

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is gratifying to learn that the Oratorio Society stands, to the fullest possible extent, unshaken in its faith of usefulness and furthering the object for which it was originally established.

It is also pleasant to note that Mr. H. H. Fickett has consented to continue his services as secretary of the Oratorio Society for another year.

At a Paderewski concert in Berlin for the last movement three thousand persons were present. The pianist was called out twenty times.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the handsome contralto of the Bostonians, corresponds regularly with a young man and her husband does not object. Her correspondent is her young son, ten years old.

The American soprano Ella Beach Yaw, the lady with the phenomenal compass of voice is singing with much success in the southern states.

Johannes Brahms, the German composer, has accepted membership in the Royal Academy of Bologna.

The Whitney opera company is at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, with the comic opera "Rob Roy" this week. This opera had a run of twenty-two weeks in New York.

Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith who has been singing with Sousa's Band recently, has been engaged to accompany the Band during their spring tour through the West and South.

Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Ivan Morawski will sing in "Elijah" at Quincy Mass. on 25th April.

Master Newton Wilcox, the soprano in St. Paul's church choir, will sail from Boston for England on the 27th of April next. Engagements have been made for him to sing in London.

A number of Charlestown, (Mass.) ladies gave a minstrel show there last week and scored a great success.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The twentieth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall yesterday afternoon, March 29, at 2.30, and this evening, March 30, at 8.

Horatio W. Parker.....Overture, "Spring" (First time.)

Knorr.....Variations (First time.)

Wagner.....Aria from "Die Meistersinger" Schubert.....Symphony No. 9, in C Major Soloist, Mr. Max Hestrich.

Gaul's sacred cantata "The Holy City" was well rendered as a special musical programme in Union church, Boston, last Sunday evening.

Camille D'Arville's agent says that some one has been trying to poison her. If this is intended as an advertising scheme it has the merit of being a new departure in the business.

"Tribby" is the craze now. The press is full of Tribby. W. A. Brady has purchased from A. M. Palmer the right to produce "Tribby" all over the United States, except in the larger cities, which are reserved. Brady is now arranging to put six "Tribby" companies on the road by 1st prox. Sybil Johnston, Mabel Amber and Odette Tyler are said to have been selected for the title role in three of the companies. The first of these ladies named, first became famous because of her daring in appearing as Isis in the "Clemenceau Case" a few years ago.

Miss Virginia Harned complains that she is getting cold with bare legs, in "Tribby."

Mrs. Barroughs has begun a suit for divorce against her husband Louis Masson. Infidelity.

Miss Nancy (Gouverneur) was playing in "Confession" at Los Angeles, California, last week.

The well known New York place of amusement called "Nibble's Garden" has ceased to exist. It has been in operation upwards of sixty years. The last piece produced there was "My Aunt Bridget."

The Democrat, of Springfield, Mo., has the champion proof reader. Somebody was writing about "Julius Caesar" and the production in which Booth, Barrett and Bangs appeared. Here is what the type made him say: "For many years those three members, Booth, Barrett and Bangs, were known throughout the land as the three B's."

A New York paper referring to the hero in the new play "John-a-Drears" says, "He drinks opium but the drug threatens to put the audience to sleep instead of paralyzing him."

While playing "Richard III." in Boston last week, Haworth was severely wounded by Howard Gould, whose rapier was accidentally driven through Haworth's mailed glove nearly severing the thumb from his right hand. Mr. Haworth's determination enabled him to finish the play but he fainted when the curtain fell.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter, recently played "Francillon" by Dumas jr., at the Park theatre, Brooklyn, and received much commendation for her work. A notice of the play says "Mrs. Potter is no longer a tyro showing a ragged patchwork of ability, assumption and ignorance. She has become a good craftsman well trained enough and intelligent enough to take a leading part in a first class stock company. Her beauty has not been impaired."

One of the New York papers denies the claim of William Gillette to the authorship of "Too much Johnson." It says "Adequacy cool and brazen is characteristic of the liar impersonated by William Gillette in 'Too much Johnson' and this new Ananias is largely conducive to the success of the farce but an equally bold exhibition of effrontery is less engaging in the announcement of the play as the original work of Mr. Gillette." This play as well as "Mrs. Wilkinson's Widow" and "The Private Secretary" passed through his hands as an adapter.

A. A. Ford, a museum actor known as Prince Albino, is about to see Jennie May Applegate, a Brooklyn girl, for \$50,000 for breach of promise.

Olga Netherole's "Camille" is a clever Boston criticism is contrasted with the same role as played by Bernhardt, Modjeska, Clara Morris and Duse. The article says "the first appearance of Miss Netherole made it clearly apparent that in the very nature of things she would not or could not duplicate any of the remarkable performances of the artist named because she had an individuality of her own." "Physically Miss Netherole is almost the antithesis of any of the ladies named." "She undoubtedly gives the character greater physical expression than any representation of it seen upon our stage in many years." The criticism goes on to say "When Camille has allowed herself to be caught by the fancy of a true love in Armand, she fairly delights him with its expression; the passion of her love overwhelms herself; it is really genuine, and Miss Netherole never failed to give it full, proper and adequate expression. She looked the part to perfection in this particular; her face, with-out being markedly attractive, has a certain favor which, supplemented by her altogether lovely neck and bust, which, as Camille, she so generously exhibited fairly warranted the admiring looks with which she was pretty constantly favored."

A DANCE IN A COURT HOUSE.

Another "Court House War" in the Good County of Lunenburg.

A few weeks ago PROGRESS mentioned that it was charged that the councillors of Lunenburg county, by holding a session in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a third in the evening, and calling the three sessions two days, had drawn four dollars a calendar day, just twice the most the law allows, and that the warden of that shire had drawn four dollars a day and travelling expenses in addition to his salary. Now the Bridgewater Enterprise comes down on the warden and the council of Lunenburg as the hunter upon the wolf, or as the angel of death upon the Assyrian. It will be remembered in this connection that, some years ago, there was a fierce contest raging between the towns of Lunenburg and Bridgewater concerning which town should have the court house for the county of Lunenburg. This has passed into history as "The Court House War." The court house was built at Bridgewater, but it still, however, seems to be a bone of contention, judging from the following paragraph from a late copy of the Enterprise: "We believe the majority of people will be surprised to learn that our County Court House is being so prostituted for a dance hall, but Warden DeLong has given his consent and the bald-headed editor of our contemporary has ordered the janitor to make fire in the furnace several days in advance in order that the building may be well warmed (with the country's coal), and the

employees can keep themselves warm during the term. This ballet social (nicknamed fancy dress ball) is to be held on Thursday evening, and if Warden DeLong's supporters in New Germany, the branch, Riverdale, Northfield and Howland, don't teach him a lesson next November we greatly mistake their attitude.

"After the ball" we shall have something more to say, and Warden DeLong may rest assured his supporters will not tolerate the use of this expensive building for a dance hall."

The full-haired editor of the Enterprise does not seem to be very consistent in his exposure, for in one place he says that the county court house is being "prostituted for a dance hall," and further down alludes to "this ballet social (nicknamed fancy-dress ball)." Surely if the entertainment is to be but a "ballet social," the influence that is exerted upon the court house on this occasion can scarcely be described as prostitution "for a dance-hall." It seems, however, that unless Warden DeLong and his councillors are a little less generous with the people's money that he will deserve to have a lesson that he will never forget tonight in the dark night of November.

"OPEN ON SUNDAY." This sign struck the serious man as being a little out of the way.

Now that one of the most prominent livery stable keepers in the city has announced in the papers that he will not hereafter hire team on Sunday, except for funerals and church-going, it was rather a surprise for a reporter to discover the sign "Open on Sunday" in a cafe in which he was indulging in a late supper a few evenings ago.

The reporter was evidently not the only person surprised. A serious looking man in a serious looking black overcoat remarked: "You appear to be proud of keeping open on Sundays."

"You appear to be proud of eating here on Sundays," said the proprietor. The reporter remembered then that it was Sunday night.

"I am not proud of it," said the serious man, "but I have to eat."

"Not at this time of night."

"I have to, indeed. The doctors are all saying now that a man should eat a light supper before going to bed," said the serious man. "I guess you don't attend the Hunter and Crossley meetings," he continued.

"No," said the proprietor, "and I guess you don't read your bible, or you'd attend to your own business."

"Now, do not get riled—do not," said the serious man. "I was just congratulating you on your originality. I've travelled a good deal over these provinces, and I've seen a good many places open on Sunday, but I never saw the last advertised before," said the serious man. "Here's a quarter—never mind the change."

As the gentleman had just partaken of an oyster stew, the usual price of which is twenty-five cents, his generosity in asking the proprietor to ignore the change was as superfluous as his other remarks.

WHERE WAS HIS BLIND ABLE TAUGHT.

A Blind Girl who Goes From House to House Teaching the Blind.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Halifax school for the blind is a pamphlet which should be of great interest to every maritime provincialist. The superintendent's report shows that there were at the institution at the first of this year thirty-six boys, fifteen girls and one adult, making a total of fifty-two as against forty-seven registered a year before. Of these there is one from St. John city. The work in the literary and musical departments has been fully up to the average of former years, and that in the technical department is particularly gratifying. Work in the electrical department has passed the experimental stage.

During the past five months Miss Una Legge, a recent graduate of the school, has been visiting the homes of the blind in the western portion of New Brunswick. During that time she has taught ten blind persons to read and write, and three blind women have been instructed by her in knitting and fancy work. Miss Legge has also visited the homes of eight young blind children and has instructed the parents in their education and training.

To Make Larger Crops.

"Whose fertilizer do you use?" is the query made a neat little pamphlet issued by the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., Limited, of this city. The arguments that are brought forward in the book show conclusively that the fertilizers that should be used by all farmers who want good crops, are those made by the Provincial Fertilizer Co. The works of this company are at Little River, St. John Co., and the office is at 89 Water street. A large addition to the works will soon be made, this change being necessitated by the ever-increasing business of the company. The pamphlet advises farmers to try the experiment of counting the cost of barnyard manure and the labor turning under, and of laying out dollar for dollar on fertilizer or bone, and assures them that the result will not only be larger but much better crops—the first to read the market, the second to read the soil, the best to keep up with it.

and color, less liability to injury during unfavorable seasons, the money yield with the least tendency to disease, the highest prices, and the leaving of the land in a better condition for the following crop.

WOMAN ON THE BIKE.

Advice That should make her Attractive and Contented on the Wheel.

In connection with the article entitled "Bicycles and Bloomers," in another part of this paper, the following article will be of particular interest to the St. John girl who rides a bicycle:

Some women deprive themselves of the pleasure of riding a bicycle because of the awkward appearance presented by a not girly looking riders, especially those who go along with knees rising and falling laboriously. They fear that they may commit the same fault, not knowing that the ungraceful exhibition is simply the result of one thing—ignorance concerning the choice of a bicycle. If a woman were about to mount a horse one of the first things she would give her attention to would be the length of the stirrup leathers, which she would adjust to suit her stature, otherwise she would rise and fall in the saddle to too pronounced a manner and her appearance would be more so accordingly. The proper adjustment of pedal and saddle in the case of the bicycle is equally important. Bicycles are made in different heights from the saddle to the pedal, namely, 21, 23, 25, 27 inches. If a woman with long legs had one of the low machines, it will be almost impossible for her to ride with grace. In choosing a bicycle a woman should test it by sitting on it while it is stationary and moving the pedal round with her foot. In this way she can ascertain if the seat is too high or too low for her.

When the pedal is at the lowest point the foot should reach it comfortably, not so as to exert full foot pressure, but with about the same pressure as the toe gives the stirrup when sitting at ease in the saddle or what it gives to the floor when in a comfortable rocker. It is not safe to have a pedal that the foot cannot control all the way round; while if the pedal does not give the leg a full stretch the result will be an ungainly jerking up of the skirts.

The length of the crank of the pedal is even more important. In length the crank varies from 7 to 8 1/2 inches, making a difference of 3 inches in the rise and fall. As the pedal revolves it raises the foot and knee just so much at each revolution, and if the elevation is too great an appearance of awkwardness is introduced. Apart from producing awkwardness, the long crank has other serious drawbacks.

If a woman gets a bicycle with the proper height of saddle and a moderate short crank, she may be a graceful rider if she will observe one rule—not to turn the knee outward, but inward, in pressing the feet down. That it is natural to turn the knee out is demonstrated by the small boy, whose knees waggle from side to side like governors on an engine, as he rides his bicycle. With a woman this action stretches the skirts to their utmost width, and causes a very bad showing from behind, and from the front. It will be found that there is much less fatigue from the inward stroke than from the outward, as the pressure is more direct and with less friction.

There is no royal road to learning to ride the modern safety. It is largely a matter of confidence. Some women will learn in an hour and others in a week. Where it is practicable, it is best to go to one of the schools and take a lesson or two from a competent instructor. If this cannot be done, the next best plan is to learn to ride near a wall or board fence, where there is a slight incline, and the rider can see the wall with the other, and along until confidence is attained. The reason why the wall is advocated rather than a friend with a strong arm is that if the learner is to insist on being held along the wall with the other, more until confidence is attained. The reason why the wall is advocated rather than a friend with a strong arm is that if the learner is to insist on being held along the wall with the other, more until confidence is attained.

This is the reason why so many girls taught by friends are three times as long in learning to ride as those taught in schools, and even when expert seldom have the style of the school-taught pupil. Miss Francis E. Willard, who is an enthusiastic rider, said recently that she had three teachers before she could master the wheel, and it was only by the method last described she learned to ride. It took Lady Henry Somerset two months to learn to mount and ride, but by following the directions here given any woman should be able to learn in six lessons of twenty minutes each.

Here is a description of the latest costume for a woman to wear bicycling. It includes a loose blouse waist and has a skirt made of some loosely webbed fabric which falls into folds of its own accord. The bottom of it is flared or widened. The hem is lightly weighted. This, it is claimed, does away with all display of the ankles and the ugly, cumbersome look from behind, which most of the proposed costumes have been found to not look unbecoming. Knickerbockers or full trousers may be worn under it or not as desired.

