square, Young 'Un, and I've been telling you Gospel truth. Every drop the stranger don't drink I'll hand back; and confirming the assertion with an emphatic digger's oath, he shuffled off.

It took him some time to reach the camp, notwithstanding the distance was so short, and passing right through it, he stopped at a shanty rather more ruinous and tumble-down than the rest, and after a knock, by way of announcement, pushed aside the tattered canvas that served as a door, and entered.

A man was lying upon three upturned empty boxes covered with sacks, and, as the doctor had said, he was dying.

The doctor had called him old, but

though the man's hair was gray, almost white, and his face thin and wasted, he was not yet fifty. There was about him an unmistakable look of refinement about the face which denoted the gentleman. The hands clutching the ragged blankets were thin and small and well shaped. Besides him knelt a young girl—a thin slip of a child with great gray eyes and a wealth of dark hair that half swept over her pale little face.

She was not crying, but there was a world of mute anguish in the big gray eyes as she turned them from the dying man's face to the whisky-sodden one of the doctor.

'Waal, here we are 'gain,' remarked that gentleman, with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness; 'and how are we getting on now? Is there such a thing as a glass about? Ah, no; the Scuffler don't go in for such luxuries.' He held the bottle to the man's lips, and a few drops passed them. 'That's better. Now, missie, just raise your father—he is your father or granddaddy, which?'

'Father,' said the girl.

As if her voice were more effectual than the doctor's in rousing him, the dying man raised his head and looked from one to the other. Then he made a motion with his hand which the doctor accepted as a sign of dismissal.

'Want to be alone a bit, eh?' he said.

'All right; you give me a call if you want me. I'll go and take a hunk of 'beggar my neighbor' with the Scuffler. Just call out 'Doc' missie, and I'm with you in a crack.'

The dying man waited until the tent curtain had flapped to upon the doctor's back, then he signed to the girl to come nearer.

She laid her head upon the pillow—a sack stuffed with grass—and wound her arm round his neck.

'I'm going to leave you, Syl,' he said, feebly. 'My poor, poor child! it is hard, but God's will be done. Don't cry, Syl; it's I who should cry; for—when I think of you all alone in the world, without even one to help you and protect you—' he drew a long sigh, and the tears filled his eyes. 'But listen, Syl; I am going to give you something. It is something very precious, and I—I want you to guard it as if it were your very life. Don't lose it or let any one take it from you. Hide it next your heart, and—when you are eighteen open it, and—his voice failed him. He touched his heart and signed to her to take something from his pocket, and she put in her trembling hand and drew out a small flat package. It was covered with parchment stained and creased, but securely sealed at each end.

'Take it,' he whispered. Put it in the bosom of your dress, and—keep it there. Some day—' his voice faltered and broke, and his head fell back, but he seemed to indicate by a sign that she was not to call out, and she remained silent, holding him against her sob-shaken little breast. While she waited with her anguished eyes fixed upon him, a man's head appeared in the space between two of the boards which formed the side of the hut.

It was a long, unpleasant looking countenance, rendered all the more unprepossessing by a slight cast in the left eye. It was not only an ugly but a mean and villainous-looking face, and the expression of eagerness and craft in the eyes glaring watchfully at the dying man and the girl would have made a very nice model for a painter who wanted to paint, say, Judas before his act of treachery, and it would have been a very low type of Judas at that.

'Are—are you there still, Syl?' asked the dying man. 'Have you hidden the packet? Remember! Hide it—keep it—guard it! It is the secret of your life, Syl—the secret of your life! How—how old are you, Syl?'

'Her lips formed: "Fifteen."'

'Three years, then?' he murmured. 'Oh, my dear, my dear, if I could only stay with you! All alone in the world! All alone, and such a child! But God's will—' he stopped, his face working, his eyes fixed on her with pitying love and tenderness. 'Good-bye, Syl! Good—'

The doctor came in with a hand of creamy cards in his claws at her cry, and the uncouth, dust-stained figure of the Scuffler stood at the hut door.

'All over, Doc?' he asked.

The doctor nodded with a gravity which would not have discredited his flourishing professional days.

'All over, Scuffler?' he said. 'Fetch one of the women—the child's fainted.'

The Scuffler turned, and in turning himself, stumbled over a third person. It was the owner of the face which had been thrust between the boards.

'Halloo, Lavarick?' he said. Is that you? Out of the way!'

'What's on, Scuffler?' asked the individual addressed. 'I've only just come up. Anybody bad?'

'Yes, bad and worse!' retorted the Scuffler, with a chuckle of surprise at his own wit.

'Dear me!' said Lavarick. 'I'll go in and see if I can be of any assistance; and softly rubbing his hands together, he entered the tent.'

CHAPTER II.

Two days passed—four days—and Neville Lynne was still at his claim. He had not been down to the camp; no one had come up to him since the doctor had paid him the visit. He had heard nothing of the death and burial of the man, the stranger; and, solitary and alone but for the old woman, Mrs. Meth, he toiled on his barren claim. Sometimes, when the heat and the flies and the dust seemed worse than usual, he pitched the pick and the spade as far as he could, and flung himself on his back, and lay there—not asleep, but thinking—thinking no doubt of his home far away in England, of the relatives and friends he might never see again—of the dear old home and the soft, luscious green fields of Devonshire. He used to think it rather a sleepy, sloppy place, and had been wont to declare that

it always rained there. What would he give for a Devonshire downpour now! A young man, a gentleman, dressed in rage, who has had a crust of dry—very dry—bread for breakfast, and is rather uncertain as to whether it will run to quite such an extensive menu for dinner—a young man so utterly and completely run down on his luck as Neville Lynne, has plenty to think of.

The old hag came shuffling—nearly everybody shuffled in Lorn Camp, as the gait was found to be less exhausting than walking in the proper Christian manner—and shook an empty 'em' bag at him.

'This year bag's empty,' Young 'Un,' she said, not complainingly, but as if she were stating a matter of fact.

'So it is, so am I, so are you,' said Neville, grimly, and so is the claim.' But he got up and fetched his pick and spade and dropped into the hole again. This was soon after noon on the fourth day after the doctor's visit. He had grown to hate the sight of the hole, the tools, the very sand and pebbles which he painfully cast up to the surface, and after digging for an hour, he looked up and laughed.

'Yes,' he said, 'it's played out, as the Doc said, and I'm off. But where?' He looked absently round the plain. 'To some other camp, I suppose. No use going back to England without money; better stop here, where it isn't wicked to wear old clothes and go barefoot. Poverty's a crime in England, and I should be punished, and justly. Besides—he wiped the sweat from his brow, and his handsome face clouded—I couldn't face them—couldn't face Jordan's sneer. No, not England.'

Then he sighed. The old woman came down to the hole again and shook the meal-bag as before.

'This year's as empty as a drum,' she croaked.

Neville got out of the pit slowly and walked to the hut, unlocked the box and took out a silver pencil case, value probably two and sixpence.

'My last piece of plate,' he said, with a short laugh. Take it down to the camp and swap it for meal. Somebody who can't write may take a fancy to it.'

The old woman clutched it with her grimy claw—every hand in Lorn Hope was more or less grimy, generally more—and shuffled off toward the camp. Neville went slowly back to the claim and took up the pick.

'Yes,' he said, 'the Doc was right. Lorn Hope is played out. I ought to have cut it with my partner. Now, look here; I'll take just six strokes, and then good-bye, and be blowed to you!'

He raised his pick above his head and struck to the right of him once, twice, three or four, five times. A cloud of red dust—a heap of stones, as usual. He had the pick poised, a grim smile on his sun-browned lips.

'The sixth and very last, so help me Heaven!'

(To be continued.)

EXPRESS MY FEELINGS!

A Minister was recently trying to make a telephone connection. The sweet telephone girl at the exchange was probably exchanging confidence with her Sweetheart. The minister "hello'd" several times, but got no answer. He was in a hurry, and the intention put him out. A lay friend came behind him. He turned to the latter. "My dear fellow" he said with a look of mingled wrath and misery, "would you kindly express my feelings?" Ladies never use strong language, but if anything would tempt them it would be the many appearance of their dress or jacket after using any other dyes but TURKISH DYES. They now appreciate their worth. TURKISH DYES will never wash out. No other dyes will stand a soap and water test. The TURKISH DYES invite it, soap only brings out their lustre. Every color (72) has its own beauty. Every color is perfect. No ill temper when you use TURKISH DYES. No spoiled garments. Try them and see how you can augment your wardrobe with beautiful garments which ordinarily would have been thrown aside.

Send postal for "How to Dye Well and" Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

'I have heard,' said the young woman who is improving her mind, 'that sometimes it requires a great deal of art to succeed in not doing things.' 'It does,' replied Senator Sorgburn, 'unquestionably, especially if you are being paid for it.'

13 RUNNING SORES.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., found (Bur'ock Blood Bitters) a wonderful blood purifier and gives his experience as follows: "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months, finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time, from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B.; when one-half the bottle was gone, I noticed a change for the better, and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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Sunday Reading.

Overcome Evil With Good. With burning brain and heart of hate, I sought my wronger, early, late, And all the wretched night and day My dream and thought was slay, and slay...

"FOR VALOUR."

There never was an eight-year-old boy who found so many things to be afraid of as Allan Brent. His brothers and sisters laughed at him, his father gravely shook his head, and even his mother called him a dear little coward, but though he was ashamed of himself and often determined to be brave, his fears always proved stronger than his resolutions.

While the professor wrote a note in reply, Allan's attention was attracted by a small object on the library table. It was a Maltese cross of bronze attached to a faded red ribbon. On the cross was a crown and a lion, and beneath these a scroll, on which were some letters. Allan was trying to make them out, when his uncle looked over his shoulder and asked, 'Can you read it?'

'For V a-l-o-u-r,' spelled Allan. 'Yes, for Valour,' said the professor. 'Do you know what that means?' 'To be brave.'

'Yes; courage; bravery; and this medal is what is called a Victoria Cross; you see the V just below the clasp. It once happened during a war in India, when a town held by the English was besieged, that one of their ammunition wagons exploded. They had but a scanty store at best, and there was great danger that the flames would spread to the other wagons, and to make matters worse, the enemy turned their guns against the spot to keep any one from approaching.'

'The lives of helpless women and children depended on that ammunition, and yet it seemed as though nothing could be done to save it, when a young officer with splendid courage dashed forward, and while the shot from six cannon fell around him, he tore apart the burning mass and extinguished the fire by throwing on earth and water. Strange to tell, he was not even wounded.'

'For this heroic deed he was given the Victoria Cross, which is presented to English soldiers and seamen who perform some act of valor in the presence of the enemy.'

'That young officer was my uncle, and would be your great-uncle if he were living, and his name, like yours and mine, was Allan Brent. When he died, the cross was left to me, his namesake, and I count it one of my treasures. Don't you think you and I should be proud of our name and try to be worthy of it?'

His uncle was called away for a moment and while he was gone Allan held the cross in his hand, whispering under his breath, 'For Valour,' his heart beating fast at the thought of the wonderful courage of this other Allan Brent. He thought about it all evening, wondering if he could ever do anything brave.

As he came in the gate from school the next day, his mother called to him, 'Allan, run as fast as you can to Doctor Marvin's and ask him to come at once to Mrs. Brown's. The baby is very ill. I saw the doctor drive past a few minutes ago, so I am sure he is at home.'

Allan put his school-bag on the step and ran off, but when he reached the house, which was only a half a block away, he found a card tacked over the bell. which said, 'Go to side door.'

He walked down the steps very slowly; a battle had begun inside of him; for to reach this door it was necessary to go through a certain gate behind which lived a great dog, of whom he was terribly afraid.

