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WILLIAMS' PAIN-EXPELLER
is at your service.
a photograph or arch-
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ing you free. "PAIN-
trained guide to practi-
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stures from using pain-
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736 Main St., North

Crek C. B., March 9, Sarah Johnston,
South Centre, Mar. 9, David Johnson
Brook, March 24, Flora M. McPherson,
Hills Ferry, Infant child of Mr. and Mrs. W.
March.
March 23, Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H.
Gunders.
March 18, Fredrick H.
Newer, St.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Reduced Rates West.

Effect for second class passage from St.
to
Kaslo, Roseland, Trail and
B.C. \$54.55
Newer, Victoria, New Westmin-
ster, Tacoma and Portland, Ore.
\$57.05
San Francisco, Cal. \$64.90

REST SLEEPING CARS, are run through-
ing Montreal at 11:00 a. m. every Thursday.
to accommodate two will cost additional, to
Montreal \$7.50, Vancouver or Seattle \$8.00.

Further information enquire of Ticket Agents
A. H. NOYMAN,
Asst. General Passenger Agent,
St. John, N. B.

Union Atlantic Ry.

and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899,
the daily mail service of this Railway will
be as follows:

Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

St. John at 7:15 a. m., ar Digby 12:30 p. m.,
Digby at 1:00 p. m., ar Yarmouth 3:30 p. m.,
Yarmouth 5:00 a. m., ar Digby 11:45 a. m.,
Digby 11:55 a. m., ar Halifax 5:45 p. m.,
Annapolis 7:30 a. m., Monday, Thursday and
Friday, ar Digby 5:30 a. m.,
Digby 5:30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and
Friday, ar Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar in Digby 12:30 p. m.,
Digby 1:00 p. m., ar Yarmouth 3:30 p. m.,
Yarmouth 5:00 a. m., ar Digby 11:45 a. m.,
Digby 11:55 a. m., ar Halifax 5:45 p. m.,
Annapolis 7:30 a. m., Monday, Thursday and
Friday, ar Digby 5:30 a. m.,
Digby 5:30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and
Friday, ar Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. Prince George.

BOSTON SERVICE.

at the fastest and easiest steamer plying out of
St. John. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every MONDAY
TUESDAY, immediately on arrival of the Ex-
press train arriving in Boston early in the morn-
ing. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 4:00 p. m. (Unquali-
fied for Dominion Atlantic Railway) Steam-
and Palace Car Express Trains
Berthrooms can be obtained on application to
Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby,
St. John and at City Office, 114 Prince William
St., at the wharf office, 11 From the Harbor whar-
f, from whom time-tables and all literature
can be obtained.

P. GIPKIN, superintendent,
Kensville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898,
the rates of this Railway will run
as follows, Sunday excepted, as usual:

Trains will leave ST. JOHN

Trains for Campbellton, Peggys Cove,
and Halifax.
Trains for Halifax, New Glasgow,
Pictou,
Trains for Moncton, Miramichi and
Trains for Moncton, Yarmouth,
and Digby.
Trains for St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and
Montreal.
Trains for St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and
Montreal.

Trains will arrive AT ST. JOHN

Trains from Campbellton, Peggys Cove,
and Halifax.
Trains from Halifax, New Glasgow,
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VOL. XI, NO. 570.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 15 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FUNNY CIVIC CONTEST.

JOHN K. STORRY A CANDIDATE FOR
MAYOR IN HARVEST.

Some attempts in connection with filling
of the Mayor's office in the City of St. John
and what might be termed a "harvest" of
elections at large.

Some speculations have been made
that the contest has narrowed down to five
candidates.

There are three candidates for the office
of Mayor, and there is opposition
in four wards, while six candidates are
in the field for aldermen at large. Only two
of these can be elected and the most inter-
esting question of the campaign is what
two will get the most votes.

With considerable hesitancy and much
trouble in spirit, the merchant candidate
and best known, John K. Storry, conceded
to the wishes of his many friends and filed
his nomination on Tuesday. He was on
the street early in the morning getting ad-
vice from his friends as to what his course
should be. Some were very blunt in their
remarks and plainly intimated to John K.
that he would not get a handful of votes and
advised him to stay out of the contest. Of
course he would not believe them and their
advice, if anything, only strengthened him
in his desire to run. He never failed to
have a constant word for his worship,
Mayor Sears, when he met him on the
street and even went so far as to induce
citizens whose vote he was sure of to
give his opponent's name. "But he is
going to vote for me," says Storry.

Then some way stirred the rumor that
either Dr. Quigley or Count de Bary was
to be nominated by their co-religionists for
the office and Mr. Storry was much con-
cerned. "Of course," he said "if that was
the case he would not run because a large
number of his friends came from that
quarter." But, after some friend of Dr.
Quigley's had given him a satisfactory
denial of the rumor so far as he was con-
cerned and he had seen the Count himself,
Mr. Storry was once more reassured and
went to his dinner in a calmer frame of
mind. Then, in the afternoon he filed his
nomination.

Mr. Wallace also filed his and some of
the names found supporting him indicate
that he will get many votes from his per-
sonal friends and from those who, no
doubt, wish to see a change in the mayoralty.
His intimate friends and supporters are
rather under the impression that there
is some understanding between Mayor
Sears and Mr. Storry but those who know
them thoroughly are not inclined to this
view. What Mr. Storry wanted of his land-
lord, Mr. Sears, has not been granted to

him yet. The vacant room above his store
is desired by him for use as his apartments
without increase of his present rent, \$8.00
and Mr. Sears cannot be induced to let
him have the use of it. Mr. Storry thinks
as he has paid his landlord some \$16,
in 20 years for the use of his own store
that some consideration should be shown
him.

There was another candidate for mayor,
Mr. Moulton, who is the acknowledged
leader of the Knights of Pythias in the pro-
vince. Mr. Moulton is popular with those
who know him and his many years of busi-
ness in St. John have brought him into
contact with a large number of people.
About a year ago he was a partner
with William Rankine, the grocer, and
while he was in that business he was as-
sessed on two or three thousand dollars
worth of personal estate. That was more
than sufficient to qualify him for the office

of mayor—in fact, an assessment of
\$1000 on personal and real property that is
not encumbered is all that is necessary,
but when Mr. Moulton found that the as-
sessment continued to value his property at
the same amount after he had retired from
the firm very naturally and properly he went
before that body and asked for a reduction.
His valuation was reduced to \$300 and he
was taxed upon that. In spite of this fact
there were those who advised him that he
was eligible to be a candidate and conse-
quently he went to the Clerk's office to
file his papers. The common
clerk refused to receive them and
for a time there was an animated dis-
cussion. Mr. Wardrop merely said he
was acting under the law and could do no-
thing else. Mr. Moulton then and there ob-
tained advice that the action of the assess-
ors was illegal because he had not made a
sworn statement to them. So the matter
stood for a day or two until the good
sense of Mr. Moulton and his friends con-
vinced them that it would not be possi-
ble for him to run. There is no doubt but
that he would have received a very hand-
some support that had he been in the field
and no candidate would have had more
energetic workers.

As the time approached four o'clock
and the nomination of Mayor Sears was
not filed his friends began to remember
how he had only two or three minutes
grace the year before and they wondered
whether he might not make a mistake this
year by putting it off too long. But he
did not and the paper was received in
time. His worship had not gone to the
trouble of getting many names. He had
the necessary three or four and that was
all. It looks as if he was under the im-
pression that the opposition to him is not
strong and that he can be elected without
any trouble. Many a man has made a
mistake in this way and his worship may
fall into the same error. There is a
spirit of indifference abroad in regard
to the mayoralty and many men are so
careless about the result that they will
not go to the polls at all. When it is con-
sidered that there is only opposition in four
wards, one in the south end, King's ward,
one in the North End, Lansdowne, and
two in the West End, Guy's, it can readily
be imagined that the vote will not be a
large one. There are several men in the
present council who would not like a
change to help the present mayor, in fact they may
be counted on to do what they can against
him. So taking all things into consid-
eration the vote on Tuesday may be a sur-
prise, though at the present time the gen-
eral impression is that Mayor Sears will
secure his reelection.

How will it be with those aldermen who
are opposed. Dr. Christie is again faced
by his adversary of last year, Dr. Smith.
The latter has been unfortunate in his
election campaigns for on both occasions
he has been unable to do any canvassing
on account of illness. Dr. Christie does
not do any because he thinks it is not nec-
essary. The same spirit of independence
seems to actuate him as Alderman Millidge
which put tersely in, if the people don't
want them to serve them, they don't want
to serve the people.

Guy's ward has three candidates—the
former alderman I. E. Smith, an ex-alder-
man, Enoch B. Colwell and Mr. C. H.
Belyea, who was a candidate last year.

Progress has not last year's vote as
hand but is under the impression that
Smith had a considerable majority over
Belyea. The scene has changed to some
extent and some support that the alder-
man had last time has now changed over
to Belyea. Again, Mr. Smith, while a
member of the liberal party, made no
friends in that section by his action in the
school trustee appointment. He was not
strong enough, moreover, in Carleton to
give the government the vote they ex-
pected, and for these reasons there is not
the same certainty of his election that
there has been on previous occasions.

Mr. Colwell hopes to slip in between
him and Belyea and some of the aldermen
are supporting him but what that will
amount to remains to be seen.

Mr. Waters comes out against Mr.
Staphouse. He is a new man and is not
very generally known.

The most interesting ward contest on
this side of the harbor will be that be-
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Armstrong. They are candidates for the
aldermanship of Kings ward while the
former representative is in the field for
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but that he will have support of many of
the present board. He is better acquainted
with them, meets them oftener both on
the street and as a member of the board of
school trustees and the hospital commis-
sion, both of which bodies are composed to
a certain extent of city representatives.
Again he is strong in Carleton and will
poll a tremendous vote there. The colonel
may get a large conservative vote but it
is not thought that will off set the support
Mr. Allan will get from the West side.

It was a surprise to many but not to
some to note the retirement of Mr. Holder
from Stanley ward, thus electing Ald. Mc-
Goldrick again by acclamation. Mr.
Holder is a busy candidate and as this is
the season for work he no doubt consulted
his own interests when he kept out of the
field. The friends of Ald. McGoldrick
were glad to see him unopposed not be-
cause they doubted his election but because
they thought him entitled to a term without a
contest on this his sixteenth alderman-
year.

Capt. Keast, Ald. Hamm, Harris Allan,
James Kelly, James Seaton and Thomas
Kickham are seeking to be aldermen-at-
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The candidates of the local govern-
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will be between the others. By the
time Progress appears again the new
council will be chosen.



There'll Be Music In the Air.
There'll Be Music Everywhere
When I'm Elected Mayor.
(From John K. Storry's Card.)

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An Athlete and Obstructor.
Rarely has St. John seen a better athlete
than Eddie McLaughlin—better known as
Eddie Marvella—who is here with the Cal-
ifornia Barleaguers. Marvella is one of the
California trio and his speciality is contort-
ing himself into all kinds of shapes. He
seems to be without bones and in the per-
formance of this week did the most wonder-
ful acts with perfect ease. Of the stage
Mr. McLaughlin is a pleasant fellow to
meet and talks modestly of his varied ex-
perience with the great stunts he has been
with.

REASON FOR A NEW LAW

WHY THE CITY ASKS FOR FIXED
ARBITRATORS' FEES.

The Notable Account of Arbitrators Cheated,
Fugled and Vroom is one of the items
in the book and the Total Printed For
Members' Information.

It is not much wonder that the city is
tired and sick of arbitration bills and is
eager to get a law passed that will in some
way regulate them. Perhaps it is no
surprise to find such gentlemen as Mr.
Pagley and Mr. Hamm opposing such leg-
islation because if the law passes they will
not be able in future to waste their time
upon arbitrations.

The city however was led to this course
by the character of the bills they received
in the Jewett and Sutton arbitrations and
for the work on the McCarthy and O'Regan
claims. The legislators from the province
may not have any idea how these accounts
were made up but as the bill is to come
before them Progress reproduces the ac-
count that Messrs Chesley, Pagley and
Vroom rendered for their service in the
Jewett, Sutton arbitration. This will surely
convince them that the law should be chang-
ed. It should be mentioned that Mr.
Chesley was the city arbitrator, Mr. Pagley
for Messrs Jewett and Sutton and Mr.
Vroom was chosen as the third man. Here
is the bill.

John A. Chesley:
On being appointed arbitrator by the city,
having received documents from the
Board of Management bearing on the
question at issue, examining same..... \$5.00
Five attendances on Chairman of Board
of Management prior to commencement of
hearings—\$1.50 each—total..... 7.50
Three attendances on Superintendent of
Water Works at his office—\$2.50 each..... 7.50
Two attendances on the Recorder and con-
sultation with him—\$2.50 each..... 5.00
The city having been notified of the appoint-
ment of Wm. Pagley as arbitrator on
behalf of Mr. Jewett and Mrs. Sutton:
Three lengthy attendances and consult-
ations between Mr. Pagley and Mr. Ches-
ley in reference to deciding on third arbi-
trator before agreement of three different
days—\$15 each..... 45.00
Having decided on Mr. Wm. E. Vroom as
third arbitrator, notifying him of his ap-
pointment..... 1.00
Having received notice of Mr. Vroom's ac-
ceptance, attendance on him—\$2.50 each
Joint account..... 5.00

Attendance on Robert Marshall, Esquire,
Justice of the Peace, to be sworn in, and
obtaining certificate of same—\$1.50 each.. 4.50
Notifying three counsel for parties to a tend
on the 13th June, 1898, for commencement
of proceedings..... 5.00
About:

June 11—Meeting to consider as to stenog-
rapher, and deciding to have Mr. De-
vine and notifying him to attend..... 5.00
June 13—Meeting for organization, being
attended by counsel, and counsel having
refused on a postponement to the 22nd;
consulting together after own of left, as
to the conduct of the proceedings—\$15
each..... 45.00
June 22—Mr. Vroom and Mr. Chesley at-
tending meeting of Board appointed for
to-day—Mr. Pagley having wired that
he was detained at Campbellton—after
considering matter it being decided to ad-
journ hearing until the 23rd. Mr. De-
vine having written the chairman that he
was ill and unable to attend, considering
as to appointing another stenographer and
decided on Mr. Ritten—\$15 each..... 30.00
June 23—Hearing to-day at \$25 each..... 75.00
June 24—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
June 25—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
June 27—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
June 28—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
July 4—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
July 5—Meeting and going to Prince L. Ke
to view premises—\$25 each..... 75.00
July 6—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
July 7—Hearing this evening—\$30 each
80.00
July 8—Hearing this evening—\$30 each
90.00
July 11—Hearing part of day—\$30 each
90.00
July 15—Hearing to-day—\$30 each..... 90.00
July 16—Hearing this evening—\$30 each
90.00
July 14—Hearing part of to-day—\$30 each
90.00
July 21—Hearing part of to-day—\$0 each
60.00
July 23—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
Aug. 17—Meeting to-day—adjournment by
reason of Mr. Pagley's absence at
Campbellton—\$10 each..... 30.00
Aug. 23—Meeting to-day, and adjournment
at request of counsel..... 30.00
Sept. 1—Meeting to-day, and adjournment
at request of counsel..... 30.00
Sept. 2—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
Sept. 3—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
Sept. 5—Hearing to-day—\$25 each..... 75.00
Sept. 16—Hearing part of to-day..... 60.00
\$30 each..... 180.00
Reading evidence & intervals during pro-
cess of hearing and in the evenings, ex-
tending over three months, there being a
great deal of evidence, including fifty
documents, and considering questions as
to a witness in connection with the sluice
way and water rights, time, etc., etc., re-
treated to ten days for each arbitrator, or
thirty days in all—\$15 each per day..... 450.00
Sept. 18—Meeting at Vroom & Arnold's
office, considering as to award-taking
considerable portion of day—\$15 each..... 45.00
Sept. 22—Meeting at Vroom & Arnold's
office, considering as to award-taking
considerable portion of day—\$15 each..... 45.00
Sept. 23—Continuing and concluding arbi-
tration with Recorder and Mr. G.

best as to two awards and appointing
same, allowing \$21,000 for water rights
and \$1,000 for land and right of way—
\$22,000—in all—and after amount to Mr.
Jewett \$22,000, and Mrs. Sutton at \$4 -
000—\$ 8 each..... 45.00
Sept. 24—Considering first of awards pro-
posed by B. Gordon, suggesting changes to
include land covered by sluiceway—\$10
each..... 10.00
Sept. 25 and subsequent days—Considering
second award and signing same—\$15 each
Attending to obtain list of signatures to de-
positions as required by the Statute, cor-
respondence with witnesses in the United
States, etc..... 25.00
Attending to deliver awards and good de-
positions..... 5.00
Notions to counsel on different occasions..... 10.00
Money paid out:
For copy of Act..... .50
E. Marshall, swearing oaths on and
certificates..... 1.50
G. C. Deane, going to the use Lake and
elsewhere to obtain affidavits to deposi-
tions..... 15.00
De. reporter..... 15.00
Goldring's bill for team..... 6.00
\$2,000.00

NO MORE LICENSES WANTED.
The Proposal to Issue More Licenses With
Much Opposition.

The liquor license commission for the
city of St. John want to issue more li-
censes. They have power to give 75 new
licenses these given to hotels and clubs and
the liberal sprinkling of three months per-
mits to sell.

They are anxious for more revenue, so
it is said, though why they should concern
themselves about the revenue is not ap-
parent.

Everybody will agree that enough liquor
licenses are issued in this city. The saloon
men themselves say there are too many.
The wholesale dealers who supply them
agree with this view. They claim that many
of those in the business do not make
enough to pay their licenses and that when
spring comes around they have to assist
them to that end. It is well known that
quite a number of dealers have gone out of
the business because the trade is so cut up
and on account of the excessive licenses.

The temperance people are agreed that
if there must be licenses they should be re-
duced in number instead of increased.
They are scattered all over the city now
with the exception of Carleton where the
people took a stand against them and they
are going to object very vigorously against
the proposition to issue more. But practi-
cally speaking the commission has been
issuing about all the licenses they please.
It there is a new applicant he may get a
full and complete license but some one of
the 75 will have to be content with a
partial. There is always some reason to
be found for this course and so one more is
added to the list.

But it is also said that there is a plan to
increase the license fee. If this is true it
is not easy to understand how more
licenses can be issued. In brief, they
will not be taken out.

There is a general belief among the
smaller dealers that the license fee is a
most unfair one. The man on Sheriff
street, or the City road, can't understand
why he should pay as much as the man
who keeps on Prince William, or Charlotte
or Union streets. These men reply that
they are under a higher rent charge and
that equalizes affairs but the dealer who is
remote from the centre of population can-
not see it in that light. That was
one of the reasons why Charles Ward
who keeps the one mill house wanted to
have the county line changed. He gets
no police or fire protection or light out
there and his taxes are the same as those
in town. It does seem unfair. Mrs.
Bradley and others on the Old Westmore-
land Road can make the same complaint
so far as the license is concerned with al-
most equal justice.

Cost of Civic Elections.
A candidate for alderman a year or two
ago boasted that the entire expense of his
election was \$2 60. Needless to say he
stayed at home. From \$20 to \$50 is per-
haps the average candidate's expenditure.
If they advertise in all the papers the cost
is greater. This year there isn't much ad-
vertising. Then their ballots will cost
five or ten dollars; their ward books as
much more and luncheons, horse hire, and
cigars on election day something more.
One mayoralty candidate last year spent
\$1,000, the other, probably half as much
again. John K. Storry's outlay will ap-
proach these figures. Some aldermen when
elected by acclamation say that they have
saved from one to two hundred—and their
time, but then an alderman's time is not
supposed to be worth anything.

THE MANILA THEATRES.

SPANISH OPERETTA THE GREAT FORM OF AMUSEMENT.

Johns That the Americans do not Under- stand—Singing by Spanish Soldiers—Night- ly Trouble Over the Demand for a Spanish Song—Filipino Acrobats.

Theatricals in Manila are not in a very settled state yet, owing probably to the uncertainty that still seems to exist as to whether the population is to consist of Americans or Filipinos or Spaniards, or all three.

Outside of one or two purely Tagalo theatres, the only steady place of amusement is the Circo Filipino, which is occupied part of the time by a stock company of Spanish operetta singers. During the last few weeks there has been quite a run on zarzuela, or Span'ish comic opera. The company is composed of Spanish singers, who probably drifted in from Spain when the Philippine archipelago was a colony of their nation. The productions are not at all extravagantly got up, but the dialogue seems to please an audience of two or three hundred Spanish residents each night, and the singing and dancing are enjoyed by Spaniards, Americans and Filipinos alike. The place is advertised to open at 8.30 every night and the bill generally is composed of three one-act operettas. There is a change of bill nightly and a continuous performance. The latter feature is made possible at present by the assistance of a glee club composed of fifty Spanish soldiers, who occupy the stage between acts and sing songs of their native land. To the Americans this is one of the big features of the entertainment. No accompaniment is used, the men all relying on the pitch given by the leader at the start and his baton throughout the election.

The Circo Filipino on the outside appears to be a jumble of sheds with corrugated iron roofs, but within there is a fair-sized auditorium with a cement floor. The butacas or orchestra seats are wide mahogany arm-chairs with cane bottoms, and arranged with an aisle down the centre. At the sides are a couple of rows of chairs extending the length of the place, and directly above these are the balconies where the box parties sit. Seat checks are procured at a little window outside the door, and presented to one of the ushers, who finds the seats indicated.