Given a properly fitting machine, reasonable skill, and a will-out skirt, there is only one thing needed to make a woman ride a bicycle gracefully, and that is the limitation of speed. No woman should attempt to ride more than about eight miles an hour on asphalt, or more than six miles an hour on macadamized road if she values her appearance. Her skirt must be motionless at the feet, and the woman should be a rapid action of the knees is kept in place. A well-mounted woman, riding at a moderate speed, is seldom seen but when she is met with, every one turns to look at her, and here is given the secret of her superior attractiveness. The woman should not be afraid to let her skirt fly.

ST. JOHN PEOPLE THOROUGHLY AROUSED!

One Great Subject is Debated!!

Discussed in Public Places and in the Privacy of Our City Homes.

AT THE DINING TABLE, IN THE OFFICE AND ON THE PUBLIC STREETS.

Men, Women and Children Speak of Paine's Celery Compound.

Its Wonderful and Marvellous Cures are Spoken of and Recommended With Earnestness.

THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE AND ITS WORK IN OUR VERY MIDST.

Scoffers and Skeptics are Silenced when They See the Sick and Suffering Rased Up.

Doctors and Nurses freely Recommending Paine's Celery Compound Every Day.

CITY DRUGGISTS HARD PRESSED TO SUPPLY THE TREMENDOUS DEMAND.

All Other Medicines Far Behind in the Race for Popularity and Public Favor.

WARNING TO THE SICK AND SUFFERING!

Avoid Dealers who Would Sell You Substitutes, Imitations and Inferior Medicines.

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND PRECIOUS LIFE DEPEND ENTIRELY UPON PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

It is the Only Medicine that "Makes People Well."

Intense interest has been aroused in our city!

The truth is, that words fail to describe the feelings of men and women at the present time.

Individuals and families are filled with wonder and amazement when they speak of the almost miraculous cures that have been effected by that marvelous disease-curing medicine, Paine's Celery Compound.

Go where you will—to the quiet and well-ordered home, to the business office, to the noisy factory, to the crowded and bustling store, or on the public streets—you hear one subject discussed, (with animation and earnestness) Paine's Celery Compound and its wonderful cures.

The scoffers and skeptics are silenced, for they behold with their own eyes the sick and suffering raised up, and those who were pronounced incurable, are snatched from the grave.

Our city druggists and dealers are hard pressed to supply the ever-increasing demand for Paine's Celery Compound. At hand for Paine's Celery Compound, the people cannot be fully satisfied since the great wave of public opinion has turned to the only medicine that cures.

In the midst of the popular clamor and excitement, many buyers of Paine's Celery Compound have been deceived by unprincipled dealers who furnish worthless substitutes—medicines that have no curing powers or healing virtues. This work is done, simply because the inferior goods pay larger profits than the world-renowned Paine's Celery Compound. So if you should buy Paine's Celery Compound, and that its record in this city and elsewhere, is a bright, honest and heart-inspiring one. All should bear in mind, that there is only one medicine that "makes people well," and that only one—Paine's Celery Compound.

The glad and assuring news comes to us that the best physicians and hospital nurses are strongly recommending nature's great medicine. Right here in our very midst, there is proof enough to convince the people of the whole North American continent, that Paine's Celery Compound is a God-given gift to suffering humanity. Men given gift to suffer and well today in our city, who were given up by the doctors.

They were all saved by Paine's Celery Compound, and from the depths of their souls they sing its praises everywhere they go.

Our St. John people have had their dear ones, their friends and neighbors raised from beds of sickness, to the enjoyment of health and true life. There is not a man or woman in this progressive city who is ignorant of the mighty good accomplished by earth's best medicine. Humbled by earth's best medicine. Humbled by earth's best medicine. Humbled by earth's best medicine.

From the great mass of St. John letters, the following are sufficient proof: The Rev. Dr. Wilson, City, says: "For many years I have been a sufferer from asthma, but was able to continue in active ministerial work until the winter of 1891, when la grippe laid me aside and compelled me to be a supernumerary. Since then I had recourse to various means in order to bring about a restoration of health, but without any real benefit. I was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, and it affords me very great pleasure to be able to say that I have been greatly helped thereby, and regard it the best medicine I know anything of. My general health has so greatly improved that I now do a great deal of work, and it is the improvement continues I will be inclined to re-enter upon active service at the next conference. I wish you every success in your good work of saving the bodies of your fellowmen."

Mrs. Wm. Irvine, 102 Queen street, City, writes thus:—I think it a great pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what your Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I have been troubled for the past ten years with kidney complaint and have tried a great many preparations and have tried a great many prescriptions, but with little or no benefit.

"For the last six months I have had a great strain upon my system from night-watching and overwork. I was breaking down; my friends said, 'I was going back to death.' I resolved to try Paine's Celery Compound, and used four bottles. My kidney trouble disappeared; nervousness and sleeplessness are troubles of the past, and my general health is greatly improved. In a word, I am cured; and I wish you to publish this so that the world can read it."

Mr. F. P. Roberts, City, gives important testimony:—"About two years ago, I had La Grippe badly. For several months I was unable to do any work. During that period, and for months after, I was under treatment by my physician. At times my case was regarded as very alarming, and my life was even despaired of. A most violent cough was firmly seated on my lungs and bronchial tubes, and very often I raised up large quantities of blood.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South End. The news of the death of Mrs. Scovil, wife of Rev. Wm. Scovil, who is well known here will be heard with universal regret by St. John. The sad event occurred in England, last Sunday from pneumonia. Mrs. Scovil was a sister of Messrs. Thomas, Henry George and James Gilbert and also of Mrs. Wilson, Fiddock street, all of whom will have the sincere sympathy of many friends. Mrs. Scovil was seventy-nine years of age. Mr. and Mrs. George Curvill are being congratulated this week on the arrival of a tiny stranger—a daughter. Miss Donville spent part of this week in the city the guest of Misses Byard, Germania street. Mr. Arthur How and family have taken a home in the east end of Princess street and will in future reside in the city. Mr. Hart of the bank of Montreal has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Croft for the past week; Mr. Hart has been suffering from an attack of muscular rheumatism. Mr. Gardiner Taylor has so far recovered from her recent attack of grip as to be out again. Miss Fennell, who has spent three weeks very pleasantly in Boston is expected home this week. Mrs. H. B. Hazen is spending the winter in Malta and professes herself delighted with the climate there. Miss LeBarry who has been absent in Florence for some time and who was to have returned home this spring has decided to remain away another year in order to study music. She is making a special study of the harp. Mr. and Mrs. George Allen have returned to Fredericton in the hope that Mr. Allen may regain his health which was seriously impaired by his recent illness. Misses Mulse and Isabel Downville spent Monday and Tuesday of this week in town guests of their cousin Miss Jarvis Princess street. The Assembly rooms of the Mechanics' Institute presented a very brilliant scene on Monday evening last when a large number of invited guests gathered, at the invitation of the Misses Hall, of King St. East, to take part in the closing of the dance class which they have very successfully conducted during the winter. Harrison's orchestra furnished excellent music to which the merry throng danced gaily through the mass of the dance. The chaperones performed their duties gracefully, while Messrs. G. A. Dickson and A. W. Foster, Miss L. Wadsworth, Miss L. Harrison, Miss M. Beverley, Miss M. Campbell, Miss McKenna, Misses Frankie, Miss L. Climo, Misses Clark, Miss Shawart, Miss Thompson, Miss Sinclair, Miss N. O. Gilpin, Misses Bradley, Miss L. Campbell, Miss G. Campbell, Miss Patchell, Miss W. Thomas, Misses Vanwart, Miss S. Golding, Miss M. Lascelles, Miss Branscombe, Misses Gray, Misses Tinney, Miss N. Olive, Miss Winter, Misses Russell, Miss T. Drury, Miss Peppin, Miss Baskin, Miss Carpenter, Miss A. Cowan, Miss L. Olive, Miss N. Johnston, Miss B. Myles, Miss M. Campbell, Misses Smith, Miss A. Milligan, Miss Mowry, Miss E. Sha., Miss B. Allan, Miss Day, Miss E. Waring, Miss Fudington, Messrs. F. and S. Smith, F. McLan, O. Branscombe, W. Fraser, G. Henry, F. and O. Charlton, J. Fraser, A. McKay, H. Johnston, C. Mitchell, W. Clark, H. Waterbury, E. Henry, A. Lindsay, R. Parkin, A. Shaw, F. Johnston, M. Olive, B. Smith, R. Robertson, J. Cookson, F. Henry, L. Sutherland, F. Day, H. Harrison, R. Ritchie, S. Campbell, G. Noble, V. White, C. Drury, A. Henderson, Dr. Fitz, Dr. Burns, Dr. Wetmore, W. Barbour, E. Everett, W. Golding, A. Branscombe, C. McKay, G. Frice, F. McIntyre, H. Barnes, B. Jordan, M. Shaw, A. Smith, W. Watson, C. Vanwart, C. Rowe, R. Edcombe, G. Barker, E. Stevens, R. Johnston, L. Linton, F. Roden, J. Sinclair, W. Sinclair, R. Cunningham, Dr. Fitzsimons, D. Doherty, G. A. Dickson, and A. Main. Among the many beautiful dresses worn the following were noticed particularly, Mrs. J. P. Hall, black brocade tulle. Mrs. H. U. Creighton, black velvet and lace. Miss Hall, rose cashmere, silk trimmings, roses and similar. Miss Nellie Hall, yellow cashmere, black lace. Mrs. M. Hall, cream cashmere, cream lace, flowers. Miss F. Hall, silk green tulle, cream lace and flowers. Miss A. Hall, white crepe, white lace, white satin trimmings and flowers. Miss Patchell, silk green cashmere, angora fur. Miss A. McKenna's crimson silk, crepe lace. Miss M. Campbell, pale grey cashmere, lace and ribbon trimmings, flowers. Miss Crocker, black velvet and rose silk. Miss Beverly, pink satin, white lace. Miss Climo, pink crepe, white lace, ribbon. Miss B. Sinclair, pale blue silk, white lace. Miss Thompson, white silk, white lace and flowers. Miss Seeds, yellow cashmere, silk trimmings. Miss Lascelles, yellow cashmere, white velvet and roses. Miss Hawker, black lace, jet, flowers. Miss P. Clark, pearl silk, white lace and violets. Miss Wright, cream cashmere and lace. Miss Branscombe, cream tulle, white and flowers. Miss Tracy, black lace. Miss de Lisle Grey, lavender silk, white lace. Miss Reed, pink crepe, white lace, pink ribbons. Miss C. Frankie, cream figured crepe, green ribbon trimmings. Miss Waring, white silk, dark green velvet trimmings. Mrs. Geo. Smith, black velvet, jet and lace. Miss Wister, black silk, black chiffon. Miss J. Mowry, cream cashmere, black ribbon. Miss Smith, white and rose chaille, white lace. Miss S. Fraser, two solid white lace. Miss Barker, pink silk, white lace trimmings. Miss Grace Rowan, pink tulle, white lace, white chiffon. Miss Gregory, black lace over yellow silk, yellow ribbon trimmings. Miss E. Clarke, cream crepe, white lace, white flowers. Miss Mowry, cream cashmere, black ribbon trimmings. Miss Charlton, light chaille, silk shoulder puffs. Miss Fraser, pale blue crepe, white lace. Miss Wetmore, chaille, old rose silk. Miss G. Campbell, yellow cashmere, yellow silk trimmings. Miss M. Stewart, cream tulle, cream satin ribbon. Miss Vanwart, white chiffon. Miss Fredericks, black and rose chaille, green satin ribbon trimmings and white lace. Miss Grace, navy blue silk, white lace.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL. TRY IT. TRADE MARK. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or COLD, WHICH? IF YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. Fertilizers. Imperial Superphosphate. Potato Phosphate. Fruit Tree Fertilizer. Bone Meal. Importers of Fertilizers, Chemicals of all description. Send for pamphlet.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B. BRITISH AMERICAN Hydraulic Clothes Cleaners. THE LADIES' FRIEND.

Sheraton & Whittaker. Sole Agents, 88 King Street. Unexcelled in the following points: 1—Price. 2—Saving Labor. 3—Rapidity of Washing. 4—Variety of Fabrics Washed. 5—Cleansing Perfectly without Damage to Clothing. 6—Simplicity and Perfect Construction. 7—Size, Weight and Durability.

Earnscliffe Gardens, CONTAINING TRIED AND APPROVED PEACH, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting. PLUMS—5,000 young trees of best commercial varieties, chiefly on native stocks; 2,000 tree years old. Three years ago I planted a number of new varieties of Plums, obtained from leading Orchards in New York. Last year they began to fruit and in year gave me a full crop. I have since cut four a table varieties, the first ripening August 15th, the last October 15th. This fruit preserved in glass I have a number of the 4-6 sizes, along with Moore's Apples and Lombard. I have 4 bushels of Plums last autumn to secure native stocks. PEACHES—1,000 trees. The first and only Peach Nursey in the province. Stocks budded with choice varieties, tested on ground. GRAPES—Vines in earlier varieties only. PEARS—Trees three years old, home grown, led in kinds. APPLES—A specialty made in Greenhouses, E. Bolton Pippin and Russets. THE ABOVE STOCK IS GOOD. ALSO EXCELLENT SITUATION FOR BUILDING.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S. Bought at a Bargain. We have again this Season secured 300 Pieces

White Lace Curtains, at a Bargain and are offering them at the following low prices.

Table with columns: Length, Yards, Price. Includes items like Lot 1 2 1/2 yards for 40c pair, Lot 2 2 1/2 yards for 50c pair, etc.

