

PROGRESS.

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CAPITAL'S SENSATION.

The Failure of Messrs. Black, Bliss and Nealis Causes Lots of Talk in Fredericton.

There has been no little excitement in Fredericton this week and the excitement has not been confined only to the Celestial City. When an announcement is made that such a well known firm as Black, Bliss & Nealis has gone to the wall it is no wonder that there is a stir. It is perhaps not too much to say that considering all things no names stood better in the capital city than Black Bliss & Nealis. On account of their individual popularity and the big estates and corporations the firm represented to say nothing of the various positions each of the firm held as officers of trust, it seemed impossible for the ordinary citizens to feel that the well known office of Black, Bliss & Nealis was anything but prosperous and even today in spite of all circumstances, in spite of all rumors and in spite of all difficulties there are not a few who believe that the firm has placed itself in an awkward, disagreeable and unnecessary situation. Too much pride must have its fall. There was no more popular man walked the streets of Fredericton than John Black, no man was a harder worker than he. As Secretary Treasurer of the county of York he filled the position in a manner that called forth praise from even those most bitterly opposed to him in politics and then to use a common saying the name of John Black on the back of any paper was as good as gold in any bank and friends as well as enemies took every advantage of it. Yes, not a few of those who are loudest today in condemnation of those now in misfortune were the foremost in asking and receiving help. They took every advantage in seeking aid from an individual whose greatest fault was his big heartedness. It is no exaggeration to say that John Black's friends at the present time express the belief that had the man been as good a friend to himself as he had been to others a different story would be told today. There are rumors and stories of all kinds afloat. The departure of John Black from the city was and is the foundation of many reports. People have taken it for granted that affairs must be in a desperate state when he has found it necessary to leave. But it is just here that the difficulty arises to explain why he did leave. As account after account is gone into, affairs appear even more than satisfactory, in fact not a few parties find out that they even received interest in advance. One man early in the week when he heard of the crisis, became almost a raving lunatic. He had given the firm \$2000 to invest and they had misappropriated it. It was a terrible case of hardship and defalcation and everyone had the story, and condemnation knew no limits; yet when affairs were looked into the money was found as safe as could be. If it had been wrongly used some slight excuse might have been offered, on account of the great carelessness on the part of the client. PROGRESS does not know now just exactly how matters stand, nor does anyone else. There were large sums on the bank on behalf of the county, and of course they were all gone, but it was a surprise how every cent was accounted for, and the system and regularity shown in which the books were kept. It was a great disappointment to some that nothing wrong could be found.

It was the estates that had suffered was the next report. There was the O'Dell estate, the Fenety estate and numerous other estates, had got it very much in the neck, to use a common expression. Investigation soon brought out the fact that these estates had not a single cent. The more things were investigated the more the result became apparent that it was the banks that were the real losers, and it is wonderful to listen to the sympathy being extended on all sides to these institutions. The popularity of banks in Fredericton cannot be estimated, that is, judging popularity from the number of people that are pleased in seeing banks stuck. PROGRESS has made a search into matters as far as possible. It must be confessed that there is much darkness, and the only one that can let in any light is John Black himself. His friends who have stood by him in years, express but the one opinion, that he has made a mistake. They all claim that had they had

the least idea of the difficulties under which he labored they would have come willingly to his assistance. He was not that kind of a man, however. He had pride in his name and his worries he kept to himself, and so his unselfishness he bore to the end and kept every financial secret from his very closest friends. John Black had lived nearly fifty years in Fredericton, the son of a clergyman, he lived a most exemplary life. By perseverance he worked hard for his education, and his genial manner, his wonderful push and kindness to relatives and friends put him in the front rank. His life was that of a true christian, and he soon became a leader among men. Then the crisis came slowly but surely. He and his firm were the guardians of many funds. First came the Fisher crash by which so many lost their money and persons began to get suspicious of everyone else. But excuses were made and the Vanwatts Bros. were the examples of everything that was correct. Then it came, the Vanwatts went to smash and then of course the rumor became general that no one was solid among the lawyers. People became more than excited and the law office of Black Bliss & Nealis soon resembled a bank that was about to fail. But in spite of all rumors and difficulties they weathered the storm. It was hard but it was done, then Mr. Duffy a well-known lawyer followed in the career of the Vanwatts and just at the time that Black Bliss & Nealis were getting public confidence restored that had been so much shaken by the Fishers and Vanwatts failures Mr. Duffy became the notorious man as a defaulter. The burden came on the leading conveyancing firm in Fredericton and the burden was heavy. The name however was a prestige, the way business was attended to and the high reputation of the individual members of the firm served Black Bliss & Nealis during the bitterest days and the days were bitter. They were gloomy and bad ones for lawyers especially lawyers who had much money to handle. But Fredericton was not to be outdone. St. John's legal fraternity began to follow some of Vanwatts and Fishers careers and so the remaining lawyers began to get a still further dose and Black Bliss & Nealis under stress of circumstance began on the downhill road. Still no one knew it, certainly the banks did not and the bar's always know it all or they think they do. So the day of reckoning approached and the climax came. Mr. Black and Mr. Nealis left Fredericton apparently ill and business had to be neglected. The banks became suspicious and they began to crowd as the saying is, and when banks that give so many privileges very suddenly begin to be harsh trouble is soon to follow and so it was with Black Bliss & Nealis and paper commenced going to protest and the curtain fell. It was given out that Black had left for England. But there is no one living today who knows where he is. Mr. Nealis was but a nominal partner and he departed for Boston. He did not attempt to conceal his movements and if it will be any satisfaction to anyone he has left behind him his Boston address. On Mr. Bliss the burden has fallen very heavily. During the past two or three weeks he has been a great sufferer from sore eyes, and contrary to doctors orders he has gone daily to the office to meet the vast multitude. His action in this respect is praiseworthy and has made him many friends. The indebtedness of the firm will probably amount to \$30,000, but as said before it is only guess work as time only will reveal how matters stand. That affairs are in a desperate condition is then granted but it does not appear as yet that there has been any wrong doing, that is any great defalcations. The banks were deceived no doubt but the banks cannot allege deception as an excuse for it is their business to know the financial standing of parties. There are a number of individuals who will lose heavy as endorsers of papers and the banks will now demand immediate payment. In some cases they may get it in others they will not be so fortunate. The remaining lawyers in Fredericton cannot but feel the blow and people cannot be found fault with for becoming

suspicious. The history of Fredericton lawyers is a spicy one. The capital was the home of Wilnot and Fisher, brilliant men. So the place has had the best examples of all classes of men. Those who were always good, those who were good and went astray, and those who were always bad. Yes, the story of self made men is interesting.

WILD CAT MINING SCHEMES.
A King Street Merchant Has His Say About Some of Them.

A King street merchant writes to PROGRESS regarding the boom in mining shares and he characterizes many of the propositions before the public at the present time as "wild cat schemes."
"Not long ago he says "I read in the New York Herald, that a certain promoter sold mining shares in New York city, in every quarter at \$200 a share, and in a little while the unusual monthly dividend of 10 per cent would come around, and so great was the demand from all parts of the Globe, that the post office authorities took the trouble to investigate, and before they got through they exposed one promoter and his friends the Directorate divided nearly one million dollars."

Referring more particularly to the mining properties placed before the people of St. John he speaks of one in particular, which quoting from an upper province paper, "is paying dividends and not a shovel of earth has as yet been taken out of the ground." Speaking from his own experience he adds: "In the last twenty years, I have put nearly \$7000,00 in mining schemes, and in going over my books find that I have received some \$200 00 in dividends, so merely write to advise all not to touch mining propositions, unless they have explicit confidence in the Directorate, and even then to be very careful."

My last and final investment was in a mine property, which stock I am told was all sold in St. John, and the price being in the reach of every one, it had a wide course, and I am told from good authority, that thousands of people hold shares. On making enquiries about this prospect, I find it is worthless, and have every reason to believe that fraud is connected with it, and the promoters should be called to task but as I have passed this with my other investments to profit and loss account, I trust that my past experience will be the means of correcting likely investers." PROGRESS does not give the names of the mines in which this gentleman says he has been interested for the reason that he does not furnish us with adequate proof of his assertions, but the subject of his letter is printed for what it is worth.

Cheaper Coal.
The Philadelphia and Reading Company has issued a circular announcing a reduction in the price of anthracite coal of 50 cents per ton for the sizes most in demand. The new schedule makes prices at tide-water as follows: Broken sizes, hard white ash, per ton, \$3.75; egg, \$4; stove, \$4.15, and chestnut, \$4.15.
This is good news to the citizens, but better news would be that our local dealers are making their prices accordingly.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Criminals in Maine—An account of some strange families in that State.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poet, and other timely pieces.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social happenings from all over the provinces.
- PAGE 9.—No Dread of Death—A celebrated doctor speaks of the last hours.
- PAGE 10.—Boers with Buffalo Bill—The noted showman has a new feature.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—First instalment of a thrilling story entitled "Lover and husband."
- PAGE 11.—Many matters for Sunday readers.
- PAGE 12.—A Brief Disappearance—How Detective Abe Crook solved a problem.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fables from the realm of women.
- PAGE 14.—Adventures of a Liver—A tough time with a cargo of sunken dynamite.
- PAGE 15.—"Swanson"—A bright story of adventure.
- PAGE 16.—Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

VOLUNTARY EVIDENCE.

The Sackville Man's Brother-in-Law Convicted the Jury of His Guilt.

John C. Best is a Sackville man, and quite recently was arrested, tried and found guilty in Massachusetts of murdering his employer. He pleaded not guilty to the charge and there were many people who believed in his innocence. The trial lasted many days and the greatest surprise was manifested when Best's brother in law, Stiles, came forward and voluntarily gave the evidence that had most weight with the jury. He repeated a conversation that he had with the prisoner and this seemed to convince the jury that there was no doubt of the guilt of Best. It is now said that Stiles wife, the sister of Best is dying, and that the cause of her illness was the shock the evidence of her husband against her brother gave her.

In spite of this the Advertiser of Boston which concluding that Best is probably guilty has some strong comments upon the evidence in the following article.

That J. C. Best killed G. E. Bailey is true, in all human probability, and beyond a reasonable doubt. Judge Sherman, in commending the services of the jury which brought in last Thursday night to the court in Salem that verdict, "Guilty of murder in the first degree," expressed a sentiment which finds an echo in the breasts of good citizens of the Commonwealth with a near approach to unanimity. There are differences of opinion, and rational and ethical grounds for those differences, regarding the conduct of one of the state's witnesses, whose information, gained from the prisoner under circumstances that many regard as binding the witness to the most sacred confidence, was voluntarily offered to the prosecution and indisputably contributed more than anything else to the prisoner's conviction. But that the verdict was just, there is, we repeat, no reasonable doubt. The jury, at any rate, did its duty faithfully. So did the presiding justices. So did the prosecution attorneys; who, whatever may be their personal opinions concerning the conduct of their star witness, considered from an ethical standpoint, were themselves clearly justified in making the most of the proof offered to them.

The public welfare is promoted in a very noteworthy degree by the promptness and completeness with which this atrocious crime, committed in North Saugus, has been ferreted out, and its perpetrator placed in a legal situation which is nearly certain to be followed, in due time, by his exemplary punishment.

We wish we could extend this line of remark so far as to endorse all those optimistic expressions made by Atty-Gen. Knowlton in his masterly summing up for the state, and by others who have commented upon the trial since its conclusion; to the effect that murder cannot be concealed; that however shrewdly the slayer of his fellowman plans to hide the crime, he is sure to leave a loophole by which his guilt will be discovered; that the arm of the law is long enough and strong enough to reach the most cunning murderer, etc.

But the truth is that in the prompt detection, arrest, indictment and conviction of the murderer of G. E. Bailey, there has been presented an instance of retributive justice which derives no small part of its noteworthiness from the fact of its being rather an exception to the rule than an instance in the ordinary course of events. Statistics show that but a small fraction of the murders committed annually in the United States are followed by the punishment of the murderers. In a majority of cases the murderers are not even tried for their crimes. Of those who are tried, fewer than one half in number are convicted, a considerable portion escape the final penalty, by one means or another.

Even in New England, where, on the whole, penal laws are enforced better than anywhere else in the Union, the deplorable truth is, nevertheless, that murder very often goes unpunished. A great many instances might be cited in proof of this state of things, without entering far into ancient history. Within the past 10 years a number of murders have been committed in New England that remain unsolved mysteries. Sometimes not even sufficient evidence of guilt has been found to justify arrests. In

other instances arrests have been made, but indictments refused. In still other instances, as in that of the exceptionally atrocious murder of Mr. and Mrs. Borden, the only persons against whom any tangible proofs could be found have been tried and acquitted. In the case of the murder Miss Deltina Davis, the only person whom there was so much as reason to suspect of the crime was tried and convicted; but the conviction was set aside on a legal technicality, and at the second trial no conviction was secured.

What this case of J. C. Best proves is not at all that, even in Massachusetts, 'murder will out,' nor that, as Daniel Webster said, 'there is no escape from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession'; but rather, that whoever commits murder in Massachusetts incurs very serious risk. For this much safeguard to human life in our Commonwealth, let us all be duly thankful.

His Memory Was Good.

A few days ago a gentleman who is well known in Charlotte county and who lives at the sbiretown there was in the city and meeting some good friends was put up at the Union Club. While there he was introduced to a commission merchant, who is also a member, and his title, which, by the way, is Count, was given him. "A Count," said the commission merchant, "why you look more like a Maine lumberman." This flash of rudeness was not resented and everything apparently passed off very quietly, but a day or so later the gentlemen met again and a friend not knowing that they had been introduced attempted to make them acquainted. The commission merchant, said with a cordial smile that he had the pleasure of meeting the Count before and recalled the introduction at the Club. With the most impassive stare the gentleman with the title said there must some mistake, it was quite impossible that they had met before and he significantly added "I always remember a gentleman once having met him."

A Fake Business.

The Toronto Publishing Co., published a very enticing advertisement in a number of papers sometime ago, and offered \$200 to the successful competitor in a jumbled word contest, the condition of which was that once having sent in the answer, which could be written out in about five minutes the successful applicant should send in fifty cents for a paper called the Welcome Visitor. This is on the same basis as the Queen contest of years ago, with the exception that the Queen people carried out their promises fairly well. A gentleman of this city, whose little daughter took an interest in the contest sent the fifty cents when she was notified that her answer was correct and a few days ago received from the dead letter office his letter asking why he had not received either paper or answer from the publishers. PROGRESS is glad to be able, with the assistance of Mr. Quinlan who is the gentleman referred to above, to warn its readers against sending any money to this concern.

Nothing But Rumors.

Rumors! rumors! rumors! nothing but rumors! That may in effect sum up the gossip of the week in the city. It is hard to understand in whose interest certain stories are started or why they are started, but the fact remains the same nevertheless that the names of a number of very well known people have been bandied about the streets this week, apparently without warrant or excuse. Dame gossip placed one man in the asylum, and the same old lady divorced two or three couples and sent another woman out of town. Perhaps there was more truth than rumor in the last one, but even that has not been placed upon such a basis that it could be said to be authorized.

Congratulations to Mr. Johnston.

The many friends of Mr. John M. Johnston of this city will join in hearty congratulations to him upon his marriage to Miss Pike in Calais on Tuesday. Mr. Johnston is so well known here and so popular with his many friends that both and his bride will be gladly welcomed when they visit St. John.

7, Dr Jas Blenkorn to Mary Chad-
16, Gertrude Piers, to Charles A.
12, Philip Hilton, to Mrs Christian
r. 12, Margarie Kindress, to Fred
ar 20, Norman Langille to Hattie
Mar 4, Joshua Westover, to Lot-
ar 15, Ernest Inman, to Barbara
David W Burpee, to Bessie

DIED.

Arisey, 68.
Lellan, 5.
Rissler, 62.
Shortall, 64.
Chas Hart 55.
Miss Woods, 60.
Annie Hiley, 16.
Hubrey Bell, 16.
Miss M S Allan.
Mary Wescott, 62.
Bert Letson, 69.
Mrs Milligan, 67.
La Musson, 67.
George Rodger 66.
John Smith, 80.
Fannak Chase 52.
Mrs Blenkhorn, 68.
Richard Treedy, 60.
Richard Treedy, 60.
Dora Swin, 11.
Josha Burd Sr.
Rick Burck, 80.
Jim J Gaudet, 66.
James Stewart.
Hector McIntosh.
Wm Hubley, 73.
John Eimer, 82.
Wald McKinon, 61.
Christ Lander, 72.
Mary Farmer, 23.
Lomon Jordan, 81.
Jos Oldford, 64.
Fabriel Pitcher, 34.
Wm McDougall, 63.
Robert Mitchell, 62.
Arthur Fatt 31.
Amy Parker, 28.
Wm McWilliam, 63.
Alexander Murray.
Nathaniel Hughes.
John Man-y, 68.
John Westherbe, 4.
Mary Trainor, 18.
Mrs Daniel Stude, 82.
Mrs Peter Bonfiller.
16, James McPhee.
Richard Farrel, 29.
Miss Blackwood, 73.
Edmund Silver, 83.
John McGarrigle, 86.
Clara May McBride, 3.
Ar 17, John Blakey, 90.
Mrs Samuel Creelman,
Delma Burns McBride,
Infant of Mr and Mrs J

acid that arises from
strangles, is caused
food in the stomach.
gestion and dyspep-
on Stan's Pineapple
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9th, April 2nd, 9th,

JOHN, N. B.

\$53

in Colorado, Utah,
Oregon and Califor,
train service, etc.,

J. HEATH,
F. A. C. F. R.,
(St. John, N. B.)

Railway

11th, 1901, trains
ed) as follows:—

ST. JOHN

Campbellton
.....7.00
.....12.15
.....16.30
.....17.00
.....22.15

ched to the train for
Quebec, and
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for Halifax.
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ST. JOHN

.....8.30
.....12.40
.....18.00
.....19.15
.....22.00

(Standard) time

TINGER,
Manager.

N. B.

Noted Criminals of the State of Maine.

If some student in criminology and human degeneracy is looking for a record-breaking case, he might find a deal to interest him in the records of Col. E. C. Stevens, who is trial justice in the town of Chelsea, in Kennebec county, Maine. These records refer to the Carson family. For years the family has been one of the most notorious on that thoroughfare of notorious haunts, 'Hayseed Avenue,' located near the United States Soldiers' Home at Togus. Hayseed Avenue is made up of a colony of dives—webs to catch the un-way old veteran and his pension money. The Carsons are easily the top notchers of the avenue.

There are father, mother, two daughters and several sons. The records show that for the last 15 years or more there has never been a time when some member of the family has not been either in jail or prison or under indictment. The crimes range all the way from murder down. In the ordinarily quiet surroundings of Chelsea, such a record sticks out in very ugly fashion.

On at least one occasion the entire family was behind bars charged with various crimes, with the exception of one of the sons. That one had skipped his bail bonds and was a fugitive with the police of half a dozen states looking for him. The Carson family, not content with its own inherent naughtiness, has been careful to take into itself in marriage only such as would assist in maintaining the general average of misdemeanor. It will be neither pleasant nor profitable to chronicle the crimes of the entire aggregation, but I can assure the reader that Maine has never furnished anything like it.

Until a few weeks ago two of the Carson sisters were in state prison together. Recently the elder sister finished her sentence and was released. A state prison term reforms some people.

Not so in the case of the Carson woman. She picked up one Smith, an exconvict, as soon as she had been released from prison. In company they arrived in Chelsea. Both were intoxicated. After making trouble in various resorts along Hayseed Avenue, they visited the house of one of the relatives of the Carson woman and attempted to gain an entrance forcibly. The man of the house brought out a shot gun and fired through the window at the intruders. The woman's scalp was shot away and the man was dangerously wounded. They are now being brought back to life in an Augusta hospital.

The sister who is still in state prison is nearing the end of a seven years' sentence. She shot and killed her husband, but owing to some of the circumstances connected with the case, escaped with a sentence on the charge of manslaughter. Some letters of hers that are extant indicate that as soon as she gets out of prison she meditates an assault on society that will eclipse all her previous performances.

This woman will enjoy the unique reputation of being the only female that ever escaped from the Maine state prison. She not only got away herself, but she also took one of the male prisoners with her. She had taken a fancy to the man and lugged him along—and it is a matter of record that he was not willing to go. This feat indicates the self-reliance and ability of the young woman who has so determinedly chosen a life of crime.

After she had planned and executed the escape—which, by the way, occurred two years ago—she took her companion and started out. The entire state of Maine was searched for them. The prison officials spent money regardless. The weather was very severe and for some days the impression prevailed that the man and woman had taken to the woods and perished.

But one morning a Waldoboro farmer, while pitching down the early toddler for his stock, uncovered a rather good looking young woman on his haymow. He took her into the house and gave her some breakfast, and recognized in her the missing female convict. There was no sign of the man, however, and the woman would not or could not say in what direction he had gone.

He was captured some months afterward, and his story showed that he had travelled over the most of Maine and into other states as well. He arrived back at the prison in a very bitter frame of mind. He explained that he really didn't want to run away, for he preferred to stay in prison and complete his sentence and receive the usual deduction for good behavior, which had been forfeited by his act.

It may interest the reader to learn that

the name of this crime-incarnated female is 'Rose White.' It remains to be seen whether on her release she will excel the record of her elder sister.

Speaking of degenerate families, one Maine town, Brighton, in Somerset county, has been forced to take a step backward, abandon its town charter and go back to the plantation form of government on account of its paupers. Two families there married and intermarried until they evolved such characteristics as made them in reality 'a tribe.' There was a score of them and more, and there are as many today. They live in a lonely part of the town, and resent all intrusion with great fury. Some time ago the writer visited the place with an officer, and though this officer knew them well and they feared him, we were obliged at last to retreat precipitately in order to avoid an attack. As the meet of them are chretins of a most lamentable type, the law could give victims of their assault but little satisfaction. He who goes among them does so at his own peril.

The support of these paupers became so onerous that Brighton's purse could not stand the drain.

Residents were abandoning their farms and moving away because they were taxed so much to support these persons who evinced a truly aboriginal carelessness as to whether they worked or not. The state law provides that paupers living on a plantation shall be supported by the nearest town, and that the town shall in return be reimbursed by the state. So Brighton appealed to the legislature of Maine and was able to present such a good case that it was allowed to go back to a plantation. Maine is now supporting the tribe.

Some time ago several of the men committed such depredations on the Brighton sheep that were pastured in back lots that officers arrested them, after farmers had repeatedly tried to shoot them in the act of carrying off sheep. They were photographed in the jail as veritable 'wild men.' One of the chretins was a man of 40 years

of age or more, and in his native fastness wore no clothes except of the most rudimentary nature. His body was entirely covered with thick, black hair, that afforded protection from the weather. He had no language except unintelligible sounds. His strength was herculean. The other members of the community frequently yoked him in with a steer or a cow, even, and worked him at the plow when they scratched the soil for their scanty gardens. He worked willingly, and for that matter does now, for he is still alive and hearty. Any museum manager who wants a first-class article of wild man can find him in the plantation of Brighton in northern Somerset.

It was the custom of some of the younger members of the tribe to take 'Jed' along with them when they went on a sheep-hunting expedition. Jed was pushed ahead into the danger that he couldn't appreciate. The others feared the bullets of the farmers, who, after a time, got to be remarkably on the alert, and usually took turns in watching the sheep. The head of the foraging party would hide behind a stone wall, point to the sheep and say to Jed: 'Ma wants one. Go bring.' Anything that 'Ma' wanted Jed would take without fear or scruple. He didn't realize that it was stealing. He was so agile that no farmer ever hit him, even when Jed had a sheep in his arms.

The only creature that Jed really fears is a woman—a strange woman. Forty years old and a giant in stature, he will run from a woman as though she were the arch fiend. His mother told me that many times the man would run for miles, crying and blubbering, till he could find her and hide behind her after he had met a woman.

This trait makes Jed an uncertain beast of burden to take down into Brighton village. The men of the tribe oblige the women to come into town and ask for supplies. There are no horses in the community and frequently when bags of flour or other heavy commodities are to be conveyed Jed is hitched to a little cart and utilized as motive power. I have seen one of the old women come riding placidly into the village perched in the cart and driving Jed, who 'played horse' with a great deal of enjoyment. But if a woman attempted to come near him there was trouble for the driver.

He never has been willing to come in-

It's Not Like Dr. Chase's to Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by Their Wonderful Cures.

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for diseases of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust in the urine, scanty, painful or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease.

Mrs. Porsley, 130 Liphincott street, Toronto, says: 'I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to add one more

testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies.'

Mr. James Clark, Conasco, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states: 'Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unendurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief.

'As this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and said he knew they would cure me, I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes which made me a sound man.'

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A new Kind of Savage.

The peculiarities of the Cocopas, a queer tribe of savages living in the valley of the Colorado River in Lower California and Mexico, have been brought to light by Professor McGee of Washington, who has returned from a visit to that part of the country. He describes them to Washington Star:

I supposed they were a fishing people, living so near the gulf. I found them essentially agricultural, cultivating corn, beans, peas and squashes, and locating their farms according to the caprice of the floods. They professed to be inimical to the Mexican government, and to be anxious to move to the United States.

The Cocopas are of fine physique, and the men are tall and robust. I measured one, and found him to stand six feet three inches. Their skins are dark. They have very large feet, notable for the fact that the middle toes are invariably the longest. I saw the big fellow I measured run barefooted over a patch of sharp stubble left by stalks of the cattail flag which had been burned. His feet were not hurt in the least.

It was common to see the men come to our camp fire and poke the coals with their naked toes. One fellow had thus burned all his toe-nails black, although his feet were otherwise uninjured.

The toes of these people are remarkable for their nimbleness. I saw one man pick up a red-hot coal with his foot to light his cigarette. Another, walking along the road, thus clutched a stick which he wished to use for a cane. I gave a child a lump of sugar. He dropped it, but the nimble toes caught it and brought it to his hand.

Upon the death of one of the tribe his kinsmen all cut their hair to a shortness proportionate to the relationship of each to the deceased. The property of the dead man is given to different members of the tribe never to the relatives. This is to prevent disputes as to ownership. The house having been deprived of the valuables the corpse is permitted to remain within while fuel is collected and a fire kindled underneath. Thus each man's house becomes his funeral pyre.

All the Cocopas paint their faces and are or less tattooed. The foreheads of the men are tattooed with circles or zigzag marks. Upon marrying the women must be tattooed with various designs.

When a Cocopa girl is ready to take a husband a hole is dug in the ground and in it is built a fire, kept burning until its surrounding earth is thoroughly warmed. The fire is then extinguished and the bride elect placed in the pit. She is buried to the neck and in this condition is left standing until morning. After being dug out the next morning she is supposed to be ready for the duties and trials of matrimony. This would seem to be a reasonable supposition.

His Trip A Wheel.

A devotee of the bicycle started southward on his wheel at the beginning of winter. Several weeks afterward he reached Florida, none the worse for his journey.