The members of the audience smoke as many cigars and cigarettes during the performance as they choose. Although the place is fairly well ventilated at the sides, the atmosphere sometimes gives a hazy look to the stage, which in the regulation small theatre stage fitted with curtains which do not roll up, but are simply gathered and whiked above by the ropes, which run packing string fashion. Directly in the centre of the stage at the front is the prompter's cage. The prompter stands three-quarters beneath the stage, libretto in hand and the actors depend on him to get through their lines. He reads every line of the dialogue, indicating the man who is to say it with his finger, and keeping a neck ahead of him all the time. To an occupant of a front seat the performance is made highly absurd.

The orchestra is an up-to-date organization of Filipinos, directed by a wise-looking, gray-headed man who wears glasses and smokes cheroots throughout the performance. The bass viol is stationed directly behind the director, who occupies the centre, and the first and second violins are arranged on either side. The reed instruments and horns fill out the ends. The orchestra is composed of fifteen pieces and handles fairly difficult music with much grace.

Eight-thirty is a little early for regulation Spanish diners to reach the theatre, so it is usually the case that the audience is not complete until near the end of the first act. A jangling bell gives warning that the show is about to begin, and at the second ring the footlights are turned on and the orchestra plays up the curtain. Perhaps the operetta deals with Spanish police in pursuit of villains wearing the old style Spanish knickerbockers, sash and turban, and are counter-parts of the average creation of the American cartoonist who wishes to caricature Spain. The women of the play wear Spanish shawls and have their hair arranged in dizzy towers on top of their heads.

At the Filipino theatres of Manila it is the custom to show appreciation by tossing coins on the stage in lieu of bouquets. The Spanish soldier chorus is a pleasing innovation, and the members seem to enjoy their songs, which are given with gusto. Nearly everyman wears a white drill coat adorned with a small knot of Spanish colors. Some of the men have saved enough of their pay to enable them to don white trousers, but the majority of them appear in the blue madras affairs in which they probably fought against the Americans six months ago. Gloria Espasa is one of the

favorite songs of the Spanish soldiers, and the peseta gallery is each night filled with Spanish prisoners out of the walled city on permission, who demand vociferously that the glee club sing it. Whether it is considered that the singing of "Gloria Espasa" would not be pleasing to the Americans under the conditions that exist or not is not known, but it is a noticeable fact that the chorus invariably declines to sing it. The Spanish soldiers listen to the chorus through a song and then scream and applaud for an encore. When the curtain goes up for the encore the din breaks out again, and the cry is "Gloria Espasa." The opening notes plainly tell that "Gloria Espasa" is not to be on the bill. Indignation breaks forth and the leader is compelled to silence his men until the racket subsides. He makes a fresh start on the same piece, but the crowd will have nothing if not "Gloria Espasa" and breaks out afresh. The leader dismisses the men in disgust.

Some of the presentations are decidedly artistic and replete with sparkling musical dashes which the leading people take in a nappy style. But every time a Spanish joke is cracked between songs it relates to Americans. Then there are looks of regret among the Americans when the leading lady glides smoothly over a road of lup words, strikes a lot of "m" creations, which she rolls around her tongue and then fairly hurls herself in a glorious climax of articulation at the villain. The secret of the play is out and the English speakers are not in on it.

Between the acts the audience gets up and walks back to the foyer, which has a dirt floor, to get drinks of citric acid lemonade and handfuls of peanuts. The women invariably sit upstairs and gaze down at the crowd of smokers below. It is often midnight when the Circo Filipino curtain goes down for the last time, and sleepy coachmen wake up and prod their steeds toward their patrons.

A STAGE SCENERY IN HOME HOUSES

It is adjustable and can be Taken Down Quickly and Easily. Although all well-appointed theatres keep competent scene painters, stage machinists and carpenters employed the year around, there is such an ever increasing interest in amateur theatricals given in private houses and small halls as to give employment to several men who furnish everything needed in a theatre in the way of scenery costumes and properties, and by properties is meant furniture, armour, and in fact every loose article, from a sheet of writing paper to a steam launch that may be called for to 'dress the stage' or assist the actors in the play.

A great many of the 'props' are made out of papier mache and various other substances, but not so many as formerly. Of late years there is a demand for the real thing in stage settings. But this is a mis-

take. The imitation shows up better under the glare of the electric or calcium light, just as tea made-up complexion on the leading woman's face looks more real than would her natural skin under the same circumstances.

There are almost frequent calls for these New York dealers in scenery and stage properties to go into the smaller cities where there is not sufficient business to warrant the employment of such talent permanently. One man in the business says that he has furnished houses from Florida and Texas in the South to Woodville in the extreme northern part of New Hampshire and across the continent all the way from New York to San Francisco with complete outfits for their stages. But their specialty lies with halls that have only a stage, and sometimes not even that, but no scenery at all, and in private houses where amateurs are ambitious to 'strut their brieft season on the boards.'

When it comes to putting stage scenery in private houses the times are few and far between when they can furnish everything that is required without adding to their stock, for amateurs have a way of digging up unheard of or forgotten plays which require scenery of antediluvian times, the 'Aster Period' or some other equally perplexing design. Clubs are also their patrons.

The question of stage scenery in private houses is a simple enough matter. The room selected for the stage is usually a back parlor. A stage that is one foot and a half high and is made in sections, so that it is easy to handle, is placed immediately back of the sliding doors, the frames of which make the permanent proscenium. Back of this comes the stage carpenter's proscenium, forming a second frame, upon which is adjusted the 'drop' curtain, forming one side of a square, the other three sides being formed by an open framework from which are suspended the 'drops for the backing of the various scenes, as also the 'borders' that finish out the picture overhead. On the sides are the wings, also supported from the frames, so that not any part of the arrangement comes in contact with the wall or ceiling, thereby avoiding all possibility of marrying their decoration. The footlights are on a line with the door frame in the back parlor, protected with reflectors between the audience and the lights, with a chain between the lights and players, as in a theatre. The gas connection is easily made by the means of a rubber tube. The whole thing can be put in position in a couple of hours, and when finished is really a complete little theatre.

As soon as a scene comes off the stage, if it is not again required, it is placed near the rear windows, and once the final curtain is rung down it is passed through the window to the back yard below, followed



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Princeps Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

as rapidly as possible by piece after piece of the remaining parts, till all is out of the room. The room can be cleared and ready for the dancers in just twenty minutes after the curtains fall. But to do this all hands must hustle and devote themselves exclusively to getting the room cleared. Later they can pack the stuff at their leisure and remove it through the basement way.

SPRING MEDICINE.

It is Absolutely Necessary to Give Some Attention to the Blood at This Season.

In the springtime the blood needs attention. The change of the year produces in everyone, whether conscious of it or not, some little heating of the blood. Some people have pimples, a little eczema, or irritation of the skin; others feel easily tired and depressed and have a poor appetite. A tonic is needed, and the best tonic—the best spring medicine for man, woman or child is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills do not purge and weaken like other medicines. They make rich, red blood, depressed and nerves and make weak, depressed and easily tired people feel cheerful, active and strong. No other medicine in the world has offered such undoubted proof of merit, and what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will do for you if given a fair trial.

Miss Ella M. Kelly, North-West Harbor, N. S., says: "I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any person suffering from any form of weakness, as I have proved their worth in my own case."

Remember that pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" are not Dr. Williams'. No one was ever cured by a substitute. Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Thought He Knew.

Of the stories of unsophisticated relatives on their first visit to their city cousins, and the mistakes they make, there is no end. The blunders of city visitors to the country are equally amusing, no doubt, but do not so often get into print. Uncle Hiram, having accepted an invitation to

spend the Christmas holidays in Chicago, had arrived. It was a bitterly cold morning, and Uncle Hiram, to whom the heating of a house by a furnace in the basement was something entirely new, laid his hands over the register in the floor, from which the heated air was coming up in gratifying volume.

"Well," he said, beaming with satisfaction, "it's a wonder to me you get so much heat in a cold day like this, when everybody else is trying to keep his house warm!" "Why, where do you suppose it comes from, uncle?" asked his nephew.

"Of course I don't know exactly," replied Uncle Hiram, "but I know you get your water from the water-works, and I've always had the idea that you got your fire from the fire-works."

ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

I elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudential manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city. Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, WILLIAM B. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I will be candidate for

ALDERMAN AT LARGE

In the coming civic elections. If you think I am well qualified to represent you in the council and elect me I shall try and merit your confidence. Sincerely yours, J. W. KEAST.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN AT LARGE

I elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudential manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city. Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, J. B. HAMM.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a number of citizens, I have decided to accept nomination for

ALDERMAN OF KINGS WARD,

and respectfully ask your support. W. C. R. ALLAN.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the last Civic election I received from you a vote as Candidate for Alderman for Lansdowne Ward, which in view of the fact that I was then unknown to many of you, and that I was also somewhat late in entering the field, was so large that I am encouraged to yield to the wishes of many of the electors, and again offer as a Candidate at the coming election. Respectfully soliciting your support, I am, Yours faithfully, JOHN M. SMITH. St. John, March 30th, 1899.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

FOR SALE A PROFITABLE MILK BUSINESS IN THE CITY—A good chance for the right man—Reason for selling—ill health—Address: 5th Decker Ave. "Phoenix."

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That situated in the house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Rothesay Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Funnell, Barrister-at-Law, Funnell Building. 24 6-17

Many of Our Students

Purchase a 12 month's certificate covering both Business and shorthand courses. As the average time for either is 6 months, students who are intelligent and energetic, should have both diplomas at the end of 12 months. At \$100 per year, our Short-hand and Business Certificate is the latest and best, and we hold the right for the exclusive use.

Catalogues to any address. S. KEER & SON

Advertisement for 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS' subscription. Text includes: 'YOU CAN HAVE— Progress, Munsey, McClure ... AND ... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon re-newing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'Mu...', 'On Mo...', 'The pro...', 'PI...', 'Lender', 'Rev. J. M. Parker's Je...', 'Professor W...', 'and Mr. W...', 'rapidly beco...', 'musical org...', 'warmest e...', 'bumper hou...', 'their assisti...', 'A concert...', 'in every wa...', 'gar Buck in...', '24th. The...', 'numbers of...', 'elections for...', 'ballads, duet...', 'sec'm from...', 'acted in cost...', 'of the Con...', 'The May...', 'in musical ci...', 'manifested at...', 'the perform...', 'and Wednes...', 'House under...', 'Ford. The Neptu...', 'u en's o: Tue...', 'were well pa...', 'Erminie', 'York Casino...', 'minie, Fran...', 'Wolf Happe...', 'An operat...', 'Three N'uck...', 'L'everpool.', 'Reginald Son...', 'a basso w...', 'oles and who...', 'of Herbert W...', 'time that Du...', 'on the lyric...', 'posed the sc...', 'Musketors o...', 'Lillian Rus...', 'Sir Arthur S...', 'Kirk La S...', 'Herbert are...', 'for Frack D...', 'Amoor." On April 1...', 'will celebra...', 'appearance in...

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rie Business University Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets...

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FOR SALE A PROFITABLE MILK BUSINESS IN THE CITY—A good chance for the right man—Reason for selling...

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the summer months. That beautiful situated home known as the "Tress" property...

Many of Our Students Purchase a 12 month's certificate covering both business and shorthand courses.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

On Monday evening the Williams Concert Band will give a concert in the Opera House...



PROF. WILLIAMS, Leader of the Williams' Band.

Rev. J. M. Davenport, who will sing Parker's Jerusalem, Mr. E. W. Stratton, Professor W. C. Bowden, Miss Ina Brown and Mr. W. G. V. Stokes.

A concert which promises to be popular in every way will be given by Mr. W. Edgar Buck in the Institute on Monday April 24th.

The May Queen in the absorbing interest in musical circles just now and the interest manifested augurs well for the success of the performances to be given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the Opera House under the direction of Mr. James Ford.

The Neptune Rowing Club's entertainments on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were well patronized and very enjoyable.

"Erminie" may be revived at the New York Casino, with Lillian Russell as Erminie, Francis Wilson as Cadeaux and De Wolf Hopper as Ravennae.

An operatic version of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" has been produced in Liverpool. The pretentious music is by Reginald Somerville. The libretto is by a basso well known in London musical circles and who writes under the pen name of Herbert Whitney.

Lillian Russell may star next season in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Pag Woffington." Kirk La Shelle, Fred Rankin and Victor Herbert are the authors of a comic opera for Frack Daniels. It will be called "Ameor."

On April 12 "The Belle of New York" will celebrate the anniversary of its first appearance in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

THOUGHT BABY'S EAR WOULD DROP OFF

Body and Head Mass Bleeding Sores, Suffered Beyond Description. Physician Could Not Even Believe. Kept Under Opium. Cured by CUTICURA.

My infant was one mass of bleeding sores which extended to his head; and we thought one of his ears would drop off. His sufferings were beyond description, and he had to be kept under opium. Our physician did everything for his relief; I became utterly discouraged. My attention was called to CUTICURA (testimonial). I bought the CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVER. The result was simply marvellous.

SAVE YOUR SKIN. CUTICURA RESOLVER is the purest, the sweetest, and most effective skin cure and blood purifier ever compounded, and applied with skin and scalp...

Theatre. "The Belle" is the first American attraction to hold the boards in the English metropolis uninterruptedly for a twelve-month, and always to phenomenal business.

The London Opera Comique will be reopened April 20 with a musical farce by George R. Sims entitled "A Good Time." Miss Harrison and Elita Proctor Otis may be among next season's stars.

TALK OF THEATRE.

The "California Son Ton Burlesque and Specialty Company" close a week's engagement at the Opera House this evening. The performances have not justified anticipations in any particular. There are one or two clever acrobats, tumblers, and a very good whistler in the aggregation, but they are about the only good features.

New Yorkers had their first view of this week of Haskott in "Report of Hentsen" and of Julia Marlowe in "Colinette."

Mr. MacLean and his company fare to anticipate the Frohman production of "Romeo and Juliet." In this week's revival at the Herald Square Mr. MacLean was Romeo, Miss Tyler, Juliet, Mr. Hanford Mercutio and the veteran John A. Ellsler the Friar Laurence.

"Citizen Pierre," Charles Coghlan's new play, is to be produced in New York on Tuesday next. It deals with that part of the French Revolution immediately after the execution of Louis XVI.

Robert Drouot, Barton Hill, Rose Eyring and Margaret Anglin, Mansfield's ex-leading lady.

Henry Miller will be seen as Hamlet for the first time at Albany on April 17.

Olga Nethersole is suffering from an abscess in the throat, and was unable to act last week.

Josephine Hall will be a member of Charles Frohman's forces next season, and will replace May Robson, it is said who becomes a member of Daly's company.

In the "Eight Must Get There" the Rogers Brothers are the D'Artagnans and Maud Harrison in "The Purple Lady." Maud did not heed Sydney Rosenfeld when he commanded her to take off her hat at a rehearsal.

After a fortnight more of "Mlle. Fin," carrying the niece beyond its one hundredth performance, W. A. Brady will produce another French play at the Manhattan, New York. It is described as wildly farcical, and is an adaptation by Joseph R. Grismer of "La Calotte," which may be modestly interpreted "the trousers." It will be called "The Manicure," and Louise Thornbyke Boucault will head the cast.

Jacob Litt has leased the Broadway Theatre, New York. Mr. Litt, who used to be an usher in a Minneapolis theatre, is worth, it is said, \$500,000.

The cast of "His Excellency," the Governor, which is to be produced in New York on May 2, will include Jessie Millward, Robert Edeson, Harry Harwood, Guy Standing, J. H. Bourimo, E. Y. Backus, May Robson, and Grace R. Ellison.

Olga Nethersole's appearance in "The Prodigate" for the first time in this country at the Hazlitt Opera House will occur on Thursday evening next. It will not be for the first time she has acted in this play, as she was cast for one of the minor parts, Jeanette Prece, during her initial days in the profession at the Garrick Theatre, London.

Annie Russell will sail for Europe early in May and give "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle, the part in which she returned with such success after her long absence from the stage.

Chelsea is to have a new theatre, to be called the Carlyle.

Dr. Conan Doyle has resolved to call his new play "Halves." It will be seen by and by at the London Garrick. Gerald Maxwell, a son of Miss Braddon, the novelist, is to play a prominent part.

Sarah Bernhardt has been seeing in Rostand's "La Samaritaine" in Paris. The revival was very successful.

There will be some remarkable features in the farewell testimonial performance in

FITS is the binding to wear S. N. & M. Bias Brush Edge is the only binding that can fit the shirt...

honor of Lydia Thompson, which is to be given in the London Lyceum Theatre on May 2.

Pinero's new comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," was produced by John Hare at the London Globe Theatre the beginning of this week.

Burr McIntosh is to appear in Nat Goodwin's London production of "The Cowby and the Lady."

Gabriele d'Annunzio is finishing his drama called "Gloria," which has a political tendency.

Haddon Chambers is to write a four act serious play for Charles Wyndham.

Charles Frohman is to produce a dramatization of "Sapho," Olga Nethersole is to appear as Sapho shortly, and an English actress is starring in a dramatization of Daudet's novel.

Robert B. Mantell will use next season a dramatization of "The Dagger and the Cross."

It has been announced that John Blair, of Julia Marlowe's company, and Mr. Young, of Daly's, were contemplating starring as Lord Byron. It is now rumored in theatrical circles that E. H. Sothern has his eye on the same part.

The Comedie Francaise is to be devoted during the Paris Exposition year wholly to its class repertoire. Dramatists whose new plays have been accepted are in despair.

M. Bergerat's new play, "Plus Que Reine," was produced last week at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, with M. Coquelin as Napoleon and Jane Harding as Josephine.

"77" FOR GRIP & COLDS is no better than

- 1 Fever, Congestions, Inflammation... 25
2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic... 25
3 Coughing Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough... 25
4 Dizziness, of Children and Adults... 25
5 Neuralgia, Toothache, Faciache... 25
6 Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo... 25
7 Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach... 25
8 Suppression of Menstrual Periods... 25
9 Leucorrhoea or Whites... 25
10 Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum... 25
11 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... 25
12 Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague... 25
13 Whooping Cough... 25
14 Kidney Diseases... 25
15 Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness... 1.00
16 Urinary Diseases... 25

An inkstand that was probably in use three thousand four hundred years ago has been lately acquired by a museum in Berlin. It is of Egyptian make, and is supposed to belong to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, or somewhere about 1500 B. C.

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Druggist and Seedsman, ST. JOHN, N. B. Mail orders forwarded by return mail.

play as not being equal to other works of M. Bergerat, though it contains many fine scenes.

Sarah Bernhardt has resumed Jean Richpin's play, "La Gitane," and it will be presented by Antoine at his theatre. No reason has been assigned for Bernhardt's sudden abandonment of her American tour beyond the fact she met with such success in Italy that there is a demand for her return.

When "Cyrano de Bergerac" was withdrawn from the Porte St. Martin Theatre last week it had been played 400 consecutive times and had drawn \$520,000, the nightly average being \$1300, which is \$300 more than any other Parisian success has ever recorded.

In the last act of Julia Marlowe's new play, the King, Louis XVIII, tells Colinette, whose husband has been arrested on suspicion of treason, that there seems no possibility of escape, as precautions have been doubled since Mme. De Lavallette maneuvered the release from prison of Monsieur De Lavallette by exchanging clothes with him.

Emile Moreau, successfully produced at Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, is a spirited historical cinematograph of the Bourbon restoration of 1848. Mme. Lavallette, niece of the Empress Josephine, substitutes herself for her husband, imprisoned under a death sentence for treason and effects his escape.

Francis Villon is one of the characters in Jean Richpin's new play "Les Truands," just produced at the Paris Odeon. The date is assigned to Paris in 1874, and treats chiefly of the rivalry between Octave the leader of a band of outlaws, and his son, for the love of a dancing girl.

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The Comedie Francaise is to be devoted during the Paris Exposition year wholly to its class repertoire. Dramatists whose new plays have been accepted are in despair.

M. Bergerat's new play, "Plus Que Reine," was produced last week at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, with M. Coquelin as Napoleon and Jane Harding as Josephine.

"77" FOR GRIP & COLDS is no better than

- 1 Fever, Congestions, Inflammation... 25
2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic... 25
3 Coughing Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough... 25
4 Dizziness, of Children and Adults... 25
5 Neuralgia, Toothache, Faciache... 25
6 Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo... 25
7 Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach... 25
8 Suppression of Menstrual Periods... 25
9 Leucorrhoea or Whites... 25
10 Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum... 25
11 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... 25
12 Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague... 25
13 Whooping Cough... 25
14 Kidney Diseases... 25
15 Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness... 1.00
16 Urinary Diseases... 25

An inkstand that was probably in use three thousand four hundred years ago has been lately acquired by a museum in Berlin. It is of Egyptian make, and is supposed to belong to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, or somewhere about 1500 B. C.

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A large and choice stock of... Hats, Toques and Bonnets, The latest novelties from Paris, London and New York.

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supposed to have been intended for the use of a schoolboy's needs, for it has no fewer than four ink-holes. Both ink-stands were found at Thebes.