The above Curtains are Taped Edges and New and Handsome Patterns, and are certainly GREAT BARGAINS at the price we are offering them.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

DON'T be misled BY GLARING ADVERTISEMENTS OF CYCLES. WE Handle RELIABLE Lines such as The QUADRANT, ROYAL ENFIELD, &c., and understand our business. F. H. TIPPET, & Co., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Puff Sleeves and Skirts to look stylish and stay so, should be supported by Fibre Chamois The New Interlining. If you wish prompt shipment, close quotations, high class WINDOW SHADES, BRASS FIXTURES, POLES, TRIMMINGS, ROOM MOULDINGS, &c. WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

MENZIE, TURNER & Co., City Sample Room, 8 and 10 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Canada. Office, Warehouse and Factories, 5, 10 and 12 Liberty Street, Late the Melrose Shade Co.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS. To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., 118 Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR All Imported Tobacco. 10c. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. OUR BRANDS: DEW CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ROSE AUQUETTE, (Registered), CLARET. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 19TH, 1895.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 523. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Granby Rubbers and Overshoes. Warm, Dry and Comfortable. Latest Styles. Beautifully Finished. Perfect in Fit. Always Satisfactory. GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON!

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

For AMHERST SOCIETY NEWS SEE PAGES AND SEVENTH COLUMN.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- ASHBURN'S BOOK STORES, 24 George Street; AUSTIN & CO., Barrington Street; LEFFORD BROS., 111 Hollis Street; JEWELL & BLYTHE, George Street; JEWELL'S DRESS STORES, Spring Garden Road; 'Dress and Trim', 11 Jacob Street; F. J. GIBNEY, 111 Spring Garden Road; ALBADA NEWS CO., Granville Street; (HARTY & CO., 121 Hollis Street; F. J. HOBBSMAN, 121 Hollis Street; W. H. HARRIS, 121 Hollis Street; H. S. HARRIS, 121 Hollis Street; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

An excellent programme was well rendered at St. Paul's mission hall the other evening under the efficient leadership of Mrs. S. Stead with Mrs. J. E. Curran at the piano. The various numbers were excellently well rendered. The following were sung: "The Song of the Lark" by Mrs. J. E. Curran; "The Song of the Lark" by Mrs. J. E. Curran; "The Song of the Lark" by Mrs. J. E. Curran.

Mrs. Wade, of Bridgewater, who has been spending the winter in Halifax, has returned to her home, taking with her Miss Daisy Farrel, who will be her guest for a few weeks.

Mrs. Stuyser and Miss Ethel Stuyser leave this week by the Carthagenian for Philadelphia, where they will remain for some time.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny gave a very pleasant tea lately at her charming home on South Street. Of course it is needless to say that the affair was a success. Mrs. Kenney's character as a successful hostess is too well known to need any assurance of that; no very new gowns were worn as every thing in this line is especially reserved for Easter festivities.

Mrs. Hartley, wife of Capt. Hartley, of the Kings, is expected home after Easter. If she arrives in time she will of course appear out at Easter and will receive callers the following week.

I learn that the subscription which has been so long talked of is to be held shortly after Easter. No doubt the function will be well patronized as the object is a worthy one and there is usually a dearth of balls in Halifax.

Mr. Arthur Thompson's friends will regret to learn that he is again very seriously ill. Mr. Crilston R. A., and his wife have returned to Halifax and are staying at the Waverly.

Captain Campbell, of the Kings, has his brother staying with him on a visit. Rev. E. F. and Mr. Archibald left for a trip to New York on Monday.

Bishop Courtney was at home here this appears as he left Liverpool on the Parisian last Thursday for Halifax.

Mr. J. A. Mahon, of Mahon Bros., who was expected by the Labrador, was unable to leave England on account of a bad cold. He is coming in the Parisian which left England on Thursday.

The recital in the Conservatory of music last Friday evening was of unusual interest to the first one of the kind given in that institution, and as an excellent test of what this school is doing, it was an unqualified success. The recital was by Miss Frances Foster, a daughter of Mr. W. B. Foster, of Dartmouth, a charming young miss yet in her early teens.

For little Miss Foster a wonderful career and that she is destined to become a pianist of ability and power. She shows a fine comprehension of the various composers and of their different styles; she has also an excellent memory for the entire programme was rendered without error. Miss Foster was very ably assisted by Miss Baird, a Whidden and Miss Lizzy Burgess.

Miss May Ames Kelley, an American elocutionist who brought the very highest and most flattering notices along with her, appeared Friday night before a very large audience in the school room of the Brunswick street Methodist church. Her subject was "Enoch Arden" and Miss Kelley treated it in a way that certainly brought out new beauties in this well known poem of Tennyson's. The entire programme was carried out in a very artistic and finished manner and several parts were very highly praised and commended. The pleasure of this very enjoyable evening was considerably enhanced by the solos which Miss Copel so furnished.

A very interesting "mock parliament" was held recently in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. The weighty subject under discussion was a bill to limit the power of the press. Some excellent addresses on both sides were delivered, but unfortunately, or unfortunately, as one may look at the matter, it was defeated by the overwhelming majority of one. This is the third or fourth debate held in the Association this year and another will be held a short while, the subject being the proposed confederation of Newfoundland.

Last Friday evening, Miss Daisy Foster gave a recital at the Ladies' college. Her playing is delightful and so wonderful, as she plays altogether from memory. It took the pen of the evening was an "opportunity" by Schumann. Miss Foster was assisted by Miss Beatrice Whidden, whom every one is delighted to hear play on the violin, and Miss E. Burgess, who sang once in the evening.



Nothing conduces to comfort in your household arrangements so much as good soap. Money saved, better results, less labor—all secured if you use Eclipse Soap. One bar will convince you. Best grocers all have it. JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Manufacturers.

At home from nine till twelve, at "Bellevue" on Tuesday evening. About twenty ladies and gentlemen have been practicing for the last two weeks, and they sang four times during the evening. Among the chorists I noticed—Mrs. and Miss Tremblay, Mr. and Miss Wiswell, Mrs. W. and Miss Tremblay, Mrs. W. and Miss Wiswell, Mrs. W. and Miss Tremblay, Mrs. W. and Miss Wiswell.

The General and Mrs. Montgomery-Moore have for England this month of April for a month's visit. WINDSOR. [Programme is for sale in Windsor at Kowles' Bookstore and by F. W. Dalin.]

Mar. 28.—The Catholic Young Men's society gave a concert on Tuesday evening, March 19th. They were assisted by the Misses Leahy, of Halifax, and Mr. Mellish, of Kentville. The concert was largely attended and was much enjoyed. The Misses Leahy and Mr. Mellish, who is in Windsor, were the guests of Rev. Father Kennedy.

Mr. D. C. Blair, of Truro, N. S., spent Sunday in town with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard. Mrs. Blair and little son who have been visiting here for some time, returned with Mr. Blair on Monday. U. S. Connel and Mrs. Young are visiting in Wolfville.

Mr. H. Bradford of the Collegiate school was in Halifax last week. Mr. A. P. Shand was in Lunenburg last week on business. Miss Ada Smith has returned from visiting friends in Halifax.

Miss Winnie Hesley is home from the Normal School, Truro, for a few days. Rev. Canon Brock, of Kentville, was in town on Monday.

On Thursday evening Miss Lizette Smith gave a very enjoyable dance for her friend Miss Hardwick. Among those invited were Mrs. Chas. Hendry, Miss Garvie, Kate Smith, Nora Blanchard, Nellie Pauline, Maggie Willett, Maggie Oulive, Jane Curry, Lillie Allison, Kate Geldert, Marie Currie, Madeline Black, Frances Woodworth, Annie Angow, Lou McCallum, Bertie Locke, George Wilson, and Messrs. C. Bosley, A. L. Donnelly, Y. Eville, P. Curry, Beasomette, Drysdale, Archibald, Lydard, C. Amling, Holmes.

Miss Hardwick looked very pretty in a gown of buttercup yellow corded silk. Miss Smith, pale blue challis. Miss Dorothy Smith, cream cashmere trimmed with white silk ribbon. Miss Allison, a gown of white cashmere, prettily trimmed with wide white satin ribbon.

Miss Kate Smith, a pretty gown of pale blue silk with overtones of figured muslin trimmed with white satin ribbon. Miss Curry, white corded silk. Miss Garvie, gown of pale green with velvet puffs of a darker shade. Miss Geldert, pretty white crepon. Miss Amos, yellow cashmere trimmed with black velvet.

Miss Willett, pink cr. pon., trimmed with blue green sash ribbon. Miss Blanchard, dark green skirt, with broadened sash of the same color. Miss Woodworth, white lawn and white silk. Miss Pauline, pale blue cashmere trimmed with white lace. Miss Locks, a very pretty gown of pale blue cashmere trimmed with silver tulle.

Miss Wilson, pink cashmere. Miss Oulive, black velvet skirt and pink silk waist. Miss McCallum, white crepon trimmed with ribbon and violets. Miss Maxie Curry, white cashmere trimmed with ribbon and violets. Miss Black, pale blue serge trimmed with white lace.

Mr. H. L. Donnan was in Halifax a few days last week. Dew Smith, returned to her home in Bear River on Tuesday. Miss Kate Smith has returned from her visit to her friend Miss Cooke, Moncton, N. B. Capt. Theo. Aylward and Mr. J. M. Smith, left on Saturday for New York.

Mr. Geo. O'Brien was in Halifax a few days last week. Miss Bertie Lock spent Sunday at her home in Halifax. Mr. George Murphy is home from New York, where he has been lecturing during the evening. Mr. Christie and Mr. Sangster spent a few days in Halifax last week.

Prof. Roberts, of Acadia college, lectured on Canadian history before the Philomathean society of Dalhousie college, Halifax, on Friday evening, March 28th. Mr. Bert Payzant, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Miss Bertha Harney was in Halifax a day or two last week. A number of young people went to Halifax Friday evening to attend an at home given by the "Athletes" of Acadia college.

Mr. C. H. Morris returned last evening from Montreal, where he has been attending McGill college. Miss Kate Ellis who has been visiting in Wolfville, returned home on Monday.

Mr. Newcombe, of Graham, spent Sunday in town with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Geldert. Mr. J. F. Robinson entertained a number of young people at an oyster supper on Friday evening at his home on Dalhousie street. Mr. Stuart of the Manor, was in Lunenburg a few days last week.

NEW GLASGOW. [Programme is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Richard and Mr. H. Henderson.] Mar. 27.—Miss L. M. Fulton, of Truro, who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. W. Kenzie at Binkburnie, returned home on Friday.

Miss Matilda Bent, of Bay Verte, is being entertained by Miss Addie Bent, High Street. Mrs. Don Jardie, of Truro, returned from Atterboro, where she will spend a few weeks visiting house friends.

Following are the names of those who enjoyed Mrs. Robertson's five o'clock tea on Thursday: Mrs. S. Keith, Mrs. F. Graham, Mrs. J. James, Mrs. L. C. Cully, Mrs. Searl, Mrs. Hector Sutherland, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mrs. Margaret McKay and Miss Young.

Mrs. W. Rennie entertained a few of Miss Lumsden's friends Thursday afternoon with a highly enjoyable tea. Mr. Kenyon Stewart has returned from Truro, after spending a few days visiting friends there.

Miss McQuig, who has been visiting in Truro, returned Wednesday. Mr. George Toxard entertained a few of her friends with a merry game of progressive whist Friday night; both the honor and booty prizes were enthusiastically contested for. Miss Ida McKay bought of victorious was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses. Mrs. Toxard prepared for the evening very gracefully and added greatly to the enjoyment of her guests.

Mr. Peter Moriarty, of Truro, is spending a few days in town. Among the successful ventures of the week was the "at home" given by Mrs. Haywood McGregor at her beautiful residence, Tuesday evening, ranks very high. The large, spacious rooms were appropriately decorated, with a look here and there for cards, playing and cordial chat; and as the floor was wood, and nothing never seems to grow monotonous, music was in great demand, compelling visits possible here we bid farewell to our kind host and hostess. The invited guests were—Misses Addie Verre, Y. Eville, P. Curry, Beasomette, Drysdale, Archibald, Lydard, C. Amling, Holmes.

Miss Hardwick looked very pretty in a gown of buttercup yellow corded silk. Miss Smith, pale blue challis. Miss Dorothy Smith, cream cashmere trimmed with white silk ribbon. Miss Allison, a gown of white cashmere, prettily trimmed with wide white satin ribbon.

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Silk Department. NEW SILKS FOR SPRING NOW OPENED.

Blouse Silks For House, Street or Evening Wear. LATEST NOVELTIES and Colorings in Taffetas Rayes, Taffetas Chene, Taffetas Broche, Taffetas Broche, Taffetas Glace, Fancy Damag, Black Colored Shanghai Pongee, Bengaline Pointille, Colored Surahs, Printed Pongee, Surah Poitelle, Shot Surah, Black Satin Duchesse, Black Satin Merveilleux, Black Faille Francaise, Black Gros deLondre, Colored Faille Francaise, Colored Bergaline Silks.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

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

Look for it! READY MARCH 30th. New Halifax Monthly Magazine, "The Occasional", 44 Pages. Price 5c.

Unique, Light, Literary. AT ALL BOOKSTORES. BUY IT.

A Word With the Ladies.

Why use the nasty, ill smelling "Oils" so-called, that stain the clothing, when you can get better and quicker results from Minard's Liniment, that will not injure or stain the finest fabric? This is also one of the qualities that imitations of Minard's Liniment do not possess.

MONNIE'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. We Ship Wedding CAKES ALL OVER THE DOMINION. We send them by Express Safe arrival Guaranteed. The largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada. Harry Webb Toronto. Write for Catalogue to Harry Webb Toronto.

WEDDING CAKES ALL OVER THE DOMINION. We send them by Express Safe arrival Guaranteed. The largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada. Harry Webb Toronto. Write for Catalogue to Harry Webb Toronto.