He glanced at the windows but no one was in sight. That poor baby—mamma had said it was very sick. He went to the gate and looked through—yes, there on the porch he could see Dion's brown coat; then some thing seemed to whisper, 'For Valour, and the thought that he must not be unworthy of his name gave him sudden courage. He softly pushed the gate open and made a dash for the kitchen door, which he thought offered the best chance of escape from the dog.'

'For the land's sake!' cried Patsy the cook, as the door flew open and a small, frightened boy tumbled in.

It happened that Miss Janet, the doctor's

sister, was there giving some orders, and it was she who soothed his excitement and after sending off the doctor, made him rest a few minutes in her sitting-room.

'Were you so frightened about the baby?' she asked.

Miss Janet was a friend of Allan's and moreover was the sort of a person to whom you find it easy to tell things, so he confessed how afraid he was of the dog, but how he had tried to be brave.

She looked rather puzzled as she patted the plump hand. 'I am glad you tried to be brave,' she said, 'but I don't know how you could have seen a dog on the porch, for Dion went to the country last week.'

Allan was so certain that they went to the side door to look, and when he peeped cautiously out, there was Doctor Marvin's big bearskin rug thrown down to air.

Allan's face grew very red and his eyes filled with tears—after all he had not been brave!

Miss Janet wouldn't let him run away as he wanted to do, but kept him and comforted him, and finally heard all about the Victoria Cross.

'You were brave in spite of the funny mistake,' she said, 'and you will have another opportunity some time, so don't be discouraged.' Allan went home feeling a little consoled, though still rather grieved.

Miss Janet knew the professor very well and from her he had the story. The result was that he went to see his little nephew a few days later.

'I have a favor to ask of you,' he said. 'I am going away for several weeks and I want you to take care of the Victoria Cross for me.'

Allan's face glowed with pleasure. 'You see,' the professor continued, 'I think you were truly brave the other day. It is a very common experience that the things we are afraid of turn out to be quite harmless, so I want you to keep on trying, and perhaps the cross will help you to remember.'

Allan was very happy; he held it for a long time in his hand and then put it away among his own treasures. When he went to bed that night he said, 'you need not stay with me, mamma, I am not going to be afraid of the dark anymore.'

'Very well, dear, I am glad to hear it,' she answered, a good deal surprised, and turning out the light she left him.

Going back some fifteen minutes later she found him asleep, but as she bent over him to draw up the cover he stirred a little and murmured, drowsily, 'For Valour.'

—MARY LEONARD.

DAILY THOUGHTS.

Gems of Thought Gleaned From Cultured Spiritual Sources.

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross is the crown.—F. Quarles.

I cannot too earnestly plead with my reader, if possibly his attention has never yet been especially directed to the want there is of humility within him or around him, to pause and ask whether he sees much of the spirit of the meek and lowly lamb of God in those who are called by his name. Let him consider how all want of love, all indifference to the needs, the feelings, the weakness of others; all sharp and hasty judgements and utterances, so often excused under the plea of being outright and honest; all manifestations of temper and touchiness and irritation; all feelings of bitterness and estrangement have their root in nothing but pride, that ever seeks itself, and his eyes will be opened to see how a dark—shall I not say a devilish—pride creeps in almost everywhere, the assemblies of the saints not excepted. Let him ask what would be the effect if, in himself and all around him, if towards fellow-saints and the world, believers were really permanently guided by the humility of Jesus; and let him say if the cry of our whole heart, night and day, ought not to be, Oh, for the humility of Jesus in myself and all around me! Let him honestly fix his heart on his own lack of the humility which has been revealed in the likeness of Christ's life and

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WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., DEAR SIRS:—I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound. For years I have suffered from constant sick headache; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I have obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have done for years. Being one of the earliest settlers in this place, I am known to all the surrounding country. I feel it a duty to let others know about the medicine that has done so much good. I send this testimonial without any solicitation. Yours with gratitude, Mrs. F. WILCOX, Creemore, Ont.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., DEAR SIRS:—It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure I decided to try your compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbow and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound. Yours very truly, GEORGE J. SMYR, Sheffield, Ont.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., GENTLEMEN:—No living mortal can imagine the terrible sufferings that I endured for four years, owing to liver trouble, headache and sore back. I may say that in addition to the dangerous ailments just mentioned, I was continually sick at my stomach, with a sour taste and mouth all furrowed and coated. I tried many patent medicines and was under the treatment of doctors, but received no benefit. I thank God for having heard of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I procured a supply and used it, and experienced a great change. No other remedy ever gave me such wonderful results in so short a time. I now find myself a new woman, and can sleep well and enjoy my food. No soul should despair when they can procure Paine's Celery Compound, the surest and best of all medicines. Yours truly, Mrs. J. CURRIE, 280 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

in the whole character of his redemption, and he will begin to feel as if he had never yet really known what Christ and his salvation is.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

This is the perpetual marvel and miracle of Christianity—that it can so change men. Mr. Peter Harvey was a lifelong friend of Daniel Webster. He wrote a most interesting volume of reminiscences of the great man. He tells how one John Colby married the eldest sister of Mr. Webster. Said Mr. Webster of John Colby: 'Finally he went up to Andover, New Hampshire, and bought a farm, and the only recollection that I have about him is that he was called the wickedest man in the neighborhood, so far as swearing and impiety went. I used to wonder how my sister could marry so profane a man as John Colby.' Years afterwards news came to Mr. Webster, that a wonderful change had pressed upon John Colby. Mr. Harvey and Mr. Webster took a journey together to visit John Colby. As Mr. Webster enters John Colby's house, he sees open before him a large print bible, which he has just been reading. When greetings have been interchanged, the first question John Colby asks of Mr. Webster is, 'Are you a Christian?' And then, at John Colby's suggestion, the two men kneel and pray together. When the visit is done, this is what Mr. Webster says to Mr. Harvey as they ride away: 'I should like to know what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby's conversion? There was a man as I unlikeliy, humanly speaking, as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious, never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people. And here he has been living on in that reckless way until he has got to be an old man, until a period of life when you naturally would not expect his habits to change. And yet, he has been brought into the condition in which we have

seen him today—a penitent, trusting humble believer. 'Whatever people may say,' added Mr. Webster, 'nothing can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I, with my own eyes, have witnessed in the life of John Colby.' When they got back to Franklin, New Hampshire, in the evening, they met another lifelong friend of Mr. Webster's, John Taylor, standing at his door. Mr. Webster called out: 'Well John Taylor, miracles happen in these latter days as well as in the days of old.' 'What now, Squire?' asked John Taylor. 'Why,' replied Mr. Webster, 'John Colby has become a Christian. If that is not a miracle what is?' 'Yes, this wonder remains. Christianity still changes Sauls into Pauls. And Mr. Webster's explanation of the regenerating grace of Almighty God is the true explanation. We should never despair of anybody. It is worth while to teach and preach so achieving a gospel.—Dr. Wayland Hoyt.

The Need of Rest.

Do not devote all your time to action, but reserve a portion of it for meditation upon eternity. We see Jesus Christ inviting His disciples to go apart, in a desert place, and rest awhile, after their return from the cities, where they had been to announce His religion. How much more necessary is it for us to approach the source of all virtue, that we may revive our declining faith and charity, when we return from the busy scenes of life, where men speak and act as if they had never known there is a God. We should look upon prayer as the remedy for our weaknesses, the restorer of our faults.

Even the exercise of charity is often a snare to us. It calls us to certain occupations that dissipate the mind, and that may degenerate into mere amusement. It is for this reason that St. Chrysostom says that nothing is so important as to keep an exact proportion between the interior source of virtue and the external practice of it; else, like the foolish virgins, we shall find that the oil in our lamp is exhausted when the Bridegroom comes.

We cease to pray to God as soon as we cease to love him, as soon as we cease to thirst for His perfections. The coldness of our love is the silence of our hearts before God. Let our hearts be full of love, and they will pray. The ardour of our wishes must render us fit to receive the blessing. For if we do not feel a strong desire for the success of our prayers, if we feel a chilling indifference in approaching Him who is a consuming fire, if we have no zeal for His glory, if we do not feel hatred for sin and a thirst for perfection, we cannot hope for a blessing upon such heartless prayers.

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DR. ED. MORIN, & CO. I suffered for a long time from anæmia and general debility. I had reached the point that I was unable to do my work. I arose one morning with discouragement in my soul, having passed a very bad night and seeing before me a worse day. I had taken many medicines, but felt no better. I saw one day in a Quebec paper the advertisement of Broma. I resolved to try this medicine. I got one bottle from the druggist, and I commenced to take it at once. After a few doses I felt great relief. Ten days later I was not the same man. I was getting strong. I could eat and drink, and my sleep was quiet and restoring. I was cured and wanted to go back to work. But I had to be careful of myself under the circumstances. I did many imprudent things, after which I had a very bad cold which made me fear consumption. I called in my doctor who gave me different medicines without any change. I passed days in great suffering, feeling terrible pains in all my body. The nights were not better, I passed them in coughing and in moaning. I decided to try Morin's Wine Creso-Phates. If Broma had restored my strength and health, why could not Morin's wine do as much for my obstinate cough? I took this medicine for a few days only and I was radically cured a second time. All my life, I shall be grateful to Broma and Morin's Wine Creso-Phates. Yours truly, ERNEST PERCHERON.

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Notches on The Stick

Well, the Surry jail has a bit of history all its own. John, his brother, was not with him, but was shut in at Coldbath Fields, until Feb. 3rd 1815; while between them they were mulcted of £1000. But Leigh, who was married at the time, was permitted the society of his wife, and had not only the elegancies, but the substantial comforts of a home. Yet a wild bird would rather have the range of the woods than a cage of golden wire; and liberty sweet to man, is sweeter still to the poet. And it was an hour, glad as strange, when he came forth into the world of men, and drew a deeper breath for the satisfaction that he was not less in his manly soul for having dwelt in prison. He could carry on his Examiner; but he was not in his true relations as a journalist. Misunderstand not his nature so far as to think him at home in the strifes of party, with its rages and recriminations. The Examiner passes into other hands, and by the publication of "Rimini" and other poems and by his establishment of that essay-sheet "The Indicator" he comes to his true character of poet and literary man.

I have before me a picture of the birth-place of Leigh Hunt. It is the house his father occupied when he was in the curacy of Southgate. It looks the type of an old-fashioned, modest English home. Shut in by its palling and partially, by board fence, from the public way, it is well shaded with shrubs and trees. "In this place," Hunt writes, "I first saw the light." The locality is associated with gentle Elia's memory. "Southgate," says S. C. Hall, "was then lying out of the way of innovation," with a sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing. The neighborhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still an air of antiquity: of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is indeed, gone, but modern 'improvements' have but little spoiled the locality."

But it is of Hunt's Italian life that we wish mainly to speak in the present paper. Hunt had endeared himself to Shelley, by his brave bold championship of him, when the dearest interest of that much-misunderstood man were in the public balances. That friend, when he had gone to Italy, said to Hunt, "Come hither, join hands with myself and Byron. Here is the vantage ground of opportunity for men who would speak liberal words. Here England may be safely and conveniently criticized. Being warm in Shelley's heart, and firm in Byron's esteem, Hunt took an unadvised step,—or, it not unadvised, then ill-advised. But what sanguine poet, in his life's heyday, would be apt to see it so? The balk-star that leads us looks sometimes like the planet of bliss. With his wife, Marianne Kent, to whom he had been some years married, he left England in a sailing vessel, in November, 1821, upon a voyage of stormy misadventure, and travels so greatly retarded by illness that he did not arrive till June 1822,—a rate of progress compared by Peacock to the navigation of Ulysses.