GUARDING THE BANKS.

Some people think that time locks burglar alarms and steel-barred windows, with a watchman awake or asleep inside and the police outside, might afford protection in plenty for a bank.

The visitor noticed when he entered the office that the manager seemed to be watching the clock with great solicitude. Without any warning the young man jumped up from his desk, grabbed his hat and dashed out.

"What was the matter?" he asked. "The bank watchman was testing me," he said, and then went on to explain the system. At every hour and half hour the watchman inside the bank pushed a button that rang a bell in the messenger office.

But this was not all. An outside watchman was also employed. He was the regular special watchman who was employed by the property owners of the neighborhood. It was his duty to meet the inside watchman at the front door every hour and then to go to the back door and meet the inside man.

"Not for detection," he said, "but for prevention. The burglar who tries to break into this bank at night is insane. He has not the slightest chance in the world, and he knows it. Then, too, we are sure no fire can gain any headway in the building while the watchmen are kept so thoroughly awake. Of course we are fireproof, theoretically, but we do not even trust that." N. Y. Sun.

Partially. "Tell me, doctor, were you successful with that patient in the next street?" "Partially so; I cured him, but I haven't succeeded in getting any money out of him yet."

MY STOCK

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A Fatal Spider-Web. When a fly accidentally gets caught in a spider's web, the spider goes calmly about the work of securing his prey. He doesn't hurry particularly. He takes his time and binds first the fly's feet, and then his wings and his entire body.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Proseman for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. Bennett & Co., Barrington street. Canadian News Co., Brunswick street. J. W. Allen, Dartmouth street. J. Jones Bookstore, 100 Hollis St. Mrs. De Prey, 111 Brunswick St.

The banar or fancy fair held at Bishopsthorpe by the ladies of St. Stephen's chapel, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, was quite a financial success. The young ladies who presided at the various tables looked their sweetest, and were at the same time, very alert and on "buiness strongly".

The An Aquarian Tea, which was held in St. Mark's hall on Wednesday evening by the ladies of that congregation, was quite a "feature" of the week's amusements. The old hall was decorated in the style of a century or so ago, and the ladies' costumes corresponded to the same period.

Mr. and Mrs. Vizard and their family, who left last week for England, will be much missed in the community. Mr. Vizard has been nineteen years storekeeper in the Dockyard, and during his long residence here has made many friends.

Over a thousand pages of good home medical advice free. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. A veritable medical library in one volume. Illustrated with over 300 engravings.

Parents Mr. and Mrs. John Darling, Nauwigawank N. B. Mrs. Dav' Chapman of Dorchester spent Sunday in town with her son Mr. D. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bent is in Fagwash this week. An accident occurred on Monday evening when a little girl aged six years Violet C. daughter of Wm. Farron fell into an uncovered well and was drowned, she had just returned from school and had taken a kettle to get water quite unknown to the family and on being missed soon after, was found at the bottom of the well which is about five feet deep. It was only about a quarter of an hour from the time she left the house until the accident was discovered.

Mr. J. F. Hanson, Kentville, is visiting Mrs. J. W. Hanson, Halifax Road. A crowded and thoroughly appreciative house greeted the opera "Patience," given here last Monday evening by Halifax talents under Mr. C. M. Fiske. The affair was a complete success, and an evening of rare pleasure, was enjoyed, by all to taste enough to witness the presentation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Belyea, Mrs. A. Belyea, Mrs. A. L. Belyea, Miss Lillian Fawcett, Mrs. Bessie Palmer, Miss Lillian Palmer, Miss Elsie Richards, Miss Sadie Belyea, Miss George Belyea, Miss Winnie Gault, Miss Chalmers, Miss Laura Belyea, and Messrs. Dr. Christ, D. Boyd, Med. Belyea, Roy Richards, Dr. Harris Richards, Chas. Belyea, Fred Fawcett, Frank Gault, Will Boyd, Lee Gault, Ned Whalley, Fred Short, Harry Donah, Lester, and Fawcett.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Belyea, Mrs. A. Belyea, Mrs. A. L. Belyea, Miss Lillian Fawcett, Mrs. Bessie Palmer, Miss Lillian Palmer, Miss Elsie Richards, Miss Sadie Belyea, Miss George Belyea, Miss Winnie Gault, Miss Chalmers, Miss Laura Belyea, and Messrs. Dr. Christ, D. Boyd, Med. Belyea, Roy Richards, Dr. Harris Richards, Chas. Belyea, Fred Fawcett, Frank Gault, Will Boyd, Lee Gault, Ned Whalley, Fred Short, Harry Donah, Lester, and Fawcett.

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G. Beckwith, Mrs. John Davidson, Mrs. W. T. H. Percy, Miss Chow, Miss Carmas and Miss Beck. The programme consisted of instrumental

Solo For All Eternity.....Mascheroni Miss Alma Gibson. Duet vocal Friendship.....Miss Gibson and Prof. Downing.

Mr. John O'Brien of Nelson and Mrs. Carvell of Woodstock are with their husbands at the Queen and will remain till the end of the session.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Creed spent Sunday in St. John. Mr. Creed returned home Monday; Mrs. Creed has gone to Hampton to visit at her old home.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon. Just received-Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Figs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street. BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 50 bbls. P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.



TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Too sweet in the Baby... Used by THE ALBERT... CELEBRATED... baby's own... The fullness of young life and good fortune, teacher and of the Charlotte St. Mr. A. Grayley, Mrs. Margaret M. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mr. and Mrs. W. Coover, wealth. Mrs. Lenore A. Mr. and Mrs. B. Miss Anne Taber. Miss George H. Jack on a 1000. Misses Elizabeth M. Mr. and Mrs. J. Miss F. race W. Mr. and Mrs. J. Miss Mary Nich. Miss Helen Al. Gertrude, Harriet, Mrs. W. A. F. Mrs. W. A. F. Mrs. Fannie F. Mayor and Mrs. the Misses Alice, ton, were unable to them due to their own illness.

JAILS IN PORTO RICO.

They Have Been Lined and the Prisoners Set at Work. To improve the condition of the municipal jail and the old Government prison has been an important work of Gen. Guy V. Henry in Porto Rico. In October, under Spanish rule, they were as alive with disease with prisoners, and under absolutely no sanitary regulations. Frequently the inmates got neither fresh air nor sunlight, but shared the same room and lived in idleness and misery. More than one town, indeed, repeated the story of Cuba. But now, although this house-cleaning work is unfinished still, the jail of Porto Rico has become more like the model similar institutions in the United States.

Like most government buildings, the island penitentiary is at the capital, San Juan. Here just outside the south city wall, 300 convicts eat and sleep, like a native family, in one big room. They are not confined in cells, but have their liberty and go anywhere inside the ten-foot wall. Only three prisoners, who have been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, wear a steel ball and chain. Murder, too, is the most common crime. Out of the 300 inmates, more than 200 were convicted on this charge. One prisoner 25 years old, whose sentence is thirty years, killed three persons. Every twelfth man in the low row of beds is a guardian over his fellows, and may be identified by his yellow stripes and a small hand cane. Yet, as a rule, the convicts live quietly, make no attempts to escape, and give the keeper no trouble. Most of them who are half-breed native population, neither read nor write. Only one St. Thomas English negro can be seen in the prison. Two soldiers convicted of robbery, who were admitted in December, are the only Americans. One year is the shortest term of confinement.

Back in October and November, when the Americans first reached San Juan, the old Spanish Warden gave his prisoners an easy life. His 300 inmates then played back on the roof, took their midday nap and let the carpenter and blacksmith shops get rusty. Then as the Warden spoke no English, a six-foot St. Thomas negro murderer always welcomed American visitors and acted as interpreter. He translated the explanations and apologies of the cunning old keeper and repeated all questions of the callers. And, at the end of every trip through the buildings, his visitors wanted to know what kind of food the keeper gave the convicts.

"The gentlemen would like to know what kind of food the prisoners get," then repeated the negro in Spanish.

"Tell them I give the best of everything," said the smiling Warden.

"He says he gives the best of everything," translated the negro with a grin, but he never does.

However, under the administration of the new Warden the negro makes no complaint. As soon as Maximiliano Luxunaris, the keeper appointed in December, took charge the whole building and grounds were cleaned, scrubbed and put in a sanitary condition. Nor do the inmates now lead the same shiftless life. In the shops may be found carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, cooks, laundrymen, and every kind of tradesmen. They have made the needed tables, chairs, keep the white canvas suits in repair, and run a model prison. Every day more than a hundred men, under a strict police guard, clean the streets of San Juan. Half that number have been employed, too, in the sanitary work under Capt. L. P. Davidson. Outside of work hours many prisoners find time to knit stockings, which easily

WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces - Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.S. - James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement:

"I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 25 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills

are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

sell to visitors as a souvenir. Since January an evening school has given the prisoners instruction in reading and writing. An optional course in English also has been introduced by a Porto Rican interpreter. In this school work the men seem to take an interest and show a desire to learn, especially in the English class.

Mr. Luxunaris himself speaks English fluently. After a five years' residence in New York he returned to Porto Rico in 1896. When the American troops reached Ponce he left his home at Guayama, got through the Spanish lines, and offered his services as interpreter to the invaders. He was assigned to Gen. John R. Brooke, accompanied him throughout the campaign and also acted as interpreter at the San Juan palace while the General had command of the island in October and November. When Gen. Brooke left for Cuba he appointed Mr. Luxunaris Warden of the prison.

The San Juan city jail, a square two story building built in 1887, now has 150 prisoners. They live in one room, sleep on the bare floor, and are fed a big dish of rice and meat and coffee and bread. On the walls of the court-yard may be seen a whole series of pencil pictures. For subjects the prisoner artists have chosen the war, Emile Zola and Porto Rican politics. An introductory paragraph reads: "If any prisoner expects to get out of jail before the Americans be possessed of the city, he is greatly mistaken." On a whitewashed pillar is an explanation of the cause of the war between Spain and the United States. One sentence says: "The United States was the glory of signing the independence of Porto Rico, while Spain, the discoverer of the place, does not want to lose the island."

A bust of Emile Zola appears under a wreath with a testimonial of his greatness. Under the date of May 19, the morning Admiral Sampson bombarded Morro Castle, are a number of drawings of projectiles and shells. But of all pictures the most interesting is an original cartoon on Porto Rican politics. For a background the artist has a cemetery, in which the headstones, and crosses bear the names of the Spanish Insular Cabinet officials. In the foreground stands the former President of the Cabinet, Muncz Rivera, surrendering his political sword to the United States flag. Evidently the prisoner knew Rivera, for in February, half a year after the sketch had been made, Gen. Henry demanded the resignation of this politician.

\$1,000 A MINUTE FOR BERT.

A City Two and a Half Times the Size of Middlesex.

Even those who are familiar with the vastness of London will find it difficult to picture a city which covers two or three counties, which is more than a hundred miles in circuit, and which contains within its bounds 40,000,000 souls. Such a city compared with which even London would be little more than a provincial town, would be necessary to accommodate all the houses and people of the United Kingdom. It all the inhabited houses, of which there are 7,700,000, were placed end to end they would form a single continuous line of houses long enough to girdle the entire earth, and still leave a string of houses which would link Liverpool with Rome.

Formed into streets with double rows of houses, we should be able to build two streets (four rows of houses) from London to Madrid; two more, across Europe, from Madrid to Constantinople; two more back from Constantinople to London; and a fourth double street from London to John o. Groats. Of every thousand of these millions of British houses, 761 would be English; 114 would be Scottish; 124, Irish; and 84 would be the houses of our islanders.

In sizes the houses would range in width from 300 yards, the frontage of Wentworth Woodhouse, Earl Fitz William's magnificent Yorkshire seat, to a frontage of a few feet; in area, from the two acres of Raby Castle to a few square yards in which the proverbial cat could not be swung; in the number of rooms, from the hundreds of such mammoth buildings as the Hotel Cecil and Queen Anne's Mansions to the single

room of an Irish cabin; and in value from the £2,000,000 of Mount Stuart to a few shillings.

It is estimated that a square mile of London contains an average of 120 streets, with 100 houses to each street, or a total of 12,000 houses for each square mile. On the same basis our "City of the United Kingdom" would cover 410,880 acres, or nearly 642 square miles. It would require for its site more than the entire county of Buckinghamshire, or an area equal to nearly two and a half times that of Middlesex.

It would take four days to walk once round it, walking at the rate of twenty-six miles a day; and at the same rate it would take two and three quarter years to walk through each of its 77,000 streets. The entire fortune of the richest man in the world would be absorbed in paying ten weeks' rent of this mammoth city.

The rent of several of its houses would range from £50,000 to £100,000 a year. To pay even 5 per cent, on its cost a house like Mount Stuart, the Marquis of Bute's Rothessay seat, would demand a rent of £100,000 a year. Blenheim Palace, which cost £300,000 to build and £316,746 to repair could scarcely be rented under £40,000 a year; and a similar rent would be asked for Devonshire House, Piccadilly, for Welbeck Abbey, Eaton Hall, and others of our noble "pleasure-houses"; while a building to-day like Whitehall Court yields £50,000 a year in rent.

On the other hand, there are nearly three and a quarter million houses in England alone the rental of which is under £20 a year; and it is estimated that the average annual rental of the houses in the United Kingdom is about £26. On this basis the year's rent of our city would be £2,200,000, or nearly twice as much as entire national expenditure for the year.

To pay this annual rent would require more sovereigns than the entire population of Southampton could carry, allowing each a burden of gold weighing nearly half a hundredweight. These sovereigns would make a loop of gold, a foot wide, stretching from London to Liverpool; or a carriage-way of Bank of England notes of the same length and more than 1012 wide. During every revolution of the second-hand of a watch, £885 would be absorbed in rent; each hour's rent would be £23,082; and much more than £500,000 sterling would vanish every day. Still colossal as these figures are, the amount is so widely distributed that the burden falls lightly on the individual; and although three years and a quarter's rent would pay our entire National Debt, each individual is only responsible for a little over a £5 note a year, or less than 2s. a week.

IDOL BREAKERS UNPOPULAR.

For Justice Showed Against the Fugitive Who Whipped Oscar Gardner.

"America is supposed to be the land of square sports, but there is one thing that the American sporting man cannot take gracefully and that is the defeat of a popular champion, who has held his title long enough to make him a sort of idol in the public eye, said a race-track man. This is true of animals as well as men, but particularly true is it of prizefighters. The American people never forgave James J. Corbett for the drubbing he gave John L. Sullivan. Even when Corbett fought an alien, Charley Mitchell, a majority of the people secretly hoped that he would be whipped. Take the case of George Dixon the wonderful colored fighter. He is the sporting man's idol to-day. When he is whipped every sporting man in the country will grieve over it, save the partisans of the man who whips him.

"A few weeks ago I witnessed a fight in Brooklyn that illustrated this feeling better than anything that has come to my knowledge in a good many years. Just at present a popular idol in the fighting line is Oscar Gardner. This young man has fought his way to the top of the ladder, but a few weeks ago there came a report from the West that he had been whipped in a ten round fight by a young pugilist named Jack O'Brien, who hails from this city. Jack O'Brien was remembered here as a fighter of mediocre ability and the sports marveled at his getting a decision over Gardner. His victory, however, made him a desirable attraction, and a Brooklyn club brought him on here to fight one Whistler of Philadelphia. This is the fight that I speak of.

"When Whistler came into the ring he was greeted with tumultuous applause and there were shouts of 'Kill him, Billy! Eat the lobster up!' and 'Put him out in a hurry!'

"I didn't understand the unpopularity of O'Brien until he came in the ring and was greeted with boos and groans. I turned to a man behind me then and asked what it meant.

"Why," he said, with a string of oaths, "that's the slob that says he licked Gardner last week."

"Then I understood. For doing his best and getting a decision over Gardner, the popular idol, O'Brien had earned nothing but the hatred of the sporting public. When the fight started O'Brien, as nice looking a young man as I ever saw in a

Advertisement for 'SURPRISE' soap. Features an illustration of a man washing clothes and text: 'ONLY ONE BEST. These are the only one best soap - "SURPRISE" It's a pure, hard, perfect soap. It makes clothes cleanest and whitest in the least time and with least work. No boiling, scalding or rubbing - all the dirt simply goes away when "SURPRISE" Soap comes. It costs but 5 cts. a cake, but lasts as long as if it cost 15. Don't take a "just-as-good" soap. There is no soap as good. Remember the name - "Surprise."

price ring, swung the Whistler's head and missed. Immediately there were yells and groans from the crowd.

"You're a nice lobster," said Gardner, "ain't you?" cried out one man, and "Did he lay down for you? Is that how you did it?" called another.

"A moment later Whistler got in a blow on O'Brien, and the house shook with applause. And so it went on for twenty rounds. O'Brien was a game little rooster and did all the fighting, his opponent standing purely on the defensive and rarely landing an effective blow. Any way you took it, on points, on leads, on landed blows, O'Brien won the fight, yet at the end of the last round the whole house joined in one loud cry to the referee to give the fight to Whistler. He had the decency to make it a draw, which gave O'Brien half of a fight which he had really won.

"I questioned a number of people after the fight, but no one could tell me any reason for O'Brien's unpopularity, outside of the fact that he whipped young Gardner, so I made up my mind that that victory alone was responsible for the remarkable prejudices shown against him. I tell you what, it is a sale to bowl over a popular champion nowadays."

ONE UNDER BERT'S FLAG.

A Thrilling Incident in the Streets of Memphis in Civil War Times.

The regiment was Irish-Irish from Colonel to drummer boy. It carried the 'flag of Erin' side by side with 'Old Glory,' and felt and acknowledged a double responsibility in maintaining the honor of both. (The army records say it cast no discredit on either.) The Colonel had served in Sumner's Dragoons, and had been a soldier of fortune in Mexico and Central America; the men, bronzed from exposure to the Southern sun, hardened in campaign, bivouac and battle, marched with the free swing which characterized the army of the West, and which later displaced the automaton rigidity then thought necessary in the regular army.

After service in the Tennessee and Mississippi campaigns, the regiment was under orders to join the forces before Vicksburg, where the siege was then in progress. From their bivouac outpost Memphis the men for an entire day had looked longingly upon the city and planned numerous diversions there in none of which however, was allowed to occur. No leave was granted, and it was not until twilight that orders were received to march directly through the town to the levee, where the transport was in waiting.

The route lay through 'Little Ireland,' the Confederate stronghold in Memphis, where troops had been frequently stoned in passing, and when no welcome could be looked for. It was a gloomy, narrow way that led through it. The night was pitch dark, and the street was imperfectly lighted by occasional gas lamps. From house to gutter the sidewalks were packed with people, men, women and children whose faces were darker than the night, and whose attitude—hands behind them—

suggested that ever-ready brick. Dishes, contempt, hatred was in every face. Sullen silence was the only greeting. Then the transformation. At a signal the flags were swung free, and at the same moment the band struck up 'Garry Owen.' A gasp, a cheer, a roar followed, and a moment later the mob was a shouting, welcoming throng, some embracing the soldiers in the ranks, some standing with bared heads and streaming eyes as the green flag was searched past, others calling down blessings on their countrymen. There down was a wild rush back to their tents, and then, laden with food and liquid cheer, the population of Little Ireland followed the regiment to the levee, swept over the lines that ought to have been established around it, and succeeded in convincing its members that 'blood is thicker than water.'

But water was a drink in demand the next morning!

Danny's Letter.

Danny's father, who is a farmer and stock-grower, took several car-loads of hogs, reared on his own farm, to Chicago where he sold them to the great pork-packing firm of Armour & Company. While in Chicago Danny's father received the following letter from the little boy:

"Dere papa: Did you see Mr. Armour kill the big fat hog with the black tail and didn't he think it was a buster? I was sorry to see the hogs leave the farm and you most of all.

Your loving son,
"Danny."

The Way he Said It.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells a story to show that there is sometimes a great deal in the way of putting anything: 'I understand that you said my eldest daughter was as homely as a mud fence, professor.' You are quite mistaken, madam. What I said was that your esteemed child reminded me of a mixture of terra firma and aqua pura combined in a practical boundary line. 'Oh, is that all? Dine with us on Sunday professor.'

The Girls Who Took Back.

At a recent festival in Germany a Berlin football club was beaten by a woman's football club of Hamburg. The game was rather interesting on account of the fearless charges of the girls, who charged the boys without flinching. The latter broke down under the vehement charge, and the Hamburg girls carried off the palm.

The Power of His Name.

A Dakota lawyer was recently arrested for stealing wood, but such was the power of his eloquence that he made the jury believe that he was only walking in his sleep and thought that he was placing flowers on the grave of his first wife—New York World.

One For It.

"Mistars are getting so confounded that you can't tell what a man's political bias is by his opinions."

"Yes, you can. Select some political meeting at random and see whether he says it was a brilliant success, or a dismal failure."