BICYCLES. PREMIER, RANGLER, ORSBERY, and other models. T. W. BOYD & SON, 1888 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

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STAINED GLASS. Memorials Interior... Decorations. Castle & Son, 19, University St., Montreal.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS and DESIGNS. HANBURY A. BUDDEN, Attorney and Solicitor in Patent Cases, 270, St. John Street, Montreal.

BACHELOR CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR. IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, N. B. Ask for the BACHELOR CIGAR and be convinced that A. ISAACS, 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, N. B. is the manufacturer for the genuine 10c SMALL QUEEN.

Rev. A. Waterford to you to C, has permanent been trou ago you If gave still free to recom an appor KOD FOR

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Johnson, of St. John, is visiting friends here. Mr. Walter Brown, Jr., of Springfield, King's Co., is in town here.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. (Hobby) and J. B. Hawthorn.]

MARCH 27.—The large party given on Thursday evening by Mrs. George W. Hodges in honor of her niece and namesake, Miss Jessie Edwards, of Halifax, who is visiting her aunt, was all that could be desired in the way of a party.

Miss Edwards, who is a bright brunette looked very pretty in her dress, and the table which was beautifully laid presented a feast fit for the gods. In the centre a large silver candelabra was lit, and the room was brilliantly lighted.

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who will make her deathly, as they have been everything to each other for several years. Mrs. John Gilmour of St. Stephen is visiting here.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the book store of R. S. Duggan, G. B. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. P. Trainor's.]

MARCH 27.—Mr. and Mrs. John D. Chipman are a most pleasant party at their residence on Friday evening to a dozen intimate friends.

Mrs. Frank Edgecombe, of Fredericton, is in Milltown, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Eaton.

Miss Ethel Waterbury and Miss Mabel Clarke are expected home tomorrow from Weston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd, accompanied by Miss Randall, and their friends Miss Emma Harris, and Miss Fannie Todd left yesterday for a visit in Montreal.

Mr. Andrew Todd, and his daughter, Miss Abbie Todd, who have been spending the winter here, left this week for Boston.

Mr. Rankine Brown, of Woodstock, is visiting at "Hawthorn Hall," the guest of Mr. Walter Stevens.

Miss Alice Grant, of St. John, spent a day at the house of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clark, who spent Sunday in St. Andrew, the guest of Captain and Mrs. Keaton.

Miss Marie Cook, the talented young lecturer in Fredericton, is expected to appear before the Y. C. C. A. tomorrow evening.

Mrs. F. B. Edgercombe returned today from her visit to St. Stephen, she is accompanied home by her friend Miss Eaton who will remain in town.

"COUGHS"

FOR DON'T TAKE COLD. COLDS ARE FRAUGHT WITH DANGER. THE CAUSE OF HALF OUR ILLS. The city is now full of Colds. At no time, not even in the coldest winter, were Colds so prevalent.

WHOOPIING COUGH. This early the Health Department report two deaths from this always distressing and oftentimes fatal disease. Dr. Humphrey's Specific No. 10.

MONCTON. [PROGRAMME is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Mr. J. B. Johnson.]

MARCH 27.—Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Bradley left Thursday for Boston, where they will spend a few weeks with friends.

Mrs. E. A. Record, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. Harris, Queen's, returned to her home in Boston last week.

Mrs. J. B. Burns left Thursday night for Montreal to visit friends.

Mrs. Frank Ramsey, of Canis, N. S., is in the city spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Mary Fleming, of Wellington street.

Mrs. W. H. Edwards, who is in town on her return from Boston, on her annual trip to visit art and picture galleries.

Mrs. J. H. Vose of Portland, Maine, was summoned to Milltown during the past week, owing to the dangerous illness of her sister Mrs. Irving Todd.

Mrs. Clara Allingham, of Campbellton, is in the city visiting Mrs. C. Davidson, of Church street.

THE TYPEWRITER

It is now an indispensable business accessory. You have been thinking of buying one for a long time, and are now convinced that you must have Writing Machine to keep up with the business methods of the age.



YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. E. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrew; J. P. Benson, Chatham.

Mr. Brown also intended to preach on the subject, but was too ill to do so. In the debating society on Saturday evening the question was raised whether women should be admitted as members or not.

Mr. Gordon Stewart spent a few days in Campbellton some time ago, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Mott.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCune, of Magalloway, very pleasantly entertained a few of their friends on Friday evening. Dancing was the chief amusement.

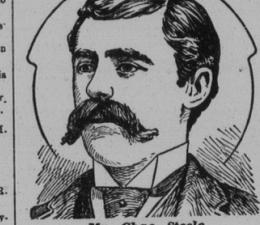
MARCH 27.—Miss Doyle and Fair, of New Canada, were guests at the Keary House for a few days this week.

MARCH 27.—Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Trites with Master Raleigh, returned to their homes in Sussex on Monday afternoon, having spent a few days with friends here.

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Broken in Health

That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back Appetite and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Mr. Chas. Steele, St. Catherine's, Ont. "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"For a number of years I have been troubled with a general tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in the back, and constipation. I could get little rest at night on account of the pain and had no appetite whatever. I was that tired in my limbs that I gave out before half the day in any kind of a great number of medicines but did not get any permanent relief from any."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which made me feel better at once. I used it until I feel like a new man. I have a good appetite, feel as strong as ever I did, and enjoy perfect rest at night. I have much pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla. CHAS. STEELE, with Erie Printing Co., St. Catharines, Ontario.

Extension Cut Under.

A Handome Family Carriage. Made very light and Comfortable. Now is the time to get prices. Send for catalogue. We turn out the finest Carriages that are sold.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Inch-Arran Hotel for Sale.

That favorite Summer Resort complete in every detail. Owner selling on account of ill-health. Price low. Send for full particulars to A. E. LEWIS, 185 St. James' Street, Montreal.

Dairy School

Prof. J. W. ROBERTSON has made arrangements to open a School for Cheesemaking at Sussex, on Tuesday, the 9th of April. Arrangements have been made by the Dominion and Local Governments that cheesemakers who attend the school from a distance will be paid their railway fares.

EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Eason, 38 deSalaberry St., Montreal.

The Correct Perfume

In England to day in the fashionable circles is Opponax, that latest product of the well-known London perfumers, PIESSE & LUBIN. If you desire perfect satisfaction, insist upon having the perfume of PIESSE & LUBIN, 2 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, ENGL.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 30 1895.

A DEVIL IN THE CHURN.

THE HIRER MAN'S CONVERSATION WITH THE IMPRISONED FRENCH.

"Fresh-Air Boys" and Their Visit to the Country—The Woman who Used Big Words—Tommy sat on the Barracade—An Adventure With a Ram.

Up to the age of ten years I was a street Arab in one of our largest cities. Now that I am in a fair way to become a multi-millionaire, I can make this admission without feeling too keenly any disgraceable implication. I trust my chums at the university do not find me any the less manly because of my early experience of life on the street.

Of that life in its first phases I have but faint remembrances: an ill-lighted room up several flights of rickety stairs in a squalid tenement; in winter, cold nights in bed with a scanty bit of an old seal for covering and no fire to speak of; in summer breathless heat, with tossing restless sleep except when my mother and I were grudgingly admitted to a little breathing space on the crowded roof.

Later on, before any good fortune came to me, the same conditions with the added memories of a rough-and-tumble life on the sidewalk, newspaper selling in rags, and the continuous jangle and intercourse with boys of my own class. Happily the good fortune that made me heir to my uncle's wealth in California also removed me from these surroundings, before I became defiled with the ineradicable smudge of the slums.

One event of that life, however, remains with me, a not unpleasant memory. Before my uncle's lawyers found me and when I was verging on my tenth year there came to myself and other rag-muffs like me, the rumor of some wonderful visit we might make. Away off somewhere beyond the murky sky-line of tenements and factories there lay, we were told, an enchanted land where people were not crowded together, and trees grew at liberty and bread was plenty and houses clean and wholesome. We children often dimly wondered where such a place could be, for we had no idea of any life but our own and the sordid life of the great city. Where dainty ladies and mild-faced men pictured to us the delights of life in the country, we were all willing to go, because we had all in one way or another been already the beneficiaries of their good will.

Such at least is the burden of my recollection to-day of how Tommy Tripps and myself, with a whole carload of other children, came to be sent into Vermont. Due experience, that is Tommy's and mine the day we first landed in the green mountain State, was so unique, even for city boys totally ignorant of country life, that it will bear recording. I was merely an on-looker; Tommy had all the experience. This was due, I doubt not, to his sprightliness of temperament. I was ever slow and solemn, he gay and frolicsome.

We were ticketed for a little station north of Burlington. The other fresh-air children had already been disposed of before we reached that city, and we continued our journey under the care of the conductor of the train.

When the train drew up at a station there was an old gentleman on the platform with a bit of paper in his hand. His spectacles were down near the tip of his nose and he was reading the paper over them. He was fat and he looked good natured, and we agreed in hoping that he was the Mr. Bleazer to whom we were consigned. We could see him hand the bit of paper to the conductor and then we held our breath as the latter came to the car door.

"Tommy Tripps and Fred Morris got off here," he gruffly announced, and we dutifully obeyed the injunction.

When we got off the car the old gentleman came up to us and patted us on the head and said that he was to take "charge of us during our stay at Vermont." The conductor told him that he did not know about me, but as for the "other youngster"—meaning Tommy—"he'll be quite a heavy charge."

"I'll risk him," said the old gentleman with a smile and another pat on Tommy's head. And I knew from Tommy's face that he would treat the old man straight.

We then followed him back of the station-house to where the horses were tied. We found an old country-wagon with a woman in it waiting. She was not a very old woman nor a very young one. She sat so stiff and straight that Tommy at once dubbed her "pokerback"; her neck was long and she wore a big brooch with a picture of Washington on it. At this distance of time I cannot particularize her dress, but she wore a basque and something she called a bishop; for she warned Tommy repeatedly during our drive not to lean against her bishop. As I learned afterwards, she used the largest and queerest words she could find in the dictionary. She read a chapter of the unabridged every day after the bible.

She smiled sweetly on us when we came up to the wagon and said:—

"I see, Pa, you have our little protégé with you."

The old man took off his hat and wiped his head, but said nothing in reply. I thought at first she was his second wife, but I now find she was his daughter.

"Ascend over the wheel, boys" she continued, "but don't step on that barracade."

Tommy looked at me as if there were some wild animal in the wagon. We had heard of rattlesnakes, cows and such things, but never of a barracade. We were both drawing back to see which would climb in first when the old man came behind Tommy and lifted him over the wheel. If I had not been scared myself I should have laughed at Tommy's eyes, they bulged out so when he was in the air over the wagon. When I saw that the barracade did not touch him, I got in too, but all I could see was a new blanket or wagon robe covering a lot of groceries.

It was when Tommy went to sit down that the woman first warned him about her bishop. Tommy had a faint notion that a bishop was some sort of a clergyman—some one like the gentleman who had sent us up for the air to Vermont, and so he put on a long face and looked around him. He could not see anyone but the woman, the old gentleman and me. He knew I was no bishop, and he did not think she could be one, so he concluded her father must be the man the man. I did not know any more about bishops than he did, and I, too, fell in with the idea that Mr. Bleazer was a bishop.

"What do your horses feed on, bishop?" Tommy inquired with all the respect he could. The old man was busy chirping to his team, and when he got through he turned and looked at Tommy to see if he was in earnest. But Tommy was never more in earnest in his life. Mr. Bleazer smiled and was about to reply when a jerk of the wagon threw Tommy right over against the woman.

"There now, you've ruined my bishop, and I suppose have befouled my basque," she snapped out. Tommy was flabbergasted, and in his bewilderment he sat down on the blanket.

"Well, there," broke out the woman again, "if that boy ain't sitting on the barracade!"

Tommy jumped up as if he had been bitten by a sea serpent, and in his confusion he stepped on the groceries. He made a hole in a package of tea and spilled some sugar. Mr. Bleazer had to stop the team until we gathered things together. Tommy, I noticed, pocketed a lump of sugar.

The old man called the woman Mehitabel and told her she should not be so cross to the little fellow. She said she thought him a blunt-witted boy, a regular cittern-head, and she had an abodection (or something like it) that he would be quite an onus on them. She did bozzle considerably, she said, before she consented to her mother's taking us.

She was soon in good humor again, however, and she peeked up jauntily as we passed a farm-house. Once she asked Mr. Bleazer if the "nigh horse was as calcitrant as ever." The old man said he was getting to his oats again; and then he whistled to himself.

Mr. Bleazer's house was on a hill, quite a high hill. Why he built it on a hill when there was so much valley lying around unused, we could not understand. Some wag, I remember, told Tommy that Mr. Bleazer, being religious, built it there because he wanted to be as near heaven and as far from the other place as he could. Ike, the hired man, said that Bleazer wanted a dry cellar and a deep well. Whatever the reason was, the house was on a hill.

"Come, boys, bring them cates with you," Mehitabel cooed to us as the wagon stopped in the yard and she got out. We thought she said cates, and being hungry we had not to be told twice.

"There ain't no cates here, ma'am," said I. "I didn't say there was, did I?" she replied as she shook her dress; "bring in them groceries."

Each of us took an armful of groceries. Tommy wanted to carry the disrupted sugar, but I took it, and we followed Mehitabel. Her mother, a lank, tallish old woman, met us at the door, and the daughter introduced us as her catechumens.

Ike, the man about the house, was a queer old fellow, short, and had one crooked leg. He was very superstitious, saw ghosts every night. Saw the devil on one or two occasions, he said, and would know him anywhere. Saw him once put into a black bottle and thrown into a river in the old country. A hard-working, simple-minded fellow old Ike was, as I remember him, and I never assented to the tricks Tommy used to play on him.

After supper as we were sitting on the door-step, full to repletion with buck-wheat pancakes, a man with a heavy stock of hair waving under a straw hat pointed up the hill to us. Mehitabel was letting

down her back hair and she came to the door with several ringlets in her hands. She drew back when she saw who it was, and sent her mother to let him in by the front door. Mr. Risher, she informed us from behind the stove, was a baccalaurean friend of her father's and lived on the road we had come. Ike, who was sitting on a barrel-head smoking, winked a tremendous wink and then we understood why Mehitabel was doing up her hair and why she had ordered her mother to give Mr. Risher a seat on the sofa in the parlor.