Byron had bidden him, and received him cordially enough; but with all his professed respect, the caustic Lord had no deep liking for the elegant Liberal. So different in character, and in the very elements of their minds, how could they have expected long agreement? If Byron might dominate, and others would kneel, matters might perhaps go without serious obstruction; but Hunt was not the man to be handled as a creature. He may have to



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Hood's Pills

go hungry for lack of nuts, but he will not be a cat's paw, under command of lion or monkey, to rake them out of the ashes. But about this later. He landed, with his family, at Leghorn, and went with Shelly on to Pisa, where they were soon joined by Byron. Byron was then living at Monte Ners, and of his visit to that locality Hunt gives a striking account:

"In a day or two, I went to see Lord Byron, who was in what the Italians call *velleggiatura*, at Monte Ners; that is to say, enjoying a country house for a season. I there met with a singular adventure, which seemed to make me free of Italy and stiletto, before I had well set foot in the country. The day was very hot; the road to Monte Ners was very hot, through dusty suburbs; and when I got there, I found the hottest looking house I ever saw. Not content with having red wash over it, the red was the most unreasonable of all reds, a salmon color. Think of this flaming over the country in a hot Italian sun!

"But the greatest of all heats was within. Upon seeing Lord Byron, I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognizing me, I was grown so thin. He was dressed in a loose nankeen jacket and white trousers, his neck cloth open, and his hair was in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic and curly-headed person whom I had known in England.

"He took me into an inner room, and introduced me to a young lady in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit up, and her hair, which she wore in that fashion, looked as if it steamed in disorder. This was the Countess Guiccioli. The Conte Pietro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. I then learned, that a quarrel having taken place among the servants, the young count had interferred, and been stabbed. He was angry; Madame Guiccioli more so, and would not hear of the charitable comments of Byron, who was for making light of the matter. Indeed, there was a look in the business a little formidable; for though the stab was not much, the infliction of it threatened more, and was at that minute keeping watch under the portico, with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person that issued forth. I looked out of the window, and met his eye glaring upwards like a tiger. The fellow had a red cap on like a sans culotte, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre, a proper catiff. Thus, it appeared, the house was in a state of blockade; the nobility and gentry of the interior all kept in a state of impassability by a rascally footman.

"How long things had continued in this state I cannot say; but the hour was come when Byron and his friends took their evening ride, and the thing was to be put an end to somehow. Fletcher, the valet, had been dispatched for the police, and was not returned. At length, we set out, Madame Guiccioli earnestly entreating 'Bairon' to keep back, and all of us uniting to keep in advance of Conte Pietro, who was exasperated. It was a curious moment for a stranger from England. I fancied myself pitched into one of the scenes in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' with Montoni and his tumultuous companions. Everything was new, foreign, and violent. There was the lady, flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the 'scelerate'; the young count, wounded and threatening; the assassin waiting for us with his knife; and last, not least in the novelty, my English friend metamorphosed, round-looking, and jacketed, trying to damp all this fire with his cool tones, and an air of voluptuous indolence. He had now, however, put on his loose riding coat of Mazarine blue, and his velvet cap, looking more lordly than but not less foreign. It was an awkward moment for him, not knowing what might happen; but he put a good face on the matter; and as to myself, I was so occupied with the novelty of the scene, that I had not time to be frightened. Forth we issued at the door, all squeezing to have the honor of being the boldest, when a termination is put to the tragedy by the vagabond throwing himself on a bench, extending his arms, and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes; his face gaunt, ugly, and unshaven; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman

could conceive it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure wringing and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence, and to crown all he requested Byron to kiss him."

Surely this is equal to any florid page of Castellar's account of Byron's Italian life. Here was what Hunt described as 'a polite Wapping, with a square and a theatre. The country around, though delightful to a first view, from its vines hanging from the trees and the sight of the Apennines, is uninteresting, when you become acquainted with it."

Hunt took up his abode at Pisa. In the Lung Arno is a house, reputed to have been built by angels, and in a ground floor of this the poet sat such household stock as he had. The Casa Lantranchi is described as in every way worthy its builder; with its rough marble exterior, and its 'bold and broad style throughout, with those harmonious graces of proportion which are sure to be found in an Italian mansion.'" Here Shelley hovered like a passing brightness over his friend's Lares and Penates. This was a true and capacious friendship; would it might have continued! This world of Italy might have been a clime far more congenial to Hunt with one so generous and trustful. But little warring could he have had of that fate his footsteps hastened to meet," who had sung his own in the early passing of "Adonais;" and small occasion had he to think on that day when, after seeing him settled, Shelley left him, that he should look on his living face no more.

Byron and Hunt are left together, or in near neighborhood. Moore's Life and Letters of the poet-*per* will tell how they passed the time; the chat or reading through the afternoon, strolling and rides by wood and vineyard at the wane, with a call at some peasant's cottage. Some times they sat to eat ripe figs in the shade. Hunt says that in the evening he "seldom saw Byron." He recreated himself, or read in solitude on the balcony, and when Hunt was ready to go to bed, his noble associates brain was in a bubble, boiling over with another Canto of:

The sacrifice of an innocent man, and the destruction of the happiness of his family, is something so revolting to the ordinary sense of justice and of humanity, that it is no strange thing to find it appeal in the strongest way to persons of poetic sensibility. We present a number of sonnets,—the first being from the pen of Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, of Ward, Penn.

I
A Soldier of the Republic.
How base the State whose potency is crime!
Whose holiest justice is a hollow name,
Kindling a blush upon the brow of shame,
That burns away the glory of her prime—
Soldier unslain! through all the coming time
Unshadowed eye, by undeserved blame
How bright will glow thy pure, unarm'd fame
Washed free at last of passion's hated slime!
No craven's deed can soil thy innocence,
Though cruel hate with mockery of law,
And selfish greed and bigot zeal intense
Around thy name their tangled meshes draw—
While Passion reigns blind Justice lies in trance
And Wrong's red curse burns on the brow of France!

II
The Captive of the 11th Du Salut.
DREYFUS.
Alas, my mother! Ere my sands are rare,
Haiken—deal justly with me, ere I die!
Out of my love, my pain, to thee I cry;
Why hast thou borne so hardly on thy son?
To thee, to thee, what evil have I done?
Yet, torn from home, to hope and honor lost,
Captive I languish on this dreadful coast,
Blameless, beneath my Country's maulion.

III
Zola.
Waste'er thy faults,—and faults we deem were
thine,
Thou scribe of human misery and despair!

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee, or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing.

When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

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References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 Guy St., Montreal, Que.
Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

To blame thee now no generous heart will care,
Nor stoop of all thy books to blot a line.
With courage and with constancy divine,
We see thee standing single to defend
The name of thy dishonor'd, ruined friend,
While power and passion 'gainst thy will combine.
O strange reverse! when a head half-abor'd,
Takes sacred lustre, Bitter was thy word;
But O the sweetness of thy deed unpriced!
While round thy form the wild mob pressed and roared,
And as it judges near thee trembling stood,
Unmoved thou saw'st the calm face of the Christ.

IV
Madam Dreyfus.
O woman, of the deathless love! to thee
Our eyes admiring turn, rejected to find
Watching and weeping have not made thee
blind,
Nor marred thy constant soul's sublimity!
Thy true gentleness grows firm to be
The prop on which thy fallen mate may lean,
Condemned to huddle with the foul and mean
On that low island of the torrid sea.
Fair pilgrim,—who pursue'st a knightly quest,
Knocking at kingly gates, with fearful plea,—
For thy loved consort let thy suit prevail!
Nor by the harsh and sordid world unblest
By thy divine example,—seeing thee,
With Love triumphant for thy Holy Grail.

The Dramatist, Ibsen, like some of the great poets of the world who have displayed marked individual characteristics, does not spend much time even with the masters of his art. Little does he read of English or French it is said, and Shakespeare is known to him only through Danish translation. But Ibsen has a treasury in himself, and smacks of nobody but Ibsen.

Many a reader, reverting to the books of his youth, will recall the name of Samuel Smiles, and his books, "Character" and "Self Help," as among the most suggestive and stimulating. The author still survives, at the age of eighty-six, and is remarkable still for his energy and activity. At his home, Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, Eng., he is now employed on a new book soon to be made public.

"Slab-Sides" is scarcely an Arcadian name, but it is that with which John Burroughs has designated his hermitage or retreat, in a wild domain known as Escopus, a few miles back of the Hudson. The name however is appropriate, as indicating the rude and primitive construction which is in part at least, the work of his own hands. The four or five acres surrounding "Slab-Sides" are by the owner devoted to the culture of celery; and in this place of retirement he frequently spends several weeks at a time, superintending the horticultural work, and cooking his own food.

A memorial to the early British poet Caedmon may soon be erected in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Whitby. It is to be in the form of a cross of Anglican design, placed "in what is probably part of the actual burial ground where the dust of Caedmon lies.

Julian Hawthorne will now probably be returning from Cuba, whither he had gone in the interests of Collier's Weekly.—A Biography of Coventry Patmore is to be prepared by the wife of that poet.—"The Burning of the Sarah Sands," is the title of a new and stirring tale of maritime adventure from Rudyard Kipling's pen.—James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal" is

being translated into Japanese.—Mrs. Mulock Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman" the copyright on which expires this year, abates nothing of its popularity.—Mr. Alfred Austin, the Laureate, it is understood, will soon sever his connection with The Standard, in order to devote himself more entirely to pure literature.

PASTOR FELIX.
Musical.

How some rubber bands enabled a man to sleep is a strange story related by the Kansas City Star. The hero of the tale is a baggageman on the Santa Fe line. He had been accustomed to doze on his passage from Hutchinson to Kansas City, but then it happened—just how is a point not explained—that night after night his car contained two or three coops of live ducks. The baggeman's dozing was at an end. The almost constant quacking of the ducks, who could not understand their strange environment, would not permit of sleep. For many nights as he lay awake, he planned relief. He thought of strangling the ducks or chloroforming them, but neither expedient seemed good. Then a bright idea came to him. The next night he had two coops of unusually vociferous ducks. As soon as it came time for sleep he wrenched a slat from one of the coops, reached in, and pulled out a duck. From his pocket he took a small rubber band, which he slipped over the duck's bill just back of the nostrils. The duck tried to quack, but the rubber band, while it stretched a little, would not permit the duck to open its bill far enough to use its tongue. Only a murmur came from it. One by one the ducks were muzzled, and the baggeman rested comfortably.

Why Suffer?
When there is such a good remedy as Narvaline for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in five minutes; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pain just as rapidly. Give it a trial.

Deacon Jones—You really think this is a deserving case, Mrs. Brown? You think there is no doubt about the family being very poor? Mrs. Brown—Oh, there can be no doubt about it, deacon. Why every one of the family rides a last year's wheel.

The essence of Southern Pine forests is bottled up in Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

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Woman and Her Work

I stumble, quite incidentally, the other day upon a piece of information which was quite a surprise to me. Perhaps it should not have been, but then one cannot be expected to know everything, and though on reflection I succeeded in unearthing a sort of sub-consciousness that I had heard something like it before, a sub-consciousness is of very little use for practical everyday wear.