'Do you mean to tell me,' exclaimed the friend whom he had gone to visit, 'that you made the entire distance by wheel?'

'Certainly,' he replied. 'When I couldn't ride the machine I got off and walked by it.'

The reader will perceive that there is more than one way to travel by wheel.

Mrs. Jason—What is that you are trying to sing for the land's sake? Mr. Jason—'The Lighthouse by the Sea.' Mrs. Jason—Well if you expect me to get the washin' ever done you'd better be thinkin' of the wood-house by the saw.



FRESH FLOWERS.

Joint People.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-People Alike by Their

grand reputation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-People Alike by Their

Kind of Savages.

of the Cocopas, a savages living in the valley of the Colorado River in Lower California

They were a fishing people, and I found them es- sentially, cultivating corn, and squashes, and locating according to the caprice of the professed to be inimical to government, and to be an- nexed to the United States.

and of fine physique, and robust. I measured him to stand six feet three inches.

These people are remarkable in appearance. I saw one man pick up with his foot to light his pipe, walking along the beach a stick which he wish- ed to use.

He dropped it, but the light it and brought it to his mouth.

of one of the tribe his hair to a shortness to the relationship of each to the property of the dead different members of the tribe.

the bicycle started south- ward at the beginning of win- ters after he reached the worst for his journey.

He perceived that there is a way to travel by wheel.

What is that you are try- ing to do? M. J. Jacon— is by the sea. Mrs. Jacon expect me to get the wash- ing better be thinkin' of the sea.

Music and The Drama

A week from next Monday is the date fixed for the appearance of Miss Jessie MacLachlan and Mr. Tom Daniel the English basso at the opera house.

Mrs. F. G. Spencer's friends will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her recent illness.

The "Stabat Mater" is exciting interest and prospects are that it will be well patronized.

Mabel Gelman, the comic opera prima donna, is ill with pneumonia in New York.

Each wrote five oratorios called Passions. Of the five three are probably all that exist and of the three only two are printed and accessible.

Frank Daniels is having a most successful season in "The Amerer." He will go to London next season and when he returns to America next season Mr. Daniels will appear in New York.

Paula Edwards, late of "The Runaway Girl" company in which Miss Kathleen Furlong of this city is playing, has decided to enter vaudeville.

Edmund Rostand has forbidden Puccini and Leoncavallo to use his Cyrano de Bergerac as basis for an opera libretto.

What American girls who wish to make their operatic debut in Italy have to put up with is graphically illustrated by the account given in the Italian Gazette of recent date.

The Musician revives the following story, which is worth reprinting occasionally: At the time Joachim, the celebrated violinist, was concert-master in Hanover, he could see from his windows how these who were fond of skating enjoyed themselves while following their favorite sport.

There seems to be some doubt after all whether the "Paolo and Francesca" of Mr. Phillips will be seen in the immediate future at the London St. James's Theatre.

There is no lack of good plays in Paris, according to M. Antoine. The trouble is that there is not time enough to produce them. In the last three years he has received 1,200 plays, many of them from dramatists of established reputation, but the vast majority of them from unknown men.

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was part author of "Very Little Faust" seen here a couple of years ago.

Viola Allen is still holding her own in "The Palace of the King" in New York.

John Barrymore has been committed to an insane asylum, with slight prospect of recovery.

William Faversham will return to the New York Empire to play his original Brother Officers.

Thomas Wise has been distinguishing himself in the new and uproariously funny farce "Are you a Mason?"

To Have and to Hold has found favor in the eyes of patrons of the New York Knickerbocker, and it has been decided to run the piece through April and May.

Mr. Arthur Boncher has become the possessor of H. V. Edmunds' play "My Lady Virtue" which has not yet been seen upon the stage and proposes soon to produce it in London.

For the comedy scene in King Henry V, wherein the English, speaking no French and the French, speaking no English, meet, Richard Mansfield engaged players from France, so that the illusion and the humor would be perfect.

Miss Arrie Russell makes a very short tour this season with her latest success "A Royal Family." On account of the run of over six months just ended in New York she will visit but six cities besides Boston between now and the close of her season just ended.

J. C. Williamson, the Australian theatrical magrate now in America, is negotiating with William A. Brady for productions of "Way Down East" and "Lover's Lane" in Melbourne and Sydney.

Paul Potter disappeared after his "Trilby" again after "The Conquerors" and is about to do so once more after "Under Two Flags." During these absences he lives in Europe, lounging and observing until a scheme for a play comes to him whereupon he shuts himself up and writes.

Miss Nora O'Brien has severed her connection with the Valentine Stock Company and taken an engagement with Sarah Cowell Lemoyne.

Mr. James K. Hackett has retired from the stage for the rest of the season. His breakdown occurred at Cincinnati.

Helene Odilon, the famous German actress, will sail for America on April 4, making her American debut in New York in "The Star" a comedy written for her by Hermann Bahr.

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manipulator has no difficulty in reaching a manager, but it does not follow that all the plays will be read. Not a few of them, of course, may be seen at a glance to be worthless.

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was lucky enough to be with a family that tried to make me comfortable by smugg- ling me up before a great fire. Late one afternoon that same collector gave us a call. I recognized him at first sight, but he had not a good memory, for faces and the first thing he said was:

"Sick? Had a doctor?"

"Upon my answering in the negative he produced a card.

"You ought to attend to yourself right away," he said. "It doesn't pay to let disease of this kind run. Here is the address of one of the best doctors in town. I'd give him a trial if I were you."

"The card was that of the Sixteenth street doctor and in spite of my aches I smiled. "I don't want to be inquisitive," I said "but this is the second time you have given me a tip on this fellow and I'd like to know how much you make out of it."

"He looked me over more closely then. "Well, I'll be blessed" he said, "I have seen you before this, for a fact. If I run across you a few more times you'll have the pedigree of that doctor dot a pat. But it's your own fault you meet so often. You ought to have seen him first and he'd have cured you slick as a whistle and you wouldn't have to hang around the horse now."

"I recommend him every place I go and he pays me a commission on the fees received from patients thus secured. He says that in his experience he never heard of an advertising scheme to beat ours. We began to work the game as soon as he left college, and between us we have trumped up a fine practice."

"At the same time we have benefited the community. There are thousands of floating residents in this town who have not been here long enough to settle upon any physician. In my peregrinations about town I meet a good many specimens of this human flotsam in boarding houses and hotels. If they are ailing and don't know whom to call I recommend my doctor."

"There are lots of fellows travelling about who perform the same service for other doctors who are hard put to it to get themselves placed properly before the public, but I wouldn't advise you to visit any of them, I don't know anything about them, but I can vouch for the ability of my man."

"I haven't given the medical paragon a trial yet," added the young man who had been with me, "but I'm going to call him in some day just out of admiration for his audacity."

Miss Lavinia—What has become of Mr. Clay? Mr. Rand—He has taken employ- ment in a powder mill for six months. Miss Lavinia—How strange! Mr. Rand—Not at all. He wished to break himself off smoking.

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PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

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

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription specially designed for women's ailments. The world's best medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

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

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

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

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 100¢ per copy, is sent free on receipt of 3¢ one-cent stamps, or 3¢ stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expenses of customers at mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WORKING UP A PRACTICE.

Fit to Get Patients Devised by a Young Doctor and a Collector.

"I recently came across a novel way of working up a practice in the medical profession," said the young man who boards.

"For the last five years I have been subject to slight attacks of rheumatism. I had one of these spells last November and was confined to the house for several days. I was living on Eighty fifth street, New York, then with a family that had been very kind to me, and during my indisposition they made a fire in the parlor grate and coddled me like a baby.

"One day while I sat nursing my pains a book collector called to see one of the young women. He had to wait several minutes for her to come down and he devoted the interim to interviewing me in regard to my ailment and treatment.

"Had a doctor?" he asked.

"No," said I. "I've been this way so often that I know as much about taking care of myself as any doctor could tell me."

"The collector shrugged his shoulders disapprovingly.

"That's where you make a mistake," he said. "No man can diagnose his case so well as a physician. If you have no regular doctor I can recommend an excellent one. I'll give you his address in case you should change your mind and decide to call in somebody."

"He handed me a card on which he had scribbled the name and address of some doctor down on Sixteenth street and before he went away he extracted a promise from me that if I found it necessary to consult a physician I would patronize him.

"Two weeks ago I was laid up again with the same old trouble. I was living on Forty-fourth street then, and again I

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Millions USE Cuticura Soap

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and smoothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying inflammations and irritations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for rheumatic weaknesses, for many sensitive, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially in the form of lotions, and for the relief of itching, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicine can induce these who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicine can induce these who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicine can induce these who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicine can induce these who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. 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PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 51 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

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Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 6.

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

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

Whether Japan is talking too much, or not, is a question that cannot be decided at this distance without knowing how much, if any, secret backing up that plucky little island empire is getting from other powers.

It is true that Japan has made a degree of progress within these 20 years past to which history presents no parallel.

All the same, and all the while, it remains true, too, that Russia is by land incomparably the most powerful warlike nation on the globe, and that by sea she compares favorably with any single nation of Europe excepting Great Britain.

Wherefore, though it may possibly be good policy on Japan's part to 'sass' the bear, if the lion and the (French) eagle other beasts and birds of prey approve, it will be wise to keep out of the reach of Adam Zed's paw, which, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has feelingly described, does not leave much of a beauty spot on the countenance over which that paw passes.

THE SICK MAN OF AFRICA.

While the European powers are busy in China, and England has trouble of her own in South Africa, France little by little is edging in on Morocco.

A glance at the map of Africa shows the strategic importance of Morocco for the Mediterranean standpoint.

ring up the desert tribes in order to get an excuse for still further inroads into the Sultan's territory. To day she is fighting the Honi Menia tribes below Figuig, a caravan junction well within the limits of Morocco.

CLOSURE.

By refusing to leave the House of Commons when a division was called for, forty or fifty Irish members of Parliament recently created a disturbance such as that historic chamber has rarely witnessed.

On the last day of the session of the United States Senate one of the members defeated the liver and harbor bill, a measure which carried appropriations of about fifty million dollars, by talking it to death, in other words, by prolonging his speech until the hour of adjournment.

In the House of Commons, when the party in power decides that a bill has been sufficiently debated, or that further discussion is intended merely for delay and obstruction, the leader moves that the question be put.

The question which is the better way has often been raised and much debated. On the one side, it is urged that full and free discussion is the only assurance of sound legislation; on the other, that no one man or body of men in a minority should be permitted, by 'filibustering' under cover of the privilege of debate, to defeat the will of the majority.

Reports of the famine in Shensi, China, disclose conditions quite as terrible as those which have drawn the charity of the world to India during the last two years.

The defense is now made more complete by a provision to keep mosquitoes from introducing germs of disease into the huge reservoirs which have been cut out of the side of the rock.

While it may be hardly fair to conclude that Superintendent Bustin of the Reformatory has gone away with a woman whom he has been seeing in company with the circumstances point strongly in that direction, Mr. Irvine, the secretary seems to have no doubt upon the subject and the boys confined in the institution took advantage of his absence to give the hard worked police a good chase around town.

'Do you want to hire some boys?' 'What can you do?' 'Well, Billy kin sing an' I kin whistle, an' we'd liven yer old office up a whole lot.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The banners of the Glory of the Lord, No cause have we ever for mystical dreams, Nor need we sage science explore.

There out of the Temple of Jasper and gold, The colors whose splendor the banners unfold, As Aurora moves out of the north.

Entrancing the sweep the vast acres of space, The twelve gates of pearl plate unite; In magnificent glory before the high place, Of Jehovah the father and founder of light.

Where the obelisk points to the far starry zone; In the land of the still midnight sun; Where the pyramids saw the North star through a cone.

The folding-bed raised up his head, And opened his mouth a-yawning; 'I'm sick of double life,' he said, 'From nightfall until dawning.'

So the folding-bed raised up his head, And opened his mouth a-yawning; 'I'm sick of double life,' he said, 'From nightfall until dawning.'

A dull day, a drear day, A day of mist and rain, That sits among the sudden trees And whimpers at the page;

The new day, the blue day When you come sailing, Shall we care for sun or shine, Care for bloom or rain?

When the breakers roar like lions As they dash upon the rocks, An' the white gulls, breastin' either, Rise in lively snowy flocks;

With the summer sails a-driftin' 'Long the line of misty blue, An' the pleasure boats a-skimmin' In the nearer waters, too;

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

THE SPREAD OF DISEASE.

Many Males are Carried About by Pet Animals.

The subject of the relationship between the diseases to which man is liable and those from which animals suffer is very interesting and important, and will repay the study now being given to it by physicians and veterinary surgeons.

Of those equally affecting both man and animals the best known is tuberculosis. Some physicians insist that the tuberculosis of cows is not the same as that of human beings, but most are of the opinion that the difference between the two diseases are only such as might be expected to exist in view of the vital differences between the two classes of beings.

Another disease common to men and some animals is smallpox. In this case there seems to be more difference between the disease in man—smallpox, and that in animals—cowpox and horsepox. Yet that the two affections are closely related is shown by the protection against smallpox that is afforded as by inoculation with cowpox, or vaccination.

Diphtheria and scarlet fever are shared with us by various animals, and it has been asserted by certain English physicians that these diseases may be conveyed to children in the milk from sick cows. However this may be, there is little doubt that cats, rabbits and perhaps other domestic animals, can acquire diphtheria from sick children, and can in turn transmit it to healthy children.

The plague is a disease common to man, monkey and rodents, and is so equally shared by them that no one knows whether it was primarily a human disease or a rat pest.

Among the diseases belonging especially to animals, but which may also be contracted by men, are hydrophobia, anthrax or malignant pustule, glanders and foot and mouth disease.

Some of the parasitic skin diseases are also transmissible from men to animals, and the reverse. A very common example of this is ringworm, which is not infrequently introduced among the children of a family by the cat.

Canton's Water-Clock.

The famous clepsydra, or water-clock, of Canton is housed in a temple on the city walls. In 'China; the Long-Lived Empire,' Miss Scidmore tells of a visit paid to this famous temple.

We went into a sort of rubbish-room and sat down to wait until the expected bargaining should be concluded and we were free to enter some further halls, the supposed splendid Temple of Time.

'Lady, jump down. Lady sitting ancient water clock,' said Ah Poll, our swaggering parrot of a guide; for three big earthen jars on successive shelves beside us, a fourth and lowest one with a wooden cover constituted the whole clepsydra, and we had unwittingly sat down upon a quarter section of all time.

The water decends by slow drops from one jar to another, the brass scale on a float in the last crock telling the houses as it rises. Every afternoon at five o'clock since 1321, A. D., the lowest jar has been emptied, the upper one filled, and the clock thus wound up for another day.

Boards with the number of the hour are displayed on the outside wall, that the city may know the time.

Fell Half a Mile.

Mr Birkbeck was one of a party of enthusiastic tourists assembled at the top of the Col de Misge to see if it were possible to ascend Mont Blanc from that direction.

the story of the fall as given by Mr. Birkbeck himself.

At the place where he lost his footing the slope was gentle and he tried to stop himself with his fingers and nails. The snow, however, was too hard for this, and he went on slipping. Sometimes he descended level foremost, sometimes head first. Then he went sideways, and once or twice he had the sensation of shooting through the air. He came to a stop at last at the edge of a large crevasse.

When he was reached it was found that almost half the skin had been taken from his body by abrasion.

The Judge's Narrow Escape.

A Southern judge, who is a man of much dignity and presence, lost his father in infancy, and as a small boy, often received correction at the hands of a darky on the place, in whom his mother had great confidence.

This trust was well placed, and the boy grew to manhood with a strong affection for 'Uncle Ras' firmly planted in his heart. As years went on the old negro took an evergrowing pride in the successes and honors which came to 'young Mars 'Gene, but usually tried to hide his satisfaction from his object.

'Well, Uncle 'Ras,' said the judge one day, after a particularly brilliant speech at a dinner had been printed and landed far and near, 'how did you like what I said on the school question at that dinner last week? Did you approve of my views?'

'Um, 'um,' said the old colored man, blinking up at the tall judge, 'I reckon you know well 'nough, Mars 'Gene, dat if yo'd said different 'yer ole Uncle 'Ras would 'a been 's' ready to spank you!'

Only the Men.

Children, says a writer in the Spectator, have a strange sense of justice. They have been taught to sympathize with the sufferings of animals, and to show them an unvarying kindness. Human beings, on the contrary, are divided, in their minds into the two classes of good and bad. The good are to be rewarded, the bad are to be punished.

Ronald's father one day gave an animated description of a bull-fight, meaning thereat to point a moral. But the lad was delighted.

'Wouldn't you like to see a fight, daddy?' he asked, breathlessly.

'Why, no, my boy. Surely you wouldn't want to see cruel men baiting the bull? You wouldn't like to see poor horses gored to death?'

'No,' said Ronald, with the thoughtfulness of eight years, 'I shouldn't like to see the horse hurt; but,' he added, after some reflection, 'I shouldn't mind seeing those men gored, though.'

Sufficient Contrast.

A noted woman went to a photographer's one day to sit for her portrait.

'I want you to print one or two photographs from the negative without retouching it,' she said. 'But let the others be finished in your best style.'

'May I ask your reason for that?' he asked.

'To be sure,' she replied. 'A manufacturer of cosmetics wants me to furnish him my 'before using' and 'after using' portraits for an illustrated advertisement in one of the magazines.'

To the credit of the photographer he it said that he refused to lend himself to the scheme, and the woman went elsewhere.

A Literal Construction.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying 'have went' says a contributor to the Christian Endeavor World.

The teacher kept him in one night and said: 'Now while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times.'

When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was 'have gone fifty times.' On the other side was written, 'I have went home.'

Carpets, Curtains and Blankets.

Your attention in your house will soon be drawn to the above articles and knowing as you do our splendid facilities for handling them, we sincerely trust you will not forget Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 858.



The coming of K... winter social seas... other seats of leat... promotion or am... means of whiling a... meet for the last t... Cycling and golf... tention of the soc... curiously waiting... both of which c... ment.

On Wednesday... from Sachville col... other seats of leat... the city ready for... vacation. The u... and friends gather... made things mer...

Lady Tilly, M... Howland left her... Stephen, where t... with Lady Tilly... leaving that to... Ottawa to spend... H. C. Tilley and... for a fortnight... Miss Howland, v... very popular with... city and her mar... 'at she intends... guest of her aunt...

Mrs. Amy Sim... on Friday last... number of young... rd as Miss Sim... hostess it is little... been the most de...

Mrs. Gertrude... Skinner leaves... Dame rumor that... tinaction she will... event.

On Saturday... Wentworth street... the affairs of... friend and guest... ton.

The lecture o... by Rev. Mr. Fra... day evening was... thoroughly enjoy... the occasion.

The pretty co... presented in the... Tuesday's soci... dramatic club in... young people hav... and promise a pl...

Mrs. George... Tuesday called t... sister, Mrs. W... Harbor arrived... death. Much sp... the other membe...

Mrs. Bertie Th... week. She has b... and was enroute... she will spend h... Mrs. C. Leach... are here for a f... They are being... home by their a... Mr and Mrs... Wednesday after... they will spend... Miss Fitzpatr... 'sitting friends... Mr and Mrs C... all in the city d... They will rema... Mrs. Thomas'... tion in New York... Mr and Mrs... St. John people... Uncle Sam's ter... Tuesday.

Mrs. Troop, C... consin, Miss Ly... here by steam... direct to Englan... some time visit...

MAKING POWDER

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man who came into this office state that King Edward was because he is a VII King, old exterior.



The coming of Easter practically breaks up the winter social season, and during the coming week many clubs which have been organized for social improvement or amusement, and which have been the means of whiling away the long dreary months will meet for the last time "till next winter."

Cycling and golfing will soon occupy the entire attention of the society ladies, many of whom are anxiously waiting for the days and good roads, both of which are so essential to outdoor enjoyment.

On Wednesday and Thursday many students from Sackville college, the N. B. University and other seats of learning in the provinces, arrived in the city ready for the full enjoyment of their Easter vacation. The usual number of loving relatives and friends gathered at the depot to meet them and made things merry with their welcome.

Lady Tilley, Mrs. Herbert C. Tilley, and Miss Howland left here on Wednesday afternoon for St. Stephen, where they will spend a couple of days with Lady Tilley's mother, Mrs. Chipman. On leaving that town Miss Howland will go to Ottawa to spend some weeks with friends. Mrs. H. C. Tilley and Lady Tilley go to Clifton Springs for a fortnight. They return by way of Ottawa.

Miss Howland, during her stay here has become very popular with the young society people of the city and her many friends will be pleased to hear that she intends spending the summer here, the guest of her aunt Lady Tilley at Carleton House.

Miss Amy Smith gave a pleasant afternoon tea on Friday last in honor of Miss Howland. A large number of young ladies and gentlemen were present, and as Miss Smith makes a very charming young hostess it is little wonder that the tea is said to have been the most delightful affair of the season.

Miss Gertrude Bickner daughter of Mrs. C. N. Skinner leaves next week on a trip to the West. Dame rumor hath it that on arriving at her destination she will be principal in an interesting event.

On Saturday afternoon last Miss McLaughlin, Wentworth street, entertained a few lady friends at tea, the affair being for the entertainment of her friend and guest Miss Daisy Winslow of Fredericton.

The lecture on Robert Louis Stephenson given by Rev. Mr. Fraser in St. Andrew's church on Tuesday evening was indeed an intellectual treat and thoroughly enjoyed by the large number present on that occasion.

The pretty comedy entitled Snowball is to be presented in the Mission Church school room on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings by the dramatic club in connection with that church. The young people have been rehearsing for some time and promise a pleasing entertainment.

Mrs. George Barbour went to Fredericton on Tuesday called there by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Wilson, wife of Judge Wilson. Mrs. Barbour arrived but a few hours before her sister's death. Much sympathy is expressed for her and the other members of the deceased lady's family.

Miss Bertie Thomas was in the city for a day this week. She has been studying at Sackville college and was enroute to her home in Fredericton, where she will spend her Easter vacation.

Mrs. C. E. Leachler and Miss Leachler of Boston are here for a few days the guests of relatives. They are being warmly welcomed back to their old home by their numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Roberson left here on Wednesday afternoon for Washington where they will spend the Easter vacation.

England. They will also visit Paris and other cities in France before returning. Mr. and Mrs. G. Stevens of Halifax are spending a short time here, guests at the Victoria hotel. The many friends of Miss Geraldine Sears are pleased to hear that she has almost completely recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. E. Hutchinson of Douglasville, accompanied by her little son, Harry, spent the greater part of the week here, purchasing Easter goods. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Miller who have been staying here with friends returned on Thursday to their home in Annapolis, N. B.

Mrs. H. H. Melrose of Moncton arrived in the city this week, and will spend a short time with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. George Ryan have returned from a short but pleasant trip to Woodstock. Miss Annie Gallagher left by I. C. S. Co. boat on Thursday morning for Boston, where she will make an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Young of New York are here enjoying a pleasant visit with friends and relatives. Miss J. E. Johnson left on Monday afternoon for Montreal and will spend some time in that city the guest of friends.

Mrs. John McCready Snow left on Thursday for Boston and from there will sail for Jamaica to rejoin her husband whom she has not seen for so many years. Miss W. King of Queen street has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston and New York of some weeks.

Mrs. Berazee Currie who has been spending some days here as the guest of Mrs. George W. Currie, Waterloo street, returned to her home in Bath, Carleton Co., on Wednesday. She was accompanied by her friend Miss Gertrude Boscoe of Wolfville, N. S. who will visit her for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, formerly of this city, but now residing in Wolfville, are rejoicing over the advent of a little stranger at their home. Hon. James and Mrs. Holly have returned from Woodstock, where they spent a few days guests at the home of Mr. David Tapley.

Mrs. A. A. Stockton and Miss Etie Stockton were passengers on the Monday afternoon train for New York, from which city Miss Stockton starts on her long journey to Chill. Quite a number of young friends were at the depot to bid them goodbye.

Mrs. Dewdney, wife of G. A. D. Dewdney, who has been so very seriously ill for many weeks, is now considered out of danger, and her physicians claim that she will soon be on the road to recovery. Her many friends throughout the city will be pleased to hear this.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. MacNutt have returned from a somewhat extended, and we presume very pleasant trip to New York, Washington, and other American cities. Miss E. A. Johnson of Montreal is spending a few weeks in the city.

Mr. R. L. Johnson has recovered from her recent illness. The famous Canadian Jubilee Singers who have been heard on two or three occasions in this city have been engaged by the Portland Street Methodist church to assist at their grand concert to be held on the evening of May 7th. These gifted singers have travelled extensively through Great Britain, Canada and the United States and their songs of the Sunny South have been everywhere received with great enthusiasm.

The ladies of the North End who are interested in the erection of the soldiers memorial drinking fountain, have about completed arrangements for the bazaar and tea which they intend opening on next Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of raising funds for that worthy object. The affair promises to be a high success, for the zealous workers have left nothing undone that would add to the enjoyment of those who will attend. They deserve liberal patronage also for the object is indeed a worthy one, and one which will no doubt appeal to the citizens in general.

Mrs. Lillian Weatherhead has gone to New York where she will remain with relatives for several weeks. Her brother, Mr. Will Weatherhead, who has been paying a visit to his parents here, returned on the same day to that city. Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton have returned from a short trip to Woodstock.

ST. GEORGE. APR. 3.—Mr. J. S. Clark has bought the property of the late Abram Wetmore and will occupy it the first of May. Miss Genevieve Dick and Miss Flo Lavers have been spending two weeks with Miss Russell. Dr. Taylor returned from St. John on Monday.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and Mrs. H. D. Wallace were in the city last week attending the millinery openings. Mr. and Mrs. Gillmor Stewart are rejoicing over the advent of a baby boy. It is reported we are soon to have two weddings. Dr. Nash has returned to the rectory. Ladies being holy week services are held every evening in the Episcopal church.

Rev. Fr. Lavery attended the funeral of the late Bishop Sweeney returning home on Saturday. MAX. PARROBORO. [Progress is for sale at the Parroboro Book store.] April 4.—Dr. F. A. Rand is convalescing after a

very serious illness. Miss Bertha Rice is the guest of her sister Mrs. Rand. Mrs. B. York, Mrs. Guest and Mrs. Creighton attended openings in St. John and Halifax. Miss Hickey, Amherst is visiting Mrs. Walsh. Mr. Lawrence Hoke has returned to resume his usual duties after a visit of several weeks at his home in Windsor.

Two successive victories in Cecilia rink of Parroboro team over Amherst teams ended the hockey season. At the last match Tuesday March 26th the score stood 9 to 2. Mrs. F. L. Jenks is back from a visit of several weeks in St. John and Amherst.

Miss F. F. Jones leaves on Thursday to return to the Acadia Seminary, via Truro where she will make a short stay. Misses Joan and Winifred Gillespie who both came home from Halifax ill with the grippe have recovered and the latter will return to St. Vincent after Easter.