BREAD, POTATOES and MILK. A Dyspeptics daily diet. Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Thousands of people suffer from it in a more or less aggravated form. Few diseases are more painful to the individual or more far reaching in their effects on human life and happiness. What the dyspeptic needs is not local treatment, but a more temporary stimulus. The real need is the toning up of the entire system. Fortify the system and it will do its own fighting. It cannot stay weak when all the other organs are gaining strength. What Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for dyspepsia is best illustrated in cases like that of M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss. Mr. Shields had got down to the last level of dyspepsia. But let him tell his own story: "For years, I was afflicted with dyspepsia which gradually grew worse until I could eat nothing but bread and potatoes seasoned with a little salt, and drink only a little milk. I became so bad that I could not eat more than a few small pieces of bread, and suffering in the regions of the stomach, darting pains back of the eyes, attended with dizziness and partial loss of sight. The only way I could get relief was by vomiting. Finally I had such severe vomiting that the entire left side of my body felt numb and partially paralyzed, and in this condition, I was taken to my room on a cot. The physicians failed to help me, and none of the many remedies I took did me any good. At last a friend presented me with a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and before I had used half a bottle I decided change for the better. I used three bottles and was so completely cured that for four years I have not been troubled with the old complaint, but am rugged and hearty and able to eat anything that can be eaten. It would be impossible to say too much in praise of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I would not give one bottle of it for a dozen of any other kind."—M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss.

CLOSING OUT PRICES. Solid Gold Frames, \$1.95. Best Gold Filled Frames, .80. Gold Filled Frames, .55. Aluminum Frames, .50. Steel or Nickel Frames, .05. Finest Lenses made per pair, .70. Will remain here a few days longer. —OPEN NIGHTS.— Boston Optical Co., 25 King St.

Pages... Through... "But, Madam... "But, Madam... "Of course... "But, Madam... "The broad... "Indeed, I... "You, Monsieur... "And assure... "expects to... "But at this... "She sprang... "scarlet coat... "face her w... "light now I... "the darkest... "velvety, but... "green and o... "water of a... "seemed to... "Oh! she im... "you have any... "sake!" And... "door." "Go... "let you stay... "Go out thro... "through the... "But as a y... "which thrill... "for me—the... "whitened to... "her sides. "It is too l... "glance going... "across the... "them, into... "I followed... "some unexam... "having brought... "my obstinacy... "through the... "shaded the... "And here... "whispered, her... "as she leaned... "lar. "I laid my... "plexed at the... "But in a mo... "wit. "Right here... "she exclaimed... "with this old... "back for ages... "won't lock!" "The outer... "against the... "space scant... "moment more... "door tied... "inch-wide... "peer forth... "sunlit world... "Claire reat... "of coolest... "chair and... "cont back... "I saw the... "in his shabby... "brown road... "serp—golden... "with a secure... "to say, "He... "wriggle out... "mead to hurry... "This look... "priest's face... "me to me... "the first... "morning of... "der the roof... "the woman I... "liberty to... "and a pack of... "Shame, more... "within me... "serious... "paise to step...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899.

BY THE THICKNESS OF A DOOR.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"Though you are only an Englishman..."

"But, Monsieur," she interrupted, with the faintest delicate mockery of my pleading...

"You are expecting some one," I cried, a certain look in my eyes.

"More welcome than I, plainly, Mademoiselle, said I, my heart anking."

"I don't remember to have given you any right to ask such questions," he said thoughtfully rather than unkindly.

"Of course not, Mademoiselle," I protested, aghast at my own presumption.

"But—surely you were more gracious to me when I was here last autumn. You did not send me away so abruptly."

"Indeed, I am not now ungracious to you, Monsieur. The visitor I am expecting is Father LaGarde, the Black Abbe himself."

"Then," I cried joyously, "there is a little time for me before he comes. I promise you I will make my adieu in—"

"But at this she grew suddenly excited. She sprang up (greatly offending the cat), laid both appealing little hands upon my scarlet coat-sleeve, and lifted at last to my face her wonderful eyes."

"What do you mean, Father LaGarde?" asked Claire very coldly, seating herself on a bench that stood where it would best obstruct any chance disturbance of my hiding place.

"The Black Abbe turned and gave her a long, penetrating look, full of irony."

"I have no time to waste in parley with a child of a girl," he snapped. "My men will find him."

"I forbid you or your followers to enter my father's house in his absence!" she exclaimed with firmness, but with a certain tremor in her voice as if she had a fear which she could not quite control.

"Stand aside, girl," he ordered curtly. "You shall answer to my father for this, Monsieur," she cried. I noted and began to understand the cunning assumption of terror behind the brave words.

"Oh, you can safely leave Monsieur de la Mare to me!" retorted the Abbe with an unpleasant laugh.

"I have told you, Monsieur, that there is no one there. There is no one there!" she repeated, and her voice was now pleading almost to tears.

"Girls have lied before this to shield their lovers!" was the brutal answer. "Come, stand aside, lest you be made to."

"How dare you!" she gasped, and slipped again into the chair where I could see her. Her face was averted from my hiding-place, but I could see one little ear and the sweet roundure of her neck. They were crimson with shame. I had much ado to hold myself in check at this sign of distress.

In went the padding foot, and for an instant longer I heard them on the wide hall floor. But the priest failed to do as she expected he remained beside her on the porch.

"I will wait here and explain to your father when he comes."

"If you set those animals to decorate our house," cried Claire, her teeth shutting viciously between every other word, "you would at least, if you had ever been a gentleman, go with them and see what they do!"

I saw her nervously jerking her handkerchief to and fro between her slim fingers. She was baffled and trembling.

"Don't be alarmed for your gown!" sneered LaGarde, still too angry to amuse himself by affecting good humor. "It is only your lover they are after."

"At this gratuitous insolence she did not seem even angry, at which I was profoundly astonished."

I had been on the point of stepping forth to whip the cur with my scabbard, but perceiving that she was no more moved than to smile coolly upon him, tapping her little white moccasins on the hop-rinsé trelles, I thought better of it.

"It was not till long afterward,—so dull was I,—I understood the matter. She had feared that I might break out, avenge the rudeness, and ruin all. Therefore she had put the curb on her gall'd pride and seemed to take no offense."

"You reassure me most marvelously, Monsieur!" she murmured, and turned upon him a glance of mirth so genuine and so inexplicable that he glared at her with unaffected wonder from beneath his shapeless narrow brows. He did not like to be puzzled. This girl, with her unaccountable variations of temper, puzzled him.

I saw him redden a brickly color in the wrinkles of his rough-brown jaw. But he spoke not a word. He simply eyed her, seeking to disconcert her—and she—she grew but the more gayly at ease under the glance which, as I had heard, was wont to make all Acadia tremble.

Presently he shifted this unprofitable exercise of his eyes and grew intent upon the doorway whence he expected his savages to drag me with no more delay. I saw Claire give a quick glance out through the hop leaves and turn her face at once back toward her antagonist. What she had seen plainly gave her satisfaction. I looked aside.

Up from the red St. Croix, striding hastily through the buttercup meadows, came the tall form of Denys de la Mare. He came with an anxious air upon his face, as if one who sees something amiss. Perhaps he had marked the savages lurking about.

Just now came the running of furtive feet from within, and LaGarde broke out with angry interrogatories in Miwac, from which I gathered, not without reason, that the savages had failed to find me. There were low replies, strange mixture of the harsh and musical, as that language is, and the priest turned sharply to Mademoiselle.

"There is one chamber locked," said he. "Give me the key."

"Pardon me, Father LaGarde," she answered very sweetly, but with a sort of exultation in her voice, "but you surely cannot ask a young girl to throw open her private chamber to this rabble. This is my own room. I took occasion to lock it some hours ago for reasons quite personal."

Having, as he imagined, his quarry now marked down where there could be no mistake, LaGarde recovered his composure and lost some haste.

"I doubt not, my daughter, that your reason is quite personal,"—he spoke in an indignant tone,—and looks well in a red coat. But, indeed, it was not some hours ago that you locked him in, since it was not one hour back that he passed up this way from the village. It was little courteous of him to seek such a place for hiding and subject a maiden's refuge to such disclosure. But the King's service respects not ladies' chambers. Give me the key, child, or I must force the door. The game is up!"

The words were scarce out of his mouth when, with a little cry, Claire sprang forward and clutched her father's arm.

"Father!" she panted, "this base priest insults me!" He says I have a man locked up in my room. And she sobbed a little. The strain had been long and terrible, and now she shifted it to her father's shoulders.

There was silence for a second, and very greatly I desired to see the face of Denys de la Mare, which was not within the scant range of my view. His voice when he spoke was stern enough.

"I beg you to expiate yourself, Father LaGarde!" was all he said. But I gathered that, however intimate had been the two, they were like to be divided now.

"It is soon told my friend!" responded the Black Abbe coolly. "Less than an hour back there came to this house, presumably to see your daughter in your absence, an English officer from Halifax, one Captain Marsh."

"The priest being a fanatic, with no great knowledge of human nature and no understanding of the comradeship between this father and daughter, thought to set the one against the other by his suggestion."

"My followers saw him enter the house. It has been closely surrounded ever since. There is no escape. He is within, as surely as if I now saw him there with these eyes,—which have seen the undoing of many another English dog. The outbuildings have been searched, the house has been searched, attic to cellar. In vain. One room has not been searched,—your daughter's chamber. The door is locked. She refuses me the key. I call upon you, Denys de la Marie, in the name of France and of the church, bid the girl give up the key,—deliver up the shaking wretch she hides!"

"I have given him my word of honor, father," interrupted Claire, "that there is no man in the house. I give it now to you. Will you shame me before this low fellow, who disgraces his gown and trowsers?"

"Surely your word is enough for me, Claire," answered De la Mare. "If you say it, there is no man there. That's all. But as for you, Father LaGarde, you have presumed grossly in sending your red scum through my house without my authority. It served nothing but your own vainglorious and tyrannous pride. The King's service could safely have awaited my return from the village, if, as you say, you had your prey fairly trapped."

"Fah!" said the priest. "What I want of you now, Denys de la Mare, is that door opened. We can argue the point of ceremony afterward."

There was a weighty pause. I felt for the high spirited Frenchman, forced to hold himself in check lest he bring peril on his child. In a second or two he answered, but not to the priest.

"Dear heart," said he tenderly, "this fellow must have his way. You cannot rest under his insinuation. His lie must be thrust back into his throat. Go with him alone, open the door, open every box and cupboard, shake out for him your cloaks and kilts. After all, he is a priest,—of a kind. But if one of his redskins goes with you, I'll run that one through with my sword."

LaGarde laughed, but seemed satisfied. To get his way was enough for him.

"Go on, mistress. I follow you!" said he. And I saw that at least he lacked not courage.

For some minutes there was silence save for De la Mare's impatient drumming on the porch post and a faint sniffing of moccasins in the hall, where, as I gathered, he came to await a signal from their leader. Then the red skins came out, descended the steps, and gathered in a solid phalanx group over and against a bed of blossoming plow where I could well see them and learn to pray for deliverance from so murderous a crew.

Close after them, and heeding them just so much as if they had been a puff of dust blown before her, came Claire, seating herself once more in her wicker chair by the vines.

The picture gave me a strange sense of security, there,—while my life hung on the thinnest edge of hazard, the veil between this world and the next reduced to the thickness of a painted door.

LaGarde came lingeringly, and I cursed him with unreasonably vixation because he came not where I could see his disappointed face.

"It is unbelievable!" he muttered. "The room is empty. Were it in France, now, I'd swear there was a secret cupboard wherein she'd bestowed him. But what need of such contrivances in Acadia? It looks as if he had escaped us, and by your face you're glad of it, Denys de la Mare!" He flashed out in sudden fury, "I'll search yet once more!"

I heard De la Mare spring into his doorway. "By God," he cried, "you cross not this threshold again. You've had your way. Your insolence has gone unpunished. Now go you!"

"I go when I please,—and come when I please," retorted the priest, and in the colossal egotism of his tones there was yet a something which said he was not going to force a final quarrel, at least on the moment. "I will not search again,—not because you forbid me, but because I see it is idle. But I tell you, Denys de la Mare, did I still think the outfit here had the dog concealed within, I'd burn your house about your ears rather than be less than escape. You, and such as you, need a lesson, if Acadia would be kept true to King and Church."

De la Mare took a stride forward, and on the edge of the steps the Black Abbe turned and faced him.

"It is you who need a lesson," cried the Acadian gentleman, his voice trembling.

"My hand itches sorely to lay this scabbard at out your ears!"

"Yonder are ten reasons why you should not," retorted the priest, with a scorching calm. "And there are a score more reasons like it in the woods yonder."

My heart was hot within me for this high-spirited Frenchman, compelled to curb his righteous indignation. Had it not been for Claire, I truly believe he would of kicked the tanned bully down the steps and taken any consequences with good will. But he mightily held himself in hand.

"It is a proper way to serve your cause, surely," he said with accusing bitterness and a certain sorrow in his voice, "to drive into the arms of England the few honest gentlemen of Acadia whose hearts yet hold true to King Louis. To the English, forsooth we are compelled to turn for protection from a mad priest and a pack of redskins, who pretend to serve France. You, Francois LaGarde, well called the Black Abbe, are the curse of this land."

"Fool," retorted LaGarde with easy contempt, "you to prate to me of taking refuge with the English. What have I to do but send the Governor a hint through my tools in Halifax, of the part you played so zealously three years ago at—"

But at this moment I foresaw complications. My mind for once worked on the instant.

"Hold!" I shouted, snapping the string and swinging the door with a mighty slam as I strode forth. "I'll hear no scolding!"

My sword was naked in my right hand. I had had it ready this long time, you may be sure. With my left I drew a pistol from my belt, and knowing that now the fat was all in the fire, I discharged it point blank at LaGarde.

That miscreant leaped, however, at the lighting of my arm, else had he sorely trifled an honest gallow; and my shot fetched down a vermillion faced savage who was happily in range. As my black frocked enemy jumped, De la Mare was at my side on the instant, his sword drawn.

"Within! get within!" he shouted to Claire; but she, picking up my empty pistol, coolly but swiftly proceeded to reload it.

The savages were brave enough, but somewhat taken aback by my appearance and the death of their fellow. Ever sparing of their own skins, and seeing us two well armed and desperate, they nimbly withdrew out of pistol-shot to take counsel.

"They give us time, Monsieur," muttered De la Mare, his long, dark face working with the fever of the fight. "The guns! The guns, Claire! They're both loaded!"

But as she sprang to obey I stayed her with my left hand. I had looked down toward the red St. Croix. I had seen something.

"No need!" said I, striving to keep the exultation from my voice. "Look! I and I strode out upon the steps where my scarlet coat shone in the sun, and waved my sword above my head and shouted at the top of my lungs:

"England! This way! This way. Double!"

Up from the waterside came a squad of English infantry on the run.

LaGarde saw, and, gathering up his son-tane, ran too, with more speed than priestly decorum. He knew there was a rope at Halifax itching hotly for his neck. His followers seemed to drop into the grass, so instantly they vanished, stooping and gliding like snakes.

I turned to my astonished hosts. Claire had reseated herself in the wicker chair,—but the black and white cat, offended by the clap of my pistol, had gone. De la Mare stood beside me, leaning on his naked sword, interrogation in his grave eyes,—and a vague apprehension which I speedily set at rest.

"I'll bid you my hand to him."

"Thank you with all my heart, Monsieur," said I with terror, "for your most loyal backing!"

"I was committed! But I have more to thank you for, Captain Marsh!"

I waved this aside.

"This is my command coming," said I. "It was nigh coming too late. One of my reasons for calling this morning, Monsieur was to ask your advice as to where they had best be quartered in Pisiquid. Under the circumstances,—"

"Under the circumstances, I beg that they be quartered here and on my tenants," he interrupted eagerly, "unless there be any other in the country who needs your protection more. And what was your other reason, Monsieur?"

I hesitated. Should I? Could I dare at that lucky moment? I looked at Claire. Her great eyes met mine with an instant's flaming glance of imperious prohibition. I dared not.

"Not—not just now!" I stammered, suddenly disheartened. "By and by, when we have better occasion, Monsieur, I will beg you to listen to me."

"At your pleasure, Monsieur," he answered, with a courtesy which I could not but note had warmth in it.

I ventured to look again at Claire, but could not catch her eye. She had thrust forward one little foot and was very intently studying the beadwork on her moccasins. I took courage at seeing a flush slowly steal over her wonderful face.

Then I turned, my heart swelling with sudden triumph, and my squad halted before the steps. Very pleasantly their bayonets rattled as they came to attention.

BEST. SURPRISE. in the least time. all the dirt simply. Soap comes. as long as it cost 15. there is no soap as good. surprise.

tested that ever-ready brick. Dalko. contempt, hatred was in every face. Solace was the only greeting. The transformation. At a signal the flags swung free, and at the same moment hand struck up "Garry Owen." A cheer, a roar followed, and a moment later the mob was a shouting, blowing through, some embracing the others in the ranks, some standing with heads and streaming eyes as the flag was snatched past, others calling blessings on their countrymen. There was a wild rush back to their tents, and then, laden with food and of cheer, the population of Little Ireland over the lines that ought to have been established around it, and succeeded in convincing its members that it is thicker than water.

Danny's letter. my father, who is a farmer and a grower, took several carloads of corn, raised on his own farm, to Chicago. He sold them to the great pork-packer, firm of Armour & Company. While Chicago Danny's father received the following letter from the little boy: Here papa: Did you see Mr. Armour the big fat hog with the black tale and 't he think it was a buster? I was to see the hogs leave the farm and most of all.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells a story how that there is sometimes a great in the way of putting anything: I understand that you said my eldest daughter was as homely as a mud fence, a messor. You are quite mistaken, mam. What I said was that your esed child reminded me of a mixture of a firma and aqua pura combined in a tical boundary line. "Oh, is that all?" with us on Sunday professor.

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experience may be a good teacher, but is a very slow one; when we have at her lessons we are ready to die.

ES and MILK. daily diet.

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Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla if you are sceptic. If you want more testimony to the value of the medicine, get Dr. Ayer's book. It is sent free on request by C. Ayer Co., Lowell.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII CONTINUED.

"A quitted!" he exclaimed. "By gad! I thought they'd hang him!"

"He has had a narrow escape," Madge said. "Everything seemed to be going against him."

"They might just as well have done the thing properly," Sir Henry declared. "He has got off because of insufficient evidence, but they have not proved his innocence."

"They have decided that he is not guilty."

"I say they have not proved it. Until that is done, there won't be many who will believe in him."

Sir Henry was right; the world talked, argued, doubted.

When Vivian West turned to face it again, he met with cold and insults. It seemed such a little while before the outside whispers, and the blighting breath of scandal, came into his Paradise like some fiercely bitter wind.

He chanced to meet an old acquaintance one day—a man he had been rather friendly with—and went forward gladly to greet him; but the smile froze on his lips, the hand he had outstretched in welcome fell slowly to his side, as the other, having regarded him with supreme contempt, turned on his heel, and walked away.

It was the first knowledge he had that, though a quitted, he was still suspected. He had been going to meet Shirley; but, instead of doing so he went away far into the country, pursued, wherever he went, by the recollection of the insult he had just received.

His handsome face was white to the lips—his eyes blazed with anger. Were all old acquaintances going to treat him so? he wondered.

Was this but one example of their feeling towards him? Then he thought of Shirley.

How could he ask her to share his ruined life? He had been living in a dream of late. He felt he had awakened at last.

Shirley walked along the seashore, waiting for one who never came. She was disappointed; but she felt certain that something important had kept him.

Her thoughts were all pleasant ones. She walked along by the margin of the waves, smiling to herself, sometimes singing gay snatches of song, but thinking always of the man she loved.

It was growing late in the afternoon when she returned home. Mrs. Loraine was in the drawing-room. She looked up rather fretfully as her daughter entered.

"You must ring for some fresh tea; this has been standing too long. I wish you would take the trouble to come in at the proper hour."

"I am sorry to be late," Shirley said, sweetly. "It was so lovely out."

"Have you been alone?" Shirley answered, with slight surprise—"Yes. I did not meet Vivian."

"You seem to be always with him." The girl gave a happy little laugh. "I wish I were," she said.

"I don't know what your sister will say when she returns," and Mrs. Loraine gave an aggravating sniff.

Shirley was in the act of helping herself to a slice of bread-and-butter; she lifted it from the dish, and daintily folded it together.

"What do you think she is likely to say?" she questioned.

"I am afraid to think. She will, of course say I have been most foolish in allowing you to go on in the way you have lately. I am certain to get all the blame."

"The blame for what?" Shirley looked at her.

"What have you been doing now?" he asked, in half smiling reproach.

"Nothing. Mother is always afraid that Madge is going to swoop down upon her and blow her up. Drink your tea, and go."

"You intend to go, then?" This was from Mrs. Loraine, who was beginning to feel she would like to hurt someone.

Vivian turned his clear, penetrating gaze upon her.

"Is there any reason why she should not go?" Mrs. Loraine, picked up a book, and turned the leaves in a flutter.

and felt quite mystified. "I wish you would speak out, she said, impatiently, 'and say what you mean."

"I mean, then—speaking with asperity—that until this afternoon I had no idea that any stigma rested upon Vivian's name, or that society intended to cut him."

Shirley stood staring at her mother, her blue eyes wide open with intense astonishment, while the latter continued, in an aggrieved voice: "Captain Kemp called this afternoon. He came down about the house he is building, and so called in on his way to the station. He said how unfortunate it was, and spoke most feelingly about you, said that he pitied you more than he could say."

He took it for granted that the engagement had been broken off. I did not enlighten him, for I saw that it must come to that. He said that, of course, Vivian West was ruined for ever. He said, also, that he had dared to hold out his hand to him."