This bit of information was the appalling fact that no woman, whatever her rank, is really entitled to bear a crest. It makes one fairly shudder to think of the consternation which this small item would cause an upper freedom if it were suddenly to become law. Picture the distraction, not only of the haughty colonial dames, and daughters of the revolution who have long ruled society in the sister republic, but also of our own social magnates who have become so accustomed to luxury in the shape of a crest, that they cannot relish their food unless the fork they eat with, and the spoon wherewith their tea is stirred is decorated with a crest; and who would find it utterly impossible to write an intelligible note on any but crested paper. Poor souls, how they would suffer! And how some of them would open their eyes when they further discovered that only a comparatively small number of men possessed the legal right to "bear arms," as the heraldry office expresses it. Even when a man is entitled to this distinction it does not by any means follow that all his male descendants have the same privilege; in point of fact only his eldest son is entitled to bear the crest belonging to those arms without restriction. The younger ones may bear the arms, provided they are distinguished with the "mark of cadency" as the heralds call it, in each case, but only the eldest son may bear the crest itself, and that not during his father's lifetime.

What a re-painting and varnishing of the panels of swell carriages there would be in—New York for instance, if this rule was rigidly enforced, and how much so-called family plate would have to go into the melting pot, if the crest was too deeply cut to be erased! Perhaps it is just as well for our own peace of mind after all, that we don't know very much about heraldry on this side of the ocean; ignorance is certainly bliss in this instance, so why should we court wisdom only to find unhappiness?

Speaking of American society women reminds me that I have often wondered over, but never succeeded in solving the problem of where the average American society dame sits when she is at home in the bosom of her family. That she is seldom to be found in the drawing room, except on her regular reception days, seems to be pretty clearly established by that mirror of fashionable life, the modern society novel; since, both in the novel, and the magazine story by prominent writers, the young man who makes an informal call on the heroine some afternoon when she is not expecting company is almost invariably ushered into an empty drawing room, where he sits alone, a prey to the tumultuous emotions which have driven him thus unexpectedly into her presence, until the portieres part suddenly, disclosing her charming form framed by their rich folds.

Now where did the heroine spend her time before she parted those curtains and set the young man's pulses throbbing in such an unhealthy manner? Was she doing the Saturday mending in her bedroom, or merely lolling on a luxurious couch in her boudoir devouring a new novel and a box of caramels simultaneously? I do hope the family had not yielded to that habit which is only too common, of making a family sitting room of the dining room, and reserving the best apartment in the house for the exclusive use of strangers.

It is one of the great points of difference between the English and American society

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is an entirely new variety of the charming sword fern, it is by far more graceful than the old variety. It has created a furore in floral centres, and is at present enjoying the greatest popularity of any decorative plant. For this we will mail you a healthy specimen of this fern, (usual price 25c.) and our book of "Canadian Plants for Canadian People" a most complete catalogue of Roses, Greenhouse Plants, Hardy Perennials, Ornamental Shrubs, Climbers, and Flower Seeds. This offer is to secure hundreds of new customers. Let us convince you by this trial order, of the high grade of our stock.

WEBSTER BROS., Hamilton Ont.

story, that in the form when the visitor is shown into the drawing room, he is shown at the same time into the very heart of the family circle, and is at home at once, while in the latter case he is confronted at once with the depressing conditions of an uninhabited room, and a period which varies in length, of his own society before the object of his visit makes her appearance. There are few things more calculated to depress the spirits or ruffle the temper than those moments of waiting, and I believe many a lover who would have cast his heart and fortune at the beloved one's feet if he had found her in the drawing room when he arrived, has had time to think better of it during the bad quarter of an hour he spent in the solitude of the drawing room waiting for the idol of his dreams to part the silken portieres and make a picture of herself as she enters the room. Second thoughts are not always best but they frequently break up what seemed to be a most promising love affair, all the same. The moral of which is—Don't be afraid to use the best room in the house for a family gathering place. What is a drawing room for if the members of the family are not going to enjoy it, and why should any place on which we have expended so much time and money be given up to strangers who care nothing about us, while the second best is considered quite good enough for ourselves and our families.

Really I scarcely like to refer to anything so startling as the latest departure of a very up to date fashionable woman—a new woman most emphatically, and I feel as if I should request the printers to put this paragraph in the smallest type possible, so as to make it a sort of confidential whisper but it is a mistake to be too modest now a days, so here goes. This very advanced dame has not only dismissed her maid, and actually engaged a valet, but really glories in her emancipation from the feminine yoke, and declares that she has never been so well served in her life. Her hair has never been so beautifully dressed, her clothes are perfectly kept, her boots and shoes always like new. Moreover, she has proved a perfect treasure in travelling, never forgets anything, and is an ideal in every way. He does nothing for the master of the house, who has his own man, and his mistress was highly amused when one of her sisters with whom she was staying, expressed surprise at a man being allowed to unpack his mistress trunks and lay out her dresses; the idea of permitting a strange man in one's bedroom, and amongst one's belongings seemed so extraordinary to her.

The proprietor of the valet argues with some reason however, that as long as our best milliners and dressmakers are men, and we do not mind in the least employing them, there is no earthly reason why they should not be better personal attendants. She insists that her masculine treasure can trim a hat or alter a gown better than any maid she ever had, and as for minding having him around, she would not be so vulgar as to think of such a thing as regarding him as an individual at all, she regards him as something quite impersonal, the personification of good service, nothing more. All the same I fancy the immaculate valet's conversation amongst his acquaintances in his own class would be interesting in the extreme, and if madame could overhear it she might cease to regard him as an impersonal something instead of an individual. And I am also very sure that if I were a man I should object very forcibly to my wife employing any but a feminine body servant. Should she persist, I would follow her example by discharging my valet and engaging the smartest maid I could find, to "valet" me. A good rule should work two ways. It is delightful to be advanced, but may not one carry it too far sometimes?

There is really so little that is new to record in the shape of fashions that one is obliged to fall back upon the decorations, of which the variety is almost endless, in describing the modes of the present season. Quite a novel feature of the newest dress is the quantity of chenille which is used in trimming. This soft and pretty, if rather

perishable decoration was used a good deal on the most dressy of the winter costumes, but new possibilities have been developed on the spring and summer gowns. One way of applying chenille is a dainty twisted cord either in one or two shades of the same color; this cord is applied by either sewing on in straight rows or coiled into some simple design. In an ecru nun's veiling one ecru chenille cord and one row of white, are sewn quite close together at the head of the circular flounce. The effect is very pretty and one requires to look a second time, to see how it is produced. Narrow platings and double frillings of black mousseline de soie, or chiffon, are used on foulard silk, barege and grenadine gowns. As edgings for the circular flounces on the skirt, and a square double yoke shaped collar, they are especially pretty. Platings of white swiss muslin on wool and silk gowns are a very decided novelty, and they are invariably finished on the edge with either ribbon or lace. A dress of blue and white foulard is trimmed on the bodice with swiss platings edged with a narrow black and white striped gros grain ribbon. Plain satin baby ribbon is also used.

Cloth, or serge, both of which have come to the front rank as fashionable materials this season, is the thing to have for one's spring gown, and the most attractive costumes are being made in both these materials, by first class dressmakers who combine a tailor finish with very fanciful effects. Embroidery and appliques of lace which cover revers, yokes vests and collar are features of this style of dress. The costume is made either with a jacket and vest in some pretty contrast, or with the bodice plain in the back, and slightly bloused in front. The embroidery is usually hand work and consequently decidedly expensive unless the wearer is lucky enough to be able to do it herself. A design in flowers, perhaps violet or primrose, and green leaves is wrought on satin in a little lighter shade of the color of the cloth and used for yoke, revers and vest. If the yoke is embroidered the revers may be plain as any excess in this style of decoration is sure to ruin the effect. Bands of black satin ribbon, and bias satin trim some of these gowns with rows down each side of the front which turn and continue around the bottom of the skirt. In other shirts the seams are opened narrowly over a band of satin in a lighter shade, and fastened together by an open-work stitch or else tiny cords. Many of the skirts are quite plain, and either cut with revers, gores or in three pieces with circular sides, and made with lapped seams.

Costumes consisting of coat and skirt, usually have a bodice of plain, or white silk, checked with the color of the cloth, and the effect is decidedly good, carrying out the idea of a suit much better than if the bodice, or vest was made of a contrasting color. Report says that the jackets are to be much longer, and some very smart tailor made suits in the extreme English style are shown with this long coat and close-fitting vests of cloth in a contrasting color, or figure, or satin laid in fine tuks. But all the same, the very short jacket is the most popular just at present, and by far the most convenient and sensible for summer wear. Tailor gowns are not by any means confined to wool materials, and tailors are very busy just now making stylish suits of duck pique and crash, with carefully fitted jackets, shirt waists and skirts without linings, and made after the latest cloth models. They are trimmed with braid, or stitched bands of the same, or else left perfectly plain, the tailor cut and finish giving them a style which is very fetching. Gowns of white pique made with the blazer and worn with a fancy full vest of color silk, are vastly more becoming

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A good idea

is to keep some Pearline in a sifter, ready to use for floor-washing, dish-washing, etc., etc. You sprinkle a little over the floor, for instance, and then just wash it over with a wet cloth. See how much more convenient to use than soap, to say nothing of the easier work! If you're buying and using Pearline simply for washing clothes, and not for all kinds of washing and cleaning, you're cheating yourself out of a great deal of comfort and economy.

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to the average woman, than any variety of cotton shirt waist ever known.

The very latest modes in the French cloth gowns are in the princess and polonaise style. Figured foulard is used for tablier fronts with the polonaise of cloth, and also for a full blouse vest. One princess gown in pale gray green cloth has no trimming on the skirt, while the sleeves and single pointed revers are covered with white embroidery, and a jabot of white chiffon falls at one side of the front, a large white bow of lace, chiffon, or Liberty gauze is a necessary part of the tailor costume this season, as it is of every other gown worn in the street, and whether your dress is in the severe English style, or the more dressy French models, the bow at the neck is a special feature. The only objection to this particular form of decoration is the fact that it has become very common, and the sight of a more or less be-draggled white bow beneath the chin of every factory girl one meets, is almost enough to disgust the fashionable damsel with her own dainty cravat bow of chiffon and lace.

Brief and Decisive Opinions About Diamond Dyes.

Mrs. J. H. Coulter, Neepawa, Man., says: "I always have much pleasure in using Diamond Dyes; I think they are grand agents for making old things look like new."
Mary A. Raycraft, Leeds, P. Q., gives her experience in seven words: "I am delighted with your Diamond Dyes."
Mrs. Chas. Hutchings, Jones' Falls, Ont., writes: "Have used several packages of your Diamond Dyes and find them better than any other make; they never fade or crock, and are entirely satisfactory."
Mrs. John Merritt, Sandy Cove, N. S., says: "Have used Diamond Dyes for over seven years, and have found them great successes."
Mrs. David Grant, Mountain Station, Ont., says: "Diamond Dyes far surpass all other dyes that I have tried."

THE FEATURES OF MUMPS.

How the Disease Acts and the Treatment For It.
This is a very painful, but usually not dangerous contagious disease affecting chiefly the young though not sparing the middle-aged, or even the old, who may have escaped exposure in earlier life. Usually one who has had the disease is safe from another attack but this is not always so, and medical books tell us of unfortunate individuals who have suffered four or five attacks at intervals of a few years, seeming to catch the disease every time they were exposed to it.

Mumps is very contagious, and one who has never had it is always sure to contract it on the first opportunity. A short time spent with a patient suffering from it will generally suffice, but at the same time the contagion does not extend far from the sick, so that it is easy to prevent the spread of the disease by keeping the other members of the family away.

Mumps usually occurs in small epidemics in schools, armies, factories, and wherever many persons are brought into close relations with each other daily. Mumps is a general disease, similar in its nature to scarlet fever or measles, but the swelling of the salivary glands is such a striking feature that the other symptoms, mild fever, loss of appetite, etc. are apt to be forced into the background and overlooked.