Mr. E. R. Reid has returned to Halifax in the interests of Parroboro Board of Trade. Rev. Charles Cumming left to day for Grand, P. E. I. having been appointed rector of that parish. Mrs. Cummings will remain here until June. ST. STEPHEN AND QU'APIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of O. S. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Vroom Co., in Calais at O. F. Tremaine's.] APR. 4.—Mrs. J. D. Dawson and her daughter Ina are in Woodstock, visiting Mrs. Rankine Brown. Mrs. Almon I. Todd gave a delightful evening last her home last Friday for the pleasure of her guests. Mrs. Ne'le Lingley of Westfield.

Mrs. Scott of Bradish of Eastport is visiting in Calais. Miss Florence Berne who is a pupil at Roger Hall, Lowell Mass., is spending her vacation at her home in Calais. Mr. and Mrs. George Eaton and Senator Murchie have returned from Augusta, Maine.

Miss Abbie Smith entertained a party of friends at her home one evening last week. Mrs. Ota W. Bailey and Miss Lorraine Bailey have gone to New York city to visit relatives. J. D. Chipman was a guest of Lady Tilley in St. John for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCullough are residing now with Mr. and Mrs. Polesabee Eastman. Miss Ebel Waterbury returns to Lubec next week to resume the charge of the kindergarten in that town. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barrington of Calais are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Miss Annie Stevens has gone to Woodstock this week to spend Easter with Mrs. Rankine Brown. Mrs. Frank Nelson has returned from a pleasant trip to Boston. Miss Dora Hanson left yesterday for her home in Fredericton after spending a month in town. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Daisy Harrison who will spend Easter in Fredericton.

Mrs. John Grant is improving from her illness. Miss Christine Whidden arrived home from Philadelphia yesterday after a long and delightful visit with friends in that city. Miss Ada Penna has returned to her home in St. John after a visit of several weeks with Miss Robert Murchie.

Mrs. Annie King entertained the whist club last week. Mrs. W. A. Murchie has returned from Boston. Mrs. Theodore Murchie's party last Thursday was a most pleasant affair. Miss Mary Bonness is home from St. John.

Miss Nellie Sturges, who was Mrs. W. A. Waterbury's guest has returned to her home in St. Andrews. Miss Aubrey Street of St. Andrews was a guest this week of Miss Emma Watson. Mrs. Leighton of Pembroke was the guest this week of Mrs. B. Murray, in Calais.

MONCTON. Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hatfield Tweed's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore. APRIL 3.—Mrs. R. P. Norton of Charlottetown is here paying a visit to her friend, Mrs. C. D. Thomson of Botford street. Mr. and Mrs. L. Berryman returned today from a two weeks' enjoyable trip to Boston.

Miss Hallett of Moncton is the guest of Miss Mable McKee at Fredericton. The members of our city fire department are arranging a splendid minstrel show for Easter Monday night. The Harmony Club of St. John and many local musicians will assist at the entertainment, which promises to be well patronized.

Miss Snowdon has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Ontario. Miss Emma Toombs, who has been spending her vacation at her home here, returned on Friday last to Charlottetown, P. E. I. Mrs. Gilbert De Mille is paying a visit to her old home in Newcastle.

Rev. H. A. Masham went to St. John last week to attend the funeral of the late Bishop Sweeney. Miss Minnie Bockler, who has been spending the winter in Moncton, has returned to her home in Newcastle. Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith has returned from a visit to Montreal, where she has been absent for the past two or three weeks.

The D. & A. Straight Front is hygienic—it does not strain the abdomen nor compress the bust. The lungs and digestive organs have full play. Pressure of lacing is all put upon the hips and back muscles, forcing the shoulders erect. D&A. STRAIGHT FRONT 297. Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 per pair.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCESS STREET L. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

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

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

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada. Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed 17 Waterloo.

Buclouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buclouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch, At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Under-sized saw logs, such as Betting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY;

Fry's Cocoa is absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is very rich, healthful, nourishing. It is economical to use because of its great strength. It dissolves easily. It has taken medals everywhere because of its superior excellence. A quarter pound tin of it costs but 25 cts, and makes fifty cups. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

FOR ADDITION SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the publishers at the following news stands and centers.
Hosmer & Co. Barrington street
Clarendon Street. George & Grayville Sts
Canada News Co. Railway Depot
J. E. FORTNEY. Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN. Dartmouth St. St.
Queen Bookstore. 100 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeFoy. 100 Hollis St.

April 3.—Mrs Dixon wife of the Rev. H. F. Dixon of Wolfville is here visiting Miss Morrison, Queen street.
Mr S A Marshall gave a most successful vocal recital at the conservatory on Thursday evening last. A large number attended and the musician received much applause. He was assisted by Miss Grace Bellman, Miss Eva Stroom and Miss Louise Tepper.

The residence of Mr Stephen B Cross at Willow Park was the scene of a very pretty wedding at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, when his daughter, Miss Beatrice, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr Charles S Doolittle, electrician of Newport, N. I. The house had been beautifully decorated with plants of all descriptions and the drawing room, where the ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Rev Arthur Baker, of Oxford, was tastefully adorned with palms, carnations, etc. Only the contracting parties, immediate friends and relatives were present, and the bride was accompanied by Miss Edith Butcher as maid of honor.

Dr and Mrs Tobin left on Saturday morning last for Boston and other cities in Massachusetts.
Dr Mand Killam, who has been in China for the past few years arrived in Halifax on Friday last. Her home is in Yarmouth and she will leave for that place during the week.

April 4.—Miss Olive Hedson left this morning for her home in Glouce Bay for a short visit.
Miss Sutherland, North Sydney, and Miss McGregor, New Glasgow, who have been visiting Miss McKay left today to visit Halifax friends.

TOURN A VOED IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. See Dr. W. G. Clark's signature on each box.

under Mr. Rice's able construction the choir will render some choice music. The soloists will be Mr. Rice, Mr. Kempf, Mr. Parker and Mrs. F. B. Schurman.
D G M Dookin, Amherst, was in town last night attending a special Masonic meeting.
Pro.

WINDSOE.

April 2.—Mayor and Mrs Black were in Halifax for a few days last week.
Miss Lydia Killam of Yarmouth is visiting Mrs Chas DeW Smith.
Mr Monson Wardrop, Milford, graduates at Dalhousie Medical College this spring.
Mr Woodill's daughter of Mr Watson Smith is visiting Miss A. E. Robinson.

Mr James Armstrong left Windsor for Boston on a business trip.
Mrs John T Maxner has returned from Dartmouth, where she has been visiting her son.
Mrs Ed McDonald and Mrs F W W DesBarres of Halifax are visiting Hantsport, their native place.

Mr and Mrs Judson F Dalton of Hantsport expect to leave Saturday for Nelson, B. C. there to reside.
Mrs Wm Beckwith of Kellyville, has been very ill with la grippe. She was reported slightly better this week.

Mrs Conlon has arrived home from Quebec where she has been visiting her parents.
Mrs Crossley, wife of Captain William Crossley, arrived home on Wednesday last week from South America, after an absence of six months.
Miss Maggie Logan, teacher at Bible Hill, Truro, attended her sister's funeral at Millford, and returned to her school again on the 27th March.

YARMOUTH.

April 3.—Mrs Doherty is paying a visit to different parts of Massachusetts.
Mrs E A Crimlan and Mr and Mrs Hall were passengers on S B Boston for Boston last week.
Miss Sadie Coman is spending a few weeks with relatives at the B. C. in Truro.
Mrs E W Ray and Miss Ray went to Boston last week. They will remain there several weeks.
Mrs Norman H Best and Mrs Eva Best returned from Boston Wednesday last.

G D Campbell, Weymouth, was a passenger from Boston per Prince George on Wednesday.
Miss Hood, of Le Bon Ton, returned from Boston on Wednesday.
Rev Father Hamilton went to St John to attend the funeral of the late Bishop Sweeney of St. John. He returned Saturday.

Mrs F J Langle left Wednesday morning for a visit with friends in Halifax and other provincial towns.
Miss Catherine Spinney, who has been attending school in Windsor, arrived home on Tuesday to spend the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs E K Spinney.

Mrs W J Crosby is paying a visit to relatives in different parts of Massachusetts.
Mrs Harwood is also visiting in Boston and vicinity.
Mrs F Frost left last week for a short trip to Boston and New York.

KENYVILLE.

April 3.—Mrs L S Clair Saunders gave a very delightful afternoon tea on Friday of last week.
Mr L S Eaton is seriously ill at his home at Kenwood.
Mrs C F Rockwell is visiting in Bridgetown, the guest of Mrs Frank Fowler.

Mr Barrows, who has for some time past been general superintendent of the carriage company, has resigned his position, the climate not agreeing with Mrs Barrows' health. They expect to leave for their old home in western Ontario early in May.
Mr and Mrs J H Gonsler will take their pretty little cottage.

Mr J A Grieson of Weymouth, Miss Jean Grieson of Yarmouth, and Mrs W B Uelman of Carleton Place, Yarmouth, are all in Kenville this week. The occasion being the death of their father.
Mr A E H Chesley leaves on Saturday for his trip to New York.

Mrs Henry Farrell, Chapel Hill, has been quite ill, but is now recovering.
Miss Edith Brock left on Wednesday for a short visit in Halifax, but was recalled on Thursday owing to the sudden illness and death of her mother.
Mr Allison Borden of Acadia was in town for Saturday and Sunday.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.
Progress Job Print.
WOLFVILLE.
April 2.—Miss Clara Colchon has returned after a somewhat extended visit to her sister, Mrs Floyd in Boston.
Mrs William Chipman was at home to a number of her friends on Friday evening last.
On Monday evening of last week Canon Brock of Kenville lectured in Assembly hall under the auspices of the faculty on 'The Expulsion of the Acadians.'

CAVES IN AFRICA.

Discoveries in German East Africa Not Far From the Indian Ocean.

Mr. P. Chaudoir writes from Africa of some interesting limestone caves that have been discovered in the forest a few miles west of Tanga, one other port of German East Africa. These caverns have long been known to the natives but the attention of white men has only recently been called to them.

The cavern of which Mr. Chaudoir particularly speaks has a very large opening on the side of a cliff with a river flowing out of it. Only a short distance within the opening the roof suddenly rises to a height of about 900 feet and along the side walls are passageways leading through great widenings in the rock which form enormous rooms.

The same difficulty has been found in exploring these caverns that are usually encountered in caves of tropical countries. In some of these passageways the walls are covered with legions of bats. Mr Chaudoir writes that it is no exaggeration to say there are millions of these animals covering the rock walls like a tapestry.

At a little distance the stone seems to be hidden under black earth, which is nothing however but this agglomeration of bats. Many of them are extremely large. One, which was killed by a blow with a stick, measured from tip to tip of the wings about four feet. Its body was as large as that of a fowl.

Disturbed by the torches of the explorers hundreds of the bats take wing, flying against the men and compelling them often to beat a hasty retreat. Their cries are so deafening that the men though shouting at the top of their voices can not hear one another.

Under these circumstances it has not yet been possible to make any thorough exploration of the caves. Some underground lakes, however, have been discovered and several rivers which have been traced to the places where they issue into the open air. One of the caves has seven entrances within a distance of less than half a mile.

On several occasions when the men have penetrated a considerable distance underground the flight of startled bats has extinguished their torches and the explorers have been compelled to grope their way back to the exit. Mr. Chaudoir says these caverns are worthy of thorough exploration and he believes they equal in extent and interest some of the most famous caverns of France.

Tourist (in Kanasa, stopping in front of wrecked saloon)—'Hello! Explosion or cyclone?' Native—'Mixed—with petticoats on.'

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Doubles a Mother's Joys and Halves Her Sorrows.

It does this by a pre-natal preparation in which the mother finds herself growing stronger instead of weaker with each month. Instead of nausea and nervousness, there are healthy appetite, quiet nerves, and refreshing sleep. The mind's content keeps pace with the body's comfort. There is no anxiety, no dread of the approaching time of travail. When the birth hour comes it is practically painless, the recovery is rapid, and the mother finds herself abundantly able to nurse her child.

'Favorite Prescription' contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge, and so obtain without cost the advice of a specialist in the diseases peculiar to women. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Annie Blacker, 609 Catherine Street, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor; I had four miscarriages, but since taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have much better health, and now I have a fine healthy baby. I have recommended your medicines to several of my friends and they have been benefited by them.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

'Silver Plate that Wears'

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN COMPANY. A very complete line of this reliable brand in Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit Bowls, etc., and also latest patterns in '1847 Rogers Bros.'

FAT REDUCTION.

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 30 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients assure her success. Her treatment is not 'Banding,' nor starvation diet. She prescribes against the 'Flesh-Treatment' Fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no 'Monthly Payment' scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of the United States Health Report. Her total charge is \$1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS. The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star. Twenty odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers. Her treatment is not 'Banding,' nor starvation diet. She prescribes against the 'Flesh-Treatment' Fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no 'Monthly Payment' scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of the United States Health Report. Her total charge is \$1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

Eugene Field's Poems: A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

BRANDIES! Landing ex 'Coroon.' 100 Ch. Villard XXX. 100 Ch. Mont. France. 100 Octopus. For sale by bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BURKE 25 WATER STREET.

NOTICE.

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

2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province at its next session, for an Act to amend the law relating to Ward Lot or Garden Lots, for the purpose of the better enforcement of such sections in the Code of the County of the City and County of Saint John. Dated the 17th day of January A. D. 1901.

By order GEORGE R. VINCENT, Secretary. I was it

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an Act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COYLAGUE CITY PARK, Limited, for the purpose of acquiring, owning and managing Real Estate, and improving the same, and the erection of cottages and other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mortgage or sell the same, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto. St. John, N. B., Jan. 14th, 1901.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S 'Tommy and Gristol' (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S 'Oliver Cromwell' (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of 'The Workers'. SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration. 'HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO,' by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PRICKETT, HENRY MORTIMER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Maypole Soap Makes Home Dyeing Easy. It washes and dyes at one operation without mess or trouble. The colors are brilliant and fadeless — it dyes in any shade. It is the quick, easy, safe Home Dye.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

USE MUR LANE... THE USE OF THE... REFUSE

APRIL 3.—Rev. the season at Main, Holm Co. Dr Wheeler, turned from taking many, spent a Mrs James M day evening of Mrs N B Stoe to Boston. Mrs J J Bala and Luke St Jo were guests of street for a few Mrs D B Prick afternoon from Albin street. Mrs Wm DeL Landing Librarian After a long Grove Cottage, to her home in Mrs N B Stoe and Mrs Mrs Cochran evening last Co. There were in was indulged in

APR. 4.—Miss of Mrs Beeler Mrs Annie E tax, where the Mr and Mrs urday for a visit Mrs J N R Saturday from Mr and Mrs Mr and Mrs Mrs Cochran evening last Co. There were in was indulged in

APR. 4.—Miss been visiting in Miss Bertha by the serious Saturday. Mrs M B B spring millinery in Digby as Mrs N B R day in town last M Owen. Dr Black of the second time of the serious ill slowly improv xley will soon Mrs Wm deB Mr J J Ritchie.

APR. 3.—Mrs guest of Capt at Capt L Hall Mr and Mrs Mr Percy Tu for several we Rev A M Hill church, left yes John. Mr L B Snyder March 11th a day afternoon. Miss Chisholm millinery establish to St John. Corporal Fred cely returned his sister, Mrs

APRIL 4.—M ing her friend Hon James a here recently as Mrs Kathie were in town (Miss Lizile her aunt Mrs E turned to her h Mr and Mrs days of last we Carlisle hotel. Mrs Dr Laws are here for a Aberdeen. Mrs M Pelle son were here week.

Mrs Matthew visiting in New Miss Elizabeth she was accom Mrs B Bull where the wi Clark. Miss Mildred has recovered this spring. W B Jewett to Woodstock. George M. B. all services on John H. Wals Mrs J. B. daughter, Miss

APRIL 4.—M ing her friend Hon James a here recently as Mrs Kathie were in town (Miss Lizile her aunt Mrs E turned to her h Mr and Mrs days of last we Carlisle hotel. Mrs Dr Laws are here for a Aberdeen. Mrs M Pelle son were here week.

NOTICE.

efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickson, Commissioner, who has had for some months past, in the coming spring a number of farmers with capital in the province, with a view to the disposal of the land...

NOTICE.

by given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province, for an Act to amend the Land Tax Act...

NOTICE.

will be made to Legislature at the passing of an act to incorporate by the name of THE COTTAGE...

Scribner's

1900

INCLUDES

MARRIAGE'S "Tommy and

ROOSEVELT'S

HARDING DAVIS'S

NORMAN'S The Russia

WALTER A. WY-

STORIES, by

in Dyke,

ARTICLES

IRLAND'S article of

WARD FIFTY

ART FEATURES

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N LAFARGE, illus-

Illustrative schemes (in

APPLETON CLARK,

WIGHT L. ELMEN-

Illustrated Prospectus

any address.

SCRIBNER'S SONS,

here, New York.

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

ALBERT.

APRIL 3.—Rev Dr Steel gave the third reading of the season at the residence of Mr and Mrs W D Hale, Holm Cottage, Victoria street last week.

Dr Wheeler, formerly of St John but now returned from taking a post graduate course in Germany, spent a few days in town.

Mrs James McFatt gave a family party on Monday evening of last week in honor of Dr Wheeler.

Mrs N B Steel has returned from her long visit to Boston.

Mrs J J Bain, superintendent of the Quebec and Lake St John Railway, Quebec, and little son were guests of Dr J G and Mrs McDougall, Church street for a few days recently.

Mrs D B Fridman gave an At Home on Tuesday afternoon from 5 until 7 o'clock at her residence, Albion street.

Mrs Wm DeBlasi, proprietress of the Strathcona Reading Library has returned from Annapolis.

After a long visit with her friend, Miss Dickey, Grove Cottage, Miss Violet Bullock has returned to her home in the city.

Mr and Mrs R T H Weir gave a reception for Mr and Mrs T H Cochran.

Mrs Cochran gave a whist party on Wednesday evening last comprised principally of young people.

BRIDGETOWN.

APR. 4.—Miss Berry of Annapolis was the guest of Mrs Beeler last week.

Miss Annie Evans left last Wednesday for Halifax, where she will remain for an indefinite period.

Mr and Mrs L F Dorling of Clarence left on Saturday for a visit to Boston.

Mrs J N Rice and Master Victor, returned on Saturday from a visit in Yarmouth.

Mr and Mrs Fred J Reed leave for Boston today and will spend two weeks in that city before returning.

Mr Harry Harvey leaves to day for Boston where he will take up a course in manual training with his brother.

The ladies of St James' church will hold an April Sale, Wednesday 17th inst, in the Council Chamber, Ruggles building.

day Party will be held. A very interesting program is in preparation for the evening entertainment, consisting of musical selections by local talent.

ANNAPOLIS.

APR. 4.—Miss Locke of St Andrew's school has been visiting in Windsor.

Miss Bertha Buggles was called home last week by the serious illness of her brother, who died on Saturday.

Miss Mary Brittain was in St John taking in the spring millinery openings. She has accepted a position in Digby as head of a millinery business.

Mr and Mrs E K Spinney of Yarmouth, spent a day in town last week, the guests of Mr and Mrs J M Owen.

Dr Black of Halifax was in town twice last week, the second time remaining several days on account of the serious illness of Miss Cecile Ritchie. She is slowly improving and it is hoped all cause for anxiety will soon be removed.

Mrs Wm deBlasi of Amherst is with her brother, Mr J J Ritchie.

DIGBY.

APR. 3.—Mrs Ernest Lewis of Freeport, is the guest of Capt and Mrs C F Lewis, King street.

Capt L Halliburton and bride are the guests of Mr and Mrs Anby Brown at the Myrtle house.

Mr Percy Turnbull who has been at Bridgetown for several weeks has returned home.

Rev A M Hill pastor of the Digby Presbyterian church, left yesterday afternoon for Boston via St John.

Mr L H Snyder who has spent the winter at Marshalltown was a passenger to Boston Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Chisholm and Miss Banks of J F Saunders' millinery establishment have returned from a trip to St John.

where she is visiting her daughter Mrs. E. N. Case. Mr and Mrs Hugh F. Murray spent Sunday in Woodstock guests of Mrs. Murray's mother, Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Murray are preparing to depart for Winnipeg, where Mr. Murray's company, the Yarmouth boot and shoe company have made him manager of a branch they are establishing there. He will have two or three travellers under him.

NEWCASTLE.

APRIL 4.—Miss Budd and Miss Sweetman were guests of Mrs. Hushon last week.

Mr W J Miller of Chatham was here last week. Miss May E. Stohart of Boston arrived on Monday night. She is visiting her home at Douglas-town.

Mrs E A. Boston who has been away attending the millinery openings in Boston and New York, returned home.

Miss Addie Bockler left last Saturday for Lawrence, Mass., to visit her sister, Mrs F. B. Baker. Miss Minnie Bockler accompanied by her sister Mrs C G DeMill, returned from Moncton last week.

Rev Mr Pickles fell and injured himself last Wednesday, but we are pleased to state that he is again able to attend to his duties.

Rev Mr Baile occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church at both services on Sunday.

Mr Thomas Kingston left on Monday night's express for Wincosset.

Miss Maggie Kestay of Millerton was in town on Monday.

CAMPBELLTON.

APRIL 4.—Mr J E Mill of Maria, is visiting her sister Mrs H McInlyne.

Mrs Theodore LeBlanc of Charlott, has been the guest of Mrs George St Onge.

Miss Josephine Coma returned last Friday after spending sometime at her home in Petit Rocher.

Miss Ida Gerrard who has been spending the winter with friends in town, left Thursday morning accompanied by her sister, Miss Mamie Young.

Miss May Scott of Dalhousie is visiting friends in town.

Rev Mr Drapeau of Nouvelle was in town on Monday.

Miss Laura Audet of Amqui is visiting friends in town.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The first half of life the old house is too small for the large family; the second half of life the old family is too small for the large house.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other.

We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the weakest systems are invigorated and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nervous system, induces refreshing sleep.

It imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Northrup & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists' this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Wife (after a fit)—"Just see that dog and cat there; how peacefully they get on together."

Husband—"The them together and see how they'll act."

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Farralle's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthy action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of ailments which they were used to slay.

Mrs Cluibelgh—But Henry dear, in that photograph you have but one button on your coat.

Mr Cluibelgh—"Thank heaven, you've noticed it at last! That's why I had the photograph taken."

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPAIR.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Farralle's Vegetable Pills administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the system of impurities.

Voices of the Lookout—Mr Singlebrunton, seven women are coming down the road with axes!

The proprietor—What, ho, there! Drop the drawbridge and the sidewalk, clear up the iron shutters, stretch the barb wire, fetch up the fire hose, light the sulphur pans, and stand ready to let loose the mice!

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physicians. Had they used Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

"Don't you think this all night business of the Montreal carters is demoralizing?" asked Wardly, as he dozed a glumming burrow and caught the last car that took tickets.

"Yes," said Glimet, "it leads to many a man being driven to drink."

Totally Dead.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptus Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

The Dyspeptic Cannibal. A Cannibal was seated on a green Pacific isle. With the temperature at ninety-nine degrees the His dress was rather scanty, in a truly savage style. Just a pair of Boston garters round his knees.

But he didn't seem quite happy, for now and then a groan escaped—which tore his savage breast in two; and he chanted in a melancholy, meditative tone The ditty that I now repeat to you.

GROUPY COUGHS OF CHILDREN.

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when help must be right at hand if it is to be helpful at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and rally deserves it.

You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler would the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles be right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the house.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. Kingston & Co." blown in the bottle.

A Reputation for Himself. Herbert Gladstone seems to be unwilling to be known to fame merely as a son of his father, and has started out to make a reputation for himself. His letter to his constituents make such a bold attack on the present government and such a fierce demand for reforms that it has created as much of a sensation as one of his distinguished father's eloquent speeches.

Mr. Gladstone is not content with showing how many popular demands have been refused and how many measures of national importance ignored, but he insists on saddling the whole responsibility for this disobedience to the popular will on the conservative party [and the ministry now in power. He is even understood to suggest again, though not in plain terms, the abolition of the house of lords.

It is some time now since we have heard anything about the once famous popular dictum that the house of lords must be "amended or ended," and this particular time, when the nation is in the throes of war, seems inauspicious for renewing it; but Mr. Gladstone may be shrewd enough to see that this is a good time for effort in that direction. The British people are growing very restive under the burdens of the war; they are beginning to grumble loudly and to cast about them for a scapegoat to bear the responsibility of the mismanagement of which we on this side of the Atlantic have heard so much. What if Mr. Gladstone shall succeed in persuading them that the house of lords is the real scapegoat? They seem almost ready to listen to this kind of talk now.

Kind pedestrian—Here's half a dollar, my poor man. Instead of living this way why don't you learn a trade? Panhandler—I would, sir, if I knew of a better one than this.

Kind pedestrian—Here's half a dollar, my poor man. Instead of living this way why don't you learn a trade? Panhandler—I would, sir, if I knew of a better one than this.

Kind pedestrian—Here's half a dollar, my poor man. Instead of living this way why don't you learn a trade? Panhandler—I would, sir, if I knew of a better one than this.



His babyship will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap. This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

APOLI & STEEL PILLS For Ladies. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Panoyrol, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 30 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED SALESMEN to travel with most complete line of Palmers, Colons and Vanishes on the market. Jewel Refining Co., Paint Department, Cleveland, Ohio. 2-16-01.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, part time, by selling our new product. Write quick for particulars. Clark & Co., 48 & 50 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Income: \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements: 38,697,480 68; Assets: 304,844,637 52; Policy Reserves: 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus: 60,132,648 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force: 1,062,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year: 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job ... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

HOTELS.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

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.

WM. OLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in... CHOCOLATES, WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

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

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

ODD FACTS ABOUT BIRDS.

Some Without Wings—Others Without Song—The Biggest Birds.

Birds without wings are found in New Zealand and Australia. Kiwi is the name of one species. Beautiful mats are made of the feathers of the white variety, but it takes ten years and more to collect enough feathers to make even a small mat, which would sell for about \$150.

Birds without song belong to Hawaii. In Honolulu one sees a bird about the size of the robin, an independent sort of fellow, that walks about like a chicken, instead of hopping like a well trained bird of the United States, and it has no song.

A bird that walks and swims, but does not fly, is a penguin. No nests are made by penguins, but the one egg laid at a time by the mother is carried about under her absurd little wing or under her leg.

The largest of flight birds is the California vulture or condor, measuring from tip to tip nine and a half to ten feet, and exceeding considerably in size the true condor of South America. The bird lays but one egg each season—large, oval, ashy green in color, and deeply pitted, so distinctive in appearance that it cannot be confounded with any other.

The California condor is rapidly approaching extinction, and museums all over the world are eager to secure living specimens. It is believed that there is only one in captivity.