She then dismissed us, bidding us accompany Ike in search of the kine or go on our own account to see the grise in the pen. According to the dictionary grise meant little pigs, but we did not know it. We were eager to see them, however, before it grew too dark, and so we went into the yard. There was a number of animals there feeding out of a large frame. We thought they might be sheep, but Tommy, who posed as an authority, said they could not be sheep, for sheep were woolly and they had no wool to speak of on them. Doubtless they were the grise of which Mehitabel had spoken. Until better acquainted with them I thought it would be well to keep out of their reach, so I mounted the wood-pile overlooking the yard and the steep incline on the other side.

Tommy stayed down among them and both of us grew interested in one young thing that was sucking its dam. In order to get a good view of the operation he stood with his hands on his knees as if he were giving a good back in leap-frog. One of the sheep suddenly ceased eating, and backing away from the rest began to watch Tommy from behind. Tommy did not see the animal, so intent was he watching the lambkin. By-and-by Tommy began to back up in order to get a more satisfactory view. The ram, for ram, it was and a big one, took this as a challenge, and with a preliminary shake or two of the head he rushed on the unconscious Tommy. Next moment the boy was flying through the air and he landed right on the back of that mother-sheep. The sheep gave a jump and he rolled to the ground with a howl. He told me afterwards that he thought a bear had struck him.

He was on his hands and knees about to rise, when the ram hit him again. Tommy again went flying forward, this time on his face. He had not yet seen what struck him and he was getting mad. Once more he essayed to rise, when the ram hit him a third time. Tommy was knocked out. Not knowing what else to do, he began to crawl on his stomach towards the house. The old ram still followed him.

Now, Mrs. Bleazer had left her large churn in the yard to air. It was lying on its side, its mouth facing Tommy. Here was a place of refuge, and into it the boy crawled. The ram, eager for more fight, gave the churn a vicious butt as Tommy disappeared inside, and set it a-rolling. As I said, the house was on a hill, and the churn rolled around towards the slope. The ram followed and gave it another frisky butt. Away went the churn and Tommy down the hill. Over and over it rolled, faster and faster it flew. One moment Tommy's legs would show, and the next they would disappear in that cavernous churn. If I had been dying, instead of being more or less frightened lest the ram should now attack me, I could not have kept myself from laughing. The churn went steadily on its way until finally it brought up among a cluster of thistles and lamb-quarters where the hill lost some of its abruptness.

The ram, after shaking its head several times and prancing to show its temper, was turning to come back to feed when Ike came along. He had caught sight of the churn and he knew he would have to go after it.

"Bad cess to you for a ram, but you're bad off for buntin'" he said, making a kick at the ram. He had not measured the distance correctly, and so the blow fell short, and he had kicked so hard that his crooked leg lost its staying power. He was talking when the ram hit him and sent him after the churn. The hill was so steep that Ike could not stop himself at first. All the time I could hear him use words which I now know were not suitable for a catechumen's ears.

When he fetched up at last he looked up and shook his fist at the ram and called pet names. At one time I thought the ram was going down to give him more, but he did not. Ike then looked down at the churn, and I suppose he thought he had better fetch it up.

It was about dark by this time, and as the ram was busy feeding at the crib I stole down hill also. I could see Ike stop where he came near the churn. It was still moving a little and the awful sounds were coming from it. You see Tommy had gone further into the churn than he wanted to, and now he could not get out. Every time he stirred the churn rolled. He heard Ike coming and thought he was the ram, of which he had got a glimpse, as he enter-

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ed the churn. His blood was up and I am sorry to record that he swore very profanely. Now the old house dog Codger, attracted by the hubbub, having first made a detour to avoid the ram, reached the churn almost at the same moment with Ike. The dog put his nose to the mouth of the churn and just when he was expecting no such treatment Tommy's foot took him in the snout. With a quick jump and a howl he turned to run, nearly upsetting Ike. The latter thought the old dog had been in the churn, and I could hear him say, "had luck to you for a dog, but we'll have hairy butter next week." And with that, in his wrath, he seized the churn, when Tommy's shoes almost hit him in the mouth. Ike let go with an oath and the churn stood upright. Tommy was now standing fairly on his head. The churn rumbled like a drum with his cries, Ike was sure it was a devil or a ghost that was in it, and he began to speak in a trembling voice. "Tommy was swearing and I could hear him speak of hell."

"Ah! poor sperrit, what are you doin' in hell?" Ike asked with that tremor in his voice, "Churnin'?"—"What did you go to hell for?"—"Churnin'?"—"Arrah, thin I must give up the trade."—"You'll be there for ever, of course?"—"You won't?"—"How're you goin' to get out?"—"Me pull you out? No, it all Mrs. Bleazer's crame wint into why I put the nigh three months I wouldn't lay a hand on yers. Stay there, you divil you, and burn the old churn if you want to get out."

With that Ike turned to go and Tommy would have had to wait till I could get to him did he not accidentally happen, by an extra effort, to upset the churn. This brought him on his feet again, and while he could not strike off the churn he was able to take a few steps with it over him. While Ike did not relish talking with the devil after dark he could not forbear having a parting word with him. He turned, but there was the churn actually following him, with no sign of a leg or foot to carry it. With a yell, that brought even Mr. Risher and Mehitabel to the door, Ike made up the hill, falling over the ram when he reached the top, praying all the prayers he could think of against the devil in the churn.

I released Tommy and together we slunk around the side hill to the barn.

For Forging Pictures.

The French Ministry has determined to make an effort to reach a form of swindling which is known to be extremely common, and which hitherto has managed to escape the penalties of the law—the forging of pictures. More than one well-known painter has admitted openly that he has allowed his name to be signed to pictures that either he has not touched at all or has finished in a few unimportant details. Other painters follow the practice of copying well-known masterpieces, and passing the off through shady middlemen as copies made by favorite pupils of the master during his lifetime, or even by the master himself. The proposed law puts the forgery of artists' names alongside of forgeries, and punishes it equally.

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Men Wear Muffs First.

Muffs were introduced into England in 1540 by the medical men of that day who used them for the purpose of keeping their hands soft and warm, while riding from the house of one patient to that of another, that they might accurately feel the pulses of their patients. The imitative faculty of womankind thereupon began to assert itself, and the consequence was that women soon copied the doctors, who, as soon as they found their originality was beginning to be eclipsed, at once abandoned the fashion of wearing muffs, and took to the use of big fur gloves instead. An engraving by Hollar showed that English gentlemen wore muffs in the reign of Charles I., and muffs were in general use amongst the French exquisites of the Court of Louis XIV.; while they are mentioned as having been worn generally by gentlemen in this country in 1688.

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A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

There were, perhaps, a score of people in the drawing-room of Westholme Towers.

The assemblage included, among others, young Radson, of the Guards, for whom I had conceived a vast partiality; Wallace Lewin, known to me years ago, when he was consul at Jaffa; Mr. Cannan, the owner of the demesne adjoining my cousin Tom's; and Mr. Cannan's winsome daughter, Dorothy.

Miss Cannan sat at the piano, while Tom, under pretext of turning over her music, stood close beside her, all pleasant and courteous.

Tom—tall and well-built—showed at his best that evening. I noted it with glee in my heart; and his jovial face was as warm as his smile.

His diligent attendance on Dorothy Cannan had been decidedly more pronounced of late, lending color to the rumor then current to the effect that he and she were to make a match of it.

From my seat in the embrasure of the window, with bitterness and envy ranking in my breast, I watched them. Strive as I might—and I detested myself for harboring the abject fancy—I could not help thinking of the consequences their union would entail upon me and my expectations.

"His life only is between me and eight thousand a year," I soliloquized fretfully. "If he marries—fugh! there's an end of my prospects. Not only that, his marriage will rob me of her whom I love more than my honor. Lose Dorothy! I cannot bear to think of it."

My nerves were strained to their utmost tension that night. I felt unwontedly irritable and revengeful as I pictured the misery which the near future had in store for me.

And while I brooded thus darkly, I seemed to hear a voice—the Evil One's, surely—ever and anon whisper encouragingly into my ear.

"Only his life—only his life!"

Thankful enough was I when Lieutenant Radson and Mr. Lewin, crossing the floor, broke in upon my morbid reveries.

"What, moving along?" cried the lieutenant, cheerily. "This will never do! Cheer up, old chap. You seem out of sorts today."

"Yes," said I, wiping my brow. "My head feels bad—it's the hot room, I think."

"Well, come out with me into the library," young Radson went on. "Sit, though! Lewin has just told me that you possess a museum of your own—that is, a collection of bric-a-brac, silver ornaments and gew-gaws that you brought with you from the East. What do you say to displaying them to us both? I should greatly relish seeing them."

Upstairs we went to my dressing-room—which adjoined my bedroom—where stood the oblong marqueterie table on which the articles were ranged. They consisted of various silver knick-knacks of Indian filagree-work which I had picked up in Bombay a year before, with other bizarre samples of Oriental workmanship which had chanced to take my fancy.

"Very interesting," said young Radson, stifling a yawn, in the midst of my panegyrics. "Shall we go down stairs again?"

"No, Tom singing."

"Half a moment," I interposed. "You haven't examined this yet."

So saying, I picked up what I vainly imagined to be the gem of my odd collection—an elaborately carved ivory sheath, in which reposed a no less artistic Malay kris.

The steel of the razor-edged weapon was fantastically inlaid with silver, and it possessed some sort of historic value in having once been owned by the notorious dacoit, Lal Mangas. The sheath I handed to the lieutenant, while Lewin stretched out his hand for the keen, curved blade.

"Very pretty, indeed," commented Radson. "Worth something, that, I suppose?"

Meanwhile, Lewin ran his finger along the edge of the kris, a subtle smile upon his face.

Then, as if seized with a sudden thought, he struck a tragic attitude, lifting the kris high above his head.

"Ha, ha," he cried, aping the orthodox transpontine villain. "It's his life or mine! Shall I strike? Ha, ha!"

Radson laughed hugely at the ex-consul's ludicrous posture, a laugh in which Lewin himself presently joined.

Then the kris was once more placed snugly in its sheath, and we returned to the drawing-room.

By this time my cousin had dragged himself from Dorothy's side, being now seated in close converse with her father. Thenceforward, to my mind, try as I might to win her attention, she appeared woefully reticent.

Several times I caught her eye, roaming in Tom's direction, and the soul of me waxed wroth at the inference I could not avoid drawing. And one time I thought she cared for me—thought she knew I cared for her.

At that moment the voices smote my ears again with its insinuating home-thrust—"Only his life—only his life!"

When the hour arrived for Mr. Cannan and his daughter to start for home, I escorted Dorothy to the carriage, Tom following at some little distance behind with her father. The pressure of her soft palm still lingered in my hand when I went up to my room for the night.

Once again, like muttered thunder in my ears, there rose the reiterated phrase—"Only his life—his life!"

After a wild tossing about on my bed, harassed and feverish, at length I dozed off.

Was it a dream I dreamed then—a horrible, torturing nightmare? With all the strength that is in me, I pray that such a dream may never again fall to my lot.

In the dead of night, I thought that an invisible, irresistible energy clutched hold of me, impelling me, helpless against its mandates, to deeds full of darkness, ingratitude, and treachery.

In obedience to its behests, I dreamed that I rose from my bed, stole furtively into my dressing-room, and there took the ugly kris from its scabbard; I distinctly recollect that I chuckled softly—oh, the horror of it!—as I saw the glint of the steel in the moonlight.

Then, I knew not how, I found myself gliding cautiously into my cousin's room, across the thick carpet to the side of his bed. A swift, strong blow, deep into his heart, and it was done!

A cry—hoarse and appalling—broke

the stillness of the night, and this it was, I suppose, that wakened me.

I sat up in bed shuddering. Merciful Powers! it was no dream! The long-drawn wail of mortal agony still rang upon the air. It came from the adjoining room—that of my cousin Tom.

A cold sweat pouring out all over me, I blindly crept into my dressing-room and struck a light. Yes, it was no dream. The deadly kris, lying here and blood-stained on the little table, convicted me.

As I snatched it up again, to gaze aghast at its gory edge, the tattered gown once more struck upon my ears. Still retaining the weapon in my grasp, I darted out into the corridor.

I saw the flicker of half-a-dozen candles, as, roused by the outcry, the inmates of the house hurried, panic-stricken to the spot. With the appearance of the lights, Tom raised himself upon his elbow, stretched his arm towards me as if in denunciation, and then fell back—dead!

I have a dim vision of paled, awed faces around me, looking at me half-comprehendingly, and half-fearfully; I saw the fearful gasp in Tom's breast, from which the blood still trickled; above all, like a scar in my memory, I recall the red-tinged kris around which my fingers tightened convulsively.

When the police came I gazed at them blankly, unable to realize the import of their queries. I replied to them, at hazy, incoherently—

"His life!" I murmured, disjunctedly. "I was in a dream. Somnambulism! I don't understand. A crime—who says it was a crime?"

The police inspector shook his head pityingly, and turned to speak to young Radson.

"Yes, yes," said the lieutenant, with evident reluctance. "It sounds like a confession. He'll go quietly, I've no doubt. I'll accompany you, too."

So they led me, dazed and impassive, away. In a vague kind of fashion I knew that I was being taken to prison, and I managed somewhat to rally my scattered faculties. There was no use in concealing the unconscious part I had played in this grim tragedy, and I unburdened my mind frankly.

"It's a terrible business," said Radson, when I had finished. "No, I don't blame you exactly. In that half-sleeping, half-waking state, you were hardly responsible for your actions. But it's a terrible—terrible business!"