The glands affected are usually the parotid glands, and the swelling appears beneath the ear just behind the jaw. The enlargement may be very great, and when both sides are affected, the poor sufferer is so transformed as hardly to be recognizable. At the same time the glands are exceedingly painful. The other salivary glands may be affected together with the parotids or alone.

A peculiarity of mumps is that it is very prone to leave the parts first attacked and invade other glands in the body. This is a serious danger, almost the only one, and can be prevented best by keeping the patient in bed, or at least in the room, even if

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he feels perfectly well, for several days after the swelling has gone down. This is about the only treatment called for, except perhaps soothing applications, such as soap liniment, for instance, to the skin over the swelling. The diet should be liquid, and indeed it must be, for chewing is so painful that solids are out of the question.

Sarcastic Novellist.

The people who want—and do not scruple to ask for—favors from public men are sometimes so unreasonable as almost to deserve a rude answer; such an answer, for example, as the Golden Penny quotes: A certain novelist, not unknown to fame, received from a lady an unstamped letter asking the loan of his book, on the plea that she could not obtain it at the bookseller's in her town. His reply was worded as follows: "DEAR MADAM:—In the town where you reside there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things which are easily procurable elsewhere—not only of my recent work, but also of postage-stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book you desire to obtain, and also the stamps to pay its carriage, but, to my regret, I am without the necessary string to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece, I am at your service."

The Best Results Obtained.

An eminent physician of Quebec recommends *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine* for pulmonary diseases—Dr. ED. MORIN & Co., druggists, Quebec.—GENTLEMEN,—For some time in my practice I have used your *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine* for diseases of the respiratory organs, coughs, hoarseness, bronchitis, etc., and, I am happy to say, always with the best possible results. The effects produced by it on my patients have been surprising. I continue to prescribe it daily and recommend it to all persons suffering from the above mentioned diseases and in the first stages of consumption.

Believe me to be, Yours most devotedly, A. WATERS, M. D. L.

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Impervious, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable.

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Madame E. L. ETHIER, 88 St. Denis St. Montreal.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

Between the Church Social and the Theatre There Was a Difference.

'Oh, Henry,' sighed Mrs. Wellwood, 'I'm so ill I can't hold up my head. I wish you had come home earlier. I've been so lonesome.'

'Sorry, my dear,' said her fond husband. 'It's particularly unfortunate that you're ill to-night. You know we are expected to be at the church this evening to help open the annual bazaar. Don't you think that you'll be better after you had a cup of tea?'

'No,' the sweet little woman replied, 'the thought of tea is nauseating. There isn't any use trying to fight it off. I never get over these attacks inside of twenty-four hours. You must write a note to the pastor, explaining our absence. It is too bad but it cannot be helped.'

Mr. Wellwood sat down and looked thoughtful for a little while. Finally, as if he had just remembered it he exclaimed:

'By the way, I got a couple of passes for the theatre tonight. How unlucky we are. I guess I'll go over and give them to the Brownings. It would be too bad to waste them.'

Just then it was announced that tea was ready and Henry Wellwood went down to the dining-room alone. He had got nearly half through eating when his fair young wife entered, and sat down.

'Why,' he said, 'I thought you didn't care to take tea this evening?'

'I feel a good deal better than I did a little while ago,' she replied.

When she had finished tea he went out to the hall and began putting on his overcoat.

'What are you going to do, Henry?' Mrs. Wellwood inquired.

'I'm going to take these tickets over to the Brownings.'

'Never mind,' she said in her sweetest tones; 'we'll use them ourselves. My head ache's almost gone and I think it will do me good to get out.'

He took off his coat again and they went upstairs to get ready. As Mrs. Wellwood was adjusting her hat, Henry said:

'Darling will you forgive me if I tell you something?'

'What is it?' she innocently asked.

'That was just a joke about those passes. I haven't any, but we can go and help open the bazaar, now that you are better.'

With a wild cry of distress the wronged woman threw herself down among the cushions upon the sofa, and Henry Wellwood has as yet been unable to convince her that his only reason for wishing to attend the bazaar was not the fact that Mildred Hazelton, of whose beauty he had once unguardedly spoken, was to be there in the character of a gypsy fortune teller.

There are plenty of people to whom what is called music is merely a noise. To them the horns and tom-toms of the savages would signify the same thing as one of Beethoven's symphonies played by the orchestra in Europe. They have no 'ear' for the concord of sweet sounds, yet their ears may be good enough for all the practical purposes of life. Others have no liking for painting; others, none for dramatic performances; others still, none for displays of oratory. So it goes. Most of us have distinct likes and dislikes touching that collection of things which pass for the 'pleasures of existence.'

Well, what of it? Every man to his notion. There is no accounting for tastes nor for distastes. I know a dozen persons who profess to enjoy stormy days more than they do fine ones. It seems queer, but individual idiosyncrasies may even go that length, and no harm done. Aside from all these matters, there is lots of room for us all to agree on questions of morals, and on what constitutes good husbands, wives, sons, and daughters, &c.

But when a person says he doesn't enjoy one or more of those pleasures which Nature has made to be part and parcel of his physical necessities, then his case is no peculiar as to attract attention immediately. He is either a cogent eccentric or he is diseased. For he is a marked exception to all normal human beings.

Our friend who writes the subjoined letter was for several years one of those exceptions. What his peculiarity was, and how it came about, he will tell you himself.

'For many years,' he says, 'I suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. I felt languid, and so heavy I did not know what to do with myself. My appetite failed me, and often when food was put on the table I could not touch it. After eating I had pain and a sense of weight at the chest, and an awful pain in the pit of the stomach.'

'I was, too, much troubled with water-brash—a sour fluid frequently filling my mouth. I was restless at night, and felt tired and weary in the morning.'

'As time went on, I lost flesh, and came to be so weak that I often had to lie down on the couch. As I walked along the streets I would be seized with a trembling sensation, and be obliged to stop and rest.'

'In this miserable state I remained for more than eight years, sometimes better and then worse, but never well. I saw one doctor after another, and took many kinds of medicines, but found only temporary relief.'

'In December, 1884, I read in a small book that was left at our house about a case exactly like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine, and in a week's time I found myself much better; my appetite improved, and I gained strength.'

'I then continued taking this remedy, and gradually recovered my health and vigour, the pain leaving me. Since that time I take a few doses when needed, and it never fails to set me right. I feel that I owe my present good health to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that it preserved my life. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) H. C. Rees, 61, Almack Road, Clapton, London, N. E., December 31st, 1896.'

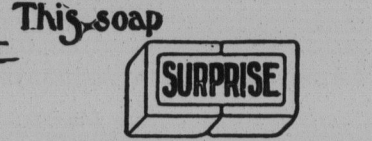
'That Mr. Rees was cured twelve years ago, and has been well ever since, shows how real and thorough the cure was. He has since been like all normal men and women in the respect in which he was unlike them before—he enjoys his food. Eating to him is not a necessity merely; it is a keen delight, as Nature intended so important a function to be. We may differ about music and a hundred other non-vital things, but we must agree as to the pleasure of eating. We owe to those who don't like to eat, who quarrel with their meals, for all power and strength is from digested food.'

And the sure thing to make eating a pleasure is Mother Seigel's Syrup, for it cures dyspepsia.

The Head of the Table. In the article on the Glengarry branch of the Macdonalds James Logan, in his 'The Clans of the Scottish Highlands,' says: 'At the castle of Aros the lords of the isles held



Tired? Oh, No.



greatly lessens the work. Its pure soap lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabric. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

thour parliament and passed the regal decrees which distant tribes were bound to respect. The simple form in which important rights were conveyed by these principles may be illustrated by the following brief but bidding charter, which loses in translation from the original Gaelic: 'I, Donald, the chieft of the Macdonalds, sitting on the hill of Dun Donald, give the MacAodh a 'ull right to Kilmahomg from this day till to-morrow, and so on forever.' A lesson was afforded by one of these lords which might greatly benefit some sticklers for precedence. He had at a banquet been placed by mistake at the bottom of the table, on perceiving which considerable emotion arose among the company, who dreaded the consequence of the supposed indignity, but the great ceahninnidh (head of his race) speedily allayed their apprehensions by exclaiming emphatically: 'Where the Macdonald sits, know ye, gentlemen, that is the head of the table.'

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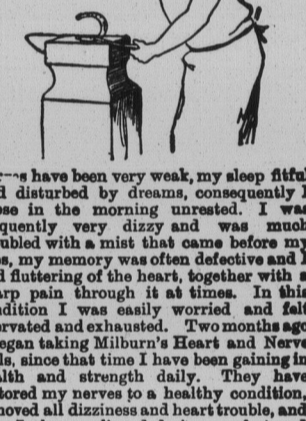
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Getting Somewhat Behind. 'So Jack went to the Klondike? How is he getting along?' 'Not very well. He writes me that he owes three thousand dollars for board.'

Strength Came Back. The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer. Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. 'For the past four years my



nerve have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrested. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and felt enervated and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying.' Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Dyspepsia. Give the Baby a Chance. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food.

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WHY QUAIL WAS NOT FOR HIM.

The Little Bird Once Saved the Life of This Prairie Man.

The author of 'The Old Santa Fe Trail' says that in the early days Uncle John Smith was a very important man on the border. He was trader, hunter, and most important of all, a very influential man among the Indian tribes, who often depended on him for counsel in peace or war. Here is one of his stories. In camp one evening he was offered quail, delicate little creatures, beautifully spitted and broiled on peeled willow twigs. He was somewhat of a gourmand, but to the surprise of every one, he refused.

'Boys,' said he, 'I don't eat no quail.'

'You are making a great mistake, Uncle John,' said his host. 'Better try one.'

'Boys,' said he again, 'I don't tech quail. I aint eat one for more than twenty years. One of them little creaturs saved my life once, and I swore right then I'd starve fast; and I've kept my oath, though once I could have killed 'em when all I had to chaw on for four days was the scales of a pair of greasy old moccasins.'

'Well, boys,' he went on, 'was a good many years ago; we were out trapping, and had a big pile o' skins. Buffalo was scarce, but Indians was plenty, and we were kind of uneasy.'

'One morning I was up by daylight, and I see three or four buffalo grazing on the creek bottom, half a mile away. Thorp and Boyd crawled out of their blankets, too, and we crept along through the grass till we got up pretty nigh the herd. Thorp and Boyd was furthest from the camp, and we'd each drawn bead on a buffalo.'

'Just as I was running my eye along the herd, a little quail flew right out from under my feet in the tall grass, lit exactly on my front sight, and cut off the aim. I shook the little critter off and brought up my rifle again, when the bird lit right onto the same place.'

'And before I knew anything more, half a dozen Indians sprung up and shot at Thorp and Boyd. Thorp was killed and Boyd wounded, and him and me managed to crawl back to camp, where, with the others, we attacked the redskins, and drove 'em away. If it hadn't been for that quail, they'd ha' had me, too; for they knew I hadn't fired, and so kept a respectful distance.'

'That's the reason I don't eat no quail. I aint superstitious, but I don't believe they was meant to be eat.'

Pussy's Big Playmate.

Superintendent John B. Smith, of the Central Park menagerie at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time and tried to coax the cat out, but would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and when the rhinoceros was asleep the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch. 'In its native state,' explained Superintendent Smith, 'a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird, keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at its ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it.'

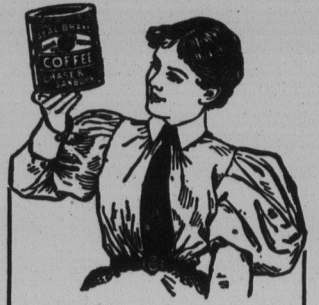
A Law Against Bachelors.