Another large bird is the rhinoceros bird, which is about the size of a turkey. One recently shot on the island of Java had in its crop a rim from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier's uniform.

A bird which is swifter than a horse is the road runner of the southwest. Its aliases are the ground cuckoo, the lizard bird and the snake killer, snakes being a favorite diet. In northern Mexico, western Texas and southern Colorado and California it is found. The bird measures about two feet from tip to tip and is a dull brown in color. Its two legs are only about ten inches long, but neither horses with their four legs, nor hounds, nor electric racing machines, are in it for swiftness when it comes to running.

Most curious are the sewing of tailor birds of India—little yellow things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and monkeys the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a high tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf into a green one hanging from the tree, the sides are sewed up, an opening being left at the top. That a nest is swinging in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect.

Many a regiment cannot compare in perfection of movement with the flight of the curlews of Florida, winging their way to their feeding grounds miles away, all in uniform lines, in unbroken perfection. The curlews are dainty and charming birds to see, some pink, some white.

Birds in flight often lose their bearings, being blown aside from their course by the wind. In this case they are as badly off as a mariner without a compass in a strange sea on a starless night.

All very young birds, by a wise provision of nature, are entirely without fear, until they are able to fly. The reason of the delayed development of fear is that being unable to fly, the birds would struggle and fall from their nests at every noise and be killed. Suddenly, almost in a day, the birds develop the sense of fear, when their feathers are enough grown so that they can fly.

It is always a source of wonder to Arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the Arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberies that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

A stick of wood seven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, was once taken from a wren's nest. It is very singular that so small and delicate a bird should use such rough material with which to construct its nest. If an eagle should use material proportioned to its size its nest would be made up of fence rails and small saw logs.

The extraordinary situations in which nests are found occasionally almost give one the impression that birds must be endowed with a sense of humor. For instance, a wren built its nest upon a scarp, a dead sparrow hawk, which a farmer had hung up to frighten away winged ravagers of his crop. In the pocket of an old jacket hanging in a barn a bird also a wren, made its nest, which when discovered, it contained five eggs. It was a robin that raised a young family in a church pew, and a robin also that built its nest in the organ pipes of a church. Places of worship have always been favorite building places for birds.

An Unfinished Poster.

An artist relates that one day he was standing in front of a huge poster which

represented a well known actor in the character of Henry V. Two men strolled by and stopped to look at it. Finally one of the men turned to his companion with a look of disgust and asked impatiently: "Henry V.—what?"

The Draft That Saved a Town.

Whitewash of each year witnesses in the historic town of Rothenburg on the Tauber the acting of a drama which recalls a deliverance. In the Thirty Years' War, when the victories of Gustavus Adolphus had endangered the Catholic League, Tilly came to besiege Rothenburg, which was in league with the Swedes. The English Illustrated Magazine describes the town as being at that time wealthy and well fortified, standing upon steep cliffs above the Tauber, and having massive, tower-crowned walls. Its citizens were proud, capable, trained in arms, and well provided with cannon and ammunition.

Against this town came Tilly, with massive guns that soon put fortune on his side. The defenders of the place, however, contested every inch of ground. Not until the powder tower exploded through a breach of the enemy did the Swedish garrison and citizens reluctantly hang out the white flag, after a fight of thirty hours.

Tilly would hear nothing of terms of capitulation. The Swedes might withdraw but unconditional surrender was demanded of the town. When he had taken possession of the beautiful Rathaus, he sent for the senate with Burgermeister Bezold at their head, and announced their condemnation to death for their obstinate resistance and their disobedience to the imperial commander.

In vain did the women and children crowd into the market place, throwing themselves at the feet of the victors and begging for mercy. Tilly had already summoned the executioner when some of the wives succeeded in penetrating into the council hall. The conqueror at last allowed himself to be softened, but he coupled his clemency with a clause that apparently made it of no avail. The senators should be spared if one of their number could empty at a draught the great loving cup of Tauber wine presented to the victor.

Hopeless as the case seemed, the condition was fulfilled by ex-Burgermeister Nusch, who thus saved his own life and the lives of his colleagues.

The Place Of Her Birth.

The little lady who has the honor to have been born farthest north of any white child in America has gone to join the small brown skinned companions of her earliest days up in the region of her birth. Marie Annighito Peary was born in 1893 at Annerversary lodge, then Lieutenant Peary's headquarters in northern Greenland.

She was born at the close of the Arctic summer day, and the first six months of her life were spent in continuous lamplight. When the earliest ray of the returning sun pierced through the window of the tiny room, she reached for the golden bar as other children reach for a beautiful toy.

Throughout the winter she was the source of the liveliest interest to the natives. Entire families travelled long distances to satisfy themselves by actual touch that this blue eyed, white-faced little stranger was really a creature of warm flesh and blood, and not of snow, as they at first believed. She stayed among them until she was eleven months old.

In July, 1900, Mrs Peary and her little daughter set sail again for the frozen north. This is Marie Annighito's second visit to Greenland since she left that country in her infancy. She was four years old when she first went back, and although she could not be expected to remember her friends of the north, they had not forgotten her.

While the steamer neared Cape York Marie's nurse carried her on deck. It was snowing hard, and her nurse put on her park and a cap with a hood, and fur boots such as the Eskimos wear. The steamer pushed its way in as near to the rocks as possible, and as the ice was heavy, the Eskimos came out to meet it by stepping from one ice floe to another.

An Eskimo named Keshu was the first to reach the ship, and his oily face shone with delight as he shouted, "Welcome!" His delight was unbounded when the nurse put little Marie into his arms. He recognized the child at once, notwithstanding the change that a few years had made in her, and he danced about her so vigorously and kept up such a succession of shouts that Marie was at first alarmed.

Keshu was quickly followed by all the inhabitants of Cape York who were able to jump along the ice, and they gathered in a ring around Marie, their faces shining with pleasure, and all in a chorus shouting a welcome.

When the steamer neared the shore it was made fast to an iceberg. Lieutenant Peary broke open a number of boxes and gave presents to the Eskimos, and an im-

"Hit the Nail On the Head."

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

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



promptly feast was set out for them on board the ship. Men, women and children partook of the good things with great gusto.

Afterward the Hope put in at several Eskimo settlements, and everywhere they little people were rejoiced to see again the white child who had been born among them. They brought her strings of walrus teeth, little dogs and bears carved from walrus tusks, Eskimo dolls made from skins, and the beautiful skins of the white Arctic fox and the lemming.

Illustrious Farmer Marr.

The centre of population in the United States has been established. It is not merely four miles east and two miles south of Columbus, Indiana; to be accurate, it is in the far southeastern corner of Farmer Henry Marr's clover field, and the Chicago Tribune tells us how to get there.

Go down to Columbus, Indiana, and ask the man at the livery stable to drive you out to Hen. Marr's place. After you get to Hen. Marr's you go round the corner and past the barn. Then you keep straight on until you come to a white mule and a black mule eating straw out of a stack.

Take a turn to windward and bear off sharply on a long track, as the mule has a reputation for kicking. Pass the black dog to starboard and the pig to larboard. After getting out of the long lane come about and stand across the east forty south by southeast.

Away over in the far corner there is a single melancholy fence rail sticking up in ground. Approach this rail with uncovered head and in respectful silence, because it marks the centre of population of the United States.

A picture shows Farmer Marr standing grim and solitary in the clover field, the "center man" in the centre of population. It requires a long stretch of the imagination to believe that this agricultural desert is the centre of anything except clover tops, and that Farmer Marr has almost nineteen million persons respectively east, west, north and south of him. But for all these doubts, Farmer Marr is the centre man. It has been so officially declared.

A New Club.

Chamber's journal notes the birth of a new and somewhat interesting club. The Automobile club of Paris has thrown out an offshoot in the shape of the Aero club, whose business it will be to solve the problem of flying through the air.

At first sight there seems to be little in common between road traction and aeronautics, but the French auto-cars do their best to fly along the roads, as many unfortunate pedestrians know to their cost, and this is apparently the connecting link.

We may also note that both groups of

"77" CHIN IN

To keep the chin in, means to keep it well drawn back horizontally. That causes, what physical culturists call, "a lifted chest." A lifted chest insures deep and full breathing, hence, pure blood and perfect circulation. TRY keeping your chin in, and see how your chest will stand out, giving to a woman a superb figure, and to a man a military bearing.

Most colds are caused by checked circulation, known by a chill or shiver. Dr. Humphrey's "77" starts the blood coursing through the veins until it reaches the extremities, when the feet warm and the Cold or Grip is broken, while its tonicity sustains the flagging energies.

At all Drug Stores, 25c. or mailed.

Packet Manual mailed free.

Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

COLDS

experimenters are endeavoring to find the most efficient motor which shall at the same time be of very little weight.

The new club starts with money to back its labors, for an anonymous donor has presented it with one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which is to be awarded to the inventor of the flying machine that will start from a given point, go round the Eiffel Tower, and return to its starting place.

The distance about eleven kilometers, must be covered in half an hour, and the prize must be awarded within the next five years.

Meanwhile, the interest on the capital sum is to be given each year to the person who makes the greatest advance toward solving the problem of aerial flight.

Counting the Cost.

In a certain North Dakota town there are two physicians, one elderly, with a long record of cures, the other young, with his record still to make. The older doctor was inclined to surrender some of his night work to the younger man. An exchange cites an instance in which this "turning over" was attempted.

One winter's night Doctor B. was roused by two farmers from a hamlet ten miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. He told them to go to the other doctor but they refused, saying that they preferred his services.

"Very well," replied Doctor B., thinking to put a convincing argument before them, "in that case my fee is ten dollars, the money to be paid now."

The men remonstrated, but the doctor was obdurate and shut down his window. He waited, however, to hear what they would say.

"Well, what shall we do now?" asked the farmer whose wife was ill.

The reply must have been as gratifying as it was amusing to the listening doctor. It was:

"I think you had better give it. The funeral would cost you more."

"Say, mamma, how much am I worth?" "You are worth a million of dollars to me my son." "Say mamma, couldn't you advance me 25 cents?"

W. J. Bryan may be compelled to go to smashing mirrors; his paper is attracting no more attention than a last year's bonnet.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP. Cures and prevents insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Surprise Soap advertisement with an illustration of a person holding a box labeled 'SURPRISE SOAP'.

SOMETHING FOR EASTER

Call at Allan's White Pharmacy and select a bottle of Choice Perfume. Always an acceptable gift. My assortment is most complete. From the best French, English and American Perfumers. Everything marked at lowest prices. REMEMBER THE STORE.

W. C. Rudman Allan's, 87 Charlotte street, (Telephone 239), and 172 King street West (Telephone 54a). Mail orders promptly filled.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Easter Holiday Excursions. LOCAL and THROUGH EXCURSION TICKETS at One First-Class Fare will be issued as follows: For School and College Vacation from March 29th to April 6th, inclusive, good for return until April 16th. For General Public, local and through excursion tickets from April 4th to April 28th, inclusive, good for return until April 28th, 1901. J. M. LYONS, Traffic Manager. Montreal, N. B., March 28th, 1901.

JOHN NOBLE, L. D. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. -Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat. Blouse Bodice with tulle trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 75c. 85 cents. Postage 22 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to - JOHN NOBLE, L. D. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Buffal and rou English, American and guach Brooklyn town and the Madia night. The same old-fashioned harmony least add the whole The new dians and service on ing finis joined forc in his assa great Am tinent con adian of tr of fourteen been with Macking. So far th have not be is no dispos unfriendly. have charte finised Soc the seven p a bit, and all the col Tommy Ait The Boer have their Some of the bullets and evidence if rounded up Col. Cady Their comm a Free Sta at the begin by Presiden later by De ant in comm was also a De Volkster after the w organ. He fought and Popular away the l before with a escape falli made his wa the forces of last Septemb stomach and looking, full gencc. He sp of the Boers. Another of all over Eur Kop," is D with the Mid Mayer's divi earned uncliv flag on Spion Buller's forc relief of Lady The British t pried the bill the two Boer night they d British tock p opposition, an bing which t commanding British retir Roos has with pictorial papc bepictured to our own yell The other I Utrecht comm due to the reli kie, who was at Bos Kopje Kopje; Jan V LedySmith, bu Oudhoff of the was one of the on Bos Kopje Elandfontein fought under A. J. Wemnip er for Delarey after being ca

Lover and Husband.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Well, aunt, what does he say? I really am dying to know.

'He says, my dear, that he has much pleasure in accepting my invitation, and that he will come to us next Thursday. Don't you think we might get up a dinner-party for Thursday evening? The time is certainly very short; but, under the circumstances, I feel sure people would forgive that.'

And sinking gracefully back amongst the cushions of her chair, my aunt surveys me with a glance which is positively radiant.

In silent amazement I, Coronilla, Sefton, have listened to her.

What can she mean?

To what invitation is she alluding?

'Aunt, I begin slowly, 'will you explain what you mean?'

'My love, I certainly thought you knew. Did I not tell you?'

'Did you not tell me what?'

'That I wrote to—Sir Gordon Alverstone the day before yesterday, inviting him to come and stay a fortnight with us.'

'Aunt!'

After this one horrified ejaculation, I become silent.

Not because I have not anything more to say, but simply through sheer inability to say it.

I am literally dumb with astonishment and wrath.

My aunt has invited Sir Gordon Alverstone to stay with us a whole fortnight—fourteen miserable, dreary days—and he has accepted her invitation.

Surely it is enough to make me angry.

I have been looking forward with dread to my meeting with him, even when I supposed that he would only stay a couple of days at the hotel in Yerbury, our nearest town.

'How could you be so unkind? I gasp at last.

'Unkind? my aunt repeats. 'Oh, my dear, I am sure I never meant to be! I did it all for the best. I—I thought that, if he stayed here, you might learn to—like him.'

'I never shall. I couldn't care for a man I didn't respect, and I can't respect a man who can be so despicable as to marry a girl for the sake of her money, as Sir Gordon Alverstone is intending to do. He has never seen me, so I may be as ugly as a toad for all he knows to the contrary.'

'Oh! but indeed, my dear, he does know what you are like. I—I sent him your photograph.'

'Indeed? in a voice of deadly calm.

'Which photograph did you send him?'

'One of the last you had taken.'

'Did he ask you to send it?'

'No, my love. But I thought—oh pray do not look like that! You must forgive me this time, and I will indeed be more careful in the future.'

'Yes; now the mischief is done, I mutter to myself; but aloud I say, as graciously as I can: 'Never mind, auntie, don't worry. It's no use crying over spilt milk. And now about your dinner party suggestion. How many people shall we invite?'

'Well, let me see, evidently charmed that her plan has met with my approval. 'Twelve, including ourselves, would be just a nice number, I think. Suppose we ask the Bagehotts?'

'Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Bagehott,' writing their names down. 'Who next?'

'Sir Herbert and Lady Challoner, and their daughter.'

'They make five, Sir Gordon, six, our two selves eight. Now who are the other four to be?'

'Mr. Luttrell.'

'And Captain Davenant—they make ten, so we only want two more, another lady and another gentleman. Don't you think we had better complete our list with the vicar and his wife? You see, we have got the Law, as represented by Arthur Bagehott, Esquire; Sir Herbert Challoner, M. P., will give a sort of political flavor to the soup; and that gallant officer, Captain Davenant, will ably personate the Army, so don't you really think that the Reverend Ornesimus Verender and his wife ought to be invited, to shed upon us the light of their countenances? We oughtn't to leave the Church out in the cold.'

'Certainly not, my love.'

'All right; then the matter is settled. Here is the list. I will put it on your writing table, and then you will know where it is when you want it. Now I am going for a walk, and, kissing my hand to Aunt Kate, I run out of the room.

But I do not enjoy my walk a bit, for truth to tell, I am in anything but an amiable frame of mind.

I detest the very name of Alverstone.

Why has my father betrothed me to Sir Gordon merely because he is the son of an old friend?

He is fifteen years older than myself—I am eighteen—and I have never seen him, thanks to his globe trotting propensities.

The arrangement was entered into between our respective families when I was only six months old, and when my father died, two years ago, he begged me to promise that I would become Sir Gordon's wife as soon after my eighteenth birthday as he might wish me to.

Having given my promise, I will redeem it, but I am looking forward with positive dread to my future, and when Thursday morning all too quickly dawns, I would

willingly give all I possess in the world if I could exchange identities with the poorest girl in the village.

Swiftly the hours of this never to be forgotten day slip away.

Eight o'clock arrives, and I find myself being introduced to the man who, for weal or woe, holds my future in his hands.

Shyly I glance up at him, and, try as I will to prevent it, I cannot keep a deep flush from staining my cheeks, as I meet the gaze of a pair of the keenest eyes I have ever been my lot to encounter.

There is something about them, too, which is horribly disconcerting; therefore I am most sincerely glad when, a moment later dinner is announced.

Captain Davenant is my escort, but, thanks to Aunt Kate, I find that my seat is opposite to the one occupied by Sir Gordon—a discovery which does not cause me much satisfaction.

And as the dinner progresses, my resentment increases for as often as I furtively glance at my vis-a-vis, so often do I encounter his disposing gaze—a gaze which appears to be largely tinged with amusement, while I am perfectly convinced that the lips, hidden by his dark moustache are twitching with a smile, though what there is in the situation to amuse him I really fail to see.

At last Aunt Kate bows to Lady Challoner, and we ladies retire to the drawing room.

But I am not long left in peace even here, for the gentlemen soon put in an appearance, and then Sir Gordon coolly crosses to where I am sitting, a little apart from the others, and sinks down upon the lounge by my side.

'Miss Sefton,' he says calmly, 'your aunt has been telling me during dinner about her flowers.'

'Indeed, I murmur, in a tone of the most studied indifference.

'She is particularly proud of a Charmante Dame cactus, and said that you would, perhaps, be kind enough to take me into the conservatory to see it. Will you?'

What unexpected diplomatic powers Aunt Kate is developing! they fairly astonish me.

If anybody had told me that she could be so clever, I would not have believed them.

But I am not going to be caught by such diplomacy; therefore, keeping my eyes fixed steadily upon my fan, I allow a moment of silence to elapse, then answer, with Arctic coldness—

'Excuse me, Sir Gordon, but the cactus will show to much greater advantage in the daytime, and my aunt will be able to explain its beauties better than—'

'Which means, I suppose, that you refuse to grant my request?'

'You are right, it does,' still keeping my eyes fixed upon my fan.

A low, amused laugh is his only answer, which has the effect of making me feel perfectly raging.

Oh, how I detest him!

He is even worse than I thought he would be; so, though I am in a general way a talkative little person enough, I now maintain an obstinate silence, until he presently breaks it by very coolly asking me what I am thinking about.

'You, I answer, infusing as much contempt into the word as I possibly can.

'And I was meditating about you,' Sir Gordon returns quickly.

'Really, I am honored, I rejoin, with a sarcastic smile.

'Yes; I was thinking that you are very like your photograph,' he goes on. 'I would have known you anywhere; though, to tell you the truth, when I got your picture I was awfully surprised. For some reason, I had imagined you were dark, and—'

'That I squinted or had only one eye. What delightful anticipations you must have had all these years!'

'Oh, no; you are entirely mistaken! My anticipations during the past year or two have been anything but delightful, but during the past few weeks they have been—'

'Even worse, I cut in sharply.

'No, pardon me, you are again mistaken; they have been very pleasant.

'Then I am afraid you will find the awakening from them a severe shock. I trust you will survive it.'

'Thank you, I trust I shall. To have one's dreams rudely dispelled, to discover that one's ideals are of the earth, earthy, must indeed be a cruel disappointment; and one which no man would willingly court. But if such a catastrophe should happen to me, I hope it will not be an utter downfall.'

'What a loss the world would sustain if anything did happen to you!' I murmur ironically.

'Ah, yes, wouldn't it? However, let what will occur, I shall at least have one consolation: you—dropping his voice to the softest of whispers—have given me your sympathy.'

I am literally too angry to speak.

How dare he treat me so?

At this juncture Mrs. Verender favors us with a song.

I am passionately fond of music, and I feel as if I could sit forever, harkening to her rich, liquid tones.

I completely forget where I am, and who my companion is.

Presently Mrs. Verender rises from the

piano laughingly declaring that she is exhausted and can sing no more.

Then, still forgetting who Sir Gordon is, and all about him, I turn and address him.

'Hasn't she a magnificent voice? I claim enthusiastically, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

'She has indeed,' Sir Gordon agrees, with a smile. 'You are clearly very fond of music, Miss Sefton; may I ask if you sing, too?'

But this question restores my truant memory, and I suddenly recollect that it is Sir Gordon Alverstone, my detested fiancé, to whom I am talking.

Instantly I freeze into a sort of human iceberg, and it is not until he repeats his inquiry that I condescend to answer it.

'What a superfluous question! I retort mockingly. 'Of course, I sing; everybody does nowadays.'

'Then, will you not give me the pleasure of a song? I would much like to hear you.'

'People in this world, Sir Gordon, do not get all they want,' raising my eyes calmly to his face.

'Which means that you, for the second time this evening, refused to grant my request.'

'How clever you are! But you are again right. I do refuse, and will always refuse to do anything and everything you may ask of me.'

'How awfully good of you to give me this warning! I shall know now exactly what to expect, and shall be able to save myself further humiliation. Pray accept my deepest gratitude, and—'

'Will you go away and leave me alone? I interrupted angrily, my patience at last exhausted. 'Surely you have annoyed and insulted me sufficiently for one evening!'

'Annoyed and insulted you? Sir Gordon reiterates, looking at me keenly; and then a gleam of amusement flashes into his eyes and he laughs. 'Now, upon my honor, that was too cruel of you. You might have let me down easier than that, for, do you know—sinking his voice to a confidential whisper—I have been flattering myself that you found my society and conversation eminently agreeable.'

What reply I might make to this audacious statement will never be known, for, to my great relief, I am spared the necessity of making any by Captain Davenant approaching me, and begging for a song.

With a gracious smile I rise to my feet and asking Cecil Davenant what song he would like, I let him lead me to the piano.

It is close upon midnight before all our guests have taken their departure, and Aunt Kate, Sir Gordon, and myself are left alone; then, with a little sigh of mingled relief and satisfaction, my aunt sinks into her favorite easy chair.

'She wants to talk over the events of the evening, I know from experience; but I am in no mood to discuss them, so I hid her and Sir Gordon a hasty 'good night' and retire to my own room.

CHAPTER II.

Rat-tat-tat!

'Come in!' I call out lazily. Whereupon Annette, my maid, makes her appearance with my bath water. 'What o'clock is it?' stifling a yawn.

'Half past eight, Miss Nilla,' the girl answers; so, springing out of bed, I proceed to make my toilet.

But, though I hurry, breakfast is half over when I enter the morning room.

'You shocking lazy child!' is my aunt's greeting. 'You don't deserve to have any breakfast, does she, Sir Gordon?'

'But you will give me some, all the same,' I declare confidently, bestowing upon her my usual morning kiss.

Then I turn to the other occupant of the room, and greet him with a chilly little bow.

'And what are you going to do this morning?' Aunt Kate inquires presently.

'Nothing,' is my prompt answer.

'What delightful employment!' Sir Gordon remarks. 'May I be permitted to join you in it?'

'I am afraid you would not find it so interesting as I shall, I return evasively.

'Oh, but I shall, I assure you!' he declares. 'I love to do nothing.'

'Then you and Nilla ought certainly to be able to spend a very agreeable morning,' Aunt Kate interposes, with a smile.

'Fixing such tastes in common, you—'

'But I am going to read,' I interrupt hastily.

'I thought you said that you were going to do nothing,' Sir Gordon laughs.

'Perhaps I did,' I retort indifferently, though inwardly I feel as if I could turn and rend him; but you see, I have taken a woman's privilege and changed my mind.'

So saying I rise from the table—for by this time we have all finished breakfast—and march out of the room.

Going into the drawing room, I hunt for 'Her Bitter Foe,' the novel I am at present reading.

Some time elapses before I find it, for it has been carried into the library and stuck in a bookcase; but when at last I have discovered it, I steal out into the garden.

Thank goodness neither Aunt Kate nor Sir Gordon is visible, and then the question presents itself—Where can I go to be safely hidden from them until the luncheon bell rings?

I finally conclude that I will seek refuge beside the miniature lake at the bottom of the pleasure grounds.

It is a particularly secluded spot, and is a favorite haunt of mine; but as Aunt Kate is not aware of this last fact, she is not very likely to look for me there, so thither I go, and seating myself beneath the spreading branches of a large ash tree, I open my book and am soon absorbed in its pages.

How long I am left in peace I do not know—probably for about an hour—and then I suddenly hear the sound of approaching footsteps, and, glancing up, I behold Sir Gordon.

'So I have found you at last,' he remarks coolly, and, without any more ado, he flings himself down upon the grass beside the log on which I am sitting.



Mother and Doctor Too

Until the doctor comes, and for minor ills and accidents, the mother must doctor her family. Tens of thousands of mothers have relied upon JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, and have found it always reliable. It is used both externally and internally and it is the remedy for inflammation from any cause. Used continually for 30 years as a household remedy, its sustained popularity and increasing use every year are the best possible testimonials to its curative powers.

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I remain mute and fix my eyes upon the novel in my lap.

But Sir Gordon is apparently one of those people who do not take hints, for he makes no movement to leave me.

On the contrary, he settles himself still more comfortably by my side, and proceeds to stare at me with the unflinching look of a marble statue.

For the space of three whole minutes I bear his gaze, then—

'I wish you would go away!' I exclaim crossly. 'I want to read.'

'Then why don't you read?' Sir Gordon asks calmly.

'How can I, while you are staring at me like a Chinese idol?' with a frown.

But Sir Gordon only laughs a low, amused laugh, and suddenly catches one of my hands in his.

With an almost frightened gasp, I endeavor to wrench it from him, but holds it fast.

Then, raising himself upon his elbow he looks me steadily in the face, with eyes which seem to pierce me through and through.

'How dare you?' I demand passionately. 'Let me go! Do you hear me?'

'Oh, yes, I hear you,' he answers.

'Then let me go this instant!'

'Why should I? You belong to me and I am here to claim you. In another month you will be my wife.'

'Yes, I belong to him!

The very wind, as it plays amongst the leaves of the tree against which I am leaning, seems to whisper that I am fast bound.

'Nilla, look at me!' Sir Gordon commands, after a minute's silence; and though I tell myself that I will not obey him, yet, in another moment I find that I am slowly, but none the less surely, raising my downcast eyes to his face. 'Do you think I love you?' he asks softly.

'No, I am sure you do not,' I answer with great promptitude.

'Then why am I going to marry you?'

'For my money, of course,' with a withering glance.

'It is false!' he exclaims hotly.

'It is not!' I retort with equal heat.

'I say it is! Listen—say, it is of no use struggling; I am stronger than you, and hear me you shall.'

'I will not,' and, with a quick movement, I jerk my wrist out of his clasp and spring to my feet.

But before I have taken two steps towards the house, Sir Gordon is once more by my side, his hand upon my arm.