He could not have told me that, for when I was left alone the vivid recognition of my guilt was more than I could bear. The many instances in which I was indebted to my cousin came to upbraid me with the baseness of my ingratitude in overcountenancing an ill-will towards him. And in what way would his death benefit me now? I could never be rich with his wealth, nor possessed of his lands; Dorothy, too, would execrate my name and hold my memory in deserved abhorrence. Nothing remained for me but the ghastly farce of trial and conviction; beyond loomed the gaunt, forbidding gallows.

A man left alone with such thoughts as mine tastes an earnest death. The leaden hours passed slowly by, and although I could not have been inside the goal over five hours, it seemed as many weeks to me before Lieutenant Radson returned. And in his hand he held the kris, which I had picked up in Bombay a year before, with other bizarre samples of Oriental workmanship which had chanced to take my fancy.

"Very interesting," said young Radson, stifling a yawn, in the midst of my panegyrics. "Shall we go down stairs again?"

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Then, I knew not how, I found myself gliding cautiously into my cousin's room, across the thick carpet to the side of his bed. A swift, strong blow, deep into his heart, and it was done!

A cry—hoarse and appalling—broke

the stillness of the night, and this it was, I suppose, that wakened me.

I sat up in bed shuddering. Merciful Powers! it was no dream! The long-drawn wail of mortal agony still rang upon the air. It came from the adjoining room—that of my cousin Tom.

A cold sweat pouring out all over me, I blindly crept into my dressing-room and struck a light. Yes, it was no dream. The deadly kris, lying here and blood-stained on the little table, convicted me.

As I snatched it up again, to gaze aghast at its gory edge, the tattered gown once more struck upon my ears. Still retaining the weapon in my grasp, I darted out into the corridor.

I saw the flicker of half-a-dozen candles, as, roused by the outcry, the inmates of the house hurried, panic-stricken to the spot. With the appearance of the lights, Tom raised himself upon his elbow, stretched his arm towards me as if in denunciation, and then fell back—dead!

I have a dim vision of paled, awed faces around me, looking at me half-comprehendingly, and half-fearfully; I saw the fearful gasp in Tom's breast, from which the blood still trickled; above all, like a scar in my memory, I recall the red-tinged kris around which my fingers tightened convulsively.

When the police came I gazed at them blankly, unable to realize the import of their queries. I replied to them, at hazy, incoherently—

"His life!" I murmured, disjunctedly. "I was in a dream. Somnambulism! I don't understand. A crime—who says it was a crime?"

The police inspector shook his head pityingly, and turned to speak to young Radson.

"Yes, yes," said the lieutenant, with evident reluctance. "It sounds like a confession. He'll go quietly, I've no doubt. I'll accompany you, too."

So they led me, dazed and impassive, away. In a vague kind of fashion I knew that I was being taken to prison, and I managed somewhat to rally my scattered faculties. There was no use in concealing the unconscious part I had played in this grim tragedy, and I unburdened my mind frankly.

"It's a terrible business," said Radson, when I had finished. "No, I don't blame you exactly. In that half-sleeping, half-waking state, you were hardly responsible for your actions. But it's a terrible—terrible business!"

He could not have told me that, for when I was left alone the vivid recognition of my guilt was more than I could bear. The many instances in which I was indebted to my cousin came to upbraid me with the baseness of my ingratitude in overcountenancing an ill-will towards him. And in what way would his death benefit me now? I could never be rich with his wealth, nor possessed of his lands; Dorothy, too, would execrate my name and hold my memory in deserved abhorrence. Nothing remained for me but the ghastly farce of trial and conviction; beyond loomed the gaunt, forbidding gallows.

A man left alone with such thoughts as mine tastes an earnest death. The leaden hours passed slowly by, and although I could not have been inside the goal over five hours, it seemed as many weeks to me before Lieutenant Radson returned. And in his hand he held the kris, which I had picked up in Bombay a year before, with other bizarre samples of Oriental workmanship which had chanced to take my fancy.

"Very interesting," said young Radson, stifling a yawn, in the midst of my panegyrics. "Shall we go down stairs again?"

"No, Tom singing."

"Half a moment," I interposed. "You haven't examined this yet."

So saying, I picked up what I vainly imagined to be the gem of my odd collection—an elaborately carved ivory sheath, in which reposed a no less artistic Malay kris.

The steel of the razor-edged weapon was fantastically inlaid with silver, and it possessed some sort of historic value in having once been owned by the notorious dacoit, Lal Mangas. The sheath I handed to the lieutenant, while Lewin stretched out his hand for the keen, curved blade.

"Very pretty, indeed," commented Radson. "Worth something, that, I suppose?"

Meanwhile, Lewin ran his finger along the edge of the kris, a subtle smile upon his face.

Then, as if seized with a sudden thought, he struck a tragic attitude, lifting the kris high above his head.

"Ha, ha," he cried, aping the orthodox transpontine villain. "It's his life or mine! Shall I strike? Ha, ha!"

Radson laughed hugely at the ex-consul's ludicrous posture, a laugh in which Lewin himself presently joined.

Then the kris was once more placed snugly in its sheath, and we returned to the drawing-room.

By this time my cousin had dragged himself from Dorothy's side, being now seated in close converse with her father. Thenceforward, to my mind, try as I might to win her attention, she appeared woefully reticent.

Several times I caught her eye, roaming in Tom's direction, and the soul of me waxed wroth at the inference I could not avoid drawing. And one time I thought she cared for me—thought she knew I cared for her.

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A Lot of Clothes

can be washed with the least labor—in the quickest time and with the greatest satisfaction by using SURPRISE SOAP.

Why? Because Surprise Soap has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes. Give it one trial—you will see how easy and simple is the work of wash-day.

(Harmless to Hands.) The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

SOME PEOPLE

Walk About Hermetically Sealed in the Old Style of Rubber Waterproof Coats.

OTHERS

Up to Date People, wear

RIGBY

Porous Waterproof Coats. Which will YOU Have?



YES.

I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

BABY'S OWN SOAP,

and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.'

For Sale by Street & Co. GILLESPIES & Co., - MONTREAL AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau. Includes text: 'PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. ST. JOHN.'

WOMAN and HER WORK.

All the indications seem to point towards a return to lengthwise trimmings for skirts. Some how the idea of putting horizontal trimmings on one of the wide godet skirts of the day, seems utterly incongruous: their style lies in the perfection of their cut, and any trimming of the kind would detract from it at once, while the narrow strip of either jet or lace insertion which cover each seam, of a many-godet skirt, is a distinct improvement, and better still it is newer, and more fashionable.

For instance, a pretty black dress suitable for dressy house-wear, and which the addition of a silk blouse would transform it into quite a swell costume, was trimmed with a strip of black satin ribbon, thickly spangled with metallic blue sequins, which reached from the waist, down the left side of the front and ended in two flat loops at the foot.

White satin ribbon spangled with blue and green combined is a favorite trimming for light dresses and is most effective. A tan crepon, ornamented in this manner with white satin ribbon and blue sequins, made a charming dress for the house, and early summer wear. Pearl trimming is used very frequently for ornamenting handsome silk bodices, but the preference seems to be for spangled effects of all kinds. Even parasols show the popular craze, and some have a two inch band of sequins near the edge. One in particular, which was of white silk, had a band of gold sequins, and the brilliant effect of this gorgeous trimming when it caught the sun's rays can be better imagined than described.

Strips of lace insertion will be much used during the spring and summer, for vertical trimmings, the heavier and coarser laces having the preference for early spring. There are of course many different ways of putting these trimmings on, and a pretty way is to arrange them in graduated lengths for example, one on each side of the front breadth reaching from the boot to the knee, one in the centre of the breast just half as deep, and a still shorter one placed between the two. This arrangement may be repeated in all the breaths if liked, the longest strips always coming on the seams. A Swede cloth, trimmed in this manner with cream lace, was very effective. Quite an innovation in the tailor made suit, is the transparent vest front of chiffon or lace, which is frequently worn with the most severely cut tailor gown.

Another vest which promises to be very much worn with the tailor suit this spring, is of silk or bengaline, both fancy and plain. It will be quite plain and close fitting, simply buttoned down the front, and made with a standing collar.

It will seem strange to see blouses made of black, and colored velvet, to be worn with black skirts of either wool, satin or moire on the street, but this we are assured will become a familiar sight as soon as the weather is warm enough for the cape to be discarded.

A pretty bodice for one of the new black and white striped silks, is made of black silk with a bolero jacket of jetted velvet, a white satin belt, and a draped collar of white muslin with rosettes and lace ends at each side.

Crepon will be more worn than ever, during the coming summer, and a number of novelties are shown in this favorite material crinkled and waved surfaces, are seen in all varieties of color, and those of tan, blue, green, and black, are made up with sleeves, and blouse vest, of Scotch plaid taffeta silk.

A very stylish combination for a black crepon skirt is a black and white striped silk bodice made with yoke, lower sleeves, and collar of white satin covered with cream lace. A band of green passementerie defines the yoke, and gives the one touch of color to the costume. The fullness is plaited into a belt of white satin finished with a bow in front.

Gowns of black grenadine, made over a color, seem to be growing in popularity, and they are sometimes trimmed down every seam with a tiny ruffle of grenadine and silk, set in.

The general style of dress remains about the same, the spring fashions showing the little change. Very full plain skirts, full bodices, and the usual immense sleeves. The latter, however, show a slight tendency towards reduction in size, but it is scarcely perceptible as yet. The newest woe gods show very little variety from those shown in the autumn. They are rough in finish, loosely woven and generally show a mixture of two or three colorings. Checks, stripes, and boucle effects are seen in great variety, and, as is usual in the spring, green seems to be the favorite color, closely followed with dull red, brown, tan and blue.

green. It is a very new and pretty fashion if an expensive one; and fortunately manufacturers have already prepared to meet the demand for fancy linings, by the production of a great variety, at reasonable prices.

Just at first quiet tweed gowns, cut in tailor fashion, and showing linings of light green and blue, and bright yellow, will look a little strange—but no doubt we shall get used to them very soon.

A pretty cloth dress designed for the early spring is of a delicate moss green, trimmed with brown velvet and jetted with emroiderie. The bodice is a blouse with three box plaits in the back, and three in front drawn into a wide draped belt of brown velvet. The collar is trimmed with dots, and rosettes of the velvet ornament the sleeves. Some of the new French skirts have full godet plaits in the back one plan godet breadth in the front, and plait plaits on each side. These plaits are sometimes quite plain, and sometimes edged with gimp, or narrow jet trimming from belt to hem, and the front edge is frequently of some rich contrasting material, or of the plain goods almost, or quite covered with braiding or embroidery.

A novelty for trimmings, yokes, collars, and other accessories, is a silk galled pointille taffeta, it is striped, with little prints of color on one edge of each stripe. These silks are very effective when made up with light summer fabrics, and are loved by themselves, made up into simple dresses with plain skirts, and full round bodices, trimmed with a jetted band laid on in the form of a square yoke, from which fall strands of jet reaching to the jetted belt in front, and a jetted band for a collar. The sleeves are frequently a large puff elbow length.

R. N. C.—I was glad to hear from you again, it is quite a time since you have written. 1. The pronunciation, as nearly as I can render it in print is "Fang; de saclé" the sa, as in sacred. Literally translated it is "end of the century" but the accepted meaning is about what you thought.

2. I am afraid I cannot give you very much information about the Madras schools just now, but some time I will have the subject up and give you the result.

I believe they were called Madras schools because the system by which they are maintained was first introduced in the presidency of Madras in British India under the auspices of the society for promoting christian knowledge. The distinctive feature of the system, is the idea of giving the pupils an elementary education of a secular nature, combined with religious instruction according to the doctrines of the Church of England. Quite young children are received in these schools the course of which includes the Church of England catechism, instruction in sewing, and many other branches included in the public schools. The rector of the parish in which a Madras school is situated, is supposed to visit the school regularly, and supervise the instruction. As to their maintenance, they are supported from a fund which was left for that purpose by some good man long deceased, whose name I cannot now recall, but who desired the money for the purpose of educating the children of the poorer members of the Church of England under the Madras system which was considered excellent. I do not think the education was entirely free, but each child was expected to bring a few cents every week. That is about all I know on the subject at present. 3. Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I fancy you can get it for 25 cents at any bookstore. 4. No indeed, I don't know anything about young children at all, or much about any other kind of children; if you had asked me about kittens now, I would have been an authority, but I think I should consult a physician, as I believe it is a sign of weakness. 5. Wash in warm soap and water, dry carefully and rub while drying, to preserve the softness of the leather. 6. I would have been better able to answer your question if you had given me some idea of the subject of the etching. The title is in Italian and I fancy it must mean "mirage," as that is the name given to the curious atmospheric illusion often seen along the coast of Sicily.

I see that the "comps." made me call the noblest work of God the "subject" instead of the "subject sex," and as I never knew but one subject man, and he only lived in a book—Mr. Uriah Heep, of David Copperfield fame, I feel bound to set myself and Geoffrey right before the world. I don't know how the typos ever managed to mix the two words up, because I was told only the other day that anyone who had once seen my S's would never forget them and I was so relieved to know that there was one letter of mine at least, about which there could never be any mistake.

ASTRA.

A Fish that Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop, after the manner of a toad, of which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long, upturned snout.

The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backwards and forwards, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the sea-horse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the fish, of which there are many species, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

Lady Florence Dixie's Walking Dress.

Long ago Lady Florence Dixie voted the dress skirt an abomination. One evening recently she visited a theatre where "As You Like It" was being played. The costume worn by Rosalind struck her fancy as being just about what was needed. With the go which characterizes everything she does her ladyship gave orders for the construction of such a dress; and before long had it modeled exactly to her satisfaction. Since then she never wears any other when paying her annual visits to Scotland. On these visits Lady Florence indulges in long tramps through the moors, occasionally doing 20 miles in a day without feeling any inconvenience afterward. This she could not, of course, do in ordinary skirts, which she declares are the cause of many a woman's embroiled condition. On a recent occasion, when discussing dress reform with a man who had not yet arrived at the proper frame of mind in regard to this matter, she said: "You know that no edict of fashion could compel you to wear skirts for a single hour. Why, then, expect women to wear them all their lives?"