Bachelors have a hard time in the Argentine Republic. There a law inflicts a fine upon persons of marriageable age of either sex, who refuse an offer to wed without reasons which are considered valid in the law and forbids them to marry thereafter without permission of the government. They shall, moreover, pay an indemnity sum of not more than one hundred pounds to the person whose offer they have refused. Young men and women under twenty years old are exempt from law, and can marry as they please. After they are twenty-eight the men are obliged to pay a heavy fine if they remain single. The women propose as well as the men; so an unmarried young man between twenty and twenty-eight years old in that country has a troublesome time. Not only is he made to pay a tax for being a bachelor, but it he refuses a proposal he has to pay the proposer a fine. Naturally there are few old maids in Argentine.

PREACHERS AND PEOPLE OF ONE MIND.

A Host of Witnesses Tell of the Wonderful Cures Effected by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Right Rev. Bishop Sweetman, D. D.; Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D.; Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D., and others sound its praises. It cures young and old. Mrs. Geo. Graves, Ingersoll, writes: 'My little daughter, aged thirteen years, suffered from catarrh of the very worst kind. No physician or remedy cured, until we used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and after using two bottles my child was completely cured.' It is a pleasant, safe and speedy remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness.



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers,

Chase & Sanborn, contains the purest, best, and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure.

She also knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha, in one and two pound cans.



A vegetable remedy for diseases arising from Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels, such as Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Feeling of Languor, Distress after Eating, etc.

Mrs. Clara Howe, Moncton, N.B., says: 'I used Laxa-Liver Pills for Headaches and Liver Trouble, and they not only relieved me but cured me. They do not gripe or sicken and are easy to take.' Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Vial or 5 for \$1.00.

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My Fight With a Catamount.

My guide, Alaric, and I had gone in after moose to the country beyond Mud Brook, in Maine. There its watershed between the east branch and the west is cut up into valleys, in one or another of which a herd of moose, in winter, generally takes up quarters. It was not yet yarding-time, for the snow was still only about four inches deep, making it just right for the moose-hunter who is at the same time a sportsman.

Our task was slow one; we had to examine each valley for moose-tracks, tramping up one side and down the other, or, as we usually managed it, separating at the valley's mouth, each taking a side, meeting at the end and then, it unsuccessful, taking the quickest way back to camp.

And unsuccessful we were, since for three days we found no trail. But Alaric was not in the least discouraged.

'You can never tell about moose,' he said; 'they travel so. There were moose in this country before the snow, and there were moose within a day's walk of us now.'

It was on the second day that we found that, while after moose, we had been tracked by a catamount. The print of its paw was generously large.

'I've seen bigger,' said Alaric, 'but this feller's big enough. He's just waiting round, I guess, so as to get some of the meat we kill. We'll remember him,' he said, looking up at me as he knelt on the snow, 'so's to see that he doesn't spoil the hide or the head.'

I accepted the theory, and thought little more of the matter for twenty-four hours. At the end of the third day we found that the catamount had for a second time been following our trail—not only our trail, but also mine.

He had followed me all day as I walked along the hillside, looking ahead and on both sides, but seldom behind. Alaric examined his tracks carefully for half a mile.

'He was in sight of you all the way,' he said. 'See here, where he stood for some time, just shifting about in one place, watching?' I saw—and thought.

After a while, it seemed to me, a catamount might get tired of waiting for us to kill his meat, and would start in to kill it for himself. Unquestionably the easiest game for him to get would be human.

For there were no deer in the region, and the caribou were all herded on Katabdin and Traveller. The previous severe winter had decimated the partridges, and big is the catamount that will tackle a moose. I mentioned the theory to Alaric.

'Um—yes, perhaps,' he said and eyed me dubiously. Then I wished that I had not said anything. It is not well to let your guide think that you are afraid.

In the morning, when we had attained our valley's mouth, Alaric was about to keep with me, instead of leaving me as before; but that made our hunting much slower, for we could cover much less ground, and I sent him around the other way.

'All right,' said he. 'But keep a good looking out behind you now.'

He disappeared in a cedar swamp, and I made my way along the slope of a hill. I watched indeed behind as well as in front, and in every fox's track I crossed I saw a catamount's, until finally I got used to the situation, and believed that the 'Indian devil' had concluded to let me alone.

The day was fine. The sun shone bright, and the softening snow, dropping from the upper branches of the trees, kept up a constant movement in the woods. I took and held a good pace, and with my eyes searching the snow ahead and on all sides of me for signs of moose walked for a full hour, seeing nothing living but the woodpeckers and the chickadees, hearing nothing but the rustle of the branches, as released of their loads they sprang back into place. Then, quite needlessly, I found insecure footing under the snow, and plunged suddenly at full length. My rifle whirled from

my hand with force, and I heard it strike against the uncovered top of a sugar-loaf stone. I jumped up in fear and hastily examined it. The breech was shattered—my rifle was as useless as any stick.

Now I thought of the catamount, as, with the broken rifle in my hands, I looked about me in the woods, bright with sun and snow. I was not entirely helpless, for my revolver and knife were in my belt. Yet a thirty-eight calibre revolver, even with a long cartridge and a long barrel, is not a sure defence against an animal as heavy as myself, which in facing me would present for a mark only a round head and a chest with muscles so thick and knobby that they would probably stop any revolver bullet. I doubted my ability to hit the eye.

Very likely I was no longer followed; and in any case, I might call Alaric. And yet he was too far away for a shout to reach him, and I dared not fire signal shots for in order to travel light, I had left at camp all revolver cartridges but those in the chambers. So I started at once for the bottom of the valley, hoping to strike Alaric's trail on the opposite slope, and intending to follow it until I caught him.

My rifle I left where it was; it was useless and heavy. I cast many a glance behind me as, almost at a trot, I made my way down the long hillside.

I strode on rapidly, for I had certainly a mile to cover before I could strike Alaric's trail, much more before I could catch my nimble guide. I was cheerful and unalarmed until, pausing to look behind, I saw, a hundred yards away, a tawny animal quickly slip behind a tree.

I hastily drew my revolver and knife; but no movement came from its hidden breast, and rather than stand and wait, I pursued my retreat. I moved more slowly yet as fast as I could and still guard myself against another fall and watch for a rush from behind. I scanned the ground in front of me, and glanced back every second. For some time I saw no more of the catamount.

But when I did see him, I was startled at his nearness; he was within fifty yards. I hurried on as he slipped aside again; but looking again in a moment, I saw him now following boldly upon my trail. I stopped, but he stopped, too, and stood regarding me. He was too far away for me to fire yet, and as he made no movement to approach, I cautiously continued my retreat, always after a few steps stopping to face him.

He stopped as I stopped, yet each time I turned away came quickly closer. I was already thinking of awaiting him without further movement, when the way was blocked by a ravine.

It was cut by the stream that drained the valley, and its steep sides were nearly fifteen feet in height. They even overhung in places but this I did not then know. I was in no mind to trust myself in the deep gully, where the catamount might drop upon me before I could scramble out upon the other side.

I walked into an open space, and took my stand close to a birch that grew on the very edge of the bank. For thirty feet there was no good cover for the catamount; so, armed and determined, I waited his action.

The animal skirted the bushes about me, as if examining the ground, and to my disappointment, began to come upon me along the edge of the ravine. This gave him the best cover before his charge, and at the same time assured him that the momentum of his rush would not carry him tumbling into the gully. Always keeping too well concealed for a good mark, he crept up behind a fallen tree, on the near side of which a little bush grew, and flattened himself there, watching me. I felt sure, and waiting, in hope that he might catch me off my guard.

I cannot describe how stealthy and noiseless and altogether perfect his maneuvering was. Although the trees that grew about were all small and the bushes bare, and although the white snow gave no background for concealment, he covered himself so perfectly at one time, and slipped in and out of sight so quickly at another, that although I stood with my revolver pointed and cocked, I could find no opportunity for a shot.

As he circled for position he came ever nearer, and I could see at one time the round head, with its short, pointed ears; at another the long, sinuous, muscular body; but they moved so rapidly that before I could shoot they were gone from sight.

All the time he made no sound but a rustle. In his final concealment I saw nothing of him but his tail, that twitched and twitched and twitched.

At last I caught the glint of his pale green eye and fired. There came a snarl from behind the bush, and it was dashed to one side and the other, while round head and bared teeth and tawny body came crashing through I pulled the trigger again and the report sounded muffled and the smoke for an instant obscured the beast. All was white, when, like a breath it passed and I saw the rushing catamount not ten feet from me.

I had not time to fire or crouch, but with ready legs hurled myself to one side, and threw my left arm around the tree that grew at the edge of the bank. With an awful dread I felt the ground giving way beneath me.

I dropped my knife and caught the tree closer, when it, too, leaned to fall. It hung for a moment over the steep slope, and I could not save myself. The frost had not clamped the overhang to the solid ground. The last tall rains had cut it under; the first spring thaw would have brought it down, had not my weight been thrown upon it.

With a twist the tree and I fell together. I clutched my revolver desperately, despite the sickening fear of the fall, and in my grasp it exploded in mid air. Then I fell, and although my body struck easily in the snow-covered ravine, my right hand had been beaten against a sharp rock, and the birch was upon me so that I could not move.

My legs were on the bank, and under-

neath the snow beneath my shoulders I soon felt the ice, from which stones protruded. One snow-covered rock received and supported my head. I lay upon my right side, and my right hand, swinging in a curve, had struck with force upon the ice, the only part of my body, except my head, which was free. My left arm was pressed close to my side by the birch, which lay across my body and legs.

The weight was not so great but that I could have lifted it, could I but have gained purchase. But I must at the same time lift my own body, for my hips were lower than my feet, my shoulders lower than my hips; and I could not gather ten pounds of force in that position.

My fall confused me somewhat, and I could not at first feel anything, either the pain in my hand or the danger I was in. I noticed only the fine, powdery snow which, cast up by the fall, settled upon me as I lay. Then I saw my arm stretched out in front of me, with a bloody hand at the end of it, and I came fully to myself.

A pain shot from finger-tip to shoulder as I closed my hand tighter upon the butt of the revolver. But I clenched my teeth and tried to rise—tried twice more before I gave it up as hopeless. Then I raised my hand and put it in a better position, propped upon a stone.

The movements hurt me terribly, but I thought of the catamount, which would surely not be satisfied with two bullets for its breakfast. I was scarcely ready when the head of the beast was thrust over the edge of the bank to look for me.

He saw, and glistened as a human enemy might have done. His savage snarl was full of intelligence, and his slow approach was deliberate torture. He stood for a moment in full view—then slipped and slid down to the surface of the ice, where, ten yards away, he stood and looked at me.

I saw his magnificent build, his superb muscular development, as with his body in profile, his head turned toward me, he waited before approaching, playing with my helplessness; but I was not entirely helpless! With shaking hand I took aim; I could not use my thumb to cock the revolver, but drew hard at the trigger, and the hammer rose and fell.

My turn for gloating had come now, for the catamount was crying with rage and pain. He fell writhing, striking with his forepaws at the snow, and raising his head to snap at nothing; but this did not last long. Slowly he dragged himself to a sitting posture, and I could understand his plight and estimate my own danger.

My first two bullets had but torn his flesh. My last had broken his back. He was paralyzed in his hind legs, as I have seen a deer, yet he had many minutes to live, perhaps hours, and was strong and angry enough to finish me. Painfully he started on that short journey to me. With his forepaws, his claws digging the snow, he began to drag himself toward me.