'You are a foolish child,' he remarks quietly.

'And you are an unmanly coward,' I retort, anything but quietly.

But he only laughs, and, if possible, I feel more incensed than ever.

'It is indeed a fortunate thing for me that hard names break no bones,' he says lightly; 'but, remember this: for every unkind epithet you now bestow upon me, I will have revenge. When I was first told of the tie between us, I rebelled against it every bit as much as you can do, and would have severed it then and there, but, to please my father, I promised not to move in the matter until you were eighteen.

'As you are aware, I kept my promise, and you neither saw me nor heard from me until the morning of your eighteenth birthday, when your aunt received my letter, telling her I had just returned to England, and hoped to come down here and make your acquaintance. My determination still was to set you free; but, when your aunt answered my letter, she sent me your photograph. That photograph fixed your fate. Before your pictured face my determination melted away, and I swore that you should be mine. Instead of coming here to give you your liberty, I have come to cage you, my bonnie wild bird. Give you up! Set you free! A thousand times, no! I love you, with a love such as few women gain—with a love which will hold you as long as life itself shall last.'

'But I don't want your love. I—I won't have it!' I cry in scared, bewildered tones.

'Ah! but you can't get rid of it,' Sir Gordon returns, with a masterful smile, 'any more than you can get rid of me.'

'There is a moment's pause; then sinking his voice to the softest of whispers, he goes on—

'Little one, will you not come to me of your own free will? Heaven knows that I do not wish to be harsh with you; but, if you will not yield to me quietly, I must conquer you by sterner measures, even though I tear my own heart in twain during the process.'

'Oh! what shall I do? What can I do?'

With dazed frightened eyes I stand and gaze at him, my face growing whiter and whiter, my whole frame quivering with indignation and a something else which I cannot define.

Lewer yet Sir Gordon bends over me, and then, suddenly loosening his clasp of my arm, he snatches me to him with a strength which is almost painful, drawing my head down upon his breast.

'Oh, how I hate him!

A very volcano of hatred is seething within me, and though I do at last lapse into my physical forces are exhausted, not because my spirit is subdued.

'Ah! quiet at last,' Sir Gordon remarks coolly, when I have ceased struggling. 'You foolish child! What was the use of trying your strength against mine? And now, see what I have brought you'—and, holding me easily with one arm, he thrusts the other hand into his pocket, produces a small leather case, and, opening it, takes out a magnificent half hoop emerald ring. 'Well, do you like it?' he asks, as he slips it upon my finger. 'What I still obstinate?' as I do not answer. 'Never mind!'—with his calm, aggravating smile—'You foolish child! What was the use of trying your strength against mine? I shall receive a rich payment one of these days for all the aunts you are administering to me now,' and stooping, he lays his first kiss upon my lips.

'Let me go!' I cry, finding my voice at last; and slowly he unclasps his arms from about my shrinking form and steps back.

'Thank Heaven! I am free once more, and I turn and flee.

Not do I halt until I have reached the house and my own room, where I flung myself face downwards upon the bed, and burst into a paroxysm of angry, convulsive sobs.

CHAPTER III.

'Happy is the bride the sun shines on.' Many times in the course of my life I have both heard and repeated this well known saying, and how persistently does it ring through my brain now, as I stand in front of the flower decked altar of the quaint old church of Yerbury, beside the man who will so soon be my husband.

Am I going to be happy?

In the beautiful sunshine with which the church is filled an emblem of my future life?

I fear that is not, how far can I be happy tied to a man I thoroughly dislike and fear?

At last the solemn service comes to an end, the words are spoken which unite Gordon Alverstone and myself in indissoluble bonds until death do us part.

With trembling fingers I sign my maiden name for the last time, and even as I do, the white haired vicar addresses me by my new title.

Lady Alverstone!

How the name makes me start and flush. What an odd, unfamiliar ring there is about it!

And then I find myself walking down the aisle of the crowded church upon the arm of my newly made husband.

To me the wedding-breakfast is somewhat of an indiction, but it finally comes to an end, and, followed by Aunt Kate, I go upstairs to exchange my bridal finery for a dark-green cloth travelling dress.

Then, amidst a shower of rice and good wishes, to quote from the local press, we depart for London, Dover, and the Continent.

It is a long and wearisome journey from Yerbury to Dover, and I am more glad than tongue can tell when it comes to an end, and I find myself in one of the comfortable private sitting-rooms of the Lord Warden hotel.

'Tired, Nilla?' my husband inquires.

'Tired to death,' I answer, somewhat ungraciously.

'I am sorry, but you will feel better when—'

The rest of his sentence I am not destined to hear, for, at this moment, a waiter makes his appearance, bringing Gordon a telegram, which has been awaiting our arrival since the middle of the afternoon.

'Who in the world can it be from?' I ask curiously.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCER

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Sunday Reading.

HOW FISHERMAN LOVED HIM.

Elijah Kellogg Will be Missed by the Natives of Harpswell.

He ain't appreciated round here,' said a Harpswell fisherman, a few days ago, in referring to the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, who died in his Maine home a week ago.

'Why I'll bet he has preached what we call his 'ship' sermons more than a hundred times by request of the summer-folks. Every one who has heard it tells their friends and when the friends come down next summer, the first thing they do is to ask Uncle Kellogg for that sermon.

'I have known Uncle Kellogg to get \$40 or \$50 on a Sunday. And just so sure as he gets it, over it goes to the people. He never knows how it is to keep a cent for himself. He has no more idea or appreciation of money than a child two years old.

'The poor fisher people who go up on the hill to the Congregational church to hear him preach Sundays may not be able to appreciate all the eloquent places in those sermons of his, but you bet they understand him when he comes plodding along with five or ten dollars in his fist and tells 'em to get out and buy some warm flannels or some flour or some other things that they need.

'The people down in Harpswell know that he has written some books and all that. But when they see him coming along the road or entering their homes, they think of him only as Uncle Kellogg, the parson who has been so good to them all their lives, patient with ignorance and forbearing at all times.

'Why he preached the funeral sermon over my grandfather. This spring some of the great-grandsons of his first parishioners helped him plant his garden. All the time he has lived here he has worked faithfully six days of the week, as well as the rest of us, and every Sunday he has preached. He has never asked us for money. We have done what we could, and helped him all we could. When he built the house, 40 years ago, where he now lives, all his neighbors turned out and helped.

'Every year we have got up a donation party for him. It's about the only way we can force things on him—things that he really needs for his comfort. He is tickled to death to have us come and take possession of the house, but he doesn't care a snap for the things we bring. If we didn't make the housekeeper hide everything he'd distribute most of it round among the poor people inside of a week.

I tell you what, the young folks like to go up to Uncle Kellogg's to be married. He makes the most fun you ever saw in your life. When he prays for your happiness and says that he married your mother and father and has always watched over your family and has prayed for you all these years, you can't help having the tears come to your eyes. But five minutes after, he is making you laugh with the funny things he says and does. Lots of the young folks went up with me when I was married and Uncle Kellogg led all the skylarking. He could run up stairs about as fast as any of them.

'There's one thing about the stories that Uncle Kellogg writes—he always gets everything right when he writes about the sea. He is a sailor himself and when he tells about working a ship in a storm or about managing a dory in a squall, you can use what he writes for a sailor's guide. I have read Clark Russell and Marryatt and Dana's 'Before the Mast,' but I must say Uncle Kellogg gets it nearer from a sailor's point of view than any of them.'

ous,' he modestly admitted. 'Besides I had a 'hunch' when I went to church last Sunday and heard a sermon setting forth the duty of those who have money toward those who have not. For two or three days I was liberal with the class of fellows who want help to get a bed and then a beer, but became so well known and so popular as a 'mark' that I abandoned that line of charity.

'I felt just like a good Samaritan when a widow with several children called upon me for 'temporary' assistance. I gathered the fact that she was renting an expensive residence and that she was making strenuous efforts to keep the wolf from the door, but here was a chance to carry out my good resolves. When she told me that there was no food in the house I sent her right home so that she might be there when the delivery wagon arrived. I called a grocer and gave a big order, covering everything in that line to stock a household that I could think of, and ordered the goods sent at once.

'Now grocers send out their waggons at regular hours and cannot always deliver on call, and this one could not send the things at once. That wouldn't do me at all, so I rang off and called another, going over the same list and being told of the same necessity for delay, I growled and dealt in the same way with four others before finding the one I was after.

'I went in the afternoon to see how my words prospered. The beaming widow took me to the cellar, sounding my praises at every step. I like to have had a spell, for there was enough groceries there to stock a commission house. Every order had been filled, and I remembered that I had not cancelled any of them. What could a fellow do, and the widow looking at him as though he were a delivering angel? But you can bet that the effects of that sermon have all gone.'

Tired of Life.

Some six years ago New York society was startled by the disappearance of three of its most popular members. Leaders of cotillions, hunters, yachtsmen, always riding the top wave of good fellowship, indispensable and rich, they wielded an influence—whether for good or bad—that they realized. But one day their world knew them no more.

It soon came out that these men, weary of the vacuity of their existence, had joined a brotherhood, and had chosen immurement and contemplation for the rest of their lives.

Only the other day another young man disappeared from the world that knew and loved him. The son of one of our leading statesmen, educated in two different professions, in early manhood he conceived a distaste for society as at present constituted. The passion for frivolity, the madness for amusement, the shallowness of the hearts of those who spent their best hours in plotting for preferment—those conditions, so common to our great human centers, were too much for the young man. He resigned from life as one resigns from a college or from a board of trustees and entered a monastery.

On the other hand, a great man lately passed away in Chicago. He was not great because he was one of the richest merchants in the West, and had the power of life or starvation over thousands of employees whom he had never seen; but because, under the strain of feverish competition, this man held his ideals high and kept his hands unsoiled.

'My influence and wealth,' he used to say, 'will all be placed on the right side of the scale.' He was a man as much in the world as any one could well be, but he was not of the world. His aim was not wealth, but Heaven. His last words were: 'Read me the Lord's Prayer.'

The two types are ever with us. The one, when he comes to his better self, seeks the solitary cell, there to live uncontaminated by this world, and to feast his mind on the peace and purity of the next. The other, when the scales of sin drop from his eyes, rushes into life with a new purpose and a new power. He meets the conditions as they are; and by the purity of his character, the nobility of his purpose, does the best he can, and is not discouraged when he cannot reform the world at once.

Wherever he goes he leaves a sweet savor behind him, and men's faith becomes stronger for knowing that he is near them.

An Old Song.

George P. Morris, who was an associate of Nathaniel P. Willis in journalism sixty years ago, wrote the words of the once famous song, 'Woodman, Spare that Tree.' The music was composed by an Englishman, Henry Russell, who sang it in America and in Europe. In 'Our Familiar Songs and Their Authors' an account of how that song came to be written is given in Morris's own words. In spite of its somewhat sentimental style, a style characteristic of the period the narrative may be of interest to the present generation.

Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prosperity a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

'Your object?' inquired I.

'Merely to look once more at the old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's.'

'The place is yours, then?' said I.

'No, my mother sold it—and I observed a slight tremor of the lip at the recollection. 'Dear mother!' resumed my companion. 'We passed many, many happy days in that old cottage, but it is nothing to me now. Father, mother, sisters, cottage, all are gone!'

After a moment's pause he added: 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out this way but I turn down this old lane to look at the old tree. I have a thousands recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer time it was a friend, indeed. Its leaves are all of now, so you won't see it to advantage, but I like it full as well in the winter time.'

These words were scarcely uttered when my companion cried out: 'There it is!'

Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an ax. He was the occupant of the cottage.

'What do you intend doing?' asked my friend in great anxiety.

'What is that to you?' was the blunt reply.

'You are not going to cut the tree down, surely.'

'Yes, I am, though, said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion.

'What for? Why, because I think it proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy—it stands too near the house. It renders us liable to fever and ague.'

'Who told you that?'

'Doctor S.'

'Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?'

'Yes, I am getting old, the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to burn.'

He was soon convinced, however, that the story about fever and ague was a mere action for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighborhood, and was then asked what the tree was worth for firewood.

'Why, when it's down about ten dollars.'

'Suppose I make you a present of that amount, will you let it stand?'

'Yes.'

'You are sure of that?'

'Positive.'

'Then give me a bond to that effect.'

Morris drew up the bond, it was witnessed by the woodman's daughter, the money was paid, and Morris and his companion left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a young Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived.

Brigandage in Italy.

On the word of Marion Crawford Americans may travel in Italy with no peculiar misgivings lest they be suddenly confronted by brigands and carried away to some recess in the mountains. Mr. Crawford says that the Italian government has absolutely suppressed brigandage, so that a foreigner can go from end to end of the mountain in safety.

Not that there are no limitations to the safety of a foreigner's purse and his person. If he were to wander out at night into the suburbs of cities like Palermo, he might be robbed, just as he might be in the suburbs of New York, or any other large city; but in general, if he were twenty miles from a large city he would be comparatively safe. Now and then a couple of peasants perhaps driven to desperation by hunger, stop a traveller on the road in the evening and demand money, but there are no organized bands of robbers.

In Sicily the case is somewhat different. The government has not been able to suppress brigandage in that island because the people will not help to reveal the hiding-places of the robbers.

certainly of the thing has caused them to give it up.

If you were travelling, through Sicily in the evening, and met a bandit, he might very likely tell you that you would be better off somewhere else. At the worst, if he were very poor, he might ask you to lend him five dollars, and tell you that if he had an opportunity he would return it. And if he had the opportunity he certainly would return it.

A foreigner, even if he be unable to speak the language, is in no particular danger of being robbed. Among themselves the Sicilians quarrel readily, and when roused by jealousy or hatred or anger they are likely to fight with pistols or knives. They shoot on as little provocation as man used to require in the Western camps and pioneer towns of America. Then the slayer flees to the woods or the mountains, his relatives keep him supplied with food, and he remains in hiding until he can escape to South America.

TOOK OFF THE LOCK EAR'S OBEW.

Captain Marsters' Watch a Memento of the Ville du Havre Disaster.

At 83 Halsey street, Brooklyn, there lives as fine a type of the old time deep-sea skipper as is to be found in Greater New York. In addition to many voyages to remote lands on the other side of the globe, he has made something like one hundred and thirty passages between American and European ports. On the inside of a fine gold hunting case watch which he carries and of which he is very proud is this inscription.

Presented to Capt. Robert H. Marsters ship British Queen of Windsor, N. S., by the owners of the ship Loch Earn of Glasgow, for his gallant and humane conduct in rescuing the crew and passengers of that vessel when foundering in the Atlantic the 28th of November, 1873.

The New York Sun recently published a new version of the rescue by the ship Trimountain of eighty-five passengers of the French liner Ville du Havre, which was sunk in collision with the Loch Earn in mid Atlantic in the latter part of November, 1873, with the loss of nearly two hundred lives. The Loch Earn was so badly injured that she sank a few days later after the Brt Queen had taken off her crew of thirty-one men and three passengers, whom she had rescued from the French liner.

The story said that Capt Urquhart of the ship Trimountain was out of his course, because he was in search of a mysterious, uncharted rock supposed to be somewhere in that part of the Atlantic. When Capt. Marsters landed the Ville du Havre passengers and the officers and crew of the Loch Earn at Plymouth, England, it was reported that he was in the waters where he found the sinking ship, because he, too, was on a rock hunting expedition.

'Yes,' said Capt Marsters in his Brooklyn home the other evening, 'they said that of me and that I was crazy and all sorts of things. Yet it was a very simple matter that brought me where I found the Earn.'

'We had been bucking against a terrific gale of wind for several days and I steered to the southward to ease the vessel off a bit. That is all the mystery there was in my being in latitude 48:10 and longitude 36:20 on the 28 of November, and very glad I am I got there. The Earn could have kept above the water but a little time when we found her. She was right in the track of vessels but she was never sighted nor heard from again after we sank her below the horizon. But we had taken every living thing off from her except the rats. We even saved two cats and a dog besides the thirty four human beings.'

'It was just after dawn that we made out the Loch Earn with her distress signals flying. The gale had died down but I knew that it was only a lull and that another gale would be on us soon. There was a very heavy sea running when we bore down upon the Earn.'

'Her captain was a plucky fellow. The bows of his vessel were all out off, but he did not want to give her up even then. He asked me to stand by until he made sail to see what he could do. I told him that the barometer was falling rapidly, that it was only a lull between the gales, and that if he was going to transfer he must do it there and then. So he consented and we sent our boats and got everybody on board including dog and cat, without accident of any kind, although it was heavy work in the big sea that was running.'

'When off the Eddystone Light we transferred all of those we had taken from the Earn to a Plymouth pilot boat and they

were landed in Plymouth. I was bound from Philadelphia to Antwerp. We had head winds after landing our shipwrecked passengers, and it was some time before we got to Antwerp.

'When I did arrive there, however, I heard that the landing of the Earn and Ville du Havre people had made quite a stir. Soon after the English Consul at Antwerp gave me the watch on behalf of the owners of the Earn.'

'You had to board those thirty-four people on your ship for some time,' the reporter said. 'How is it about charges in such cases?'

'The British Board of Trade provides for that. You have only to put in your bill, and it will be paid. I was entitled to about \$475. But it seemed to me always a mean and petty thing to charge for such a thing as that. The British consul at Antwerp told me to make out my bill and he would attend to it. I told him that there was no bill to be made out and that I would take no money if it were offered to me, and I didn't take any.'

'When I returned to Philadelphia I met Mr. Bennet Smith of Windsor, N. S. the principal owner of the vessel, and he not only approved my course in this respect, but made a general rule to apply to all the thirty vessels of his company that no more money was ever to be taken for the support of people picked up at sea while they were on the company's ships. That is the way it should be.'

Baron Steuben's Namesake.

Baron Steuben, the bluff old soldier of the Revolution, was greatly beloved by his men. He was called everywhere 'The Baron,' and to one woman, who came to him asking for permission to name her child for him, he said, 'And what will you call him?' 'For, like all titled personages, he had a profusion of proper names.'

'Why,' said the woman, 'I'll call him Baron.'

Baron he was, and so were the other namesakes. Indeed, when the old soldier was urged to lay aside his title, in the enthusiasm of the French Revolution, he answered that it would be of no use. There were too many Baron Steubens in existence.

One full-grown namesake he acquired under peculiar circumstances. When he was one day inspecting a Connecticut regiment, he found a fine-looking sergeant, named Jonathan Arnold. The baron had been one of the court which had unwillingly condemned Andre, and he detested the 'wretch who drew him to death.' So he advised the man to change his name.

'But what name shall I take?' cried Arnold.

'Any name you please,' answered the baron.

'Take mine. It's at your service.' So Jonathan Arnold duly became Jonathan Steuben, and under that name fought bravely and well. When he returned to his Connecticut home, after the war, he married, and his son was named after the old soldier, 'Frederick William.' To him Baron Steuben willed a farm, and Frederick William Steuben, a good soldier in the War of 1812, died in the service.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Doctor Burgess, Supt. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of 'The D. & L.' Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

For value received: Jack—That's a fine dog you have, Jim. Do you want to sell him? Jim—I'll sell him for \$10. Jack—Is he intelligent? Jim (with emphasis)—Intelligent? Why that dog knows as much as I do. Jack—You don't say so? Well, I'll give you half a dollar for him, Jim.

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, coughs and colds, all quickly cured by Fny-Balsam. It has no equal. Acts promptly soothes, heals and cures. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

In the hunting season: Lady (in poultry-ter's shop)—You can put aside half a dozen of your plumpest partridges. Poultry-ter—Yes, ma'am. Shall I send them at once? Lady—No, my husband is out shooting partridges today, and he will call for them this evening.

A BUILDER—ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?—'The D. & L.' Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

A kitchen romance: Lady—What do you think? I have a servant who gets up in the morning without being called. Chorus of voices—Impossible! Lady—But it's true; she's in love with the milkman!

AT ALL TIMES OF YEAR Pain-Killer will be found a special household remedy. Cures cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE 25c. In case direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Treats for Ulcers, cleans the bladder, stops droppings in the urine, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. BOTTLES 25c. Dealers, Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and London.

and Too

...and for milder... the mother must... Tens of thous... have relied upon... ANODYNE LINI... ve found it always... and both externally... and it is the remedy... from any cause... for 90 years as a... its sustained popu... use every year... testimonials to

n's IT

...has, cholera mor... cough, croup... and pain and... hotness, &c. and the... Ak first... Boston, Mass.

...frightened eyes I stand... face growing whiter and... frame quivering with in... something else which I

...Gordon bends over me... only loosening his clasp of... catches me to him with a... is almost painful, drawing... upon his breast.

...to him!

...of hatred is seething... though I do at last lic pas... arms, it is merely because... are exhausted, not be... subdued.

...at last, Sir Gordon remarks... have ceased struggling... did! What was the use of... nght against mine? And... I have brought you—and... ly with one arm, he thrusts... into his pocket, produces a... case, and, opening it, takes... cent half hoop emerald... do you like it?' he asks... upon my finger. 'What!... as I do not answer. 'Never... calm, aggravating smile—... me happy before long. I... ich payment one of these... eads you are administer... and stooping, he lays his... y lips.

...I cry, finding my voice at... he unclasps his arms from... ining form and steps back... n I am free once more,...

...until I have reached the... own room, where I flung... wards upon the bed, and... oxym of angry, convulsive

CHAPTER III.

...the sun shines on.'... in the course of my life I... and repeated this well... and how persistently does... my brain now, as I stand... lower decked alter of the... of Yerbury, beside the... soon be my husband.

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...d wearisome journey from... ver, and I am more glad... tell when it comes to an... myself in one of the com... mitting-rooms of the Lord

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...world can it be from? I

...ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

...ER

A Brief Disappearance

'Cronkite,' said Judge Marcellus one day, 'my old client, Thomas Blount, is deeply distressed about his wife?'

'His young wife, sir?'

'Yes, his young wife,' repeated the Judge impatiently, 'but that is beside the question. She is a good, true woman, sincerely attached to her husband, who raised her from the daily struggle for bread of a copyist to affluence, while her happiness is now the one ambition of his life. Hence, seeing her consumed by a secret grief, which, so far from explaining, she denies, he is distressed and comes to me for advice and assistance.'

'She must say something.'

'Oh, yes; she belittles his anxiety by saying that she is run down and nervous; but when he goes to her physician, the best in the land, they ask, 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?'

'And yet every motive of gratitude and affection should cause such a woman as you say she is to confide in such a husband.'

'True; unless those very motives induce her silence. Mr. Blount believes, and I agree with him, that she is convinced that the trouble, whatever it is, would affect him more than her failing health can; and so he persists in silence. Now, he is determined to help her even against herself.'

'You lawyers say,' he said to me, 'that every wrong has its remedy. Find out, then, this wrong for me and remedy it. For such a purpose money is absolutely no object. The world, I know, is full of wicked people who prey on the good, sometimes converting their holiest feelings into weapons against them. If such be the case, pay the price and end it. I want no publicity, no punishment, no information even; it could not reassure me; it could not disillusion me. I want the happiness of my home restored; and that happiness is dependent on my dear wife's peace of mind.'

'Such are his instructions, Abe. I don't say whether I consider them foolish or not. But his connection with our firm is so important that they must be carried out; so the sooner you get the work the better.'

And then, after learning the few details of Mrs. Blount's past, which her husband had been able to give to the Judge, the detective set out on his mission. A week later he returned to report progress.

'After a quiet investigation here,' he began, 'I went over to Mayfield, where Mrs. Blount worked as a copyist when her husband first met her. That was about three years ago. Her name then was Estelle Sanger. I soon learned that the only mail she received in the very secluded life she led was postmarked Alvadene; so thither I proceeded. It is unnecessary to make a long story out of what was after all mere commonplace inquiry. There is no doubt that at the time of her meeting Mr. Blount she was a married woman, and that her husband's name was Albert Chidsey.'

'But he, her former husband, he was, he is dead?' asked the judge excitedly.

'Yes, in a way,' replied Cronkite, slowly. 'You must, if you reflect a moment, recall the Chidsey case. He was tried and convicted for the murder of his uncle, Reuben Chidsey, and is now undergoing imprisonment for life.'

'Ah, I see,' exclaimed the judge. 'That relieves her from bigamy at all events; since conviction of murder in the second degree freed her from him absolutely as death. After all, she is not so culpable; a poor young woman with such a disgrace attached through no fault of her own. You learned nothing to her discredit?'

'No, indeed. Every one in either place with whom I spoke described her in your words as a good, true woman. I have found no reason to dispute it.'

'She met Mr. Blount naturally,' the judge went on. 'He came across her in a business way; was struck with her appearance. He sought her out, wooed her, married her; from first to last rather against her inclination. Up to a month ago she has been unfeignedly happy with him. Evidently, then, it is not her venial fault of concealment that has wrought this change. But what else can it be? Her former husband is as safe in prison as in his grave. Let me see; let me see. You didn't hear, did you, Abe, of any efforts being made to pardon him?'

'On the contrary, it is generally thought that he got off luckily. There is no public interest in his behalf.'

'But I can't imagine—'

'Follow it up, sir,' interrupted Cronkite, eagerly. 'I'm sure you've got hold of the right idea. That's just the way I began to

figure. Let's see if it won't lead you to the same possible solution.'

'Admitting her blameless life, her domestic happiness,' reflected the Judge, 'the natural inference must be that fear of her secret's being divulged is the source of her sorrow. Can it be that some blackmailer has discovered her and is blessing her?'

'No,' replied the detective, decidedly. 'I looked into that phase, the first thing. She has received no strange letter, she has met no strange person. Besides, under our reading of her character, blackmail is not an adequate cause. We agree that she is silent on Mr. Blount's account. Now, would her confession of the circumstances which caused her to marry under an assumed name and condition be such an awful lasting shock to him? I doubt it. The case is forgotten; the first husband safely immured. Probably during courtship Mr. Blount assured her that he did not wish to know of her former life. Hence, I say, she would confess rather than be coerced by any stranger; they would quickly come to an understanding, and the unpleasant episode be put aside forever, if not forgotten.'

'But the appearance of Chidsey on the scene is a far different matter. Women have but a shadowy idea of the law. She might believe that his pardon or vindication would restore him as her husband, break up her happy home, and drive out into the darkness of despair the one who has so tenderly loved her, at the same time exposing him to the ceaseless exactions of an unworthy Enoch Arden. There is an adequate cause. Sir; and, in the circumstances, I believe, the only adequate cause.'

'Vindication, vindication?' repeated the judge, clinging to the one word which had impressed him. 'Vindication implies proof of Chidsey's innocence. Who, then, would have any such knowledge? You say that no efforts have been made for a pardon; that is general acquiescence in the mercy of his sentence?'

'Exactly, sir; but suppose that she alone has the proof; suppose that she alone knows something that will establish his innocence and release him; something lately discovered, if you will, neglected, hidden in that past which she shuns. What then?'