A Prudent Beauty.

Here is the course of preparation used by a prudent beauty before baring her neck and arms in evening dress. To begin with, she takes a cold plunge all over; it is merely a plunge and then she rubs herself vigorously with rough towels; then the neck, arms and breast are bathed in alcohol which is allowed to dry upon them; next comes the cocoa oil that now plays such a part in fashionable dressing-rooms; the neck, breast and arms are bathed in it, rubbing it in thoroughly. When the flesh is afterwards wiped with a soft cloth no sign of grease is visible on the skin, but an imperceptible amount does remain, and makes a perfect condition for the application of powder; the powder is part of the scheme of protection as well as a beautifying measure. After this programme is completed the lady declares she is safe against any exposure encountered in the pursuit of social duty.

An Offer of Marriage.

The leading paper in a provincial town recently published the following matrimonial advertisement:—"A young lady of enormous wealth, who is prepared to pay off all the debts of her intended husband, desires to form the acquaintance of a respectable young gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Each reply to be accompanied by a photo of the sender and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper."

The delicate hand which drew up the above lines and thereby secured a very large number of offers belonged to no less a personage than Herr Itzig Schlausheles, who had lately opened a clothing establishment in the town. By means of the photograph in the advertisement he ascertained which of his would-be customers were in the habit of leaving their debts unpaid.

A GREY COUNTY MIRACLE.

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT FROM A WELL KNOWN FARMER.

He Tells the Story of Eight Years of Suffering and Vain Efforts to Regain Health—This Great Boon was Finally Obtained.

From the Masford Monitor.

Knowing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. to be an honorable and reliable firm, I had never any reason to doubt the entire truthfulness of the articles appearing from time to time setting forth the particulars of remarkable cures effected by the use of their Pink Pills.

There is scarcely a locality in Canada which has not furnished a case of more or less prominence, and if the particulars stated, were not accurate, it would be impossible that the public would not find it out and thus the remedy would be discredited. There is therefore every ground to believe that the statements are accurate in every particular.

We have now been put in a position to verify one of these cases for ourselves, and we give the result faithfully, giving Pink Pills no word of praise not merited in the case. Messrs. F. Clarke & Co., druggists, of Masford, who have sold very large quantities of these famous pills, drew our attention to the case, giving us the name of Mr. Henry Lamb, a well known and respected farmer of St. Vincent township.

Having some acquaintance with Mr. Lamb we sought an interview, and the following is the substance of his testimony:—"About 8 years ago I suffered from an attack of inflammation of the stomach, causing me extreme pain and uneasiness. I was attended by Dr. Clarke, of Milford, who brought me around, and I have always given him the credit of saving my life on that occasion. The effects of the attack however remained, and I fell into a state of chronic poor health, which completely unfitted me for my ordinary work. I was really dragging out a miserable existence. I suffered for over seven years from a constant pain in the stomach as well as from weakness and continued debility. I tried many advertised remedies which I thought might be suited to my case, but without relief. I at length decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon felt the pain in my stomach relieved, and after I had used ten boxes the pain was entirely gone and I now feel like a new man. I can now work half a day at a time without fatigue, and as I am still using the pills I confidently expect, as I have every right to do from the great results thus far, to be able to do my work as formerly. I am 67 years of

POINTED TOED RUBBERS. Men wearing Razor Toed Shoes should see our Rubbers. We are progressive shoe dealers and will always lead in styles and keep our prices the lowest.

Waterbury & Rising, 61 KING STREET and 212 UNION STREET. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

RIPAINS ONE GIVES RELIEF. Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material, Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled. TRY A PAIR.



Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material, Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled. TRY A PAIR.

EQUITY SALE. THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE ONLY THROUGH TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE. 4.00 p. m. Daily, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1904, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

THE BELLE OF THE BALL. Never has A Red Nose, A Rough Course Skin, A Brown Neck, Pimples, Rashes, Blackheads, Freckles, etc., etc. ARE YOU THE PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c. Walker's Building, Causton Street, St. John, N. B.

I CURE FITS! Walker's Building, Causton Street, St. John, N. B.

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1894, in a cause therein pending wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff, and Samuel Morrison, James Collis and Defendants.

ALL that certain lot, piece and parcel of land heretofore situated in the Parish of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, and described in the Plaintiff's Bill inter alia as situated at Black River in the Parish of St. John, and the balance of the lands (if any) of his death.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

Express Trains, Daily: Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.30 p. m. Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.00 p. m.

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MARRIED IN QUEER PLACES. An Ingenious Elopement and a Wedding in Jail.

Marriage is usually considered to be a step to which a vast amount of consideration should be given; yet there are many instances of men and women who have taken the plunge without more than a few moments' thought.

During one of the recent disturbances in Burma, a young lieutenant, while leading his men in a skirmish, was attracted by the sight of a charming girl, who, attired as a Sister, was relieving the needs of the wounded on the field of battle.

In America, not long ago, a disputed wedding case was settled by a wedding, the judge himself suggested that, as both the parties were young and good-looking, that would be the best way out of the difficulty.

It is quite a common occurrence for a lady to fall in love with a man who is in the following instance, is somewhat unique. Early in the year, an English gentleman, who had emigrated to Australia and made a moderate fortune, was desirous of entering into wedded state with one of his countrywomen.

One passenger on board the same ship was Master Dan Cupid, and seeing a chance for mischief, he so contrived that the lady should fall in love with a gentleman, whose acquaintance she formed in the early part of the voyage.

When the disappointed advertiser thought, what he received a letter from the lady explaining matters in no recorded.

Being too late to stop the train, he wired to the next station to catch the runaway. Long before the first stopping-place was reached, however, the happy couple were man and wife, the ceremony being performed en route.

It is not often that one hears of a wedding taking place in jail, but instances have occurred. A peculiar case of this sort was told to the writer by a prison chaplain.

A young man who was shortly about to be married was arrested for the murder of his employer. In spite of the evidence being strongly against him, the young lady to whom he was engaged insisted on marrying him at once, so strong was her belief in his innocence, and the wedding took fully justified the courageous action of the bride, as further evidence was unobtainable which entirely exculpated her husband.

Another remarkable case was that of a couple who were bound for the Cape, where they were to be married. The ship, however, caught fire and foundered, the only survivors being themselves, a sailor, and a missionary. The castaways contrived to reach an uninhabited island, where they lived for some weeks.

Many people have been married in queer places, and under peculiar conditions, purely out of eccentricity. For example, a country gentleman was so madly fond of hunting, that he insisted on being married on horseback. His future wife, also a great lover of the noble sport, consented, and so the affair came off.

To be married by the bedside of a dying relative must be a trying position, yet sometimes the whim of an old person makes it necessary; they cannot do content unless they see a favorite son or daughter safely married to the right partner. There are also recorded cases of girls who have actually married young men; but these are few indeed.

Y Was Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MEDICAL TREATMENT. ALBERT CO., N. B. GOSWAMI, TROTTERT.

THE TRAINED TURKEY.

An Interesting Bird that Was a Living Feather Duster.

"Speaking of feather dusters," said Col. Calliper, "reminds me of a turkey I knew once that acted as one—a sort of living feather duster. It was owned by the wife of my friend Stephen Gawley, who had long been accustomed, like many other housewives, to use a turkey wing to brush off the stove with and to dust up around."

"On day a big turkey walked in at the kitchen door and strolled through the kitchen, passing near the stove and brushing the front of it with one of its wings as it passed. This was an idea to Mrs. Gawley, who forthwith set about training the turkey to dust off the stove and things about the kitchen. When you take into account the great amount of time that was required to train the turkey, there was really no saving in having it to do the dusting. As a matter of fact, I suppose Mrs. Gawley could have dusted the things herself in much less time than it took to teach the turkey; but I imagine it was more of a relief to her to train the turkey—it was a break in the monotony of her life—and then it was sort of company to have the turkey around the kitchen, too, and it wasn't very long, either, before people came to know about the trained turkey, and folks used to come in and see it dust, and that made more life and animation around the house."

"Well, for quite a spell the trained turkey was a great comfort to Mrs. Gawley. She suddenly it passed out of the kitchen and never came back. Growing in zeal it stepped one day on top of the stove to dust the stovepipe, something it had never done before. It was not aware of the fact that often the top of the stove is very hot, and the first thing it knew its feet were badly burned. It ran out into the yard, and it could never be persuaded to come back."

"For a time people continued to come to the Gawley's to see the trained turkey, but all Mrs. Gawley could do was to point at it from the kitchen door, as it walked about the yard, now and then looking apprehensively toward the kitchen. There was some interest in the bird at first, even though it had stopped dusting; some indeed because of it; but all this soon ceased and people stopped coming, and then Mrs. Gawley's life settled down once more into its customary quiet monotony."

The Haz-rah is a Cannibal. A fish recently discovered, named Rhipidocentrus Carolinensis, which is akin to the genus Poracanthus, feeds its food inside various marine animals. It dwells in the digestive tube of its companion, and, without any regard to the hospitality that it receives, helps itself first to its part of everything that enters. Nothing is more ingenious than the way in which it introduces itself into a holothurian or sea cucumber dilates its mouth, it quickly introduces its tail as far as possible. The surprised holothurian, upon feeling the unknown body penetrating it, contracts its open mouth, and the fish is caught by the tail. Thus held, it takes to its heels, and, soon, however, regaining its confidence, the holothurian opens its mouth again, and the fish profits by it to penetrate a little further in.

Jalous of a Stage Lover. Too much zeal in the discharge of his stage duties has led a jeune premier at a Paris preparatory theatre into a dangerous and painful adventure. The young actor was acting with a lady of his own age in a new piece, and had to make a declaration of love. He held the mirror up to nature so well in the matter that the young lady's intended husband, who was looking on from the stalls, flew into a raging passion and thirsted for blood. When the performance was over the man possessed of the green-eyed monster waited at the stage door for the jeune premier and whacked vigorously at the actor's face bleeding and bruised. The play-acted effort to return blow for blow, but holding up a manuscript which contained his part in the play, remarked to his aggressor that he had done no more than follow the instructions of the author or the little comedy in which he had acted with the beautiful young lady. The affair ended there.

He was No Pedant. Sir Andrew Agnew, the last of the hereditary sheriffs of Galloway, had a strong prejudice against the French, and plumed himself on his ignorance of the language. One day, while journeying to Edinburgh, Sir Andrew halted over Sunday at his daughter's house, and attended the parish church. The minister, having given out his text from the Old Testament, disputed the correctness of the author's translation. In enforcing his opinion he quoted the text in the Hebrew original, and the words sounded to Sir Andrew's ear as the French salutation, "Comment vous portez-vous?" The sheriff writhed in his seat, and it was with the greatest difficulty that his daughter kept him from speaking out his feelings. But as soon as the benediction had been pronounced, his wrath exploded, and he roared out—"The scoundrel! I might as well forgive him had he not used the only French words I ever knew."

No Wonder She was Indignant. In handing a painting, just finished, to an old lady who had been invited to sign it, noticed that he had omitted to sign it. Taking up a brush, he said that he would put his name to it. "What!" she exclaimed, "put your name to my picture? No, indeed! If any name goes upon that picture it will be my name."

Every man who it is required of every man to be born again? She (out of fairness to him)—"It gives him a chance of being born a girl next time."

Y Was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MEDICAL TREATMENT. ALBERT CO., N. B. GOSWAMI, TROTTERT.

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H. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent.

HE KILLED THE GATOR.

An Unsuspected Use for a Florida Negro's Razor and Revolver.

It is impossible to know just what feeling the alligator entertains towards the negro, but the feeling of the negro toward the alligator is not akin to love. When a colored man sees an alligator his blood boils and the alligator must look out for himself. At certain seasons, when the alligators are mating, the males go across country from one body of water to another, and it is not uncommon to come across them during such migrations. When alligators are near water and are surprised by the approach of a man they will run for the water, and run fast, too; but when surprised inland they simply play possum, and many are killed at such times.

A colored man takes particular delight when he has a chance to make away with an alligator, and will leave his work or stop on his way to a camp meeting for the purpose. In the recent cold snap, when the water in the pond was covered with about an inch of ice, an alligator was unfortunately enough to be caught at an unusual disadvantage. It was a very large alligator with moss on its chin for whiskers, and he had been lying in the deep part of a wide shallow stream just where a road crossed. Persons travelling the road with horses forded the stream, and for those aloof trees had been felled and made into a kind of foot bridge. The alligator was not less than twelve feet long. When the cold came, and with it the ice, the alligator became benumbed. He was in full view when a colored man walked across the fallen trees.

The man was dressed up in his best. He had on a white shirt, a high collar, shiny shoes and everything to match, and was in a hurry to get to a neighbor's where there was to be a dance. He had taken the precaution of bringing along a pistol and a razor.

It was about 2 o'clock p. m. when I saw the alligator lying under the ice just a few yards from the crossing place. The party was for the time forgotten. He knew the alligator would be benumbed and at a disadvantage. With a stick he broke the ice over the alligator's head and fired a couple of shots, both of which were effective. The big alligator warmed up and made a move toward the darker; who by this time was wading in the shallow water, shiny shoes and all. The revolver was emptied, every shot taking effect, and with five 32-calibre bullets in his head the alligator did not make a figure in the fight, and became quiet as if dying.

The man had his fighting blood up and he knew that it was hard to kill an alligator. He threw off his coat and began pounding the alligator's head with a big club. After pounding like a wild man for a few minutes the man took a rest. The alligator showing no signs of fighting, or, in fact, of life, the colored man dragged him out of the water and by means of the razor almost severed the head from the body. He then jammed a big stick into the alligator's mouth. Then the darky, with wet feet, his nasty appearance ruined by dirt and water, gathered up his coat and hat and continued his journey to the party. The writer witnessed the whole performance, and never saw a man work harder and with more determination. The darky had met an enemy, it seemed, and he certainly got away with him.