I could only wait. I had but one more shot, and wished to hold it till he should be close; but my torn hand was weak, and the bruised tendons had already begun to stiffen. Into that deep place, where bank and trees overhung, the sun did not come, and I felt the cold striking into my raw flesh. More than that, my weight upon my shoulder began to cut off the blood from my arm. I felt pricking in my flesh, my arm began to be numb, and I feared that I might not be able to shoot.

If he could not hurry! He dragged himself at a snail's pace. It would be so long before he came close that my hand would be useless. Yet as he crawled directly at me, the mark was a poor one. I saw with satisfaction that he would have to turn aside for one of the rocks in his path. When at last he reached it, and began to drag himself around it, he gave me my last chance.

I saw the space behind his shoulder, prayed that my bullet might miss his ribs, summoned the last force at my almost dead hand, and fired.

A little drit of air blew the smoke aside so quickly that I could see the fire fly. He bit savagely at his side, but he crawled on without stopping. From my numb hand the revolver fell without noise in the snow—my fit hit was finished. He came on; he was only fifteen feet away from me, when he stopped and coughed. Would he sink, unable to move farther?

No; he started again! Although his legs dragged behind him, impeding, although he left a red trail on the snow, and each step forced him to cross the last space. Minutes passed before he was close enough to touch me.

Ah! Even as he turned toward my hand

PURE BLOODED HORSES.

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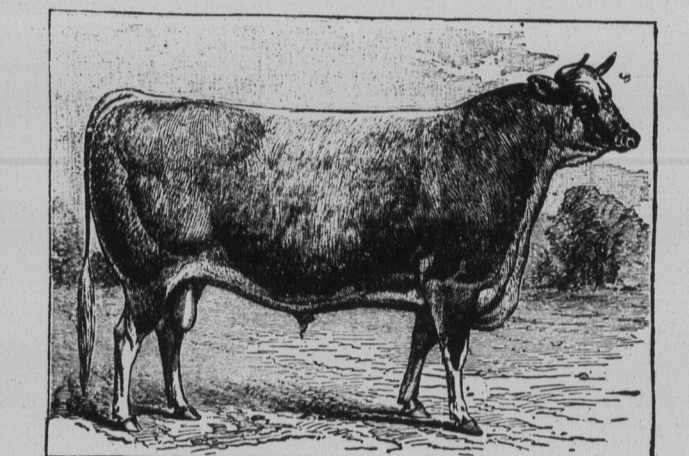
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to seize it, even as I waited to see, rather than feel, the crunching of my senseless arm, his head dropped. He raised it once more, but his power was gone. He laid his head, once so powerful, upon my hand, rested his body against the stone, that stood high enough to support him, and glared at me with his fierce malignant eyes.

Then the fire changed in his eyes, clouded, flickered, glowed—went out. The last breath was expelled with a wheeze. He was dead.

Then my own powers sank, and I thought that I dying, too. Somewhere in the midst of my faintings I had a sense as if I felt rather than heard, hasty, heavy foot steps on the bank above me. As soon as I knew anything clearly, I knew that the tree had been pulled away, and that Alaric was bending over me. He had, with ears alert for any sound, and with footsteps kept as near to me as they might be with obedience to my order, come rushing to my aid at the sound of my first revolver shot. But the distance was so great that he did not arrive until my fight was over.

—ALLEN FRENCH in the Youth's Companion.

HOPES TO BE CURED.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.

Gentlemen, I have used your remedy, Morin's Creosote Wine, for chronic bronchitis and it is the only remedy which has given me ease, I hope that by continuing to use it, I shall be cured.

Yours, etc., HENRI LEMOINE DE MARTIGNY, Montreal.

Six Words. A little court scene in Tennessee is thus described by the Clarksville Leaf Chronicle:

Aunt Cherry Mallory was recently put on the witness-stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway locomotive. After being sworn she was asked by the lawyer if she saw the train kill this hog. 'Yes,' she said, 'I seed it.'

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'tell the court, in

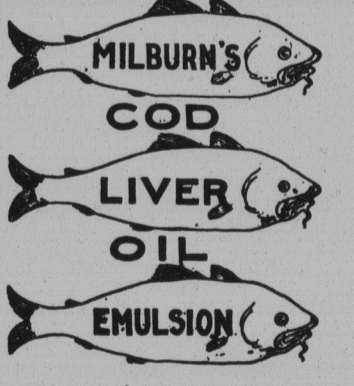
as few words as possible, all you know about it.'

'I kin do dat in a mighty few words, said Aunt Cherry, clearing her throat, and with one eye on the judge and one on the lawyer, she said: 'Hit jus' tooted and tuck 'im.'

Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases 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, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c.

Mr. Dukane—Do you mean to say that Mr. Jiggins is invariably truthful under all circumstances? Mr. Gaswell—Well perhaps he is a trifle prone to exaggerate the lowness of his thermometer in zero weather.



If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach. It has combined with it Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Manganese, and has wonderful restorative and flesh forming properties. For Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets and similar diseases it has no equal. Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



Doan's Kidney Pills. You need it to bear the daily burdens of life. If your back's weak—Doan's Kidney Pills will strengthen it. If it pains and aches—Doan's Kidney Pills will cure it. No experiment in taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured hundreds of weak, aching backs long before other kidney pills were dreamed of.

Mr. JAMES ROW, Belleville, Ont., suffered for nine years with terrible pain in the back, rheumatic pains, and pains in the bladder. He spent \$800 doctoring, but got little relief. Doan's Kidney Pills have completely cured him, banished the back pains, and all the other pains and aches.

The New Man. A CIRCUS STORY.

He was called the New Man and known by no other name around the show; probably he figured under some other title on the treasurer's books. The new comer was brought directly to my attention because the manager of the circus and menagerie, as soon as he had joined out, placed him at the door to aid in directing the entry of the crowd. We always drew a crowd and were universally successful everywhere, else I would not have been connected with the organization. The latest arrival proved to be a valuable factotum for the manager and the front door staff. Besides being possessed of intelligence and a willingness to oblige the stranger had no prejudice against the liberal use of soap and water, and his face was frequently visited by a razor. Besides, he was respectably clothed and presentable, and just the man to send down town to the mail or telegraph, or to run hither and thither in, out and about the canvas. Come to think of it our demands on New Man were frequent and exacting, but he never complained and was as polite and obliging as he was untiring. What a reliable fellow, too. When he was sent down town from the show lot he made the trip in short meter, and never mixed his errands or forgot the principal things he went for. Well I had a sort of an idea that there was some sort of a story connected with his career and that he had seen better days. But New Man was non-communicative and I could find no excuse for prying into his affairs. I did sound the governor on the matter, and his response seemed to be a reasonable solution of his presence with the show. 'Oh,' said the manager, 'I guess it is the old story of love. I've seen lots of such cases in my time. Young fellow and his girl fall out. Miff! Tiff! A lover's quarrel even a mitten, and the love-sick chap follows off the circus until he repents and returns, or a dose of rain and mud and rough living and rough working knocks the nonsense out of his head. 'It's love, is it?' said I. 'A safe bet,' replied the manager. After this conversation I made a close study of New Man, and came to the sage conclusion that the stranger betrayed none of the symptoms. Certainly he was ever in good humor, and there was nothing of the far away or absentmindedness in his bearing, and having witnessed his efforts with a knife and fork at the show dining tent I can vouch for his appetite. That satisfied me that he was not wasting away for unrequited love. Now as I was the press agent attached to the show, and a sort of head-quarters chief staff for the governor, I had something else to do besides build up conjectures about the mysterious Mr. New Man. but from time to time my mind did turn to him, and once in such a turn I led me to ask myself: 'If this man is not in love and heartsick, what is the explanation of his presence with the show?' I kept up this line of thought for two or three days and came to the suspicious conclusion: Perhaps he is a criminal, with no good intentions to the show, or, quite as bad, he may be playing the spy for a rival management. I had not the slightest grounds for my theory, but every day it forced itself the more upon me, and the more I thought the more I was convinced that there was something wrong about the latest addition to the working force. My suspicions became exceedingly annoying, and I was tempted to communicate them to the governor, but when I essayed to do so I remained silent. A suspicion is no evidence, and, having no proof, I had no reason for a charge. Keeping such a suspicion to one's self is a wearing thing, and I lost both sleep and appetite over the matter, and worried myself into a state of mind that took flesh off my bones, and the manager, noting my growing thinness, remarked: 'You look like a june shad.' I attributed my decline to the hot weather and the governor observed: 'If you don't latten up you will have to go in the sideshow as a living skeleton.' From being suspicious of New Man I took to watching in a Hawkshaw way and I was not at all long before I was aware of the fact that he was keeping a pretty close eye on me. I watched him; he watched me. What I found out wouldn't hurt anybody. Until between the shows one afternoon, in passing through the connection of the circus and menagerie tents, I overheard a woman's voice: 'Keep your eyes on him. I tell you there is mischief afoot.' I peeped through a hole at the lacing of the sidewall and saw that the speaker was our star female rider, a woman of foreign birth and reputation, of whom we knew nothing except that she was an incomparable artist. New Man must have heard my stealthy movement in the sawdust. 'Hiat!' he was warning as he walked away, not once looking back. There was a swishing of the woman's skirts as she slowly, with catlike stealth, stole away. 'Mischief afoot!' I repeated to myself. 'I must see the governor at once.' I thought better of that quickly. I didn't know anything that amounted to anything after all, and would only be laughed at for my pains. I would, on second thought, keep my own counsel and watch and wait. Patience solves every problem. I entered into the watching and waiting business with a vengeance and became more

of a Hawkshaw than ever. I was on the snoop and the sneak all the while, and my eyes and ears were open at the expense of my rest. Since I had gone into the independent detective business another party had crossed my path as a panther in a mysterious conspiracy. There was a conspiracy, I was convinced of it from the first suspicion, and the interview of New Man and the equestrienne was confirmation of my belief. Cutting across the show lot one night, after the show, I heard a man's voice raised in anger; his temper had the best of him, and, ever on the alert, I caught the words: 'If a hint or a warning comes from your lips I will kill you! kill you!' 'I don't know whether my heart stood still, but I was fixed to the spot; neither do I know how many times the threat was repeated: 'Kill you! kill you! kill you!' It was not very dark, and my eyes were sharp in those days, and I was used to prowling along unlighted streets and freight yards to the show train. What I saw amazed me. The assistant boss canvas man was striding away, fairly dragging our star equestrienne with him, and until they passed into the utter darkness I heard or imagined I heard: 'Kill you! kill you! kill you!' I got down to the show train busy with my thoughts—quite busy and I was busy with them all night. I looked it in the morning and I felt it. Now, I would inform the manager that there was mischief afoot. What I tell him that I was prying and snooping around? After reflection I decided that I would not but would continue in my self imposed task of watching and waiting. As I had overheard something startling at the connection between the two tents, I visited that locality frequently between the afternoon and evening shows, and was rewarded for my inquisitiveness by hearing a communication between the equestrienne and New Man: 'To-night.' 'Two words, a swish of skirts, and the woman was gone; the man went his way and I went mine. That night I laid down in my berth in the sleeper with my clothes on, sure that something out of the ordinary would occur before morning. About three o'clock I was getting noddy, when the porter of the car, showing a great deal of white in his eyes, touched me on the shoulder and asked: 'Are you awake?' 'I crawled out of the berth, and the man explained: 'I done heered a pistol shot for shuah!' The train was going at a fair rate of speed and all the rest in the car were sleeping. The door opened and New Man came in. 'He tried it, and I did him,' was the first thing he said. Then, as if understanding that his meaning was not comprehended he explained: 'Tunis, the assistant boss canvas man with false keys attempted to rob the ticket wagon. I was laying for him and shot him dead!' The whites of the porter's eyes monopolized the greater part of his face. 'Ha!' said I, 'he betrayed him.' 'His wife,' whispered the man; who added, 'better wake the old man and tell him what has happened.' I did so, but the governor, to my surprise, didn't appear to be so very much surprised at the news. He coolly remarked: 'You are sure that he is dead? Well, I'll be dressed in a few minutes.' When he came out of his stateroom he said: 'What a desperate and nerveless villain. It is a good thing that the woman is rid of him. She is a brave one, too, and it was no fault of hers that she married a notorious criminal. It was to escape him that she came to this country, and at the risk of her life she put us on to the whole scheme.' We passed out of the private car into the sleeper, and as we entered the governor exclaimed: 'A good night's work!' 'A good night's work it was. By this time the colored porter began to exhibit every indication of turning white, and his teeth were playing a bone solo to the tambour accompaniment of his knees. There was a surprise awaiting me. It came in the introduction of: 'Mr. Newman, of the Pinkerton's.' We shook hands, and the detective was complimentary as well as affable as he remarked with a laugh: 'You were getting pretty close on yourself. I was on the eve of letting you into the scheme.' The manager looked enquiringly. 'Oh,' smiled the detective, 'our young friend has the making of a good one in our line of business.' Of course the shooting Tunis, the thief, was declared justifiable, and there was no trouble on that score. The man's record was one full of theft and crime, and there was much rejoicing in police circles at his exit from the world. Not a person on earth mourned his loss, his body gave medical students a necessary experience, and his wife who had lived for years in terror, a last knew peace and safety. No mourning or weeds were worn by her. On the contrary, she celebrated the villain's departure from life by wearing the gayest of colors all the rest of the season. Not so Bad. One of the famous English musicians of the first half of our century, John Cramer, had great repute also as a veteran courtier and an adept in elegant flattery. To judge from the following anecdote, his