'My God, it must be so!' cried the judge. 'No wonder the poor creature is wasting away. She is on the horns of a horrible dilemma, bound in all good conscience to see that justice is done; and yet with every tender emotion pleading that Blount should be protected from mortifications, persecutions, agonies, which we cannot foresee. Remember, she knows the man; knows how stout or frail a barrier his nature would oppose to the boundless temptations of such a situation. Tell me, Cronkite, what sort of a reputation had Chidsey at his home town?'

'The very worst, sir, for a cold-blooded, greedy villain. He is known to have been cruel to his young wife, while the uncle, whom it is supposed he murdered for the sake of a small property, had brought him up and even then was giving them a home and supporting them. You see it was this way. Reuben Chidsey, who had been out of health and very low-spirited, was found dead in his bed, with a glass by his side, containing traces of poison. It was taken for granted, at first, that he had committed suicide; but little by little circumstances came out, rendering such a theory untenable.'

'For instance, the autopsy showed that he must have died shortly after the time he retired; while the effects of the poison are so slow that the quantity he had taken must have been in his system for several hours before death. Reckoning this time back, he was found to have been then in the company of his nephew, who had almost forced a drink upon him, which he had pronounced strangely disagreeable. Then it was discovered that Albert Chidsey had had some of this poison in his possession, and arrest and trial followed.'

'Where was Mrs. Blount at the time this tragedy occurred?'

'It was she who had discovered the body, sir, and the shock was so great as to throw her into brain fever, from which she didn't recover until after the trial was over. She never saw Albert again. He made great assertions that he could prove by her old Reuben's suicidal tendencies, but there was no motion for delay when the case was called, no attempt to take her evidence by deposition. The story prevails at Alvadene, without any definite source, that while the case for the people was not over strong

the District attorney had in his possession certain proof which would render nugatory any attempt of the defence to bolster itself up with Mrs. Blount's supposed knowledge, and that a compromise was at length quietly effected by which the defence made no serious fight on this phrase of the case, in return for which the prosecution did not oppose the evident drift toward a verdict in the second degree, which the lack of any direct testimony as to the administration of the poison seemed to justify. In a word, sir, it was considered a compromise verdict and that is why I told you that the general impression was that Chidsey got off luckily.'

'If there was any such arrangement, why didn't you have a talk with the District Attorney?' asked the Judge.

'He is dead, sir.'

'Ah; and of course Chidsey's lawyer would refuse any information which might militate against his release. Well, Abe, your solution seems to stand the test, but I don't see that we are any better off for it. With such a fixed idea, Mrs. Blount will either worry herself to death or yield to her conscience. There is nothing money can do; nothing that will save my old client—'

'Nothing,' interrupted Cronkite, 'unless Mrs. Blount can be made to realize that she has been deceiving herself.'

'I catch your idea,' cried the judge hopefully. 'You say that the proof on which Chidsey first relied and which he afterwards repudiated, must have been facetious. Likely enough; but how can we convince her? The information must come naturally, from a direct source, without a suspicion of our cooperation.'

'Chidsey has now been in prison,' explained the detective, 'for a period long enough to convert a man of his evil nature, unassisted, too, by any intellectual resources, into a typical convict. A main characteristic of the typical convict is vanity; he can't refrain from boasting to his mates, even in despite of his better judgement. Suppose, then, that Mrs. Blount should overhear a man like Shorty, the head hallman, for instance, of whom I have often told you, relating as a mere matter of prison gossip what Chidsey says about his case?'

'It can be, it must be arranged,' broke in the Judge eagerly.

'Shorty comes out in about a week, I hear,' continued Cronkite, 'now if we can only keep her from acting prematurely.'

'Her first step would be to confess to Blount,' suggested the Judge, 'and that I can obviate by sending him out of town for a few days.'

'That is prudent precaution,' assented the detective, 'and I on my part, will attend to the other danger I fear, which is that she may conclude to disappear—become once more the wife of the convicted murderer Chidsey, and in that capacity advocate his pardon—thus saving Mr. Blount from any possible knowledge of her first husband. I think we have covered the ground pretty well, sir, and having done our best can leave the rest to the hand of Providence—a hand that often holds the joker in detecting us.'

One evening a week later, a closely veiled plainly dressed young woman crept out of the side entrance of Mr. Blount's handsome residence, and after pausing disconsolately on the threshold like Eve outside paradise, entered a cross-town car which took her over into the vast East Side, so mysterious, so unknown to the residents of the wealthy district she had left behind. She proceeded quickly and resolutely after she had alighted until she came to one of those obscure lodging houses, which scattered here and there, together constitute the modern city of refuge. She evidently had made her simple arrangements in advance, for obtaining a key from the women in charge, she went up the stairs to a room sparsely furnished but whose unusual cleanliness bespoke the express directions of a lady.

This young woman had plainly determined to waste no time in homesickness or vain regrets. She took from her reticule certain modest writing materials; she drew from her bosom a folded paper and read over its message again and again, though she shuddered as she did so. Then, as she seated herself at the rickety table, pen in hand, from the adjoining room, through the thin partition, there came voices, mentioning a name, which held her fixed and enraptured, the very personification of suspense.

'Cert'nly, Abe,' said Shorty, the perennial head hallman, 'anny thin' to oblige. I know you're square and I kin talk free with you; so go ahead with your inquisition about Albekt Chidsey.'

'I simply want to know what he has to say about his case,' explained Cronkite. 'I mean him no harm.'

'You can't harm a lifer,' asserted the other doggedly; 'he's as exempt from trouble as old Metusally himself.'

'Unless he happens to be innocent!'

ventured Cronkite.

'Innocent, nothin,' retorted Shorty; 'he scoffed his uncle, all right all right; I've heard him tell all about it a t'ousand time. You know how it is up at the old soup house. Abe; the longer the term, the softer the graft. Naturally, thin Chidsey has the choicest cell in Bankers' row pick of 'ospital returns, and the freedom of the hall until the 9 o'clock gong strikes. Why, he's as fat and healthy as a holiday capon afore the eatun, with nothin' on his mind except to square himself with the push as a deam game lag.'

'You jest orter hear him tall, Abe, of how he had iverythin' cut and dried to get off scot free. The idea wasn't a bad one; it was to have his wife, a reg'lar same-singer, Abe, with the respect of ivery one, find a note written to herself by old Chidsey, who it seems was very fond of her, sayin' as how he was troo with life and a goin' to poison himself. This was to be pointed so she wud come across it accerdentally perdue it, as wud be her juty in court, and git him off a kitin.'

'Well, it seems, Albert Chidsey prepared this note all right, and hid it in a proper place but like ivery odder smarty queered himself for all that. The beaks got hold of some specimens of his writing, whin he was teachin' himself to imitate the old man's hand; and so whin his trile came on and he wanted to set about his wife findin' it all right, what does the District Attorney do but notifies his lawyer that anny attempt to prove suicide wud slip up in a noose and no mistake; and so, in the ind, Chidsey got life, and has been t'ankin' his stars iver since, the invied of all beholders.'

'My God, Abe, what's that; you ain't springin' no game on me, are you?' cried Shorty, breaking off abruptly, as his trained vigilance caught the sounds of a sob, the closing of a door and feet, soft steps in the hallway and down the stairs!

Abe Cronkite smiled, as he reassured his frightened companion, blotting the incident from his mind with an astonishing gratuity, for he recognized in the sounds the agitated yet joyous homeward flight of one to whom good tidings had unexpectedly come.

The Hotel Sandwich.

How dear to our hearts are the things of our childhood, as fond recollection presents them to view. The relics of past generations still linger along with the modern, the strange and the new. The oldest of all is the dry hotel sandwich, its dust covered sides still held firmly with glue; its battered old top so suggestive of granite and the dark strip of ham that our forefathers knew. The ages may pass and the dynasties crumble; the earth may dissolve in a whirlwind of flame; the sky may roll up as a scroll and then vanish, but the old hotel sandwich is ever the same. The hoary old sandwich, the petrified sandwich, the pleiocene sandwich is ever the same.

Each Sunday its place is an honored one surely, for thousands rush up and demand it in view. They sit 'round the table where still it reposes and gaze at the sandwich our forefathers knew. Though paroled dry with thirst and all craving refreshment (a liquid refreshment forbidden by law), they must reverently wait on the sandwich, the same weary sandwich that past ages saw. While stern police rules call for dinners of courses, or lost semicolons make laws void or lame, our old friend the sandwich is not at all bashful. The chances are, still, it will stay in the game. The hoary old sandwich, the petrified sandwich, the pleiocene sandwich is ever the same.

A Fearful Struggle.

'There goes a man who is having a fearful struggle with his appetite.'

'What, that clear-cut, healthy-looking chap over there?'

'That's the one.'

'Why, he doesn't look like a slave to any appetite.'

'He is, though; and he's having an awful time of it. He grinds his teeth, and succeeds in subduing it for a whole day, maybe, but the very next it conquers him, and he's just as bad off as ever.'

'What is it—whiskey?'

'Oh no! He never drinks.'

'Morphine?'

'No indeed.'

'Well, what is it that has such a hold on him?'

'His appetite, I told you.'

'For food?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, what's the matter with it? Why has he any struggle over it?'

'Why, he says that if he could only go without eating for about a month he could get the girl he's engaged to an Easter present as elaborate as she expects.'

A Little Stronger Than Usual.

'One day back in Detroit,' remarked a man from Omaha, 'I accidentally left some aqua fortis in a glass and soon afterward was horrified to find the glass empty. I

inquired as to what had become of it, and some of the boys in the store said that Bill Webster—a tough old set who dropped in on us occasionally—had just gone out, and maybe he had drunk it, supposing it to be liquor. In a short time he came in and I said:

'Bill, did you drink that stuff in the glass on my table?'

'He said he did, and I then told him that he had drunk poison, and that he'd be a dead man in five minutes.'

'Oh, I reckon not,' said Bill, 'but I knowed it was somethin' a little stronger than I'd been a-havin', for every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my handkercher.'

Eyes and Nose ran Water.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents.—17

'Her rich old uncle isn't a bit nice to her, is he?'

'Nice! He's horrid! Why, he threatens her awfully.'

'Threatens her?'

'Yes, threatens to leave all his money to a hospital for asthmatic cats.'

When Rheumatism doubles a man up physician and sufferer alike lose heart and often despair of a cure, but here's the exception. Wm. Pegg, of Norwich, Ont., says: "I was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I got three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and they cured me. It's the quickest acting medicine I ever saw."—18

'Bilkins' wife found some poker chips in his pocket.'

'Yes?'

'Well, Bilkins told her they were cough lozengers.'

'Clever of Bilkins, wasn't it?'

'Very—the swallowed two and very nearly died.'

Heart relief in half an hour.—A lady in New York State, writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: "I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it."—19

Knew his business: Hostess—Dear me the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests? Host—I don't know, unless we leave the drawing room for a few minutes, and give them a chance to talk about us.

Death or lunacy seemed the only alternative for a well-known and highly respected lady of Wingham, Ont., who had travelled over two continents in a vain search for a cure for nervous debility and dyspepsia. A friend recommended South American Nerve. One bottle helped, six bottles cured, and her own written testimony closes with these words: "It has saved my life."—20

Born lucky: Bilks—Lucky man, that fellow Jones.

Winks—I don't see how you make it. Blinks—Why, he took out the life insurance policy for \$5,000, and died six days before the company failed.

Never Worry.—Take them and go about your business—they do their work whilst you are doing yours. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are system renovators, blood purifiers and builders; every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them. 40 doses in a vial, 10 cents.—21

A schoolmistress in New York wants a divorce because her husband will not talk to her. Those who have, in their younger days, attempted to 'sass back' the teacher, may know how the poor man has felt all along.

South American Kidney Cure is the only kidney treatment that has proven equal to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative merits of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of the bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay.—22

Ann Gehwah (of Hay Corner). 'Jist think of it, Jeshway! them city wimmin git a noo bonnet every Easter! Uncle Gehwah (soothingly). Well, M'riah, you git a noo bonnet about every three or four years yourself!'

Piles cured in 3 to 6 nights.—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Piles, or Blind, Bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence, 35 cents.—23

Mrs. Lañ—'What has become of Mr. Clay? Mr. Rand—'He has taken employment in a powder mill for six months.' 'How strange! 'Nat at all. He wished to break himself of smoking.'

To Starve is a Fallacy.—The dictum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Sta's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach troubles. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—24

Uncle Josh—'Mean to tall me that when I sit in a draft an' git cold, that cold is caused by microbes? Uncle Silas—'Of course! It's caused by microbes that like to sit in a draft.'

Cha

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In pretty foulard gown which matches silk. This is with rosettes of the front states, and falling ending in fl another mid confined at t

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Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

In pretty touch on some of the new foulard gowns is a mousseline de soie scarf which matches the prevailing colors in the silk. This is used in scarf ends beginning with rosettes of mousseline at either side of the front where the lace collar terminates, and falling well down on the skirt, ending in flat rosettes, of which there is another midway between. The scarf is confined at the waist line by the belt.

Art buckles, buttons and brooches are very much in evidence.

Taffeta and velvet ribbons formed into various lace-like designs are cleverly stitched in all over roses on cloth gowns.

A novel idea for a foulard gown with a lace vest is an outer vest at either side, made of white taffeta silk embroidered in colored polka dots and finished down either edge with handsome silver buttons. It opens enough to show the lace down the front, shapes out round a little below the collar band, and ends in the shoulder seam and a little above the belt where it rounds off. The foulard bodice is finished with a lace bertha around the shoulders.

Some of the prettiest sleeves show the under sleeve effect only at the elbows, where the sleeve is slashed and filled in with a lace or mousseline puff. Below this, as well as above, the sleeve fits closely, shaping down in a little cuff which fits over the hand. The straight-around wrist-band has lost some of its popularity and instead there is a shaped band with the becoming flare.

A very stunning outing hat for summer shows a felt crown and a straw brim, both white and trimmed with a soft Persian silk scarf.

Something very effective for long curtains is a moire cloth which comes in bright, but not garish colors.

Accordion plaques maslin in any of the delicate colors makes a pretty lamp shade; mounted upon cardboard and tied around at the top with a satin ribbon. This is especially suitable for the summer cottage.

Fancy boas are one of the season's fads and show great variety. A novel combination is a ruche of plaited white chiffon with loops of white satin ribbon and lace insertion. Long scarf ends are finished with frills of ribbon and insertion.

Travelling dust coats of black taffeta have a place in the fashionable summer outfit. The prettiest are tucked nearly all over, but the tucks add weight and warmth neither of which is desirable.

Point of Arabe laces in the ecru shades, are very popular for dress trimmings.

One Woman's Chat.

We hear people speak of imported gowns as if there were none like those. If you should visit the best New York houses that import gowns, you would probably not find a single gown which you would be willing to wear until it had become adapted to your ideas. That is what hundreds of so-called imported gowns are—adaptations from imported models, made to conform to American ideas, but called imported gowns.

Blue and red will be fashionable again this spring. A blue serge is trimmed with red silk, but a fine red cloth would give a better effect than the silk for its color would be clearer. There is very little of the color on the skirt. If for an outing dress the coat has red collar and revers, or a flat, fitted band of the red if collarless, and the skirt has its hem and seams stitched with red.

The conversation which takes place at the table during meal time could be made of great educational value as well as interesting to all, were an intelligent discussion of current events to take the place of the usual gossip. As these topics are now taken up in nearly every schoolroom the plan would offer an excellent opportunity to the children as well as to the feminine portion of the household, whose views on many subjects with which they should be familiar are sometimes far from being so.

A Savoy sponge is considered in England an especially dainty dessert. Beat lightly the yolks of three eggs, add four tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonsful of cornstarch and a pinch

of salt, beating the mixture until smooth. Then add the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff broth. Pour the mixture into a buttered mold, the inside of which should be covered with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

Chemists tell us that cheese is one of the most nutritious and, at the same time, one of the cheapest of foods. Its nutritive value is greater than meat, while its cost is much less. But this chemical aspect of the matter does not express the real value of the cheese as a food. Cheese is eaten, not because of its nutritive value as expressed by the amount of proteids, fats and carbohydrates that it contains, but always because of its flavor. Now, physiologists do not find that flavor has any food value. They teach over and over again that our foodstuffs are proteids, fats and carbohydrates, and that as food flavor plays absolutely no part. But, at the same time they tell us that the body would be unable to live upon these food stuffs were it not for the flavors.

SCHOOL FOR PRINCESSES ONLY.

It is at Bangkok, Siam, and is the Only One of its Kind.

Princesses are numerous enough in Europe to suggest that a school for them might be a profitable undertaking, but it is a fact that the only institution of this kind is not in Europe, but in Asia. It is in Bangkok and is kept by an Englishwoman who looks after the intellectual and physical needs of her boarders, who are fifteen princesses belonging to the royal family of Siam. Like other less aristocratic young lady boarders, they are allowed to return to their homes on Friday and remain until the time for their classes to begin on Monday. Then they are returned to the care of their English teacher by the servants of the family.

They learn only elementary reading and writing at school, and, indeed, rarely progress beyond these elements of education at any time in their lives. But they learn fully the mysteries of cooking, making beds, preparing poultices for the sick and attending to other details of household life. They practice with enthusiasm the art of writing menus in French, they experiment in dressing the table with flowers and learn a kind of first-aid-to-the-injured system adapted to their country. Astronomy and the exact sciences have not yet reached this country of unemancipated womanhood. But the education they receive is the best kind to suit them for their work in life as they step from the school to the head of their husbands' establishments.

These royal pupils range in age from 10 to 15 years. This latter age is beginning to betoken the old maid in Siam and there are few of that age in the school. On Friday the nurses from the royal palace reinforced by other female attendants and guards, begin to arrive at the school to escort their mistresses back to their homes. Here they remain until the same domestic delegation marches them back to their English teacher on Monday. In the mean time she had all the work requiring masculine participation attended to during the absence of the pupils. For men are never allowed to approach the building while the royal young ladies are inside. No masculine eye not related by blood to them is allowed to fall on their artless Siamese beauty until after marriage.

French and English are the two languages these young women learn and it is after the fashion prevailing in these two countries that they acquire their ideas of European life and manners. Some of these fashions have through this English school-teacher's influence been introduced to the court of the Siam, where the French and English cuisines have made their way in spite of Oriental prejudices. This has, of course, come from the early education of the young princesses in their royal boarding school. This much they have learned of the Europeans. But it is said that no ambition to imitate the women of the West has ever reconciled them to sitting in chairs in preference to on the floor.

Bodices and Shirt Lines.

Whatever new manifestations of gown modishness are to come later, women may feel assured that no upheavals of old lines are to take place, as the early models for March and April indicate the same style of skirts and bodices as those in use.

This is most solacing news to those who feared the loss of this season's gown because of a possible and direct change of skirt and bodice. Foreign makers are no longer as autocratic as they once were, and though willing and anxious for a complete change of models, they are obliged to honor their patrons by repeating the same lines season after season, says Vogue.

Women are more conservative and insistent, whenever they find what is becoming, and while they will agree to any modifications and changes, they refuse to abandon the main lines when they suit

them. These are influences quietly at work in high places.

THINGS OF WILLOW.

Whole Rooms Fitted Nowadays With Equipment of this Material.

'Surely,' said a willow worker, 'you are quite right in considering articles of willow as among beautiful things. They are graceful and light, and at the same time substantial and durable.

'Things made of willow finished in the natural color of the wood look cool and charming and they have an appearance of delightful freshness that is found in no other material that I know of. Of course the willow is delicate in its whiteness, and in this state it would in a season lose its first velvety sort of freshness.

'But willow takes stains beautifully, the tans and greens and other colors that are most appropriate to it, and willow furniture finished in these tints is scarcely less pleasing to the eye than that made of the material in its original purity.

'Reeds, growing, as you know, of uniform dimensions, can be prepared for use in basketwork largely by machinery, but this would not be true as to willow. Machinery is used to some extent in preparing willow for use, as for instance in cutting the surface strips that are plaited into table tops and that sort of thing, but willow rods round willow, cannot be handled in that manner. The rods are not uniform in dimensions from end to end—they taper: nor are the rods absolutely uniform in size one with another. These must all be worked by hand. As a matter of fact many strips, too are still cut in that way. With the materials for them thus prepared and carefully hand-wrought as they are throughout, it would seem reasonable to describe these beautiful things of willow as productions of art.

'Many baskets one sort and another in the almost endless variety of forms and manner of ornamentation into which basket work is put, come from Germany; but France is yet nevertheless as it has always been, the home of the artistic in basket work. We make however, now, beautiful things in basket work in this country and in articles of utility and things of more or less practical character, combining use with decoration or ornamental effects, we make here things quite as fine as are produced anywhere; as in all manner of willow furniture and fittings and so on.

'All these things we produce in the most graceful style, and the most comfortable style, and the most comfortable shapes. Of course willow and rattan chairs and that sort of thing are old, time honored; but we make them all now in greater variety than formerly; we make a greater variety of things than we did, and people go in for these things more than ever, more particularly, of course, in country houses.

'Rattan has been more used for some of these purposes, but now, again, we use more willow; and there is nothing but what can be made of this material. It is easily possible to furnish a room with it. We make bedsteads of willow, and, of course, an endless variety of chairs and lounges and that sort of thing, including tables. We make willow bureaus and chiffoniers and willow wall panels and picture frames and willow chandeliers and gas fixtures and so on. In fact, in all but the floor coverings, for which matings are used, we can furnish rooms complete.

'And,' said the willow man, in conclusion 'while this might not be the cheapest outfit you could buy, I don't suppose you could buy, I don't suppose you could find anything cooler, more comfortable or more pleasing to the eye.'

The New Corsets.

In regard to corsets, the essential thing in order to obtain 'the line,' is to mould the figure according to laws of modern aesthetics. At the present moment fashion ordains above everything, perfect ease and freedom to the waist. Wasp waists are completely out of fashion when they are obtained by modes of compression which force up the bust and make the hips project. A straight front a graceful curved line and a long waist are what is required.

The part played by the new corset is to do away with all projections by supporting the bust, rounding the waist and throwing back on each side all superfluity. And it is astonishing what results can be obtained by means of curves skilfully managed by the scientific use of whalebone and other ingenious methods. Fashion has come back to the graceful and supple figure of the days of Louis XV.

A Thirteen Wedding.

The number 13, which give some people cold chills occasionally finds a friend. It had no terrors certainly for M. Paul Deschanel, the president of the French Chamber of Deputies, who was recently married. Neither was his fiancée afraid of it. In fact both the bride and groom thought it a lucky number.

When they announced that they were

going to be married on the 13th of the month, the Parisians rolled their eyes so unanimously that the entire city had symptoms of an epileptic fit. But the fiances had their reasons.

They were both born on the 13th day of the month. M. Deschanel was born Feb. 13, 1856; Mlle. Germaine Brice April 13, 1876. The name and surname of the bridegroom contain 13 letters. There is the same number in the bride's names.

The two met in Florence when M. Deschanel was travelling incognito under the name of Pierre Duclaux—another 13 letters. It was on the 13th of January that Mlle Brice formally consented to the marriage and it was on the 13th of February that the ceremony took place.

Thirteen years from now the Deschanels will probably be able to state positively whether the number has really been a lucky one for them.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEWETT.

Some of the Tales that are Told of Him by a British Correspondent.

It was early in the month of May, 1900, that Christian De Wett first began to impress the force of his character upon the English military mind, when the great army under Lord Roberts was in full sweep of its northward pilgrimage. Along the line of the railway there was little opposition, but to the eastward the dogged and determined Boer fighter was hanging on the rear of General Hamilton's division, engaging him in almost daily actions, harassing transport and rearguard. Since then I have heard one English officer I have heard a score express the hope that De Wett would come out of the war alive.

Between Natal Spruit and Sanderton, De Wett, according to a recent Boer story, while endeavoring to move northward, found his transport headed by a large body of British troops. What did he do but approach the camp after dark, following the main road, and he drove his wagons straight through the camp. He was hailed, but enquired for some detachment of the British that was farther on, and was allowed to pass. The only objection that was made to his progress was one made by a group of officers dining near the roadway, who did not like the dust his wagon-wheels were making, I have heard this tale denied, but I tell it as it was told to me (I got it from a Boer source).

When General De Wett had made that remarkable march of his and crossed the Rustenburg road west of Pretoria, he was headed off about eighteen miles north at the Warm Baths. The evening before the army was jubilant, for it was supposed that they had the wily Boer on the hip. They had effectually prevented him joining forces with Botha. They had, so they supposed, cut off his escape southward, and there was nothing for him but to stand and fight or to break up his force into small parties and disappear into the bush veldt. At midnight all of the English troops were called suddenly to arms, and they stood in ranks until daybreak.

From the direction of De Wett's laager they could hear sounds of much stirring and movement, the continual rattle of wheels, and the shouts of the Kaffir drivers. Something was up; what it was no one could tell. The Boers appeared to be confused, and it was whispered about that they had lost their way and might stumble upon the outposts at any minute. The British advance lines stood with their rifles ready. Every one was ready for a midnight attack, and supposed at least that the action would begin at the crack of dawn.

But when the sun rose what did they find? About forty empty wagons dragged by a few play-acted oxen, had been driven and thumped around in a circle all night! A score of black boys and a half dozen white men were all prisoners taken. De Wett had escaped, and had managed to take most of his light carts with him along the top of the flanking ridge, and had actually rounded the end of the British line and was some twenty miles away retracing his steps towards the Vaal. At least, that is what he was actually doing at the time, but the English did not find it out quickly enough to pursue him. He got almost twenty-four hours' start!

Two nights after a watchman on guard at a railway crossing about twelve miles west of Johannesburg, on the Krugersdorp line, was surprised by the appearance of a trooper in a helmet and the uniform of a mounted infantryman, who asked his way to the Florida station. The sentry turned to point down the line, when he was confronted by a cocked revolver.

'Keep quiet,' said the supposed Tommy, 'and you will not be touched.' With that he relieved the astonished man of his rifle, and, in true story paper fashion, gave three low whistles. Immediately some men appeared from behind a nearby shed, and a few minutes later the head of a column of mounted men, followed by a long train of Cape carts and led horses,

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

came down the road and crossed the railway. It took them almost half an hour to go by. The sentry judged they must have been in the neighborhood of 2,000, with at least eighty carts. When all had passed, the watchman's guardian said to him pleasantly:

'Your relief will come to you in about an hour. If you stir from where you are until two minutes before that time you are a dead man, for there is a sure shot with a rifle watching you from the corner of the shed. You can inform your officer that Christian De Wett and his army passed by here at twenty minutes to one.'

The man, whose rifle was taken from him, declares that shortly before the time for the relief came, he heard a man gallop away from the shed near by. Upon that, he walked into the camp, distant about a mile, and gave the alarm.

The same evening it was reported that another small party of Boers had crossed the main line heading north, and the post at Natal Spruit had been captured at daybreak and the bridge blown up. With which party was General De Wett it would be hard to state. I think myself he was with the one to the eastward, for the simple reason that he had led the English to believe he was with the one to the west.