"And you listened," Shirley cried, with withering scorn, her eyes flashing from her small, passionate face, "and never told Captain Kemp that he was a wretched cad to talk in that way. Oh, if I had only been here!"

"I wish you had been here; you would have seen, then, how very serious it is. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, that Madge will insist upon your ceasing to have any acquaintance with Vivian."

Shirley gave a little angry laugh. "Neither Madge, nor you, nor the whole world, could make me do that."

Then the door opened and Vivian West walked in. Neither had he heard his knock.

Mrs. Loraine's sallow fretful face turned an uncomfortable red at his unexpected appearance.

"Talk of angels!" she cried, with a nervous laugh. "We were just speaking about you, Vivian."

"Indeed," he said. "I have come to apologise to Shirley for not meeting her this afternoon." Then, turning to the girl, who had gone to his side: "I was so sorry, but it was impossible for me to come."

"Take me for a drive this evening instead she said, slipping her hand through his arm. "Let us have some tea at once, and then go."

Her voice still had a tremor of anger in it, and her eyes were still dark with wrath and indignation.

Mrs. Loraine's temper began to rise, at being so openly defied.

She glanced severely at her daughter, who was pouring out the tea the maid had just brought in.

"Remember," she said, warningly "what I have told you."

"I am not likely to forget, Shirley replied in a tone which implied that her mother had said some disgraceful thing which would live in her memory for ever."

Vivian saw that something was wrong, and dispelled an unpleasant silence by inquiring after Lady Ayerst.

"She is very well, thank you," Mrs. Loraine said, sourly.

"Are they likely to come to Royal Heath again this year?" he inquired, with a view to keeping up some sort of conversation.

"Oh, I hope so—I most sincerely hope so."

"Mother cannot exist without Madge," Shirley interposed, with a small touch of spite. "She is mother's backbone."

I confess that I rely upon her judgment and worldly knowledge. Madge is not one who would bring trouble or disgrace upon me."

"Neither of your daughters would be likely to do that," Vivian quietly remarked.

"I don't know about Shirley," Mrs. Loraine cried hysterically. "She rushes head long at everything, never listens to reason or advice, and I have to suffer!"

Shirley snapped her teeth through a piece of cake.

Vivian looked fondly at her.

"What have you been doing now?" he asked, in half smiling reproach.

She shook her head.

"Nothing. Mother is always afraid that Madge is going to swoop down upon her and blow her up. Drink your tea, and go."

"I am," Mrs. Loraine declared, "most upset."

I have always liked you, Vivian, though I have seen so little of you. Lady Ayerst—dear Madge—has always spoken sweetly of you. But now everything has changed. I don't know how to explain it to you, I am sure. I had no knowledge of it until Captain Kemp called this afternoon. He he talked about the—the—about the murder, and I saw then, that, of course, it must all end between you and Shirley."

She walked it out between sniffs and tears. Vivian waited for her to finish, then said in that quiet way of his, when deeply hurt or angered—

"I met Captain Kemp this afternoon. His is the first intimation I have received anyone can still believe me guilty. If there are others—if it is universal belief—then, of course, I must give up all hope of having Shirley."

"I know you would take it in a sensible way," Mrs. Loraine exclaimed in accents of relief, as she wiped her eyes. "There is no one more sorry for you than I; but until society recognises you as being utterly blameless, it would be better for you and Shirley not to see one another."

"Until Vivian ceases to care for me," Shirley declared, stoutly. "I will never give him up. So far as I am concerned, society can cut us both dead. I don't want society. I only want Vivian."

She turned to him with a charming gesture of love and confidence.

He was her all—she asked for nothing more.

"I am thankful Vivian has more sense than you," her mother cried, impatiently. "It is far wiser to face the worst at once. If society—Shirley ground her teeth—refuses to recognise him, he is ruined in every way, because then his pictures would not sell. At least, so Captain Kemp."

"Would it not be kinder, Shirley broke forth, to spare us the harrowing details of your friend's conversation. I am going into the garden, Vivian; will you come?"

He did not follow her immediately. Mrs. Loraine seized the opportunity of talking to him alone.

Shirley was so young, she said, young and ignorant, and so deplorably self-willed. Then, too, when she—Mrs. Loraine—died, Shirley would have but a mere pittance, not sufficient to keep her in chiffons. She had extravagant tastes, and would never do for a poor man's wife. She had trusted that Vivian would persuade her to look at the matter in a sensible light. It would be most dishonorable to do anything else.

Vivian West listened in silence, cut to the quick by almost every word she uttered.

"I am not likely to behave in a dishonorable way to Shirley," he said, when she had talked herself breathless. "If I find that Captain Kemp is an example of public feeling towards me, I will give her up. Till then I will not be seen about with her more than can be helped."

"It would be better to go abroad and change your name," she suggested.

"What for?" he asked, with a calm surprise.

"She was rather taken aback.

"Oh, well, of course, I mean so that you may begin afresh!"

"Driven from my country by the evil suspicions of those who, a short time ago, called themselves my friends! You said just now, Mrs. Loraine, that it was better to face the worst. I think so, too, and I intend to stay and face it."

She would have like him to have broken off the engagement and gone right away at once; still, she could not but admit that he had behaved very nicely.

No one could have been more gentlemanly.

She went into the next room and wrote a long letter to Madge, telling her all that had occurred, and asking her advice.

"Shirley, of course, is unmanageable," she wrote; "I wish so much you were here, dear, to enforce obedience."

While the pen flew over the paper, leaving in its train rows of neatly written words, Shirley was clinging to Vivian's arm as they walked round and about the small garden.

"You need not repeat one word of what mother has been saying," she said, brushing her cheek against his arm. "I know

exactly the sort of thing she would say. Mother always rides rough-shod over people's feelings."

"She is naturally anxious about you," he replied. "I was always surprised that they allowed me to have you. You deserved someone better than a poor struggling artist."

"Vivian, I shall think you a hypocrite if you talk like that! They would never have consented had you not been just at the top of the tree. You know how they and most people behaved before. I am glad your sun has gone in for a time, because now I can prove to you that I can be true in adversity."

He looked into her shining eyes.

"Oh, sweetheart!" he said, with yearning sadness, "it will be hard to part."

"We never will," she cried, defiantly, "never, never! Let them all rave and talk, but they never shall part us."

He smiled at her eager upturned face; but in his heart he knew that, if the world turned against him, he could never hope to win her.

"We must be patient," he said, "and wait. Things will right themselves in time."

"I will wait for ever, with you."

It was all his name; she would not entertain a thought that meant separation.

He left her at last, chafed in spite of the cloud that cast so dark a shadow upon him.

Shirley walked through the meadows with him, to that gate where, more than a year ago, they had parted.

"Do you remember?" she questioned. "I loved you then with all my heart. I did not know how great my love was, and I was weak and frightened. When I thought of it, I used to feel I should die of shame."

She rested her head upon his breast, and he put his arms about her, holding her closely.

"My dear one," he said, "I do not understand them. I was more to blame than you."

She put her hands over his lips, and he kissed it.

"We never thought, that morning," she said, softly, "that we should ever stand like this, here."

Mrs. Loraine did not mention Vivian West's name to Shirley again that evening. She was rather cold and dignified, looked like a suffering martyr, and said she had a bad headache.

For a few days all went on the same as usual.

The two letters came from Scotland, one for Mrs. Loraine the other for Shirley.

They arrived by the second post, just at the conclusion of breakfast.

Shirley read hers through, then passed it to her mother.

"You have been writing to Madge," she said.

"Well is there anything strange in that?"

"You have been telling her what that odious man said."

"If you mean Captain Kemp, I naturally mentioned what he told me. I wished to know if it were true, I suppose she tells you that it is. If you wait one moment I will read what she says to me."

"I will not listen," the girl declared, passionately. "There are a few people who don't turn their backs on a man simply because he has lied told about him. I happen to be one of the few, and nothing will change me."

Mrs. Loraine regarded her helplessly.

"You are just like your poor father," she said at last, "and you know what he brought us to."

"Dear dad!" Shirley said, with a sudden softening of expression. "I feel very proud when you say I am like him. It was not his fault that people cheated him, and things went wrong."

"Had he been more cautious—where are you going to?"

"I am going to answer Madge's letter at once."

piece of bacon off her plate, for which she smote its flabby sides sharply.

"When you are feeling annoyed and put out, it is rather soothing to smack even the cat."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Shirley wrote her letter.

She did not say much, but that little was couched in emphatic language, with several words underlined.

When Lady Ayerst read this epistle, she smiled, and said—

"Silly child!" But though the letter amused her, she felt sorry for Shirley.

"It was such a disappointment," she thought.

"It was most unfortunate that things should have turned out so badly."

"Then she sat down to her writing-table, and penned a few lines to Vivian West.

It is astonishing how coldly ordinary the women who have never loved or suffered can be.

"DEAR MR. WEST," she wrote,—"I have just received a very foolish letter from my sister, saying that she absolutely refuses to break her word to you, as an honorable man, to give her up."

"I have no wish to speak of the sad events of the past few months. I, personally, believe you to be entirely innocent of the charge brought against you; but the world thinks differently, and I am sure you will understand that while you are under such a cloud, it would be wicked to hold Shirley to a promise given under such very different circumstances."

"With sincere wishes for your future happiness."

"Sincerely yours,"

"MADGE AYERST."

Vivian received this letter a couple of mornings later.

It was brought up to him with his shaving-water.

"Have these women no hearts?" he exclaimed, bitterly.

Then for a moment, in the solitude of his own room, he broke down.

Smearing tears rose to his eyes.

"My God!" he cried, "why has this curse come upon me? What have I done that I should be suspected of this hateful crime? Will the truth ever be revealed? Will the darkness ever pass away?"

He felt that his burden had, indeed, grown heavier than he could bear.

After breakfast, while he was taking a stroll on the terrace with Sir Martin, the elder man looked at him searchingly, and said—

"You are not happy, my boy! What is wrong?"

"My whole life," the young fellow answered, with a reckless laugh. "I must have been born under an exceptionally unlucky star."

"I was hoping," Sir Martin said, "that you were contented and happy here. What is it that is troubling you? Cannot I help you?"

"If it were possible, I know that you would," Vivian replied, gratefully. "But—well this will explain it to you."

He drew Lady Ayerst's letter from his pocket.

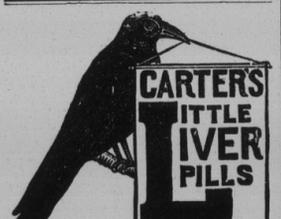
Sir Martin opened and read it.

"She is surely out of her senses!" he exclaimed. "You were tried and found not guilty. What does she mean?"

"That nothing was really proved. There was not sufficient evidence to hang me, neither was there sufficient to clear me. The judge and the jury gave me the benefit of the doubt. The public generally—amongst them my old friends—prefer to believe the worst. I had an inkling of this a week or so ago. I believed—I could not help believing—that it was only an individual here and there who could think so barely of me. It appears I was mistaken."

He leaned upon the stone balustrade.

A sea-breeze was scattering the late roses in a shower of petals across the terrace. The wooden slopes were one mass of beautiful colouring, and beyond, between the trees and sky, a sketch of deep blue sea.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Crampiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.
Substitution the fraud of the day.
See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

A CARD.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.
A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Fines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A SHORT STORY

In London Life Containing Condensed Wisdom for Thousands.

A baker living at 257 Dundas Street, London, Ont., Geo. Roberts by name, recommends DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS because they cured him. He had Pain in the Back; His Urine Was red-colored and painful in passage. The cure through DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS was quick and complete. That's how they always act, because they're For kidneys only. If you have Sick kidneys Don't experiment With an unknown remedy. Take no substitute for DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Advertisement for Ena... THE STOV... PAST... OR... After use No House use any J.L. Pres...

Sunday Reading

Dark are the mounds where the snow-blanket is sweeping, Wild is the cry of the wind on its flight, Cold is the drift that the north wind is heaping...

SUCCESS.

Probably no other subject subtends so large an angle of the mental vision of mankind as the attainment of success. This cannot be otherwise in every civilized country; for the boys and girls are taught at home and in school, so soon as they are capable of forming a purpose in life...

God calls us to be upright, and pure, and generous; but he also calls us to be intelligent, and skillful, and strong, and brave. Sometimes success is gained because of some remarkable natural endowment, but in the vast majority of cases it is the fruit of strenuous endeavor...

To a youth who aspired to authorship, the famous satirist, Dan Swift, gave this advice: 'When you have written your article, lay it aside for some days. Then read it over carefully, and whenever you come across anything that you thought mighty

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food.

When thirsty? Water.

Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course.

Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

fine when you wrote it, strike it out!' The dean himself was a good illustration of the way to succeed; for when he first took up the pen as an author his writings were the veriest trash, but by cultivating the art of writing he became an expert...

An English judge, being asked how success was attained at the bar, replied, 'Some succeed by great talent, some by influence of friends, some by a miracle but the majority by starting without a shilling.'

Perhaps the best way to promote one's success as an employe in business life is to do more than one is paid for. A perfunctory performance of duty has barred the way to advancement to many a capable young person.

It is a common experience of those engaged in manufacturing business, that those workmen succeed best who talk little, give much of their spare time to studies having a bearing upon their trade, and kept well informed as to the improvements being made in their line of business.

As to what constitutes a successful life, opinions differ. The world's standard and that of the church are diametrically opposed: the one measures success in dollars and cents, or in fame; the other in character, and in the deeds which are the fruit of character.

Horace Greeley was once applied to by an aspiring young author for advice as to the best way to attain success in his profession. 'Have something to say, and then say it,' replied the great editor. This was condensed wisdom. An hour's discourse on the art of writing would probably have contained nothing more than was given in these few pointed words.

The miser can scarcely be reckoned to have lived to good purpose. His case has been tersely stated in Cowper's well known translation from the Greek: They call thee rich—I deem thee poor, Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store, But sav'st it only for thine heirs, The true are is not thine, but theirs.

Jacob Astor, the millionaire, when he was on his death bed called for pencil and paper, and wrote, 'My life has been a failure!'

So of success we may say, it is not ours to command; but it is something we may strive, and, striving in the right way, with pure motive and high resolve to leave the world a better place for our having lived in it, we cannot utterly fail.

What shall we think about? The late Dr. William Kincaid once delivered a powerful discourse upon the text, 'While I was musing the fire burned' Those who heard it can never forget it. After dwelling upon the force imparted to any thought by long brooding upon it, he showed in a masterly manner how every apparently sudden fall from high and honorable position must, in all likelihood, have been preceded by a long period of meditation upon the details of vice and crime.

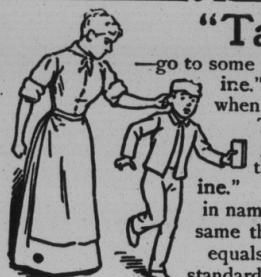
One of the most alarming features of the current 'yellow journalism' is its persistent presentation of crime in all its phases. The men and women who daily read these exaggerated and sensational accounts of every sort of sin, must acquire an intimacy with it which will toughen the moral fiber and dull the conscience.

In order to provide the books of the day in completeness, as also no doubt to aid in eradicating crimes, they must be mentioned and sinners must be named; but let this be done in such a way that they shall be made shameful. Now burglars, assassins and adulterers are made to seem as demi-gods, and the space given to them and the adjectives expended upon them are envied by a large proportion of those who read them.

The 'smart,' half-jocular style of the day used for the relation of these crime-stories is a style easily acquired; it can be mastered by a person of the most commonplace abilities in a short time. Dialogue, metaphor and all sorts of literary artifices are employed to flavor the disgusting tale, instead of telling it in a few strong scathing words.

Similar reasoning applies to the frequent allusion to and description of sin in lectures and writings for the young. Such presentations are frequently made in the interest of purity and goodness, and no doubt they are sometimes useful, but oftener they are the means of suggesting evil which might otherwise never occur to the minds of the children who hear them.

The child will presently forget the silly tale. His mind will be filled with delightful and uplifting images. If he is old enough, the opportunity may be seized for reading to him a verse or two from Bryant or Shelley, or Burns, or to quote to him some words from Isaiah or the New Testament.



"Take it back"

go to some grocer who will give you Pearlina. That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearlina begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, "Pearlina."



It is what we think about which makes or mars us. Present to the mind of a child pictures not of degradation and wickedness and what is forbidden, but of joy and goodness. Men and women may well adopt the same rule.

MOST REMARKABLE.

Was the Recovery of This Nova Scotia Youth.

Bright's Disease had Brought him to the Edge of the Grave—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him—All Other Remedies Failed.

Liverpool, N. S., April, 10.—Some time ago, there appeared in the leading journals of the Dominion an account of the case of the farmer's son, who lives about ten miles from this city, and who was a severe sufferer from that dread scourge of humanity—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

The young man's father, unable to bear the sight of his son's sufferings, any longer, purchased a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills from Druggist Arthur Hutchinson's, and the sufferer began to use them, for his complaint, following the directions strictly.

Dodd's Kidney Pills save every life that is in danger from Kidney Disease, if they are given a chance.

DANGERS OF MATCH MAKING.

Further Reports on the Use of the Indispensible Yellow Sulphur. Phosphorus friction matches have been made for sixty-six years and no satisfactory substitute for the yellow chemical product which is the igniting agency has been discovered.

The evils resulting from the use of yellow phosphorus in match factories have been particularly prevalent in Great Britain where the Government has just issued a Blue Book containing the reports of Prof. Thorne and Oliver and Dr. Cunningham, who was employed to investigate the subject.

They say that their investigation, which has been extended to eleven countries, has revealed no evidence that necrosis is contracted unless the teeth of the working people are decayed. They advise that no persons with unsound teeth be employed, that dentistry be made compulsory, that the utmost cleanliness of the premises where matches are made be required and that Great Britain follow the example of the continent and America by substituting machinery for direct handling in the processes of manufacture.

The main value of these reports is not that they tell much that is new, but that as the result of the most searching inquiry yet made, they confirm and emphasize the belief already current that cleanliness, ventilation and careful attention to the teeth are an almost certain preventive of a serious disease that has brought much suffering upon a large body of workmen.

As he took his seat he was surprised to see the gentleman who had presided over the meeting step forward and say, 'In accordance with our usual custom, we shall now be glad to hear any questions that the lecturer may be desired to answer in relation to the subject upon which he has been talking.'

Too Much Even for Leeches. Leeches, when applied to persistent cigarette smokers, drop off dead, distinct traces of the dangerous emphysematic oil given off by tobacco being found in them.

'And you would prefer to have me visit you less frequently?' he said. 'Yes,' she answered. 'Father objects to my receiving so much company. And you won't wear my engagement ring?' No. Father objects to my receiving presents from young men.

The absorbing ambition of life is to have the crowd cry, 'Here he comes!' when one approaches.

Refreshing Sleep COMES WHEN Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills ARE USED.

Miss Margaret Brown, 627 Colborne St., London, Ont., says:—'My mother has been afflicted with nervousness and general debility for a long time. She suffered a great deal with insomnia, and found it almost impossible to sleep. I went to W. T. Strong's drug store and got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which she took, and derived so much benefit from them that I bought another box for her. They have done her a wonderful lot of good, making her nervous system much stronger, giving her restful sleep, and removing many other symptoms which previously distressed her.'

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

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When Lady Ayerst read this epistle, she said, and said—'My child! I thought the letter amused her, she wrote for Shirley. It was such a disappointment,' she said.

It was most unfortunate that things should have turned out so badly. She sat down to her writing-table, and penned a few lines to Vivian West.

It is astonishing how coldly crust the men who have never loved or suffered for a woman.

EAR MR. WEST, she wrote.—'I have received a very foolish letter from my sister, saying that she absolutely refuses to let her word to you, as an honorable to give her up.'

She has no wish to speak of the sad events of the past few months. I, personally, beg you to be entirely innocent of the wrong brought against you; but the world is differently, and I am sure you will understand that while you are under such a promise given under such very different circumstances.

With sincere wishes for your future happiness. Sincerely yours, MADGE AYERST.

Vivian received this letter a couple of days later. It was brought up to him with his shaver. 'Have these women no hearts?' he exclaimed, bitterly.

For a moment, in the solitude of his own room, he broke down. His aching tears rose to his eyes. 'Why God?' he cried, 'why has this curse upon me? What have I done that I should be suspected of this hateful crime? The truth ever be revealed? Will the curse ever pass away?'

He felt that his burden had, indeed, become heavier than he could bear. He went to the terrace with Sir Martin, and the man looked at him searchingly, and said, 'You are not happy, my boy! What is the matter?'

'My whole life,' the young fellow answered, with a reckless laugh, 'I must be born under an exceptionally unstarred horoscope.'

He was hoping, Sir Martin said, 'that you were contented and happy here. It is it that is troubling you? Cannot you tell me?'

It was possible, I know that you would, Vivian replied, gratefully. '—well this will explain it to you.' He drew Lady Ayerst's letter from his pocket. 'Martin opened and read it. He is surely out of her senses!' he exclaimed. 'You were tried and found not guilty. What does she mean?'