Who's did it say? Mr. Story, sculptor, who began life as a lawyer, tells a good anecdote which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words. One day, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he addressed as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his death-bed, and saying to him, when he was dying, "Good-bye, George!" The counsel for the prosecution declared that ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were, "Good, by George!"

The Egyptian Pigments. The pigments used by the ancient Egyptians, which astonish us by their vivid freshness, were chiefly mineral. The color most used, a red brown, was a mixture of oxide of iron with very fine clay, which was subjected to prolonged trituration under water. For yellow, they used gold leaf, oxide of iron mixed with chalk, and other earthy substances. Blue was composed of salts of oxide of copper dissolved in melted glass. White was plaster, which, colored by an organic substance, became pink.

An Urgent Landlady. An aged lady complained to a London magistrate that, because she was a little behind in her rent, her landlady followed her to church and asked for it there. The landlady came into the pew alongside her, and when she jingling in the responses, was constantly whispering to her about the rent. When it came to the response, "incline our hearts," the landlady would add: "to pay our rent." The magistrate said it was very annoying, but there was nothing illegal in it.

He Died, However. A St. Petersburg millionaire has just died suddenly in spite of a curious precaution which he had taken to prolong his life. Ten years ago he built a magnificent bathing establishment near St. Petersburg, which he never opened, because a gipsy had told him that he would die at the opening ceremony. The story of Nero and his soothsayer, which is also told of Louis XI. and his astrologer, has found a parallel even in these sceptical days.

Nervous debility, general debility, then consumption; step by step, that's the way they go. Take a course of Harker's nerve and stomach tonic, the greatest nerve and brain invigorator, blood builder, appetite and digestive stimulant ever discovered, ere you, too, reach the final step.

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DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will cure a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

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A BRAVE LITTLE DIANA

WHO IS AS OLIVER AS THE NOVA SCOTIA HUNTERESS.

She lives in a Cabin on a CR. With Her Dog and Her Cats and Her Birds and Her Bears—Love-Cosed Her Mother.

Among the daring hunters, who for years have tramped the fastnesses of the Cascade and Rocky mountains, Dave Solberg is acknowledged chief. He is of modest demeanor and no boaster, and yet he has killed in his solitary wanderings more cougars, California lions, wolves, and grizzly bears than would suffice to stock all the menageries in the United States.

Unlike his fellows, he is a college-bred man, is a versatile talker, and tells a good story. During the past five years Solberg's range has been through northern California, eastern Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. His present hunting grounds comprise a wide expanse of rough country on the western slope of the Rockies, near the headwaters of the Salmon river.

Wonderful and thrilling as have been his past exploits, his last "big find," as he calls it, beats them all. To a correspondent who recently met Solberg in Spokane Falls the hunter told the following queer story.

"It was early in September last that I started out to fill a Chicago order for a lot of cougar, black lynx, and cinnamon bear-skins. Having heard from remote settlers that game of all kinds had been driven down from the mountains by the severity of the past winter and sweeping forest fires I directed my course toward the upper Salmon River, my objective point being 200 miles southeast of Pierce City. Besides Ben, a stout Lapwai half-breed, my faithful hired man of all work, caterer, tent-maker, &c., my outfit consisted of two Indian ponies for packing services, three old hounds, camp fixtures, to rifles, a shotgun, revolvers, and plenty of provisions and ammunition. Ben carried his own shotgun and belt knives.

"Monday, Sept. 21, will always be a memorable day in my experience. Leaving Ben and one dog in camp I started early in the morning for an all-day trip, directing my steps toward the head waters of the little stream near which we were camped. We had gone about two miles from camp when Tigo and Fan struck a scent and bounded off through the dense thicket. I quickened my pace in the direction the dogs had taken and soon came upon the tracks of what I knew must be those of a large grizzly bear. Presently, as I anticipated, the bounds brought the bear to bay a hundred yards ahead. This was clearly evident from the altered tone of their cries. When I came up with the dogs there sure enough was a big grizzly sitting on his haunches and complacently taking in the situation.

"I poised my rifle and was about to fire, when to my utter surprise I saw a stout leather strap about the bear's chubby neck, while from the brass ring under his throat dangled a rosette and tassel made of red, white and blue ribbons. Besides, the animal's coat was so sleek and clean as if he had just come from a tub of soap and water. So long as he sat bolt upright, perfectly still, either sniffing or growling, and with an air of stolid indifference.

"Was the brute an escaped one from some menagerie? Was he a household pet, or was I dreaming? None of these, surely. We were in the heart of a mountain wilderness, more than thirty miles from the nearest border settlement, and 200 miles from the nearest town ever visited by circus or menagerie. Besides family pets are not made of grizzly bears weighing half a ton. Moreover, I was wide awake, and I had not tasted my brandy since leaving my camp.

"I called off the dogs and put them in leash. Strangely enough the huge beast plunged instantly into the thicket and stumbled off up the creek, while I followed as fast as I could lead the bounds. At a point about half a mile further up the bear forded the stream, scaled the opposite bank, and was soon lost in the brush. I followed, still leading the dogs, now furiously barking and madly trying to get loose. I could hear the cracking of dry twigs under the bear's feet, and, quieting the dogs in order to catch his course, I heard a human voice, the shrill, treble cry of a woman.

"'Ho, Dio! Dio! Dio-o!' it came. 'Once more I was dazed. All the fairy stories of bears and wolves I had ever heard or read came back to me, and I was beginning to distrust the reliability of my senses, when the cry came again, a good deal nearer and louder, 'Dio! Dio! Ho, Dio-o-o!'

"Chaining the hounds to a sapling, I plunged forward. I soon overtook the bear, which paid attention to me whatever, but lazily walked along as if his business was his own and nobody else's halting now and then to munch a few berries from the bushes. As Bruin and I emerged from the thicket into a partially open space, what was my amazement to suddenly meet face to face a woman—a real live woman! The apparition was clad in buckskin frock and leggings, with high brogues buckled over her feet, and her head covered with a brown slouch hat, from beneath which streamed her long hair. She was a blonde of the most perfect type. She snapped her thumb and finger, and the bear walked to her side, reared up on his hind feet, and licked her cheek while she stroked his shaggy coat.

"'Now, sir,' said the woman, 'will you walk home with me and see where I live with Dio and his family.'

"A twenty minutes' walk on a well-beaten trail brought us to a limestone cliff a few rods from the stream. This cliff was nearly perpendicular, forty or fifty feet high, and in its face on a level with the bank of the creek, there was a broad opening or cave, perhaps ten feet high and

thirty or forty deep. Just within was a snugly built log cabin, its front gable end extending outside far enough to catch the sunlight and permit the escape of the smoke from a stick-and-clay chimney. This retreat was the home of the women, while a family of bears occupied the further end of the cave.

"Upon our arrival Mrs. Grizzly Bruin and two half-grown cubs made their appearance, all exhibiting the same docile characteristics as the great Dio. A big Newfoundland dog also bounded forth to greet us. The cabin contained three airy and well-lighted rooms, a studio or parlor, a bedroom, and kitchen.

"Retiring to her bedroom a few minutes, the lady reappeared in her 'reception suit,' as she laughingly called it. While we sat at luncheon she told me her history, and I assure you it was only the old story, with romantic variations and illustrations. The gist of the whole matter was a love sorrow caused by the interference of unwise parents, and resulting in the abandonment of a comfortable home for the precarious life of a recluse. Only two or three trusted friends know the secret of her whereabouts and mode of living.

"Backwoodmen built her the cabin five years ago, and about that time she bought a pair of grizzly cubs from the Indians and reared them on condensed milk. To this simple diet and kindest treatment the philosophical lady attributes the wonderful docility of her grizzly pets. Frontiersmen hunt for the purpose make monthly visits to the cabin, bringing upon pack animals every comfort and many luxuries.

"The hermitess maintains that mercy between man and man and kindness to the lower animals must constitute the great panacea which is to redeem animated nature, bring back the golden age, and hasten the millennium. Growing enthusiastic she sighted many interesting facts in her own experience. It was a common thing every summer for humming birds to come through the open window, build their nests, and rear their young in the ever-green foliage that decorated her little parlor. The parent birds would come in at her call, and eat honey from the palm of her hand. Large birds built their nests under the eaves of her cabin, while grouse nested in the neighboring trees and brought back their chicks to pick up the crumbs that she threw to them from her kitchen window. A couple of well-bred fussy cats share the house with their mistress and keep the storeroom free from mice. Volumes might be written upon what she has already done with the larger animals. While she does not believe in a charmed life, she declares that there is not a creature in the mountain forests round about that would harm her."

THE PLEASURE OF SMUGGLING.

A Little Trip Across the Rio Grande from El Paso to Paso del Norte.

"There may be other international horse railroads in the world," said a traveller, "but the only one I ever rode on is the one that runs between El Paso, Tex., and Juarez, formerly Paso del Norte, in Mexico, across a bridge over the Rio Grande River. I don't know how they run now, but some years ago the trains on the Southern Pacific road from San Francisco to New Orleans used to arrive at El Paso in pretty good season in the morning and remain until early afternoon. The passengers used to take advantage of this wait to go to some El Paso hotel for breakfast and for a change and to pay a visit to a foreign country very near at hand.

"The change from El Paso to Paso del Norte is very much greater than, for instance that between Detroit and Windsor, Canada, on the other side of the Detroit River. There you see the British flag and other things that are different, but in architecture and things in general the difference to the eye is not very great. Here, however, it is. There are some old structures in El Paso, to be sure, characteristic of the country before it became a part of the United States, but what most engages the attention is the newer modern buildings; and you pass on the horse railroad from among these modern buildings across the Rio Grande to find yourself among old adobe buildings, of one story in height, in a town with a garrison of Mexican troops; a town with some modern buildings, but with an atmosphere, appearance, people, manners and surroundings as different from those of the town on the other bank of the river as could be imagined.

"It was a great trip to take for a horse car fare, and everybody enjoyed it immensely, and almost everybody bought some trinket there as a souvenir of a visit to a foreign country. Smokers took the opportunity to buy cigars, because they are cheaper there than in the United States; many crossed the river with this intention, the chance having been brought to their minds by more experienced travellers. Many of the cigars even of low grade and cheap were packed separately in tin foil, which added greatly to their attractiveness, because it was attractive in itself and because we had been accustomed to seeing only high-grade cigars packed in that manner.

"Almost all the smokers bought some cigars, and they seemed to have different views as to the propriety of bringing them into the United States without paying duty on them. Few seemed to know how many might be brought in without paying duty. I know, for instance, that I didn't, though my impression was that the law says a box, or anything under that, when for the personal consumption of the person bringing them. But as few seemed to know definitely, precautions were taken that were doubtless in most cases entirely unnecessary, which may indeed, have been thought to be so by those who took them, but which were taken to avoid as far as possible any risk, or which were taken because they carried with them the spice of smuggling which, within certain limits, appears to afford to many otherwise well-regulated minds the keenest possible enjoyment.

"One man, who bought two boxes of cigars and who knew he was smuggling,

took the cigars out of their boxes and distributed them about in his several pockets. Others, who bought a box or less, did the same; some because it was a natural thing to do, others for purposes of concealment. The number really smuggled, in the eyes of the law, was very small; the number whose buyers had a more or less vague idea that they were smuggling them was considerably greater, but not great after all. There were custom inspectors at either end of the bridge, and sometimes they rode on the cars; perhaps always. Sometimes the bulging pocket of a passenger would reveal the presence of cigars which their owner believed were completely hidden from view; but perceptible as those bulges might be they were caused by cigars really laid far within the lawful limit; they interested the other passengers in like situation, but not the customs inspector, who was looking for people who were really smuggling; he was accustomed to this sort of thing, and he betrayed no interest in it whatever. But there was one passenger who was interested, and at whom everybody smiled; they couldn't help it. This was a middle-aged man of dignified appearance and bearing who sat conversing with a friend. Shifting his position slightly as he talked, his coat fell back from over his trousers pocket, the mouth of which was partly open, held so by the bulk of something within. Those who sat opposite could see in the pocket the rolls of white tin foil; he had his trouser pocket full of the silver-plated cigars; and even the customs inspector smiled at this, for he was only human, after all."

AN HISTORICAL PRIZE.

Which is Much Greater Than the One Offered in Canada.

It has been said that the historian in 1900, commencing the task of chronicling the events of the last decades of the nineteenth century, will be able to allude to it as an era of advertising and an age of prize-giving. There is no doubt a deal of truth to be found in the statement and readers of Tit-Bits, from its first numbers, will be able to say that the prizes offered by that journal during its existence amount to an exceedingly large sum, whilst an enumeration of the objects for which they were offered would furnish some very interesting reading.

But all these rewards, great in number and value as they have been, fade into insignificance by the side of one which will be offered at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, for in the year 1925, and on the last day of December that year, there will be offered at St. Petersburg the greatest prize ever known to be given for a literary production. The judges are to be a committee of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, and the award is to be made to the writer of the best history of the reign of Alexander I.

The money for this gigantic prize will be derived from the investment of 50,000 roubles in gold by Asan'yeff, founder of the military colonies of Novgorod, and who was the great friend and adviser of the late Czar. The money was, in 1883, banked with the Imperial Bank, with the conditions that it should remain there at 4 per cent interest until the year 1925, in which year, and on the centenary of the death of Alexander I., the accumulated

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principal and interest should be paid away for the object above stated. It is estimated that the value of the prize upon the day of the award will be, roughly speaking, about two million roubles; one quarter of which is to be devoted to the cost of publishing the successful work. Those of your readers who are fortunate in competitions, and have a strong talent for historical composition, can now try their hand at securing to themselves both fame and fortune.

Prayer and Work.
In a letter to the Sydney (Australia) Telegraph a missionary on the Fiji Islands writes thus, apropos of the recent hurricane: "I most firmly believe that the best thing a man can do in a hurricane is to keep on praying and nailing up diagonal braces."

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