When De Wett captured all the supplies and the huge quantities of ammunition and clothing at Vredefort Weg, he said to his prisoners; 'Now we have got more than we want—turn to and help yourselves.' And soon Dutch and British we busy looting indiscriminately, taking everything they could get. A burgher and a 'Tommy' almost came to blows over the possession of a camera that was being sent to an officer through the post. The mail pouches were all ripped open, and the veldt for miles around was covered with letters and newspapers. Some of these were afterwards gathered up and reached the proper authorities. Strange to say, among them was one of my own, which was tied up carefully and forwarded several weeks later, with the following remarks: 'Found on the veldt and forwarded to destination.'

When the Boers marched away, it was hard to tell captors from captives, for they all wore brand new winter suits of khaki serge and a sort of pea jacket of yellowish dun, called 'British warm.' In the meantime, twelve thousand troops at Pretoria shivered in the cold, for what he and his prisoners left behind De Wett had burned.

Captain Corballis, who was in charge of the big transport train which was captured en route to the relief of the Highland Brigade under General Macdonald, told me something of De Wett's personality. According to the captain he was most kind and just. He had his men well in hand and they respected and feared him. The officers, as was customary with the English army, possessed in common what was known as a mess cart, a light wagon or two wheeled trap, capable of carrying some six or seven hundred pounds, and usually laden with delicacies not down on the ration list. As the Boers were examining their capture, which was some fifty or sixty wagons, they came upon this valuable prize. But upon hearing that it belonged to the officers and was their private possession, Gen. De Wett put a guard over it, and not a thing was touched. That very day, as the officers were lurching on jam and pickles and pate de foie gras, they observed one or two men squatting about a fire near by, trying some bully beef in a skillet.

It was General De Wett's headquarters mess, and one of the Englishmen at once went over and asked the general if he would not come and lunch with them. At first he declined, but, upon all his staff being included in the invitation, he accepted and joined them.

Strange to say, the conversation was not about war, but of farming and the possibilities of irrigation. Later, however he expressed some of his views to one of the prisoners. He said that he knew the Boers had no chance of being victorious, but he intended to do his best 'to make it the most expensive war England ever attempted.' He has pretty well fulfilled his threat by this time.—JAMES BARNES, in London Mail.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Eighth Avenue, New York.

at had become of it, and in the store said that Bill had just gone out, and I supposed it was a short time he came in

drink that stuff in the... and I then told him... and that he'd be... minutes.

not,' said Bill, 'but I methin' a little stronger... for every time I... I burned a hole in my

Nose ran Water.—Brewer, Maine, says: 'I... for several years. Water... my eyes and nose for days... four months ago I was in-... new's Catarhal Powder, the wonderful remedy I... attack. It relieves in ten... 17

uncle isn't a bit nice to... porrid! Why, he threat-

to leave all his money to... amatic cats.'

matism doubles a... sufferer alike... of a cure, but... Wm. Peeg, of Nor-... 'I was nearly doubled... I got three bottles of... Rheumatic Cure and they... the quickest acting medicine

ound some poker chips in

old her they were cough

ins, wasn't it?'

allowed two and very

in half an hour.—

ork State, writing of her... Cure for the Heart, ... one brought back from... at was my suffering from... so almost miraculous my... the agency of this power-... owe my life to it.'—19

ess: Hostess—Dear me... is flagging. What can... or guests?'

now, unless we have the... a few minutes, and give... talk about us.

unacy seemed the only... known and highly respected... Ont., who had traveled over... vain search for a cure for... dyspepsia. A friend recom-... mended Nervine. One bottle... cured, and her own written... these words: 'It has

Bilks—Lucky man, that

see how you make it.

he took out a life insur-

000, and died six days... y failed.

y—Take them and go... they do their work... your years. Dr. Agnew's... system renovators, blood... iders; every gland and... anatomy is benefited... the use of them. 40 doses... —21

er in New York wants a... husband will not talk... to have, in their younger... 'ass back' the teacher... poor man has felt all

ican Kidney Cure... treatment that has proven... the evils that are likely... physical regulators. Hun-... to prove the curative... id kidney specific in cases... diabetes, irritation of... of inflammation, dropsical... delay.—22

(of Hay Corners). 'Just... ray! them city winnin... every Easter! Uncle... y). Well, M'rish, you... bout every three or four

In 3 to 6 nights.—... ves relief. Dr. Agnew's... on for Itching Piles, or... les. It relieves quickly... in skin eruptions it stands... thousands of testimonials... ce. 35 cents.—23

that has become of Mr... and—'He has taken em-... der mill for six months.'... Not at all. He wished... smoking.'

is a Fallacy.—The... ng because you have ind... been exploded. Dr... Tablets introduced a new... t of stomach troubles. It... may eat his fill of anything... shes, and one tablet taken... the stomach in doing its... 35 cents.—24

can tell me that when... git cold, that cold is... 's' Uncle Silas—'Of... d by microbes that like

Adventures of a Diver.

The diver's vocation descends in families much more generally than is the case with other callings. The son of an expert diver seldom looks outside of the home profession for his life work. In a certain family owning their own home in one of the slips by the East River there have been three generations to wear rubber suits. There are hundreds of divers working with the big wrecking companies who are ferrugers, Swedes and Norwegians, who embarked in the calling mere or less thoughtlessly and with no particular ambitions regarding it. But the New York divers in business for themselves are for the most part responsible citizens liking the work for its own sake and proud of any reputation they may have gained in it.

On days when the wind is very high or it is unusually cold these divers do not work but put in their time cementing patches on their suits or making up their accounts by the hospitable stove that is a feature of the front office. Then is the time that they can be induced to unlock their store of experiences and afford glimpses of the everyday ordinary affairs in the diver's world.

I know the under water tracks of the harbor and the rivers about here as well as I know the city streets," said the conservative east river driver one day. "I have tramped up the bed of the east river more than once, and only lately went hunting for some car wheels that had tumbled off a freight boat. They were thought to have been lost somewhere between Thirty-fourth street and the Battery and the whole distance had to be gone over."

"The wheels were valuable. There were thirty of them to be hunted up and it wasn't a light job. The cables in the river hang seven, eight and ten feet from the bottom. The diver might walk under them but for the life line. I climbed over every cable on the route and my man holding the signal rope in the boat that went along with me had to use great care. I located the wheels, but when I got home I was sore in every joint."

"This is a great business for locating cranks," he added after a while. "Visionary, flighty-minded people are always hitting on some scheme by which the treasures of the deep are to be turned into their hands. I went hunting once for Lake Erie copper in fourteen fathoms of water. My employer was a private party, an inventor much interested in the subject of lost cargoes. He came on to New York to engage me purposely because I had a reputation for doing very thorough work."

"He said that there was good proof that 350 tons of copper had gone down in a certain boat in Lake Erie thirty five years ago and that he had invented an instrument guaranteed to point out the exact spot where the copper could be found. My part was to go down to the bottom at the place indicated, nail the copper with my spear and send up enough of it to the boat to be used as a sample. He offered fair pay, and said he had gone over the records so often and so thoroughly that he was satisfied there could be no mistake as to the location which his needle would show us."

"Well he chartered a fine boat and we went out to a place on the Lake about ten or twelve miles from the town of Erie and fished around persistently for three whole days at the point where the treasure was supposed to be. But no sort of wrecked cargo could I find, no trace of either boat or copper. Each time that I expressed myself as being certain there was no cargo to be found, my employer would say that the instrument had given a new tracing and we must move the boat in a certain direction and try again. His faith was something that would not be downed. At last realizing that there was no copper, but that I had to stay below the surface in order to satisfy my man I took to fishing."

"Fish show great curiosity about a diver. They swim round close as if trying to make him out by getting new points of view. That time there were numerous striped bass interested in me. It was as though they were fascinated, or else were trying to charm me. I amused myself by waiting until they were on a level with my head-gear, starting me straight in the eyes, and then spiking them with the spear I was to have hit the copper with. I got seven or eight of the beauties and tied them on to the hauling-up rope, and when I appeared on the top with that fine catch the boat hands shouted 'Hurrah!' The inventor himself ate some of the fish when they came to table, but they and they alone represented my reward for the mining trip."

"This lost-cargo fiasco had risked all he was worth in getting out his invention and in hiring and equipping the boat. It was his expectation to realize enough on the copper deal to make up for all expenses. Later he showed me how cleverly the instrument could locate a couple of nickles flung out haphazard in a vacant lot, but he agreed that as a locator of copper sunk in fourteen fathoms of water for thirty years the invention was a disappointment."

The valuable diver is one who has learned the principles of stone masonry and building before he took up diving. He is hired to examine the abutments of bridges and seawalls and look into the underpinnings of waterside structures and decide whether they need repairing. He is educated and alive to the value of new inventions and reads the engineering journals for new developments.

The other sort of diver does merely the drudgery of the trade. He is put to piling up rocks or doing the plain work already mapped out for him, where blasting has been done or deep foundations are to be laid. He is really an under water workman of a similar caliber to the hod carrier and coal heaver ashore, except that his movements are more difficult because of his dress. The superior diver will work at depths anywhere from seventy to ninety feet, whereas those less proficient will not go below thirty-five feet.

"The best paying undertakings nowadays such as the raising of a great liner or the removing of some conspicuous obstruction, all go to the organized companies," said the expert diver. "The big wrecking houses have cut a good deal into the business of the individual divers, but still there is much work that demands care and tact, and a man of known ability always keeps busy."

"Only lately my son and I had a job that took considerable caution to execute. A lighter with dynamite aboard had been abandoned and sunk in the Hudson River. The authorities wanted the stuff done away with. Two separate companies of divers had investigated the matter and declined to undertake the removal before we took hold. The dynamite was in 196 fifty pound packages stowed away in with a cargo of coal bound for the State capital. There were several dozen boxes of gunpowder aboard also, a peculiar mixture that warranted a man's feeling when he tackled the game that it wasn't exactly worth the candle."

"It is not known what became of the lighter's captain and men, but it seems they must have been sharpers smuggling the dynamite under the head of coal so as to evade the laws regarding explosives. Probably when they got wind that the authorities were on to their game they sunk the lighter as the best way out of the scrape. They would have got several years in prison if caught."

"We hauled up the dynamite and dried it in short order without any funeral ceremony on the left bank of the North River on a slip of land there owned by the Government. We only made use of sufficient of the coal cargo to run our boats at the time; the rest is on the bottom yet. Some day we'll make a river man happy by giving him directions where he can get some fuel for nothing. The raising of that dynamite, although it sounds easy enough to tell of, wasn't an undertaking that we would want to tackle every day."

The grandfather in this notable family of divers was an expert in underwater affairs at Dublin port long before he emigrated to New York and took up the business here. He educated his son to succeed him in his business. The old man's first diving dress and helmet are kept as heirlooms and the grandson has also a picture of the diving bells in which his father, then a small boy, used to be taken down to see the wonders of the deep.

Black Ever Popular.

That black in the fashionable world will take high place against all the colors in fashion's brilliant rainbow is an indisputable fact. Black is considered very appropriate for every occasion, and for women of every age and degree. Well worn, it rarely fails to bestow a certain distinction, and it is a safe selection where ideas respecting colors are crude or uncertain. It is, however, an indispensable condition—if the best effect is to be obtained—that the material shall be of the best of its kind, and the making (however simple) above reproach. These essentials fulfilled, there is nothing more to be said, unless, indeed,

the admiration of the beholder finds expression in speech.

It is true that special colors are more or less amiably disposed toward some individuals than others are, but there are times when one feels out of humor with a favorite dye, just as one wears of a companion who persistently agrees with one. A little contradiction is more enlivening than eternal complacency, which often acts as a mental irritant, says the St. Louis Republic. No one wishes to dine entirely on plum pudding.

Love of change dictates a trial of the less familiar, the less or the more conventional. The woman who looks superlatively well in blue or brown does not wish to dress solely in that color, and in certain moods may take a dislike to it. Black seldom adds to the youthful appearance of the wearer, and yet nearly all men and most women consider that a handsome black gown, richly trimmed and gracefully made, heads the lists for general demerit uses of all the smart and stylish creations in the realm of modern fashion.

TRAIN HIT A BALLOON.

The Fat Engineer of a Fast Freight Describes the Queer Collision.

"One pitchy, dark night, early last summer," said the fat engineer, wiping his long-necked oil can with a piece of waste, "I was coming east with a fast freight. As we were approaching the top of Pecanoe Hill I noticed some kind of a light moving way up in the sky. First I thought it was a new star, but as the sky was all blacked out and I could see no other stars, I concluded that I was mistaken. The light seemed to be descending, but as we pitched over the top of the hill I dismissed the matter from my mind, having more important matters to attend to."

"The first along we got the darkness and fog seemed to thicken. I was a little bit sketchy about going down the hill with that heavy train such a night and as the train dropped over the top of the decline I soaked the air on a little, to ease 'em off. Then I thought it was no use slowing up, if I didn't make time with the fast freight they'd take me off and put me on the pick-up again. So I put the air brake handle back in running position again and let the car behind me set the pace."

"After we got about a mile down the grade we were going a clip that would make the Empire State Express look like a dingy old stage coach in comparison. Then I got 'cold foot' once more and thought it was up to me to jack 'em up again. Accordingly I put the air over in the service position, but b' thunder it had no more effect on those flying cars than a thimble of whiskey on a Kentucky Colonel. They just kept on coming and showing my Mother Hubbard engine along ahead of 'em at about a seventy mile an hour pace. I reached up for the whistle rope to pass a tip to the train crew in the dog house that they'd better get out and twist up a few brake-wheels when a smash we went into something."

"Some darned kind of a rubbery blanket enveloped my cheese box cab and came down over the windows, just as if some one had lassoed us with a big rubber bag. I made a frantic jerk at the whistle valve, but instead of the sonorous sound it usually handed off, the noise it gave out then was like the shriek of a penny horn. You couldn't hear it for a car length. I slammed the air over into the emergency notch but I had kept it on so long for a service application that the pressure was all out of the train pipe and it was like throwing straws under the car wheels. There was 'nothing doing' with the air."

"I was getting mighty scared because I didn't know what kind of a game we'd butted into. The rubber covering had settled down over the cab windows and was shutting off the outside atmosphere from me so that I could hardly breathe and I surely thought I would suffocate unless I got relief somehow. No one on the train, not even my fireman, knew what dire straits I was in. I made several ineffectual attempts to get out of the cab, but the rubber blanket had me completely cut off."

"I tried the whistle again, but it was smothered so by its covering that it hardly gave forth any sound at all. I had about given up hope when I heard the pop valve on the dome commence to blow off steam. At first this added greatly to my discomfort, but I realized that my only hope would be in having the safety valve blow off steam. At first this added greatly to my discomfort, but I realized that my only hope would be in having the safety valve blow off steam with sufficient pressure of lift the rubber covering."

Putnam's Painless Ointment and Wart Extractor.

Contains no acids or other injurious chemical compounds; is neither caustic, corrosive or irritating; but soothes and cures from the first application, and acts quickly. If you want an irritating and flesh eating remedy do not ask for Putnam's, it acts just the other way. For sale at all drug-gists.

SPRING WEATHER.

IS YOUR SYSTEM IN SHAPE TO CARRY VOY SAFELY THROUGH.

The Practice Of Taking A Tonic In Spring Is Descended From Our Wise Forefathers and Has Good Medical Endorsement—A Few Suggestions Regarding Health.

The practice of taking a tonic during the inclement weather of early spring is one that has been bequeathed us by our forefathers, who lived in days when a sturdy constitution and vigorous health meant even more than they do today. The custom has the highest medical endorsement, and the healthiest people are those who follow it. Thousands, not really ill, need a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses, offices, shops and school rooms during the winter months, makes people feel depressed and 'out-of-sorts'. Nature must be assisted in this starting of the system, else people fall an easy prey to disease and are subject to many discomforts from boils, eruptions, and similar troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best tonic medicine known to medical science. These pills make rich, red blood and strong nerves. Through their use in springtime, faded, listless, easily tired men, women and children are made bright, active and strong. Evidence of the wonderful health restoring virtue of these pills is given by Mrs. J. Langlois, 659 Lafontaine street, Montreal who says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was under the care of two doctors, who told me my trouble was developing into consumption. I was very pale and feeble; had no appetite and could hardly stand on my feet. I was very much discouraged and thought death was staring me in the face. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally decided to try them. After I had used three boxes my appetite was much better, and I felt a little stronger. I continued the use of the pills for three months when I felt fully cured. When I began using the pills, I only weighed 92 pounds, and when I discontinued them my weight had increased to 119 pounds. I also gave the pills to my baby, who was pale and sickly, and they made him a bright, rosy, fleshy child. I think there is no weak or sickly person who will not find benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

THE NEW GAME OF 'PUT OUT.'

Invented by Gearhart, a Louisville Athlete. It is Played in Western Gymnasiums.

A new game, in which are combined some of the best points of football and tug-of-war has been invented recently by Wilbur F. Gearhart, athlete of Louisville, Ky.

"Put Out" is the name of this new style of contest. It requires no ball or other apparatus, can be played by any number of persons, for any length of time, in or out of doors and at any season of the year.

It is a contest in which skill, agility, strength and endurance are important factors, and for that reason gymnasium and athletic associations in the west are giving it much attention. Several New York regiments and athletic clubs have become interested in it and soon will have teams drilled and ready for games. In effect, the game is the defense of a circle or fort by one team against an equal number of men on the other team.

The accompanying rules show how the contest is conducted.

1. Put out may be played by any number of players mutually agreed upon by the opposing teams.
2. The length of an inning shall be governed by the time required by an attacking team to put on a defending team.
3. The boundary for a regulation game shall consist of a circle 28 feet in diameter distinctly marked, inside of which shall be two smaller circles, respectively 21 and seven feet in diameter, marked parallel with the boundary circle.
4. The innings of the first play may be decided by 'toss' or mutual consent of both teams.
5. At the opening of a game players of the attacking team shall stand with both heels upon the inner circle, and at regular distances apart, facing the outer circle, with bodies erect and arms held to the sides. Players of the defending team shall occupy corresponding positions on the middle circle but they shall face the center.
6. When the players are in position the referee may open the game by distinctly sounding the word 'put,' after which the attack and defense may immediately begin.
7. Catching hold of any player above the shoulder or below the hips shall be deemed foul.
8. Catching hold of any part of the body of a player below the shoulders and above the hips is fair.
9. Holding the arms of a player is fair; but twisting or roughing of any description that is injurious to a player is foul.
10. A defending player who falls down

during a play shall be considered out unless he has been tripped or thrown by an attacking player.

11. When any part of the person of a defending player touches the ground outside of the boundary circle, he shall be considered out.

12. When a player is out he shall immediately withdraw from the game until the inning he has been put out of is finished.

13. Attacking players may stop over the boundary circle at will and return to assist in the attack.

14. Each inning shall be continued until all the players of the defending team are put out, or until a time limit is reached.

15. The time limiting inning shall be mutually agreed upon by both teams before the game is called.

16.—The opposing teams shall alternately occupy the offensive and defensive positions after each inning until the series of innings originally agreed upon shall have been played.

17. The team making the aggregate number of put outs in the shortest time shall be deemed the winner.

18. For regulation games there shall be appointed a referee, a judge and a timer.

19. It shall be the duty of the referee to call off outs as they are made and to decide all points of dispute. His decision shall be final.

20. The judge shall note the actions of players inside the boundary circle and he shall enforce the rules bearing on them.

21. The timer shall time each inning and at the expiration of the game give the total time taken for all the innings by each team.

A Lesson From America.

During the Paris Exposition an American firm obtained permission to drive an Artesian well in the Bois de Vincennes near Paris. The city of Paris has two Artesian wells which required respectively nine and six years to be driven. The American well was sunk to a nearly equal depth, 1,935 feet last summer in two months. The French were surprised by the rapidity of the work, as well as by the homeliness and simplicity of the apparatus. The American company has since offered to donate the well to Paris as an addition to its water supply, and some of the French scientific journals express the hope that 'the practical lesson which the New World thus offers gratuitously will not be without its fruit.'

Special From Kingston, Ontario.

Kingston, April 6.—It is a pleasure to announce that a new 25 cent size of Catarrhose is now on sale in every drug store in Canada. This is the only remedy that can be implicitly relied upon to cure Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. It cures quickly, surely, permanently. Relief from Catarrhose is quick. Nose, throat, head and lungs are cleared at one breath from the inhaler. Try it today for that cold. Prepared by proprietors of Polson's Nerviline, and guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Pretty Far Off.

A summer resident in a New Hampshire village a lady who, in Horace Walpole's phrase, 'sits at the top of the world,' was making her first friendly call of the season upon the family of an old widower.

Only the father was at home, one of the girls being absent on a visit to the other sister, who had been married during the past winter. Naturally the talk turned on the daughters.

"Yes," said the father, Mary made out real well. But I do know I'll ever work 'Lizbeth off. There's a young man been comin' here steady now for two year, an' he's no further on yet, ma'am, than me 'a' you."

It was in the village justice's court, and the incumbent of the office had fined an Indian for intoxication. The fine was duly paid, and the justice was reaching for his overcoat. "Ho! on," said the Indian, "me want receipt." "What in the world do you want a receipt for?" said the squire. "Well, bimby, Injun die—go to the Great Father up there. Great Father say, John have you been good Injun an' paid all your debts?" I say, "Yes." Then he say, "Show me receipt. I get to go all the way down to hell to find Square Martin to get that receipt."

THE PRESIDENT.

A Slave to Catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes.

D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief." 50 cents.

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'Don't know, I'm sure,' Gordon is beginning with a smile, when all at once he stops short, the smile leaves his lips, and his face grows positively awful in its pallor. 'Oh! what is it?' I cry, springing to my feet. 'Gordon, for pity's sake, tell me what is the matter?' For an instant he is still silent, then, with a swift movement, he draws me into his arms, bending over me until his cheek rests upon my hair. 'Nilla,' he says, in a hoarse, passionate voice. 'Oh! my darling, I shall have to leave you for a few hours; I must return to town almost at once.'

I feel stunned—yes, literally stunned—and bending my head back, I gaze at him with wide-open, dilated eyes. 'What can he mean? He must leave me! Oh, surely my ears must have played me false!' 'My darling, for Heaven's sake do not look at me like that,' he cries; 'you must know the truth, the bitter truth. I shall have to leave you for a few hours.' With a passionate movement I disengage myself from his clinging arms, and stopping back until I have placed a chair between us, I stand regarding him in silent indignation. He is surely only saying this to tease me. And yet, he certainly does not look as if joking; rather the contrary, for all the brightness has left his face, and a haunting expression of pain and misery had settled in his eyes.

'You do mean it, I gasp at last. 'You do not mean to inflict such a cruel humiliation upon me, as you have hinted at? You are only saying it to tease me. I am sure you are. It cannot be true.' 'I wish to heaven it was not true,' he returns passionately. 'If I could help myself, I would be very certain that I would not go. But I cannot. The summons is an imperative one, and it must be obeyed.' 'Who is that telegram from?' I demand. 'My lawyer.'

Quietly—nay, almost apathetically—Gordon answers me, and the very quietness of his tone only adds to the fury of the volcano which is raging within my heart. How dare he offer me such an insult, such a humiliation? I will never forgive him for it—never. I will avenge myself and my outraged pride, even if I die in attempting to do so. And, having arrived at this valiant determination, I forthwith proceed to make my husband acquainted with it too. 'I suppose that nothing I can say will induce you to alter your purpose?' I ask coldly, by way of opening the attack, so to speak. 'You know I would stay if I could,' he answers in a hoarse, suppressed voice. 'Good heavens! do you think I want to leave you?'

'Your conduct would certainly give anybody that impression,' I retort. 'You shall not say it,' with sudden fire, 'for it is false, as you very well know. The next thing you will insinuate is that I planned to have that telegram sent.' 'How alarmingly clever you are!' I return mockingly; 'or have you been taking lessons in thought-reading?' 'What on earth do you mean?' 'Simply that you have put my thoughts into words. I was thinking that that telegram is uncommonly like one of those which people have sent them when they want to slip out of some disagreeable engagement, and so—'

'That will do,' he interrupts, with an imperious gesture. 'You have said quite enough, and have uttered words I shall find very hard to forgive.' 'Forgive! I flash out scornfully. 'And do you really flatter yourself that I care whether you forgive them or not? Pray allow me to undecieve you. And now that we are on the subject, I will tell you this: If you persist in your shameful conduct, if you dare to insult me as you propose doing, I will never forgive you,' and, so saying, I swept out of the room. 'What shall I do?' It seems to me that I can never get over the bitter humiliation of this hour. Having dressed for dinner, I go back to the sitting room, where I find Gordon intently examining a Bradshaw.

He glances up from it upon my entrance; but ere he can speak, dinner is announced, and, offering me his arm, he escorts me into the adjoining room. To me, at any rate, the meal is a most trying one, and I feel sincerely thankful when it is over, and I am free to retire to the drawing room again. I am determined that Gordon shall not think his departure wounds me in the least; nor does it, as far as my personal feelings are concerned. I would just as soon have his absence as his company; it is simply my pride which is suffering so keenly, not myself. So, sitting down at the piano, I dash into a brilliant gallop by way of testifying to my utter indifference and freedom from anxiety. Presently a clock chimes out ten bell-like strokes, and as the last one dies away, the door leading out of the dining room is pushed open, and Gordon makes his appearance.

'Nilla,' he says quietly, coming to my side, 'will you kindly cease playing for a few minutes? I want to speak to you.' But instead of complying, I strike a few preliminary chords, and dash into a march. He permits me to get about half way through it, and then suddenly, with a quick movement, he lifts his hands from the keys and closes the piano. 'How dare you?' I exclaim indignantly. 'Why didn't you obey me?' he demands with the utmost calmness. 'I told you that I wished to speak to you, and you chose to ignore my wish, so—'

wishes? I demand in my turn. 'I trust that your wishes will always be my first consideration. I hope I shall always gratify them, when it is possible for me to do so,' he answers quietly. 'Heaven is my witness that it is more bitter than death itself would be for me to leave you here alone; but I cannot help doing it. Go I must. If I did not—'

'Your pocket would suffer, I suppose,' I interrupted again, with a sneer. 'I hope you will always remember that, whenever your lawyer may require you, you must not let any thought of me keep you from rushing to him.' 'You are talking nonsense, and you are perfectly aware of it too,' sternly. 'You know I love you too well to leave you unnecessarily.'

'Your love takes a very queer form,' with a sarcastic laugh. 'But there, what is the use of discussing the subject any further?' With a heavy sigh he moves away to the other end of the room. For several minutes he remains standing there; then he again crosses to my side, and lays his fingers upon my arm. 'Nilla,' he says gently, 'I have only ten minutes to spare. Will you not speak one kind word to me before I go?' 'No, I will not,' I answer in clear distinct tones. 'How can you be so cruel?' he breaks out passionately. 'Will nothing move you? Are you utterly heartless?'