That nothing was really proved. There was not sufficient evidence to hang either was there sufficient to clear him. The judge and the jury gave me the verdict of the doubt. The public generally amongst them my old friends—prefer to believe the worst. I had an inkling of a week or so ago. I believed—I could help believing—that it was only an intimation here and there who could think so freely of me. It appears I was mistaken. I leaned upon the stone balustrade. The sea-breeze was scattering the late flowers in a shower of petals across the terrace. The wooden slopes were one of beautiful colouring, and beyond, seen the trees and sky, a sketch of blue sea.

SHORT STORY

London Life Containing Condensed Wisdom for Thousands.

A baker Living at 257 Dundas Street, London, Ont., Geo. Roberts by name, Recommends DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Because They cured him. He had Pain in the Back; His Urine Was red-colored And painful In passage.

The cure through DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Was quick and complete. That's how they always act, Because they're For kidneys only. If you have Sick kidneys Don't experiment With an unknown remedy. Take no substitute for DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Advertisement for Enameline Stove Polish Paste, Cake or Liquid. THE MODERN STOVE POLISH PASTE, CAKE OR LIQUID. After using Enameline. No Housekeeper will ever use any other Brand. J.L. Prescott & Co. New York.

Notches on The Stick

We are favored with a late issue of "The Packet" a type of the best Canadian papers published at Orillia, Ont., containing an article on William Kirby, F. R. S. C., of Niagara, Ont., entitled, "A Celebrated Canadian," copied from this department of Progress, and credited thereto. We find on the same page an article by the veteran poet and romancer, which we here reproduce:

THE MONTGOMERY STATUE.
By William Kirby, F. R. S. C.

A strong feeling of indignation has been roused in Canada at the outrageous proposal of certain parties in the United States to erect in the city of Quebec a statue in honor of General Montgomery, who was killed in the assault of that place, December 31, 1775. The idea of honoring a public enemy in the country he had invaded is the latest novelty of the age, and could emanate only from ignorance and want of courtesy to a friendly people. It may be asked why General Montgomery is offered a statue and not also Gen. Benedict Arnold, who shared with him the command of the American army that attacked Quebec? Both suffered defeat—Arnold losing a leg and Montgomery was killed. Both are equally entitled to statues—that is neither of them. Readers of American history can easily tell why Arnold is discriminated against. But, traitor, as he was, he repented of his treason to the empire, made what amends he could, and died a British general; while Montgomery, who in general orders to his army promised his troops the sack and pillage of Quebec—if they took it—had no time for repentance, but was left dead in the snow by his followers at one discharge from the gun at the battery manned by English and French militiamen and seamen. How Montgomery was killed is told in the following sketch from the pen of Sir James M. LeMoine, of Quebec:—

My name having been quoted in the recent controversy which has sprung up about honoring with a monument Richard Montgomery, whose army blockaded Quebec in 1775, I have been asked for my opinion of the matter. To understand the question at issue, it is necessary to refer to history—for its record of the Montgomery brothers at Quebec. There were two Montgomerys who served in the campaign of 1759—resulting in the conquest of Canada by British arms—Alexander a Captain in the 43rd Foot, and a younger brother Richard, a lieutenant in the 17th Foot. Colonel Malcolm Fraser's narrative of the siege of Quebec in his journal under date the 23rd of August, 1759, contains the following entry:—"Thursday, 23rd we were reinforced by a party of about one hundred and forty light infantry, and a company of rangers under the command of Captain Montgomery of Kennedy's, or 43rd Regiment. . . . We all marched to attack the village to the West of St. Joachim (St. Anne), which was occupied by a party of the enemy, to the number of about two hundred, as we supposed, Canadians and Indians. . . . There were several of the enemy killed and wounded, and a few prisoners taken all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery who commanded us ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner, particularly two of whom I sent prisoners by a sergeant, giving them quarter, and engaged that they should not be killed, were one shot, and the other knocked down with a tomahawk, and both scalped in my absence by the rascally sergeant neglecting to acquaint Montgomery that I wanted them saved, as he, Montgomery, pretended; but even that was no excuse for such an unparalleled piece of barbarity." Colonel Fraser, then serving as a lieutenant under Captain Montgomery, adds, "after the skirmish, we set to burning the houses, with great success."

Such were the feats of Captain Alexander Montgomery—Richard's eldest brother—on the 23rd of August, 1759, at the village west of St. Joachim, twenty miles lower than Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. As to Richard, sixteen years later, we find a fair indication of his mode of warfare, and of his feelings toward his old messmates within the walls of Quebec

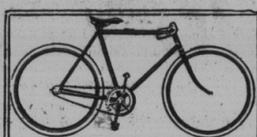
in the general order he promulgated to his army on 15th December, 1775. The city was to be sacked and delivered to the mercy of his followers for pillage. Hence, why, as the Montreal Gazette correctly puts it, the memory of the Montgomery brothers is odious to Canada. I may add that should a monument be put up by his countrymen, it would be one of the first instances of the vanquished erecting a monument to commemorate a defeat in a foreign land.

Sir James M. LeMoine sends the "Chronicle" the following as to "Who fired the fatal gun, at Pres-de-Ville, Quebec, on 31st-December, 1775?" There seems to have existed a noble rivalry amongst the Canadian Militia and Regulars, in upholding the standard of Britain against foreign invasion, backed by treason, on that fateful day. Towering above all—Briton or Gaul—on that memorable occasion, is outlined in history the noble figure of Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester), the "Savior of Quebec"—or rather of Canada—to England. Had a former British officer, Lieut. Richard Montgomery, of the 17th Foot, succeeded in his nefarious project of conquest, not only his old comrades in arms in 1759 Guy Carleton, Henry Caldwell and others would have fallen into the hands of their rivals but the town itself in accordance with the general order of General R. Montgomery, of 15th December, was to be sacked and handed over for pillage to a ruthless soldiery. If any of the actors in this distressing drama ought to be honoured with a monument, 'tis assuredly Lord Dorchester. His Lordship had just had an exemplification of the courage and devotion of a loyal French Canadian, Captain Bouchette, who in a canoe with muffled oars, amidst incredible risks and perils, had safely piloted the worthy Governor from Montreal, held by the rebels, to be capital, the walled city of Quebec. Sir Guy knew he could trust, and did trust, both branches of the militia, the British and the French, though the allegiance of the latter to British rule was barely sixteen years old. He trusted the Canadian militia to help save Canada to England in 1775—just as one of his successors in office trusted de St. Isidore and his plucky Voltigeurs to raise the standard of Great Britain, in 1814 at Chateauguay; as he trusted the fate of Canada West to Brock, and to the heroes of Lundy's Lane, Niagara, and Chryslers' Farm. This noble rivalry was conspicuous at Pres de-Ville, when Quebec was blockaded in 1775. The post, an extremely important one, two miles from the city, had been placed under the charge of two French militia officers, Captain Chabot and Lieut. Picard, jointly with Captain Barnsare, the commander of an English transport laid up for the winter at Quebec.

A British artillery sergeant, Hugh McQuarters, played also a distinguished part in the fray, as well as a loyal British volunteer named John Coffin. The credit of firing the fatal gun, which laid low Montgomery and thirteen followers, in my opinion must be shared between the foregoing, Lieutenant-Colonel (later General) T. B. Strange, in his able expose of the Pres de-Ville encounter, when addressing the Literary and Historical Society in 1875, on the occasion of the centenary of the Repulse of Brigadier-General Montgomery at Quebec in 1775, thus alludes to the disputed point of who fired the fatal gun. "The guard," says he, "was, no doubt, under the command of Capt. Chabot and Lieut. Picard of the French Canadian militia. The British tars under Captain Barnsare, seized the guns. But it was then, as it still is, the custom for a steady non-commissioned officer, or gunner of the Royal Artillery, to mount with every guard where there are guns. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that honest Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, of the Royal Artillery, 'feared God only, and kept his powder dry;' that he fired the fatal gun, point blank, down the road, which he and the gallant guard had steadily watched through the long, dark hours of that eventful night."

We all admire virility; and manly strength and a steadfast will, when conjoined with modesty, are especially attractive. But we shrink from the touch of the braggart, and we require the admission on the part of our strong man that he is something less than the Almighty, and may sometimes and somewhere be faint or weak and used the kindly offices of his fellows. We should admire without reserve the following sonnet, but that it has the superfluous note, and was written by one of whom it has been said: "His style, with its curt and burnished phrases, is a trap in which several young men have come to most untimely ends." Yet the weak spirit may well open to the self-reliant ring of these lines:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,



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our new models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES
FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flash Joints, 1 Piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 22-50; fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$2.00.
Men and Ladies Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear.
Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$3.00 to \$3.50.
Price List Free. Secure Agency at once.
T. W. ROYD & SON, Montreal.

Under the platoon of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms out the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.
It matters not how strait the gate,
Ho' charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.
—William Ernest Henley.

The poignant and passionate utterance in the following nobly-spirited sonnet—of a triplet found by the bedside of Richard Reall after his death—makes it notably in days like these. It is just the kind of poetry we enjoy reading:—

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With big dim—silence he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Ner did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of country lips;
He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
As all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and his love was sweet—
Flant daisies at his head and at his feet.

A new and much vaunted poet, Edwin Markham by name, has arisen in California; but as he is a star luminous through a mist of adulation, it is difficult just yet to report his dimension. The assurances of the San Francisco Examiner—or of a critic in that Journal—may be taken with some hesitation; particularly where he depreciates Longfellow in the same breath with which he lauds Markham. We are glad to know what the later poet is, and what he can do; yet we are hardly ready to accept his present accomplishment in elemental stuff, for the early poet's entire outfit. Mr. Markham made his deepest mark with a poem entitled "The Man and the Hoe," and recently he printed in the Examiner another, now made famous, which we submit to the judgment of our readers.

Lament of the Worn-Out Worker.
We are the patched and the grimed, a crew of the fit:
There's a fair world if we were out of it.
At first we thought that each would have his own,
But something took our bread and gave a stone.
O masters, this was not the world for us.
We thought that labor was the final test,
And thought that after labor there was rest;
We thought a part of all the joy of living
Would be the joy of using and of giving.
O masters, this was not the world for us.
Masters we never had the wit to think,
And make the head of others do our work;
We never learned the wisdom of the wise—
We stumbled at the all-essential lies.
O masters this was not the world for us.
But something snatched the hoard our hands
Amassed,
Till we are laid burdens at the list.
Who took our birthright—it was never sold?
Now none will give us work for we are old.
O masters, this was not the world for us.
This is a world for idlers and for kings;
We are a blur upon the face of things.
There is no seat for those who plow for bread:
We sit not at the tables that we spread.
O masters, this was not the world for us.
O, there was something tracked us all the way:
We felt its breath upon us night and day.
Its brain was crazy and its fingers deft:
Our bread was taken, but the plow was left!
O masters this was not the world for us.
So little would have been to us delight—
Bread for the year and houses water-tight.
We lit it thought, when first we mounded our
pride.
That age would bring so many fasting days.
O masters, this is not the world for us.
Give us our own and we will not complain—
But would that leave you homeless in the rain,
And give you stones for pillow—stones for bread?
Then, brothers, give us but a share instead. . . .
No answer . . . this is not the world for us.

Whether this be first-class poetry or not, there is meaning in it, and it touches a chord of truth to which there is in many a heart sympathetic vibration.

Russia, having made a finish of the Finns, is now ready for the Peace Commission. Long ago she broke the heart of Poland; and now the best, most intelligent and virtuous of all peoples under her dominion, are compelled to suffer that mortification of the soul which is a part of the suppression of their national individuality—language, traditions, religion, etc. Russia knows it as "assimilation." They know it as the taking away of their liberties.

What is it makes the May? The coming birds,
Brimful of mirth and gladness, so of yore,
With notes far sweeter than a poet's words;
Earth's matins heard, with immemorial lore;
The mounting sun, who will the green restore,
And wake the dandelion; the white thorn;
The delicate arbutus, seen once more;
The lengthening eve, the swift-retuning morn;
The bleating of young lambs; the lowing herds
Going to pasture; the oil chime of the shore,
When waves on waves the freshening sea lurch;
Bliss of skies; soft clouds, as white as cards?
Nay! The blithe heart, we thought would leap no
more;
The gladness and the brightness of the soul!
PASTOR FELIX.

Another Victory. Scored!

Paine's Celery Compound
Banishes Terrible Sufferings After Years of Failures With Other Medicines.

Mr. John Mackenzie, Justice of the Peace and Township Clerk of Sarawak and Brooke, Ont. Is a New Man.

The Great Spring Medicine Never Fails to Banish Dyspepsia.

In the spring time thousands of people, old and young, are tormented with dyspepsia in some form. Many have suffered for long years, and have almost become physical wrecks, while others are just getting an experience of the terrible trouble.

Many dyspeptics soon lose all nervous energy; they become despondent, morose and baggard looking. Others maintain a semblance of activity and energy, but suffer excruciating pains from stomach derangements, and are often compelled to give up work.

The great complaint of all dyspeptics is that they cannot eat the nourishing and tempting foods that others use with such relish and benefit.

Paine's Celery Compound has given freedom from sufferings and new digestive vigor and perfect health to thousands of men and women in the past.

The dyspeptic who has heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and who has a knowledge of what it has done for his friends and neighbors, and who refuses to test its virtues for his own case, must go on suffering till life is ended. No other medicine ever devised for indigestion, dyspepsia and defective digestion and assimilation can compare for one moment with Dr. Phelps' wonderful prescription, Paine's Celery Compound.

Mr. John Mackenzie, of Presque Isle, Justice of the Peace, and Township Clerk of Sarawak and Brooke, Ont., who was completely cured by Paine's Celery Compound after years of failures with other medicines, writes as follows for the benefit of other sufferers.

"You will think me ungrateful in not sooner acknowledging to you my entire cure from dyspepsia through the use of Paine's Celery Compound; but when I tell you that I suffered all the tortures of dyspepsia for five years, and during that time having taken most of the great remedies advertised as the only sure cure for the horrible complaint with little or no benefit, I was determined to be cured before I would be satisfied. Some of the great remedies would give me a little relief while I was taking them, but as soon as I stopped them I was as bad as ever.

When I commenced taking Paine's Celery Compound I fully expected the same results, as my confidence in all patent medicines was pretty well shaken; but from the first dose of Paine's Celery Compound I felt better, and after taking two bottles I thought I was completely cured, but to make the cure certain I took four bottles more. It is now over two years since I took the last dose, and have not had the least symptom of the disease in any way. When suffering from dyspepsia I could not look a hog in the face; now pork and beans is my favorite dish. I can, from my own blessed experience recommend Paine's Celery Compound as a sure cure and a very pleasant medicine to take."

A Paper-hanging Machine. A paper-hanging machine has been invented by a Leipzig artisan. The roll of paper is fixed to a rod at the bottom of

APIOL & STEEL
For Ladies' PILLS
A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
Superior Bitter Apple, Pil Cochin, Peppermint, &c.
Order of all Chemists, or post-free for \$1.50 from
EVANS & SON'S, LTD., Montreal and
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or
Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

the wall, a paste receptacle is attached, and the paper is automatically pasted and neatly spread on the wall by a elastic roller.

A Brave Young Gallant.
The "History of Cobasset" contain the following true story about a plucky boy who knew what he wanted to do, and was determined to do it. In May, 1862, the schooner Georgiana was on a fishing cruise along the coast between Cape Cod and Montauk Point, Long Island. While she was lying-to at night, the bark William Lord, bound for Boston from Baltimore, struck her amidships and staved in her bulwarks. The crew of sixteen were roused from their sleep, and rushed on deck. They were certain that their own craft was about to sink, and so they climbed upon the bark. The vessels soon freed themselves, and then it was discovered that Andrew H. Prouty, a boy of twelve, had been left on board the schooner. No one dreamed of rescuing him, for the schooner had disappeared, and it was naturally supposed that she had sunk. So the captain of the bark took the rescued crew to Ho'm's' Hall, near New Bedford. But the schooner had not sunk. She was manned and mastered by one frightened boy of twelve, alone upon the black ocean. For two days and two nights he floated there, unhelped, steering his prize toward what he thought to be shore. A while ship returning to New Bedford, overtook the strange looking craft, and boarded her to see what was the matter. When the skipper learned the state of things, he offered the boy a hundred dollars to abandon the schooner; but the boy knew better than to let another come into possession of his prize. "No, sir," said he, "this vessel belongs to John Bates, and I'm going to take her ashore!" He did take her ashore, and there, at New Bedford he found the rest of the crew.

A Young Trader.
A New England furrier has lately received a new proof of the energy and thrift of the rising generation. He received a correctly worded and most businesslike letter, sent from a Massachusetts town by a person who asked several questions in regard to the variety of skins the furrier purchased, the sizes desired, and the price paid. He promptly returned an answer, for which his new correspondent had enclosed a stamp,—and after giving the information requested, he wrote, "I should like to know how long you have been in the business, and whether you are at present dealing with other firms? He did not receive an immediate reply, but in a day or two there arrived from his new correspondent a batch of most desirable skins. He acknowledged their receipt in a manner as if they were his own, and by return mail came a letter, through which glowed a boy's irrepressible pride.

"Dear Sir: I am glad the skins were satisfactory. Will send more later. I am twelve years old, and this is my first enter-prise."

Yr's resp'y, Henry—
Old Iron in the Sea.
Few people probably know what an enormous quantity of old iron in the shape of anchors, chains, etc., is annually rescued from the sea. During ten months, as much as 120 tons weight was dredged up on the east coast of England alone. This was sold for 2s. 2d. per cwt.

There are explanations that don't explain as many people haven't discovered. A gentleman, talking with a young woman, admitted that she had failed to keep abreast of the scientific progress of the age. "For instance," said he, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now so extensively used, is procured." "Oh, it is very simple!" said the lady, with the air of one who knows it all. "You just turn a button over the lamp, and the lights appear at once."

Bank clerk (returning cheque): "Madam, we can't pay this unless you bring someone to identify you."
Old lady (tarty): "I should like to know why?"
Bank clerk: "Because we don't know you."
Old lady: "Now, don't be silly! I don't know you either."

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

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS
STAMPED
1847 ROGERS BROS.
ARE
GENUINE AND GUARANTEED
BY THE
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE
LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD.

Pain Disappears
WHEN YOU USE
"Sun" Liniment
25c. A Bottle Everywhere.
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Supermedial Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Pepsin, etc.

...a paste receptacle is attached, and the paper is automatically pressed and fully spread on the wall by an elastic roller.

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Pain Disappears WHEN YOU USE "Sun" Liniment

25c. A Bottle Everywhere. THE HAVAY MEDICINE CO., Montreal.

Chat to Boys and Girls.

'Good morning, my lads and lassies, how glad I am to meet your bright young faces again—Have you tried any of the games we talked over last week?'

Windsor N. S.

Dear Auntie Bell:

Can you give me some really good recipes for home made candy? I mean something simple enough for us to make with some hope of success—There are several in the back of mamma's old cook book, but they are either troublesome to make from having to be strained so many times, or beaten so many minutes, or worked on a marble slab, or drawn from a hook—and we can't stop to fuss so long with them, even if we had the slab and the book at our convenience; or perhaps they are so doubtfully expressed, that we don't dare to try them for fear of wasting sugar, and making 'messes' for cook to throw out.

Net Caramels.

Two cups molasses, two cups brown sugar, one cup milk, one tablespoonful glycerine. One cup of grated chocolate, one piece of butter the size of a large egg, one cup of chopped nuts, (walnuts are preferred).

French Nougat.

Two cups of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of hot water, one half pound of almonds, the white of one egg. Place the sugar and the water on the fire, where the sugar will melt but not boil.

The Mouse-Trap.

Prepared for an emergency is the phrase that seems to fit an elderly woman who, says the Washington Post, was going to the Virginia mountains, and had the drawing room of a sleeping-car.

Woman Fare Better.

A fact noticed and mentioned by Professor Koch during his studies in Africa and India is that women stand malarial climates far better than men.

WOMAN FARE BETTER.

For Home, Evening or Athletic Use. The only corset which is designed to meet the varied needs of so diverse occupation is the "Crest" Corset. In constructing this corset, we have successfully overcome, point by point, each objectionable feature as it arose.

Now this is a bit of work that just exactly suits me; to help these or any other girls to make home pleasant for their brothers by every little pleasure or comfort that love can devise, is just what I am glad to do.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work.

UP-TO-DATE FASHIONS.

Fashion, as it appears on the street in this fitful interval between seasons, does not reveal very much that is new in dress; but all doubts as to the coming modes are being promptly settled by the spring openings of imported novelties which provide the necessary motifs for the host of new gowns already ordered for summer wear.

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present a really smart appearance. Nothing in the decoration is permitted to break the artistic line anywhere between the top of the collar and band and the hem of the skirt.

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FAILING HEART

The Curse of the Century

Dear Sirs:—

Having heart failure and being troubled with fainting spells from a run down system and at a certain age that women always feel weak, I concluded to try Doctor Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills, and after using only one box I found my nerves much stronger and my system in a much better condition, yours truly, Mrs. Hiltz, Beach Hill, Kenilville, N. S.

ARTISTIQUE HAIR COVERINGS

are those which are so natural that only the person wearing them knows that they are not growing on their head. Our specialty is making Wigs, Toupees, Bangs and Switches, which defy detection. Write or call for full particulars and prices.