reputation in this respect must have been well deserved: A contemporary pianoforte player Thalberg, once said before a company, with a degree of pique. 'I understand, Mr. Cramer, you deny that I have the good left hand on the pianoforte which is attributed to me. Let me play you something that I hope will convince you.' Thereupon Thalberg played a piece that showed wonderful manipulation of the bass part of the keyboard. Cramer listened attentively, and then said: 'I am still of the same opinion, Monsieur Thalberg; I think you have no left hand. I think you have two right hands!'

JUST IN TIME. Heart Disease Had Him at Death's Door—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Worked Almost a Miracle.

C. A. Campbell, Mountiron, Minn., writes: 'I laid just at the point of death from most acute heart disease, and with hardly a hope that any remedy could reach my case I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I believe this great remedy got to me just in time. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes, and before I had taken a bottle I was up from what I thought was my death bed. I was cured, and I consider my cure almost miraculous.'

She Liked Sailing. The following true tale, from the February Lippincott, is a most curious example of living well on nothing a year without breaking the laws of the land: About twenty years ago a steam-packet company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a 'stay-at-home-spinster,' as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right, at any time during her life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels. When the agreement was closed, she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the packet company. For years this shrewd spinster lived near y all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to agreement. This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at a reduced rate by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up the priviledge, but this she would not do. Her reply was, 'You got the land cheap, and I like sailing, so we both ought to be satisfied.'

Advertisement for 'THESE DOMINION SUSPENDERS WILL PLEASE MY BOYS AT HOME.' featuring an illustration of a man in a top hat and the text 'BORN. Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED'.

Albert, April 2, to the wife of John A. Taylor a son. Cochester, March 4, to the wife of Samuel Guild a son. Kenville, March 18, to the wife of Joe E. Chase, a son. Billowen, March, 29, to the wife of John Morton, a son. Kingsport, March 31, to the wife of Edwin Ellis, a son. Bridgewater, April 4, to the wife of W. D. Hall, a son. Hortonville, March 22, to the wife of Joseph King a son. Clark's Harbor, April 1, to the wife of T. F. Doland a son. Springhill, March 31, to the wife of John Fletcher, a son. Springhill, April 1, to the wife of A. H. McLeod, a daughter. Truro, March 28, to the wife of Neil Campbell a daughter. Wolfville, March 24, to the wife of John Kaye, a daughter. Halifax, March 29, to the wife of Oscar Chase, a daughter. Halifax, April 2, to the wife of Arthur Rockwell, a daughter. Toronto, April 4, to the wife of Henry A. Gray, a daughter. Truro, April 3, to the wife of Wm. Jeffrey, a daughter. Springhill, April 4, to the wife of Fred Nelson, a daughter. Cumberland, April 6, to the wife of Charles Mills, a daughter. Bathurst, April 6, to the wife of Wm. McCombes, a daughter. Centreville, April 2, to the wife of Donald Messer, a son. Canning, March 6, to the wife of Dexter Davidson, a daughter. Cheverie, March 30, to the wife of Capt. J. F. Rose, a daughter.

Advertisement for 'THE TOP ROUND OF PAINT MAKING' showing a paint can and the text 'THE TOP ROUND OF PAINT MAKING'.

Hopewell Hill, March 22, to the wife of C. L. Peck, a daughter. Fredericton, April 10, to the wife of G. C. Vanwart a daughter. Springhill, April 2, to the wife of John Downey twins, sons. Montreal, April 5, to the wife of A. H. N. Notman, twins, sons. St. David Hill, March 27, to the wife of Payson Smith a son. Clark's Harbor, March 27, to the wife of Judah Crowe a son. Wolfville, March 27, to the wife of J. M. Woodman, a daughter. Philadelphia, Feb. 26, to the wife of Capt. W. M. Rose, a daughter. Formosa, Torquay, March 3, to the wife of E. Y. Bentley, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, March 31, to the wife of David Atwood, a daughter. Upper Dyke Village, March 23, to the wife of H. L. Watson, a daughter. New York, March 9, to the wife of Capt. J. C. Andrews, a daughter. Titusville, Kings Co., April 9, to the wife of Rev. J. Joseph Davidson to Sophia Dexter. Centreville, Cape Island, March 24, to the wife of John Slinger, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Salem, April 5, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John Roscoe to Mary Rogers. Bath, March 29, by Rev. S. James, Millidge Polly to Mary Goodwin. Berwick, March 24, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Frank Spicer to Eva Anderson. Houlton, March 31, by Rev. C. Boon, Leonard Houlton to Mrs. Emily Tupper. Cheverie, March 23, by Rev. G. A. Wetters, Joseph Smith to Sophia Dexter. Amherst, April 1, by Rev. W. H. McLeod, Robert McDonald to Minnie Blenkhorn. Billowen, March 31, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Rev. Horace Kussman to Myra Lemon. Stony Island, April 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Charles M. Ross to Daisy L. Ross. Jersey City, N. Y., March 30, by Rev. J. F. Moran, Emily Noonan to Capt. A. W. Lane. Mansfield, March 29, by Rev. L. J. Shanahanwhite, Edwin Dunlop to Maggie Dukeshire. Chipman, March 23, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, William T. Austin to Bertha Langin. Lower Onslow, March 21, by Rev. Mr. Spidell, Joseph Davidson to Rebecca McKinlay. Stony Island, March 21, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Murdoch Quigley to Gertrude Nickerson. Stony Island, April 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Joseph Smith to Judith A. Cunningham. Harvey, York Co., March 29, by Rev. Thomas Marsha, Joe Willis to Lizzie Wightman.

DIED.

Corwallis, April 3, Aubrey Borden. Halifax April 5, Eleanor Burnester. Windsor, April 6, Morton Smith 49. West Earlton, Alexander Ballie, 16. St. John, April 10, John Stanton, 66. Halifax, April 2, John Hamilton, 23. Dartmouth, April 3, Katie Tilder, 2. Albert, March 26, Rufus Engler, 61. Springhill, April 4, Agnes Burke, 38. Springhill, April 2, James Daniel 40. Halifax, April 5, William Gillott, 85. Guyabo o, March 20, A. J. Fisher, 84. Halifax, April 6, Mrs. Elsie Marshall. Albert, April 3, Charles W. Turner 69. California, March 13, Liza Ambrose, 57. Halifax, April 8, Charlie Cunningham, 1. Upper Perceux, April 1, Deas Holmes. Tombrake, Me., April 7, John M. Burns 26. Noel, Evans Co., March 28, Lydia Wier, 69. New Glasgow, April 6, John McPherson, 76. Halifax, April 7, Cyril Frederick, 9 months. Mathiad, March 25, Mrs. John Dukeshire, 78. Fredericton, April 6, Mrs. Fanny Simonds, 78. Tusket, N. S., April 1, Adelaide Blauveir, 62. St. John, April 9, Ernest Leslie Higgins, 15. Halifax, April 4, Mrs. Margaret Doherty, 60. Gay's River, April 2, Mrs. Ann Dowling, 51. Whyconough, March 16, Thomas Graham 100. Kampt, Queens, March 25 Edwin Kempton, 58. Lake Umbagog, March 29, Mrs. Mary McDonald, 30. Port LaTour, April 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, 74. West Pabuloo, April 6, Delmer D'Extremont 14. Brookline, Mass., April 6, Mrs. Emma Murdoch. Petite Riviere, N. S., Feb. 9, Jessie M. Sperry, 2. West River, A. Co., April 1, Kenneth Mars, 98. Upper Mills, March 24, Mrs. Joanna McCann, 65. Upper Kennetcook, April 2, James Underwood, 48. Victoria, B. C., March 8, Thomas Louis Foley, 17. Marquisah, N. B., Feb. 25, Charles Edward Stevens 3. Los Angeles, Cal., Bertram Randolph Fairweather, 24. North Sydney, April 1, Edmund Francis Cook, 16 months. North Head, Grand Manan, March 30, Alice Mc-Grath, 24. Roxbury, Mass., April 3, Mrs. Lydia Randall 84. Fokkie, April 5, infant child of Alons and Isabel Haverslock. West Facion, April 4, infant son of Mr. Felix D'Extremont 1. West Branch, Kent Co., Mar. 28, Elizabeth, wife of James Morton, 78 years.

has been reached in the paint that covers most, looks best, wears longest and is most economical. The paint that saves money in the beginning because it covers the most surface; saves money in the end because it lasts the longest, is

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THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS. 100 Canal St., Cleveland, Ohio. 857 Washington St., New York. 2828 Stewart Ave., Chicago. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

Loch Lomond Road, April 4, Julia, widow of the late Timothy Desmond, 80. Moncton, Mar. 20, Annie Sylvia, daughter of Bliss and Minnie Mallis, 6 months. St. George, Mar. 25, Gertrude Valentine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, 15. Lower Truro, Mar. 22, Jean, aged six, and Glen-eva, aged two, daughters of Alfred and Edith Crowe. Beaver Harbor, H. Co., March 21, Mrs. Angus Cameron; two hours later the husband of above Mr. Angus Cameron.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lve. St. J. at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday. Lve. Digby 5.30 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.38 p. m. Tu. and Fri. Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.46 p. m. Mon. and Thurs. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluebonnet between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Bluebonnet" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Parlor on steamer, from whom timetables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, April 16th, 23rd, 30th; and April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Tourist Sleeping Cars

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.30 p. m. Friday's Car is attached at Carleton Place. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00. Write for Pamphlets etc. via "British Columbia" "Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields," "Vancouver City's Guide to the Land of Gold." Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergush, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 7.15 Express for Sussex..... 7.30 Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Camp-bellton..... 11.10 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 9.15 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

Express from Sussex..... 8.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.20 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 16.00 Express from Moncton..... 18.3 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are heated by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.