'Yes, in this case I am,' raising my eyes quite calmly to his. 'Am I to go without even a parting kiss?' 'I would not kiss you if I knew that I was never to see you again. You are pleased to say that you love me, but I repeat that I do not believe it and even if it is true, I want none of your love. I hate and despise it, as much as I hate and despise you, and I would rejoice with all my heart if, after you leave me to-night, you were to pass out of my life forever.'

At last I have managed to wound him, and I am glad. Strive as he will, he cannot prevent me from seeing how sorely I have hurt his how deeply my words have struck home. And then, suddenly, there comes floating up to us, from the room below ours, the sweet vibrating strains of a violin, played by no mean performer, with which presently mingles the sound of a rich contralto voice. Distinctly, thanks to the open window beside us, the words of the song reach our ears, as they ring out with wild passionate intensity—

And I heeded not his pleading, And I smiled at his bitter pain; But to-day I would give my heart's best hope To bear his love again. I would batten my life and its promise For one word that I threw away, For one glance, one smile, I would give my all, Would he love me once more to-day. With a soul-stirring pathetic wail the music dies away; then Gordon speaks. 'Perhaps some day, when it is too late, you will be ready to give your "all" for the love which you have this night spurned and derided,' he says quietly. 'When I first looked upon your face, with its child-like innocent expression, I compared you in my own mind to one of Raphael's Madonnas; when I first met the glance of your eyes, I told myself that though you might be proud and self-willed, yet your heart was warm and generous, and now you, my wife, have spoken words which have cut me to the very soul, and have almost made me wish that the ceremony which united us this morning had never been.'

He pauses for a moment; then, with a cold 'Good-bye, Nilla,' he walks from the room, and I am left alone, with the words of the sweet old song still ringing in my ears. CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK. BILLIARD-CUES.

How They are Made—America Furnishes the Best to Every Respect. 'Most billiard cues,' said a New York manufacturer the other day, 'are made in two pieces, the cue proper and the handle. The cue is made generally of maple, and the butt, which is wedge-shaped, is inserted into a handle of rosewood, snakewood, ebony, mahogany, walnut, or some other fancy dark wood, which is cut to dovetail with the long part. The maple wood used in making the handles is sawed into suitable lengths and seasoned. The logs are then split into pieces from which the handles are made. These pieces are called bolts. The bolts are sawed approximately to the shape of the handle to be finally made, and in this shape they are handle blocks. The handle block is turned to the shape of the handle in a lathe, and when the butt has been fitted, it is finished and polished. The finest and best cues are fitted to the handle or butt by means of a double wedge. At the top of the cue is a ferrule of ivory, of horn, or bone, in which the leather tip is fitted. While the ivory ferrule is the most expensive, of course it is less durable than the horn or bone ferrules which are less liable to crack. The extra workmanship on cues is put in on the butts some of which are elaborately inlaid and carved in beautiful patterns. There are a number of billiard players who will not permit another person to use their cues, and for the use of these particular players cues are turned out from which the tips may be unscrewed, leaving the cue with unfinished points and useless. American billiard cues are the lightest, strongest, and neatest made anywhere in the world. They are made in all weights and lengths, and rank in price from 80 cents to \$25 and more each, according to the quality of the article.'

A REAL DUEL.

Fought on the Plains Where Honor is Not so Easily "Satisfied" as in France.

If Count Boni and the French gentlemen of his class thirsting for each other's gore really wish to know how to fight for honor's sake, let them visit Medicine Hat, N. W. T., and hear the story of how 'Bulldog' Kelly and Mahone, the stockman, fought for theirs. It is only necessary to say of Kelly that once in his life he figured in a celebrated international law controversy which the United States secretary of state, Thomas F. Bayard, ended. Mahone was nothing more nor less than a frontier cattleman. He met Kelly first at Calgary, where, in a dispute over cards, an enemy arose between them. Subsequently they clashed in the Medicine Hat country, and Mahone wrongfully accused Kelly of stealing stock. Kelly would have killed him then and there but for the interference of the Canadian Mounted Police. Subsequently one of these policemen suggested to him that he challenge Mahone to a duel, and that they have it out alone. Kelly evidently thought well of the suggestion, for a day or two later, meeting Mahone in that isolated and abused town, Medicine Hat, he quietly told him that he would meet him the next morning as the sun rose on the Tortured Trail, and prove to him with a gun that he was not a thief. Mahone nodded his head in acceptance of the challenge, and that was all there was to the challenge.

Kelly slept in a ranch house that night, but was up before dawn saddling his horse. He carried for arms two six-shooters and a short blitted bear knife. He rode away from the ranch in the heavy darkness before daybreak, headed for the Tortured trail. He was a six footer, sandy haired, heavy jawed, and called 'Bulldog' because he had once pitted himself against an animal of that title and whipped him in a free fight. His courage was extreme from the brute point of view. To illustrate this, years after this event, when he was on trial for his life in a murder case in one of the Western States, he was instructed by his attorney to kill one of the witnesses against him in the court room if he attempted to give certain testimony. 'You listen to him,' said the attorney, 'and if he tries to testify as to certain things let him have it.' Kelly, as a prisoner, entered the court room with a knife up his sleeve, and he sat through all the proceedings with his eyes on the man he was to watch. The latter grew restless, and when he took the stand broke down completely and did not aid the prosecution at all. He divined without knowing it that if he testified as the prosecution believed he would then and there end him. And this all took place not in a frontier court, but in a court of the United States Government.

'Well, Kelly rode down the trail as gay in spirit as a man of his nature could be. He did not whistle, for whistling men are rarely brutal. But he abused his horse, and that was the best of evidence that he felt well. He watched the dark hang closer and closer to the plain grasses, the stars grew less brilliant, until suddenly in the east it was as if a curtain was drawn up and the day came with the call of wild birds and a wind which rose 'om the west to meet the sun. He glanced toward Medicine Hat, and from that point out of the black and grey of the hour, rode Mahone, armed as his opponent was. They were a mile apart when they recognized each other. Kelly reined in his horse and waited. Mahone came on. No sergeons nor seconds were in attendance. Medicine Hat was asleep. Mahone drew nearer, moving a little to the left, as if to circle about Kelly. The latter suddenly dropped under his horse's neck and fired. His bullet just clipped the mane of Mahone's horse. Mahone gave a wild whoop and fired back, riding, as Kelly was, Indian fashion, and looking for an opening. Both horses were now in motion, and the shots came thick and fast. Kelly's animal went down first, screaming from a bullet through his lungs. His rider entrenched behind him. Mahone made a charge and lost his own horse, besides getting a bullet through his left arm. He, too, entrenched. In a few moments one of his shots out a red crease across the forehead of Kelly and filled his eyes with blood. He wiped himself off and tied a handkerchief over the mark.

Each was afraid to start out from his horse, but in the course of half an hour their ammunition was exhausted, and then they threw their pistols from them and came toward each other, through the grass, with their knives out. Kelly now had two good wounds and Mahone had been shot three times. They visibly staggered as they played for the first chance to close in. At last the knives crossed and Kelly got the first thrust and missed, for which awkwardness Mahone gave him a savage cut. They hacked and stabbed at each other until neither could move, and the small population of Medicine Hat, getting

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

wind of what was going on, rode out and brought them in for medical attendance. Kelly, besides his bullet wounds, had fourteen knife cuts, and Mahone had fifteen. They were put to bed in the same room and the same doctor attended both. For days they lay almost touching each other, and neither spoke. Medicine Hat had been unable to decide which had had the better of the fight, and it seemed as if it would be resumed if both lived to recover. But one morning Mahone raised himself painfully from his mattress, and he put out his hand to Kelly and said: 'You ain't no thief. You're game.'

And Kelly covered the hand with his own and they shook. That settled their feud. They were under the doctor's care for three months, but when able to go out rode away from Medicine Hat together and the best of friends. That was a real fight, the only kind of a fight that a real man goes into if he is going to fight at all. It was a pity that Kelly did not hold his courage after for better uses. He became involved in one of the most brutal murders known to the Calgary region, escaped the hangman's noose by technicalities, and finally in Nebraska or Wyoming fell off a boxcar one night and was ground to pieces by the wheels of a transcontinental freight. Mahone never fought again.

TRAINMEN LEARNING ENGLISH.

Many brakemen, though still unable to pronounce station names. 'Greench!' shouted the brakemen on the New Haven express train. 'Nex-sta-strayz-Stam-d!' 'There it goes,' said the commuter testily. 'I thought they'd got that sort of things stamped out. New why on earth could not that man say "Greenwich"; the next station for this train is Stamford? It is just as easy as that Choctaw yawp he let out.'

'But they have made a great improvement of late years on the railroads as regards that form of nuisance. It isn't so very long since the guards on the elevated trains made it a point to let out unintelligible whoops instead of calling out the names of the streets. But they have got the practice broken up now with the ex-coaction of the Brooklyn lines. There the guards have things their own way, apparently. They vary all the way from a low mumble apparently to themselves, when the train stops to piercing screeches and long banshee howls. There is no combination of letters that would represent the noises they make. You might get at it by plying a case of musical type and then reproducing it at random on a calliops. And Brooklyn is a place where a clear calling out of the streets is more necessary than Manhattan for in Manhattan there are the numbered streets to give you a clue as to where you are at. After two or three minutes had elapsed, during which time steam had been blowing off steadily with a heavy pressure, the rubber bag began to lift and finally tore itself away, although it took with it a large section of the cab roof. I was pretty nearly exhausted, but I managed to reverse the engine and call for brakes. With the assistance of the brakemen the train was brought speedily under control and stopped. We made an investigation, but it was so dark we could not find out what had hit the cab and clung so tightly to it. In reading the newspaper advertisements the next morning, I saw an advertisement which stated that the proprietor of a big wagon circus would pay a liberal reward for information concerning their balloon which had been lost, strayed or stolen from a little village in the vicinity of which I had my queer experience the night before. Their swell parachute jumper had let the balloon get away from him. It flashed through my mind right away that it must have been the descending balloon I had run into, and on my next trip out I saw the battered remains of a big balloon lying at the foot of the embankment where it had been loosened from the cab.'

A Roman Bath in London. In the midst of busy London is a bath, perfectly preserved, which is supposed by some to have been constructed during the Roman occupation of the city. One may go into the Strand without finding a trace of Strand Lane, and possibly the shopkeepers of the neighborhood may not know it by name. A writer in the sketch says that she had to inquire hither and yon before obtaining the desired information. It was an old dame, seated at a newspaper stall, who was able to give it. 'Can you direct me to Strand Lane?' asked the visitor. 'Why, this is Strand Lane,' said the old Londoner. She pointed down a narrow passage, which could be easily overlooked, for it is entered under a doorway, and causes no break in a continuous line of buildings. There, out of the turmoil of the great thoroughfare, and in a tortuous line of old houses, one finds a finger on the wall indicating the way to the Roman bath.

Strand Lane follows the line of a little brook which, in old days, carried off the water from the higher land above the Strand bridge or peer. On its left side you come upon a small, dingy house, which is the object of your search. Ring the rusty bell, and presently a man appears and escorts you through a vaulted passage into a vaulted chamber, sixteen feet long and nine feet wide. In the midst of the floor is the Roman bath. 'It's two thousand years old, this bath,' says the guide. 'The Earl of Essex discovered it when he was making a bath for himself.'

At the farther end of the bath is a ledge of white marble, undoubtedly the remains of a flight of steps, leading down to the water. The water is supplied by a spring, without the medium of pipes. It bubbles up through the ground, fills the bath, passes into the bath beyond,—that of Lord Essex,—and then flows into the Thames. One visitor says of a visit to Strand Lane: 'It would be pure affectation that, as I stood gazing around the vaulted chamber, I was haunted by a vision of Roman nobles and warriors in togas and breastplates. It was, on the contrary, London, that the land of the Caesars had any connection with modern life. Within a few yards were endless omnibuses, travelling to and from the east and west end. Near at hand were theaters, newspaper offices, law courts, the underground railway. It was hardly possible, through all this din, to catch a glimpse of ancient Rome through the mists of nineteen centuries.'

'If Oom Paul would definitely subside, the British lion could more conveniently lie down with the Chinese lamb.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and so easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SWANSON.

We were so thoroughly interested in discussing my voyage that neither of us noticed how late it was until Swanson came in at eleven to fix the fire for the night. The doctor watched the stalwart Swede with evident admiration as he shook down the big base-burner without making noise or fuss, filled up the boiler and went out. 'Good night, Swanson,' said the doctor, heartily, as the man passed in the door. 'Good night, sir,' said Swanson, simply. 'That,' said the doctor, as he pulled his chair up nearer the stove, 'is the best man I ever saw. Where did you get him?' 'He got himself,' said I. 'How? You never told me.'

How much do you owe? I asked. 'I don't remember exactly,' he said. 'I think it's a little over forty dollars.' 'That would be about right for a payment on forty acres, but he had said he had one hundred and sixty acres—a quarter section. 'There was one more tack, and I tried it. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'He looked straight at me and answered without the least hesitation; 'Dave Mize.' 'Now Dave Mize had been one of my good friends, but he had been dead for more than two years. I looked at the man a minute or two, and then I told him how to find the amount of his payment from his contract, and how to send it to the general land commissioner at Omaha. He thanked me, and said he would do it. Then he rubbed his hands again and repeated that it was very cold. After that he sat by the fire and I stood by the piano, and neither spoke.

NOVEL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A Hunter Has to Pay Damages After Being Killed By a Bull Thrown by a Train. A suit in the Superior court in Rabeign, N. C., against the Seaboard Air Line railway has developed one of the novel accidents known to the annals of jurisprudence. A vestibuled passenger train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of fifty miles per hour at ten o'clock in the morning. Wm. Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind, which he had baited, and had his double-barreled breech-loading shotgun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chambers. On reaching the railroad track which was on an embankment about ten feet high at this place. Mr. Watlington heard the train in the distance and stopped on the side of the track about fifty feet away. He could not see over the embankment to the other side of the track.

NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

Whyte—I understand that you are going to move? 'Browne—Yes. 'Whyte—What's that for? 'Browne—Well, my wife took a course of lessons in a cooking school last winter, and we have got to move now to some place where we shall be nearer to the doctor. 'The heiress' tears were so bitter that quinine wasn't an old dence in a new deck in comparison. 'They gathered about her and sought the reason of her wee. 'The papers have announced my engagement to the earl,' said she, 'and one called him Doughless instead of Douglass!'

CHARGED.

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PAIN IN THE JOINTS.

The joints are hard to get at, and it requires a powerful, penetrating remedy to reach the affected parts. Polson's Nerviline exactly meets the requirements, for it is both powerful and penetrating. The pain is expelled as if by magic, for one drop of Nerviline equals in strength five drops of other remedies. You want often call the doctor if Nerviline is in the house. Price 25 cents.

VO... The... ly the s... has not... manage... at a los... It is als... departu... have no... of cour... gress in... feclty tr... abandon... Bustin le... The... left the... Mrs. as... She was... Provinc... she seem... ority wit... that time... Mass. an... line of f... 'fles fro... The... peple at... boarded h... know a ge... have been... at which... up those... names top... conversati... Where... came ob... Miss McI... end for a... one of the... hotel 'fie... and hav'g... took lodg... it was lodg... visitor. He... with some... ments seen... prove the... acquaintan... While she... acted in... had her m... going out... meals and... son right... picious to... a new arriv... attended her... when he le... to hear of it... wards. He... pulatory to... do so, but... death certifi... some medic... burial unde... So far as... was not b... this of cour... quarters and... first in one... ed in another... kind of living... her end her... was the cause... rate the pla... son at the p... inkling of wh... went.

DIED.

- Halifax, Bridget Meagher. Halifax, Mar. 27, Mildred Dawe. Halifax, Mar. 29, Mr. Thornton. Hants, Mar. 18, James M. Phipps. Hants, Mar. 18, Joseph Fielding. Picton, Mar. 10, Annie McLeod, 63. Lunenburg, Mar. 7, Mrs. Keady, 93. Shubenacadie, Mar. 18, Annie Selde. Halifax, Mar. 27, Henry T. Cook, 55. Toronto, Mar. 24, Wylie E. King, 18. Lockport, Mar. 10, Mrs. E. M. King, 57. Acadia Valley, Mar. 6, Geo. Smith, 57. Amherst, Mar. 23, Marjorie White, 37. Milton, Mar. 25, Mand Fletcher, 19. Digby, Mar. 17, Ralph Farnsworth, 2. Halifax, Mar. 28, Malcolm McLeod, 70. Halifax, Mar. 27, George A. Roche, 68. Fergusham, Mar. 18, Kate McDowell, 74. Windsor, Mar. 16, Hugh Richardson, 72. Yarmouth, Mar. 22, Harriet Landry, 72. New Glasgow, Mar. 16, Alex Smith, 70. Guysboro, Mar. 21, Mattie Fraser, 8 mos. Dalhousie, Mar. 17, William Buckler, 82. Wolfville, Mar. 16, Blanche Weatherbe, 4. Yarmouth, Mar. 14, Richard Churchill, 84. Dartmouth, Mar. 20, Elizabeth Shortt, 70. Picton, Feb. 24, Marie Bell, Cameron, 6. Boston, Mass., Mar. 21, Walter Martin, 64. Denver, Col., Nov. 18, John F. Ward, 40. Halifax, Mar. 24, Ethel Mand Dec, 2 mos. Fort Williams, Mar. 18, Hannah Chase, 62. Weymouth, Mar. 24, Charles J. Collins, 47. Tanke, Mar. 27, Eleanor Jane Haffield, 87. Moncton, Mar. 20, William D. Robertson, 88. Springhill, Mar. 22, Geo. F. Robertson, 72. East Boston, Mar. 23, Michael C. Ahern, 60. Chatham, N. B., Mar. 26, Joseph Ward, 71. Lunenburg, Mar. 5, Mrs. G. H. Windrow, 60. Halifax, Mar. 30, Margaret M. Dean, 6 mos. San Francisco, Feb. 12, Fergus B. Tolford, 68. Fergusham, Mar. 18, Mrs. Angus McDowell, 70. Yarmouth, Mar. 27, William D. Peddigh, 44. Colchester, Mar. 18, Mrs. Samuel Dunsmuir, 60. Digby, Mar. 20, Mrs. Richard Hutchison, 92. Ellerslie, Mar. 18, Walter Dumerq, 65. Somerville, Mass., Mar. 20, Clara Goodwin, 35. Brooklyn, N. Y., Mar. 23, Dr. C. W. Smith, 43. Carleton, N. B., Mar. 24, A. L. Taylor, 23. St. Margarets Bay, Mar. 25, Geo. Dauphinee, 73. Fairville, St. John Co., Mar. 28, Marshall Reid, 84. Reserve Mines, C. B., Mar. 20, Mary B. McDonald, 16.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

TO THE PUBLIC. One way first class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale between all stations Fort Arthur and East, good going April 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, good to return until April 9th, 1901.

FOR SCHOOL VACATION.

To teachers and pupils on surrender of Standard Railway Vacation Certificates, tickets will be sold to all stations Montreal and East at one way first class fare for the round trip going March 29th to April 6th, good to return until April 16th, 1901, and all stations West of Montreal at one way first class fare to Montreal added to one way first class fare and one third West of Montreal for the round trip, going March 29th to April 6th, good to return until April 16th, 1901.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after MONDAY Mar. 12th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 12.40 Express for Halifax and Picton..... 12.45 Express for Sussex..... 12.50 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 13.00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 12.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Ventilators, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex..... 6.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12.40 Express from Halifax, Picton and Point du Chene..... 12.45 Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 12.50 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal..... 13.00 Daily, except Mondays.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. MONCTON, N. B., March 5, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

BORN.

- Arlington, March 5, to the wife of E. Easter, a son. Springhill, March 22, to the wife of J. Nolles, a son. Sydney, March 22, to the wife of J. Young, a daughter. Richibucto, March 21, to the wife of John Scott, a son. Springhill, March 24, to the wife of John Shields, a son. Fergusham, Feb. 15, to the wife of John George, a son. Millville, March 15, to the wife of R. McKenzie, a son. Cumberland, March 14, to the wife of Thos. Lowden, a son. New Glasgow, March 5, to the wife of Y. Campbell, a son. Springhill, March 11, to the wife of Chas. Goodwin, a son. Berwick, March 8, to the wife of John Woodworth, a son. Fergusham, March 21, to the wife of Wm. McQuirk, a daughter. Springhill, March 14, to the wife of John Brown, a daughter. Campbellton, March 14, to the wife of D. Laird, a daughter. Richibucto, March 20, to the wife of B. Johnson, a daughter. Picton, March 7, to the wife of Wm. Bickers, a daughter. Picton, March 7, to the wife of Rev. A. Thompson, a daughter. Chatham, March 17, to the wife of James Vanstone, a daughter. Cumberland, March 18, to the wife of James E. Moore, a son. New Glasgow, March 7, to the wife of Frank McGregor, a son. New Germany, March 8, to the wife of J. McLeod, a daughter. Nash's Creek, March 23, to the wife of Thomas Hayes, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Wolfville, Mar. 7, Captain Halbarton to Clara Smith. Carleton Co., Mar. 20, Hartley Sherwood to Ida Sweeney. Truro, Mar. 14, by Rev. A. D. Morton, David Lawson to Lily Murray. Millville, Mar. 14, by Rev. Wm. Forbes, Capt. Jack Douglas to Alice Roy. Boston, Mar. 12, by Rev. A. K. MacLennan, David A. Ross to Lena B. Fraser. Salisbury, Mar. 20, by Rev. Abram Perry, Harvey J. Colpitts to Jennie Lewis. Yarmouth, Mar. 7, by Rev. Chas. Legal, Theodore Ripley to Aretta Kenney. Colchester, Mar. 20, by Rev. W. Dawson, Norman Langille to Hattie Meikle. Salem, Mass., Mar. 20, by Rev. S. E. Seaman, William Kingston to Janet Stewart.

TOO LATE.

Six-year-old Tommie was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocery's to buy a pound of sugar. After the proprietor of the shop had given the little lad his change he engaged Tommie in conversation. 'Tommie,' said he, 'I understand there is a new member of your family?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the boy. 'I've got a little brother.' 'Well, how do you like that, hey?' enquired the grocer. 'Don't like it at all,' said Tommie; 'rather have a little sister.' 'Then why don't you change him, Tommie?' 'Well, we would if we could, but I suppose we can't. You see we've used him four days now.'

SNIPPED IN THE BUD.

'I have called, began Mr. Forchen Hunt 'to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us.' 'No,' replied Mr. Goldrox, 'but I'm sure there will be pretty soon.' 'Ah!' 'It will be to the Atlantic ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense.'

ONE FOR THE CHIEFMAN.

The New York 'Sun's' Pekin correspondent says that once during a dry season in China the viceroy, Earl Li Hung Chang called on the American minister, Mr. Conger, and spoke of the weather. 'Yes,' said Mr. Conger, 'it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in my country, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the west the people were praying for rain.' 'What?' said the

earl, 'do your people pray to their God for rain?' 'Oh, yes,' said the minister, 'they often pray for rain.' 'And does their God send it when they pray for it?' asked the earl. 'Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered and sometimes they are not.' 'All the same like Chinese joss, hey?' said the earl, with a grin and a chuckle.

'I've never told any one. It isn't a story to tell promiscuously, and if Swanson were going with me now I wouldn't tell it to you, but since he chooses to stay here, why it may help you to appreciate him. 'It was eight years ago in January that he came to me. That was the coldest weather I ever saw in Nebraska, except the spell we are having now. For two weeks the thermometer hung steadily at nineteen below, and it seemed as if everything in the state had frozen solid. 'The major was in Chicago that winter, and I was alone in the house, except for Jack, there, who was almost as much company as if he had been human. He always slept curled up behind the stove, and I brought my bed down into the back parlor so as to be as near the fire as possible. 'It was about three o'clock one morning that Jack woke me. He was standing in the hall by the outside door, and saying 'Out out!' half under his breath, but with explosive energy. 'What is it, Jack?' I called, as I jumped out of bed and picked up my revolver. 'Out out!' he answered. 'I ran out into the hall, and there stood the dog, with his fore paws up against the door, peering out through the little crack where the curtain did not cover the bottom of the glass. By the red firelight I could see that the hair on his back was all standing up. Just as I reached him there was a heavy step on the porch. 'Who's there?' I shouted. 'What do you want?' 'There were more heavy steps on the porch, and some one walked from the window that opened into the dining room across to the front door. Jack gave tongue with all his power, and the man stopped. 'Be still, Jack!' I commanded. 'Charge!' 'But for once he refused to obey. He stood up and kept growling. 'The man outside moved up to the door and said, 'Does Major Dean live here?' 'He does,' said I. 'What do you want?' 'I want to pay on my land.' 'The reply was so absurd at that time on such a bitter morning that I laughed. The major, you know, had been the railroad land agent, and the farmers who had bought land from the company used to come to him to make payments on their contracts. But I had never heard of a man coming in the middle of a winter night. Besides business had fallen off so much that the major had given it up, and the company had not thought it worth while to get another agent. The farmers sent their own payments to the main office at Omaha. 'The man waited outside the door, so I said, 'Wait a minute and you may come in.' Hastily as I could I threw on my clothes. Then I lighted a couple of lamps, put one on the centre table and one on the piano, and went to the door. My revolver was in my right hand coat pocket, where I could get it in the fraction of a second. 'Jack was so eager to get at the man that it was all I could do to restrain him. I made him stand behind me, and then I opened the door. The man, who had been waiting, strode by me without a word and went to the stove. 'I turned in astonishment and watched him. He had no overcoat, and his clothing seemed worn and thin. He drew a chair up to the fire and sat down. He held his hands out to the stove a moment, and then rubbed them together. 'Ah,' he said, 'it's bitter cold.' 'All this time Jack stood at my side, ready to spring at the man. He drew his lips back from his teeth, every breath was a growl, the skin over his forehead was drawn into hard wrinkles, and his back bristled with displeasure. The man sat and warmed himself heedless of the dog. 'I took the revolver from my pocket and put it on the corner of the piano, under the lamp; then I leaned against the piano, looked at the man and waited. 'Once he shifted position in his chair, Jack sprang forward but I caught him and made him lie down. After that the man sat still, only occasionally rubbing his hands and saying that it was bitter cold. He sat there so long that finally I broke the silence. 'Well,' I said, 'you wanted to pay on your land?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'Have you got your contract?' I asked. 'You know the contract always showed what payments had been made, and what was due. 'He fumbled in his pockets a minute or two, and then stammered, 'I must have come away without it. I was sure I put it in my pocket. 'What's the description of your land?' I asked, taking another tack. 'He hesitated a minute, then he said; 'Section sixteen—no, section nineteen—thirteen—eight.' 'The whole section?' I said. 'No, of course not,' he said. 'It's a quarter.' Then after a moment, 'I don't believe that's right, after all. I have forgotten it. 'Now imagine a Nebraska farmer forgetting the description of his land! When you forget your street number, or he forgets his name, he may do it, but not be-