J. PALMER & SON, 1745 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

What to Eat

and enjoy it and feel comfortable after it, as the all day, everyday wail of the indigestion patient. Advice—Eat all wholesome things don't worry, take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets to aid Nature in doing the stomach's work. They're a mild tonic, act gently on the bowels, they prevent and relieve distress. Pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

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TO BURN, TO CRACK, TO DESTROY,

IS THE MISSION OF MOST LEATHER DRESSINGS.

To Soften, to Toughen, to Sustain, to Prolong Wear and Impart a High Lustre is the mission of

PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

(FOR ALL COLORED SHOES)

The only preparation of the kind.

PACKARD MAKES IT PACKARD OF MONTREAL

L. H. PACKARD & CO. 111 BUREAU STREET, MONTREAL

STRAIGHTENING OUT TITLES.

Belts that Govern the May 11-12 Borne by British People of the Bank.

The proper titles to apply to titled Britishers have always been a vexed question in this country. We ourselves have so few and such simple titles that the complications of the British system have proved almost incomprehensible. We here know perfectly well that all South erners are Colonels or Judges, that the son of a Colonel is necessarily a Major and the son of a Judge ipso facto squire. We do not have the patience to unravel what is really a difficult question, though certainly not too difficult for the unrivalled powers of perception possessed by Americans. It must be admitted that even the Britons sometimes, perhaps as often as we do, get tangled up in the matter of titles, or at least in applying them: so, even if we should not indifferently state them properly, we shall be with the people who devised them and have got caught in their own trap.

To begin with: A Duke is called 'your grace,' a Marquess (which is the English title, though the Scotch and Irish title is Marquis), an Earl, a Viscount and a Baron are all addressed as 'your lordship' or 'my lord.' The wife of a Duke is a Duchess and is 'your grace,' the wife of any other grade of peer is a Marchioness, a Countess, a Viscountess or a Baroness and is 'your ladyship' or 'my lady.' The two terms 'my lord' and 'my lady' are used almost wholly by servants and 'tradespeople.'

This, so far, is all plain sailing; but now begins the trouble. Practically every peer has more than one title. A Duke generally is also a Marquess or at least an Earl; a Marquess is also an Earl; an Earl is a Viscount or Baron; a Viscount is a Baron, and a Baron very likely is two or more times a Baron. With Viscounts and Barons we have nothing to do here. But the eldest son of a Duke, a Marquess, or an Earl takes his father's second title, 'by courtesy,' as it is called, and is addressed as if he held the actual rank. That is where the 'Marquis of Lorne' comes in, he being the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. In everything except social precedence and title this eldest son is a commoner; the Marquis of Lorne, though married to a daughter of the reigning sovereign, is simply a member of Parliament. The wife of such an eldest son takes his title in its feminine form; and in some cases the eldest son of an eldest son takes the grandfather's third title, so until Earl Percy succeeded his father as Duke of Northumberland the other day the Percy family was composed of the Duke, the Earl Percy (Henry George Percy, commonly called Earl Percy, was his legal title), and the latter's son, Baron Warkworth (Henry Algernon George Percy, commonly called Lord Warkworth).

If a peer's daughter marries a nobleman her unmarried title disappears; but if she marries a commoner she retains her title, taking the fortunate man's last name. So we find Mr. and Lady Alice Jones instead of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Lady Alice was evidently the daughter of a Duke, a Marquess or an Earl. We also find this combination: Sir Charles and Lady Alice Jones, or even Lord Charles and Lady Alice Jones, when the wife is of higher rank than her husband, in spite of their titles being similar.

One point the British rules as to titles do not cover, the question of a woman once the wife of a peer marrying a commoner. It is customary for her to keep her peerage title, and so we find what James Payn said was the improper-sounding arrangement of Mr. Jenks and the Countess of Smithfield and their daughter, Miss Mary Jenks. We find just now that the Duchess of Marlborough is the wife of Lord William Bessford; when you know it, it's all right; when you don't, it sounds peculiar. But some titled women have married commoners and have given up their previous titles, though they are few and far between.

So far for the eldest sons of Dukes, Marquesses and Earls. All the sons of Viscounts and Barons, and the younger sons of Earls, are called 'Honorable' and are also 'Esquires.' That is why the late William Pitt, well known as a friend of America, was described as the Honorable William Pitt, Esquire; there was no misuse of title in the case. Now for the younger sons of Dukes and Marquesses; the younger sons of Earls we find are simply 'honorable.' But the younger sons of the two highest ranks are called by courtesy 'lords' the title being used with their Christian names. That is where Lord Algy comes in, in the play. And just as Mr. Robert's wife becomes Mrs. Robert (Mrs. Bob to

her intimates), so Lord Algeron's wife becomes Lady Algeron, the Lady Algy of the play.

Knights of whatever rank and Barons, if they have no other titles, are called 'Sirs' the title being prefixed to the Christian name. That is where the wicked baronet comes in with his 'Sir Charles.'

One of the most puzzling things in the way of British titles is the changing that goes on. There is Lord Magheramora for instance. He was born James Hogg; then his father took the additional name of McGarel, so that he became McGarel Hogg; then the father after being knighted became a peer, and Mr. James became the Hon. James, and then he succeeded as Lord Magheramora. A worse case is that of the Duke of Northumberland, who began life as Hon. Henry Percy, son of Lord Lovaine, eldest son of the Earl of Beverley; his father afterward became Earl, so he became Lord Lovaine. In 1867 his father became Duke, and Lord Lovaine became Earl Percy; then for fourteen years before he succeeded to the Dukedom he was a peer as Lord Lovaine so that he has held five different names—and he is only 53 now.

The present Mr. Sothorn years ago acted in a play called 'Lord Chumley.' The play turned on the love adventures of Lord Chumley, but of Lord George Cholmondeley, young son of some Duke or Marquess. To one who liked to have things correct the mistake was even more humorous than Mr. Sothorn's acting. But the English make almost as many mistakes in the matter as we do; only the other day they had some Lord Blank in the police court instead of Lord Charles Blank.—N. Y. Sun.

Fountain of Health and New Life.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND Is the Mightiest and Most Effective of all Known Spring Medicines.

'Tis an Eminent Physician's Prescription.

Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. L. D., a leading professor in the celebrated Dartmouth Medical College, first prescribed what is now known in every home of the civilized world as Paine's Celery Compound, a positive cure for the common ailments and diseases of spring, such as blood troubles, kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, neuralgia and rheumatism.

As a spring medicine, Paine's Celery Compound now occupies first place in the estimation of medical men. It has been tested by members of the profession in cases where ordinary prescriptions have failed, and in every instance the wonderful compound has maintained its claims and banished disease. The action of Paine's Celery Compound on the nervous system in spring time is marvelous in health producing results. It quickly purifies the vitiated and impure blood, braces the nerves, rebuilds the tissues, adds to flesh and weight, increases the appetite, augments the powers of assimilation, and keeps the whole digestive organism in proper repair.

Paine's Celery Compound has done a grand work for millions in the past. Surely this is the best guarantee for those who are now ailing and physically broken down. Every city, town and village in this vast Dominion can furnish its proofs of the virtue of Paine's Celery Compound—well attested cures.

A few bottles of the great spring medicine used at this time will give to every man and woman the blessing they are so earnestly seeking—true health.

BABY GORILLA AS A PET.

Intelligence and Affection Shows by the Creature in an African Home.

'The nicest pet that ever came to my knowledge,' said a woman who has lived in Africa, 'was a young gorilla, the property of a merchant named Jones. The mother of the baby gorilla had been killed by the natives, and the baby was offered for sale. Mr. Jones was greatly interested in gorillas and bought this small specimen for a few shillings, and soon the baby was climbing all over him, a habit these gorillas have. Mr. Jones soon found that his small friend was too young to eat, and so he hired a native boy to look after the gorilla. To his delight little Jenny, as he named the gorilla, grew strong and soon was able to sit at the table with him and eat almost everything set before her. Above all things she was fond of bananas and jam. The black boy developed a very sweet tooth and helped himself on the sly to the jam. Mr. Jones inquired how it came that the jam pot was always empty, and of course poor Jenny got the blame for it, because she could not talk and defend herself. But she was equal to the occasion. A few days later she got hold of the boy waiter, when Mr. Jones was present, and

INCALCULABLE GOOD.

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health. For nine years, before I commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in an unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, causing faintness, loss of strength, and leaving my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no appetite and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively nervous.

I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 77 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

pulling me to the cupboard, and after it was opened she pointed it to the boy and to the jam pot, which was empty again. So little Jenny revenged herself on her accuser, and her master trusted her more than ever. He took her with him everywhere possible. If he went away without her she would search the whole place, and if unsuccessful would continue her search at the houses of the other Europeans. She would look into every room, even into the beds, for her master. If she did not find him, perhaps somebody would tell her to go home, that her master was there. She would go back, and was overjoyed if she found him. Everyone was attached to little Jenny. Mr. Jones intended to take her home with him to England after he had been about two years. He was very busy in the last few weeks and absent from home a good deal. One can hardly imagine his sorrow when, on his return home from a long business trip he found his little friend dead, either starved or poisoned.

Truly Cool.

Mr. Robert Crawford, in his 'South American Sketches,' says that while turbans, pith-helmets and air-chambered hats all have their advocates in that hot country, by far the most extraordinary device for keeping the head cool, of which he has ever heard, was one adopted by an Irish fish-boy whom he had in Uruguay. The device, however, had two serious defects, which would, no doubt, militate against its general adoption. For one thing, it was not of a portable nature, so that it could not be worn while walking about; and for another it interfered considerably with the sense of hearing on the part of the person protected by it. I discovered the boy's invention in this way: The weather was very hot, and I called out, 'Tom, bring me a glass of water from the refrigerator.' There was no reply. I raised my voice, and repeated the call several times, but with no result. So I thought I would go and fetch the water myself, as Tom had apparently given himself leave of absence. On reaching the refrigerator I found the missing Tom with his head down in it, and on inquiry learned that this was his usual way of cooling himself when his head began to 'swell with the heat,' as he expressed it. I is perhaps unnecessary to add that I prescribed a change of treatment.

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CATARRAH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrah is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrah in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrah, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. N. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Plan-It-Too!

A new decorating tool has been introduced for making raised designs and lettering on walls, vases, etc. It has a reservoir for clay at the extremity, with a piston which forces the material through a flexible tube to the nozzle; the latter is held by the operator, and guided in accordance with the design required, and the plastic clay is forced on the substance to be decorated.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark. For home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A regular old stick-in-the-mud.—An anchor.

What part of a fish weighs most?—The scales.

A young girl can stand up straight and still be bent on marriage.

How to find the spirit of a drum.—Cut off his head and you will find rum.

Was Mother Eve High or Low Church?—Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

The higher up a thermometer gets, the lower it falls in the public estimation.

Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?—Because he is full of dues (dews).

There goes a man that keeps his word.—He does?—Yes, no one else would take it.

If you cannot marry a girl above you, perhaps you might marry one of your own size.

No man could make my husband quail.—Why not?—Because he isn't that kind of a bird.

American Girl.—'Papa, what would I be called if I married an earl?' Rich father.—'Crazy.'

Do you let your wife have her own way in everything?—Yes; it's the only way I can manage her.

The widower about to re-marry is the most unselfish of mortals. He seldom thinks of Number One.

Why is a person learning music like a doctor who has just established himself?—Because he wants practice.

What is the difference between a sailor on duty and a sailor discharged?—One goes to sea, and the other ceases to go.

What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady?—One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

Young Man.—'What did your pa say when he had learned I had kissed your sister?' Little girl.—'He said that was encouraging.'

Ethel.—'I wonder if he loves me as he says he?' He has known me only a week.—'Clara.—'He may, if that's all the time he has known you.'

The woman.—'I'll be ready in just one second, dear.' The husband.—'Then I'll have time to run down town and get shaved before we start, love.'

Joe.—'These fountain-pen makers will never be affected by the income tax.' Bob.—'Why not?' Joe.—'Because they never make enough ink come to be taxed.'

She.—'So my old fiance has really married your sweetheart. It's rather sad.—'He.—'Eh, yes—but can't we have a consolation match, like they do in tennis?'

Doctor.—'Your wife must take more exercise. Can you manage in some way to induce her to?' Husband.—'Yes, I'll tell her I'd a great deal rather she wouldn't.'

'Oh, papa, see these lovely opals! I don't believe opals are unlucky. Do you?' It will be very unlucky for you if you take a fancy to a high priced one, Ethelinda. You won't get it.

'You think,' said Willie Washington, 'that it actually hurts a man to be bit with one of Cupid's arrows?' 'No,' replied Belle Pepperton; 'as a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time.'

Mrs. Querie.—'I understand you had a narrow escape coming across?' Mr. Hard-Port.—'Yes, indeed; the coal ran out, and the capt-ain had to split the ship's log to keep the fires going.'

Primus.—'Humph! Before you were married did you never sit in the twilight with your sweetheart and dream of the future?' Secundus.—'I sat with her, but I don't remember the nightmares.'

The very newest fad among cremation-ists is that of a widow who wears in a tiny locket over her heart a pinch of the ashes of her husband. She makes no secret of her belief that this is an act of profound devotion.

'Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?' 'What's that?' 'Why, for instance, that the cow has had a prior existence in any other form—perhaps been a being like myself.' 'Oh, no doubt the cow's been a calf.'

Old Bach.—'I like the merry side of life.' Old Maid.—'I beg your pardon?' O. B.—'I said I liked the merry side of life.' O. M.—'Ah, excuse me; I thought you said the merry side of life, and I can't endure a sudden shock!'

'What are you doing, Freddie?' said the painfully smart boy's uncle. 'Drawin' pictures on my slate.' 'What is this supposed to represent?' 'A locomotive.' 'But, why don't you draw the carriage?' 'Why—er—the locomotive draws the carriage.'

Clark.—'Mr. Blinks was just in to say that you hadn't sent a man up to fix his pipes.' Plumber.—'He's about the fortieth man to come in with that story to-day. I wonder if people think we haven't anything to do but sit here and listen to complaints.'

'Now tell me,' said the aunt to little Annie, who had been taken to the concert for the first time in her life, 'what did they do?' 'Oa, there was a lady screaming because she had forgotten to put on her sleeves and a waiter played on the piano all the time,' was the child's reply.

Thompson (reading).—'Ancient instruments of torture are exhibited at the museum.' Johnson (whose wife is an amateur

musician).—'Wonder if they've any place to exhibit modern instruments of torture?' 'Don't know. Why?' 'Nothing; only I thought, if they did, I'd send 'em my wife's accordion.'

'Mary, is your master at home?' 'No, sir, he's out.'

'I don't believe it.'

'Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him.'



Guess what it is

It is the coffee that never fails to give absolute satisfaction. The seal which it bears is a guarantee that its purity and strength have not been tampered with, and that it surely is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

B.B.B. Makes Rich Red Blood.

The Blood is the very essence of life. As it courses through the system it carries with it, if pure and rich, nutrition to every cell in the body. If impure, it spreads disease. If thin and watery, it fails to nourish, hence we have weakness, debility and decay. It is the wonderful power B.B.B. has in purifying impure blood, making thin, watery blood rich and red, that is at the bottom of its marvelous success in curing disease. Those who are pale, thin, weak, troubled with blotches, pimples or eruptions of any kind should take B.B.B. It makes the pale cheek rosy, the skin clear and smooth, and infuses new energy into weak, worn, run down, shattered constitutions.

Skin Clear. I beg to state I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for the impure blood, pimples on the face, &c., and derived great benefit from it. My skin is now very clear and free from all eruptions. I only used four bottles of the B.B.B. and can strongly recommend it to any person suffering from impurities in the blood or eruptions of the skin. Mrs. G. B. HELMORE, Spence's Bridge, B.C.

Every Spring. I have taken B.B.B. every Spring, spring now for some years, to purify my blood and keep my system in good order, and can honestly say that I do not know of its equal anywhere. Mrs. AGGIE BARNES, Lunenburg, N.S.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

6d., 1s. 6d. and 1lb. 6s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

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CANCER And Tumors cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 72-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Medicine Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Continued from page 13. 'What do you think Vivian thought forswore as it led to all—' 'As the letter enging else left to do.' 'You will break h—' 'Do hearts break h—' 'No,' Sir Martin. 'It would be more n—' 'Vivian knew the late had been fu—' 'Vivian knew the lines about his lip graven by a grate world know of. He felt so now, in sympathy to the lonely than himself.' 'You too, have—' 'Heaven alone k—' 'Martin said, und—' 'Another instan—' 'of his life—his we—' 'ness—would have—' 'Wet; but, as the lips, Shirley Lon—' 'terrace. Her cheeks had her eyes looked se—' 'as out beyond the—' 'How solemn y—' 'you be anything l—' 'like this? Has—' 'This last was add—' 'things had occur—' 'months, that her—' 'habit of shrieking—' 'She glanced from—' 'What is it?' she—' 'Nothing very—' 'awered reassuring—' 'to Vivian. You—' 'over.' 'There is nothi—' 'clear.' 'Vivian k—' 'You intend—' 'through thick and—' 'ed the coat, my—' 'Shirley laugh—' 'Have I not c—' 'claimed.' I am lo—' 'You are a l—' 'Martin said. But the you—' 'lighten. I know, he is willing to give but, the more possible it becom a sacrifice. Why for all she would depend on publi her to share pe—' 'Sir Martin, cruel to talk like what I shared, him.' 'The baronet—' 'You are a said, 'I shal—' 'it lets you up to poverty—we not fear that. have. There is a greater claim days are fast d—' 'want to do a k—' 'man, bring you—' 'me until I m—' 'He was stan—' 'on a shoulder—' 'His voice wa—' 'His words wer—' 'both his listen—' 'they remain—' 'Then Vivian—' 'claimed—' 'Your gen—' 'boundless. H—' 'could not hav—' 'that you pro—' 'saying so—su—' 'When I sa—' 'you will find—' 'He left them—' 'He could no—' 'It seemed t—' 'eyes of Vivian—' 'secret—the st—' 'telling but a—' 'As he went—' 'ful that he b—' 'pulse to con—' 'quences, had—' 'The trust—' 'son, were des—' 'one drop of n—' 'ness, which b—' 'to the bitter—' 'During the—' 'nights, he ha—' 'a full and de—'

...Wonder if they've any place to...
...Why? 'Nothing; only I...
...I'd send 'em my wife's...
...is your master at home? ...
...sir, he's out.' ...
...on't believe it.' ...
...then, he'll come down and tell ...
...himself. Perhaps you'll believe



Guess what it is
It is the coffee that never fails to give absolute satisfaction. The seal which it bears is a guarantee that its purity and strength have not been imperiled with, and that it is surely is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

B.B.B.
The Best Remedy for Spring Weakness.

Blood is the very essence of life. Through the system it carries pure and rich, nutrition to every part of the body. If impure, it spreads infection and water, it fails to do its work. Hence, weakness, debility, and decay.

The wonderful power B.B.B. has in purifying impure blood, making thin, pale, and red, that is at the base of its marvellous success in curing

who are pale, thin, weak, with blotches, pimples or eruptions of any kind should take B.B.B. It makes the pale cheek rosy, the skin soft and smooth, and infuses new energy into worn, run down, shattered systems.

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PAIRED GLASS
Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON,
30 University St., Montreal
Write for catalogue B.

Continued from Tenth Page.

"What do you think of doing?" Vivian thought for a moment, then answered as if he had decided once and for all.

"As the letter suggests. There is nothing else left to do."

"You will break her heart."

"Do hearts break?" with a cynical smile.

"No," Sir Martin said, in a low voice. "It would be more merciful if they did."

Vivian knew that Sir Martin's life of late had been full of trouble; but there were times when he had dimly felt that the lines about his lips and eyes had been graven by a greater sorrow than any the world knew of.

He felt so now, and his heart went out in sympathy to the man who was even more lonely than himself.

"You too, have suffered," he said, impulsively.

"Heaven alone knows how terrible," Sir Martin said, under his breath. "But my suffering has been the cost of a sin."

Another instant, perchance and the story of his life—his weakness and his wickedness—would have been begun to Vivian West; but, as the words were rising to his lips, Shirley Lorraine appeared on the terrace.

Her cheeks had the color of a wild rose, her eyes looked blue as that gimp of sea out beyond the trees.

"How solemn you both look!" she cried as they turned to meet her. "How can you be anything but happy on a morning like this? Has anything happened?"

This last was added warily. Such awful things had occurred during the past two months, that her heart had contracted a habit of shrieking at the mere shadow. She glanced from one to the other quickly.

"What is it?" she said.

"Nothing very terrible," Sir Martin answered reassuringly. "Madge has written to Vivian. You and he had better talk it over."

"There is nothing to talk over," she declared. "Vivian knows that I will not listen."

"You intend to stand by him, then, through thick and thin. Have you counted the cost, my child?"

Shirley laughed joyously.

"Have I not counted the cost?" she exclaimed. "I am losing nothing, and gaining all."

"You are a lucky fellow, Vivian," Sir Martin said.

"But the young fellow's face did not lighten."

"I know," he said, gravely. "That Shirley is willing to give up everything for me; but, the more I think of it, the more impossible it becomes for me to accept such a sacrifice. What can I give in return for all she would lose? My worldly goods depend on public favour. I cannot ask her to share poverty with me."

"Sir Martin," Shirley cried, "is he not cruel to talk like this? As if I would care what I shared, so long as I shared with him!"

The baronet regarded her fondly.

"You are a brave, dear little girl," he said, "and I shall consider this boy a fool if he lets you slip through his fingers. As to poverty—well, Vivian, my lad, you need not fear that. I intend to leave you all I have. There is none other now who has a greater claim upon my affection. My days are fast drawing to a close. If you want to do a kindness to a sad and lonely man, bring your wife here, and live with me until I am called to face eternity."

He was standing between them, a hand on a shoulder of each.

His voice was full of strong emotion. His words were so utterly unexpected by both his listeners, that, for an instant or so they remained perfectly silent.

Then Vivian West, greatly moved exclaimed—

"Your generosity and kindness are boundless. Had you been my father, you could not have shown me more. But this that you propose to do—will—forgive me saying so—surely be robbing another?"

"When I am dead," Sir Martin said, "you will find that I have not acted justly."

He left them then.

He could not trust himself to say more. It seemed to him that those clear, bright eyes of Vivian West's must read his secret—the secret he had been so near to telling but a few moments before.

As he went into the house, he felt thankful that he had not done so—that the impulse to confess, and endure the consequences, had passed away.

The trust and affection of this, his only son, were dearer to him than all else—the one drop of sweetness in his cup of bitterness, which he felt he had, indeed, drained to the bitter dregs.

During the late hours of the last few nights, he had employed himself in writing a full and detailed account of his marriage

with Lillian West, and the dastardly way in which he had treated her.

"The task had been fraught with painful memories, which had awakened vain remorse and hopeless longing."

Often he had flung the pen upon the table and, springing up, had paced the room, his fingers clenching and unclenching, his face working pitifully.

It was awful recalling each occasion on which he had even fallen lower and lower—never rising, ever fallen lower.

His own self-contempt was limitless, and in that record of his life he did not spare himself.

When it was finished he sealed it, and addressing it to Vivian West, locked it away with other papers to be opened and read after his death.

Those papers and that document cleared the stain from Lillian West's life, and gave her son his birthright.

So far as it lay in his power, he had righted the wrong he had done.

In a little while it would all be well with those two whom he loved, and against whom he had sinned so deeply.

He had not the courage to tell them himself; but they would not have long to wait now.

He knew that his strength was fast failing him; and there were states and twinges about his heart that warned him there was mischief there.

He made no attempt to stay the illness that was growing upon him, but felt glad and thankful as he marked the gradual decay.

His death would bring blessings; his life had given pain.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Cora was fond of sitting behind the window curtains in her room and listening to any scraps of conversation going on on the terrace below, which her sharp ears could catch.

On the morning that Vivian West had shown Lady Ayers's letter to Sir Martin, she had been there, straining every nerve to hear each word that was uttered.

Fortune favored her.

They came to a halt almost opposite her window; he breeze was blowing in from the sea, it carried their voices distinctly to her.

When Sir Martin entered the house, Vivian and Shirley walked to the end of the terrace, and down the broad white steps to the lawn.

Cora's ears were not acute enough to follow them.

She left her seat for another further back in the room.

"So," she said, with an ugly little grin, "that is your game, Sir Martin! That explains a great deal over which I have lately puzzled my brains. I have wondered greatly why I was not kicked out when there was so little to fear. I see it all now. He thinks to keep me quiet by letting me remain here. Very soon he will be dead; and then he will not care for what I say, and then he will not care for what I do."

She pushed her chair back, and rose, with a short mocking laugh.

"Then you leave me to do my worst?"

"No, mademoiselle, I intend to take it out of your power to harm me or mine. All that there is to tell, I myself will tell. I would rather face any evil than rob my son for you."

He had lifted his head again.

All that was best in him had risen against this temptation.

He felt it was, indeed, the final trial that if he gave way now, all would be lost; Vivian's inheritance stolen to bury his own sin—the tardy reparation he was about to make ruined.

While he strove for strength, he was terribly conscious of his own fatal weakness.

He had meant to do right often before—he had struggled ere this, but always it had ended in utter failure.

He remembered this, with a sinking heart, as he faced Cora Rozier.

She realized, as she listened to him, that her power over him had, indeed, vanished away—it was a thing of the past.

Fate had made her weapons useless.

She could have cried with the sense of bitter mortification which swept over her. But she felt that this was no time for tears if she wished to gain anything from the man who was casting off her yoke.

"You are not counting the cost of your words," she said, while her quick brain schemed and planned.

"You are mistaken mademoiselle, I have done so."

"And you are determined that, unless I

'I will give you two—my three.' 'Oo thank you, monsieur.' 'You forget,' he said, impressively, 'that I no longer fear you as I did. The harm that you can do me now is but small compared to what it was when my poor wife and boy were living. The secret you then held would have ruined both their lives. Now you can hurt but me.'

"And one other."

"He will learn all at my death."

"He will hear it before unless you make it worth my while to be silent."

"Rather than he should learn the story of your lips, I will tell him myself. He is just and generous. He would pardon the father who has suffered so greatly for his sins. It would be the better and wiser thing to do. It would all be over then—I should have nothing more to fear. Oh, God! had I but the courage!"

He was talking to himself, in a rapid undertone.

Cora's quick ear caught the words.

"You would require a great deal of courage," she declared, with a jeering laugh, "to make a full confession to Vivian West. He is proud is he not? As for how he would hate you for making him what he is—a bastard! Is not that the pleasant name one would spot, to him?"

The hot fire of fierce indignation blazed in Sir Martin's eyes.

"You vile thing!" he cried, in a voice strained with mad anger. "Know, once for all, he is my son—my own dear son. His mother was my wife—when, through the foul temptation of D. La Kouaki, I do ceased and betrayed. I have nothing to fear from you—nothing—you can go."

He stood up, and pointed towards the door.

The cigarette dropped from her fingers. She swept it from her lap to the tender. The ground was slipping away from under her feet; but, outwardly, she showed no sign of fear.

"Dola Kouaki," she said, slowly, her gleaming eyes fixed on his face—"Dola Kouaki, who was murdered here."

That bliss of righteous anger died away, the outstretched hand fell to his side the tall form, which had been proudly drawn to its full height, grew bent and feeble again.

He sank back upon the chair.

The shot had told, though she knew not why.

She watched him while he endeavoured to recover himself.

He was a long while before he spoke; then, at length, he said, in a low weary voice—

"Your price?"

"All that you have," she answered, "left to me, unconditionally."

"It is impossible."

"Had I married Gilbert, it would have been mine."

"He escaped that fate. His death has altered everything."

"But I will not have it so. I have told you my terms. You dare not refuse them."

"I dare, and I do."

She pushed her chair back, and rose, with a short mocking laugh.

"Then you leave me to do my worst?"

"No, mademoiselle, I intend to take it out of your power to harm me or mine. All that there is to tell, I myself will tell. I would rather face any evil than rob my son for you."

He had lifted his head again.

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accept your terms, you will brand yourself before all the world, as a—blackguard!"

"I am determined!"

"He thought of the son he loved more than his life, and it kept him strong."

He met her gaze unflinchingly.

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"You are mad!" she exclaimed. "You will repent this. I must have time to consider. In one week I will give you my answer."

"I must have it now. I must know, either one way or the other, before you leave this room tonight."

She lifted her eyebrows.

"Monsieur is impatient. The question is a great one. I cannot answer all in a hurry."

"Revenge will avail you nothing."

"But what you offer is so small a sum."

"It is far more than you deserve."

Her eyes flashed; then she lowered them.

"I am alone in the world, monsieur; my wit stand between me and starvation."

Had my poor mother lived—

She made an expressive gesture.

"For that reason," he said, breaking a short silence, "I will give you five thousand."

"I can do no more."

"And if I accept this I must leave the house instantly—this very hour?"

"As soon as you can make other arrangements. Shall we say the day after tomorrow?"

"As you will. And the money; when am I to receive it?"

"When you are ready to go."

"Monsieur is very careful," she said, walking to the door.

She hesitated a moment before opening it; then, as if suddenly making up her mind, did so, and passed out.

"I have two days," she said to herself, when she had gained her own room. "Let me see how I can best employ them."

She went to sleep, that night, smiling to herself.

A plot had unfolded itself to her, which pleased her mightily.

The next morning, while Sir Martin interviewed his bailiff, Vivian West, with a pipe between his lips, strolled idly through the garden.

Since his imprisonment he had never once laid brush to canvas.

A curious lethargy seemed to have fallen upon his once ambitious and energetic spirit.

This dullness and indifference to a talent which had been a passion with him, had made him vaguely uneasy, and of late there had crept upon him the fear that, as the all-absorbing love for his art had left him, so might the cunning have forsaken his fingers.

He was afraid to try his hand, and daily put off the taking up of his old work, saying always to himself—

"To-morrow—to-morrow!"

As he walked slowly between banks of star-like dahlias, he said to himself—

"This idleness must end. I will begin to-morrow."

The path along which he was wandering, led to an old moat.

"She looked such a small, helpless little creature, and so woe-begone, as she lifted her face to his."

"Friends, monsieur—where are they?"

"Let me begin with, perhaps, your best and truest—Sir Martin West—"

g's stopped him with an impatient gesture.

"My friend! Sir Martin my friend! Monsieur West, you know nothing of the truth. He hates me. Tomorrow I am to go away. He cares not where, or what becomes of me. He is giving me money to go. You think I am mad to talk like this—it is not so?"

"I think," he said, gently, "that you have moped away by yourself, and brooded over things until you see them all distorted and so find slight and coldness where none are intended. You must come amongst us more."

"Tomorrow I go away."

"But you will be coming here again?"

"Never again," she declared. "Had my lover lived, this would have been my home."

"Poor girl!" he said, compassionately. "I am, indeed, sorry for you."

She took his hand and kissed it.

"Monsieur, you are good to me. I shall never forget it."

"I wish I had been good to you," he answered, regretfully. "I am a selfish thoughtless fellow, mademoiselle; but, in future, you need the help of a friend, will you write to me?"

"One million thanks. I feel not so lonely now. How can I show you my gratitude?"

He laughed in his pleasant easy fashion.

"Wait until I merit it."

"A kind word in the hour of need," she said, softly. "Let me keep you no longer, monsieur. Let me bid you adieu."

"Will you not walk back with me?"

"No; I will stay here a little while longer. I have much to think of. Farewell!"

"I shall see you again, mademoiselle."

"P-rhaps."

He turned to leave her then, but had gone but a few yards from her, when she ran after him.

"Monsieur, I talk of gratitude, and I let you go like this! I—I know a secret concerning you. I dare not breathe it now—I am afraid. But what I know is true. Sometimes I have thought of telling you. Then I have said, it is not my business. But now—now I feel that I must tell you."

She was clinging to his hands, excitedly, her words coming quick and fast.

"A secret concerning me?" he repeated, in surprise. "What is it, mademoiselle?"

"Not here," she cried. "I dare not. Will you come to me when I go? I will leave you my address."

"If it is possible," he said, "I will come."

"You must make it possible," she insisted; "for I can tell you who your father is. Swear that you will not betray one word of this to anybody."

The trees and the flowers seemed to whirl round him.

"Is this true?" he gasped.

"Why should I tell you a lie?" she asked.

"What good would it do me? Ah monsieur, promise me but one thing—that you will tell no living person of what I have said to you."

"I promise," he said. "But I implore you not to keep me in suspense. Tell me now what you know—we are quite alone here—no one will overhear you."

"You are mistaken, monsieur. Look over your shoulder. Remember your promise to me. Good-bye."

She went swiftly from him, and, turning, he found himself almost face to face with Shirley—Shirley, who was regarding him in grave and rather pained surprise.

To be Continued.

Experience in England.

Diamond Dyes Have First Place in the Old Land.

A Hamilton Lady Says: "Diamond Dyes Are Far Above All Others."

Mrs J. S. Burton, Hamilton, Ont., says: "While living in England I had considerable experience in home dyeing work, and never had perfect success there until I used the Diamond Dyes. When I came to Canada I still used the Diamond Dyes, and am using them now, and will never have any other kind to do my work. Diamond Dyes are far above all others."

Chinese Telegraphy.

The Chinese, owing to the multiplicity of the characters in their written language, have solved the problem of telegraphy by using numbers for transmission over the wire instead of characters. The numbers have to be reinterpreted into characters when received. To facilitate the operation types are used. On one end of each type is a character; on the other end is a number. By reversing and imprinting the types upon a sheet of paper the change is readily effected with a high degree of accuracy.

She (after marriage): "You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunkful of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness."

He: "I—I said you were the first one I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me."

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A HAMILTON LADY

Finds Laxa-Liver Pills a perfect cure for Sick Headache.

Fully ninety per cent. of the women of this country suffer from sick headache. Liver disorder and constipation are at the bottom of the trouble.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure the headache by correcting the cause.

And they do their work easily and perfectly without any gripe, pain or sickening.

But the Hamilton lady we referred to—Her name is Mrs. John Tomlinson. Her address is 107 Steven St. North.

This is what she says: "Being troubled with severe headaches, I was advised by a friend to try Laxa-Liver Pills. I only required to use half a bottle when the headache vanished and I have not been troubled with it since."

Laxa-Liver Pills 25c., all druggists.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine-Syrup is the simplest, safest, quickest cure for all coughs and colds of children or adults. Price 25c.

MUSIC, SONG AND STORY

A Desperate Expedient.

Dr. Robert Buchanan called on his old backer uncle one afternoon in answer to a note. He was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind. As he rang the bell he was thinking what a very weary world this is for a young medical gentleman who has not enough of this world's goods to feel justified in asking the loveliest girl in the world, Enid Humphrey, to become his wife.

back to my side. Some other girl—Annie Bennett, for instance—must feel almost as highly complimented as I do. 'Enid! Enid!' cried the unhappy doctor 'you are trying not to understand. Uncle Tom made the offer at the same time; the other one first, but both in the same conversation—both this afternoon. Can't you see? And you know why I tried to stop coming here. I could not ask you to marry me, and without that could I honorably tell you of my love? As for Annie Bennett, I haven't laid eyes on her for two years.'

THE OLD DAYS OF SAILING. With the Fading of the Romance of the Sea Old-Fashioned Methods Have Gone. According to some of the old sailors, who believe that the romance has died out of the seafaring trade since steamships came into general use, the modern sea captain is not to be compared with the skippers of days gone by when it comes to practical experience in seamanship. The captains of the steamships, they say, have everything so well mapped out for them that they are not likely to make mistakes if they have a fair knowledge of seamanship, but they would be lost under circumstances where the old skippers would come out strong. These circumstances, they say, are not likely to occur again, since the world is better known now than in the days they refer to. A boathouse proprietor, who is now nearly 80 years old and who was mate in a transatlantic bark and was before the mast for forty years previously in different parts of the world, said in talking of his early days at sea:

'Since the patient log has come into use no skill, for instance, is required in finding the speed of a vessel. It is regulated by clock work, and the number of knots the vessel sails per hour is recorded on the dial without any hand touching it. But in the old days before the patent log came into use the heaving of the log required skill and watchfulness. A duffer couldn't leave the log properly so as to stop it at the exact time. Those were the days when a skipper had all his senses trained so keenly that nothing could miss him. I have known skippers who could guess to a quarter of a knot the speed of a vessel when a log line happened to break with the force of the throw, before a new line was rigged up.'

'I sailed for some years with an old captain of a brig, who when the vessel was not making more than five or six knots an hour, could tell, by spitting out the quid of tobacco he was chewing and watching it fall, how many knots she was making by noting how far off the quid struck the water. He always guessed it to perhaps a quarter or an eighth of a knot, and if he was in a hurry and had a quid in his mouth which was pretty well used up, he would tell the crew not to heave the log. Of course, he could not do this if his vessel was making seven or eight or ten knots an hour.'

'Then again, you couldn't find any captain of a steamship now, I believe, who could guess the leeway a vessel was making. The steamship captains have to find it out by making observations. I have known lots of old skippers who could tell the leeway by the direction of the wind and watching the water. You see they did not get such a fine scientific training as the sea captains have to get at present, and the different currents that might effect a vessel's course were not charted out as they are now. Consequently the old men had to depend a good deal on their own resources, and could notice many things that it is not necessary to notice now. These

old skippers could sometimes find out the currents and their direction by throwing bits of wood overboard and make their calculations like lightning. 'Yes, it's a fact that the sailing of ships has got to be an exact science now. There is no need now of quickness in grasping the meaning of every cross current that it used to require in the old days. The old salt who had his wits sharpened by having to depend a good deal on his own quick senses is dying out. I don't pretend to say that the old conditions were as good as the new. The sea captain of the present day has to be better educated and pass a severer examination on the theory of navigation than the old skippers, but we will never, to my mind, have as good practical seamen as in the old days. Of course, no one must kick at the much of improvement, but I must say that navigating a ship isn't at all an interesting thing now.'

Then get Catarrh, which is neither a wash, sniff nor ointment, but odorous gas, which is carried by air directly to the diseased parts. It penetrates wherever air can go, and never fails to cure. Have you slight symptoms of consumption? Then try Catarrh. Urift, \$1.00. Simple bottle and inhaler, 10 cents. For sale by all druggists. Manufactured by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Send 10 cents for sample.

Magistrate ('no prisoner'): 'You were caught in the act of opening a bedroom window.' Prisoner: 'Yes, your worship; I believe in hygiene, and I was only going to open the window an inch or two for the benefit of the occupant's health. It's frightfully unhealthy to sleep with your bedroom window completely shut up, your worship! But the excuse availed him not.'

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MARRIED.

Glouce Bay, Mar. 23, Norman McLeod to Flora Anderson. Woodstock, Mar. 29, by Rev. W. Atken, Russell Jones to Lois Hall. Noel Shore, Mar. 22, by Rev. J. W. Cox, George Anthony to Katie Grant.

BORN.

Hallfax, to the wife of Thomas Shepherd, a daughter. Amherst, April 5, to the wife of F. W. Hart, a son. Westchester, April 3, to the wife of Wm. Ripley, a son. Bridgewater, Mar. 31, to the wife of Geo. Walker, a son. Springhill, March, 33, to the wife of Wm. Bird, a son. Springhill, April, 1, to the wife of Alex. Gillis, a son. Amherst, April, 4, to the wife of George Stiles, a son. Moncton, April 1, to the wife of Clifford Gros, a son. Casco, April 1, to the wife of J. A. Ferguson, a daughter. Moncton, April, 3, to the wife of J. L. Stanley, a daughter. Parrsboro, Mar. 25, to the wife of John Wheaton, a daughter. Moncton, April, 5, to the wife of Millego Taylor, a daughter. Grand, April, 1, to the wife of Alexander Algie, a daughter. Mahone Bay, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLean, a daughter. Kenville, Mar. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. John Jenkins, a daughter. Lakeville, Mar. 22, to the wife of Alonzo Eisenhauer, a son. Black Beach, April 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Parker, a son. Harrow, April, 1, to the wife of Thomas Archibald, a daughter. New Ross, N. B., Mar. 27, to the wife of Chas. DeWolf White, a son. Pennsylvania, Mar. 20, to Rev. and Mrs. Morisco L. Kinsman, a daughter.

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TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, are run through, leaving Montreal at 11 00 a. m. every Thursday, berth to accommodate two will cost additional, to Revelstoke \$1.00, Vancouver or Seattle \$3.00.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 11.15 a. m., ar. Digby 12.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 4.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.44 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., Mon. ar. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S.S. Prince George. BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns to Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday, Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. Unexcelled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Pullman Express Trains.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899 the route of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Picton and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Picton..... 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.30 Express for Sussex..... 12.40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Beed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 6th, 16th and 26th, for EASTPORT, N.B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN CUMBERLAND, together with through arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGE. For all particulars, address R. H. FLETCHING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 6-11 Broadway, New York City.

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Vim Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

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VOL. XI

The civic election body knows now from council board of those who have thought that they been told by the not exactly as still quite as three candidates and that one prove would be, the for the last y Mr. Sears got ab as his nearest con Mr. Wallace p votes than a lot would.

There was no Perhaps about no werg going to din again, there was friends of the can them to vote pr presenting, but through, few peo there was an el groups of vote gathered around at many of the small indeed. T ments' and no 'the people who to do an election one, and got as other.

The mayoralty any money, neith was said there w of them but the teams, pying booths and not state d were the s the 'quiet' party the quiet party caused those who elect were left at they supported w returned as alder were Messrs B Smith. Some sa their list of card certainly did not Messrs Seaton and Mr. Storey got. He crme pretty egg, in Stanley, l out there who did the returns were d got just as many That was the only which Wallace be 23 and his Worsh other man who g he was not in th true that his name

MODEST A W

An Anecdote That which Not. PROGRESS is in re snecodeed to the school teacher. T pretty girl pupil is ample evidence of the of the master is of humor. 'My 5th grade w orally. The class boys and girls from with two or three ol ed to pass the grad fast as their bright was one girl in he always stood at th Lillie was tall, well the handsomest br cept that her large, lacked lustre and her ly low, which defe notice on account of was the darkest b loose braid far belo tied some distance orange ribbon. L regular and dainty mark was a faultless beautiful combination I was several times the pretty girl in the foot of the class, was 'I was teaching t their lesson for the masculine or femin the words I had writt vis: 'I would give th the pupil would say feminine: woman' line fox-feminine: 'masculine-tutor, f 'Lillie's word, was for an instant, blus cent manner, and sta