

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 623.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HE WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE.

A Halifax Man Who Forgot Himself and Insulted the Wife of a Fellow Citizen.

HALIFAX, May 31.—Halifax has been treated to a sensation this week that she seldom enjoys and the people who figured in it are not particularly pleased over the notoriety afforded them.

A few days ago a lady, the wife of a well known gentleman doing business on Hollis street, was on her way to one of the wharves, going, it is said, to see some friends arrive on the steamer, when she was rudely accosted by a city ticket agent who evidently forgot where he was and what he was doing. His actions and his words were so offensive that they attracted the attention of passers by and one of the results was that the lady passed along and the ticket agent was forced to direct his attention elsewhere.

When his friends heard of what he had done they were astounded and hastened to see what could be done to hush up the affair. The lady's husband was disposed to listen to an immediate apology in view of the fact that the agent had been drinking but to the astonishment of his friends Mr. F. was not disposed to remember that he had done anything wrong. Of course there was nothing to do then but to let events take their course and that proved to be very interesting. The husband of the insulted lady is not a big man but he thought he was large enough to give the agent a lesson and to this end he kept a sharp look out for him. One would have thought with their business places so handy to each other that it would not have been a difficult matter to find him at any time, but Tuesday at noon seemed to be the time appointed for the meeting and it was not expected by Mr. F. He was walking along Hollis street near his office when the enraged husband met him. So far as can be gathered words were few but the action of the husband was very prompt. He did not waste time sparring but struck with his right and the out under the left eye of the agent left no grounds for any doubt that he found his mark. It was good for him that his office was handy and he lost no time in seeking its seclusion. But before he did so his assailant proved a very active and persistent customer. He was not content to give him one good blow and knocking him down but followed it up with another and another. He found no defence and his mark was an easy one.

The affair is the talk of the city and there does not seem to be any sympathy for the agent. He might have escaped the consequences of his mistake had he acted as any man would be expected to. But his refusal to apologize annoyed his friends and robbed him of any sympathy he might have had.

STARS AND STRIPES PULLED DOWN.
A Vigilant Citizen Removes the Emblem of the Boer Delegates' Friends.

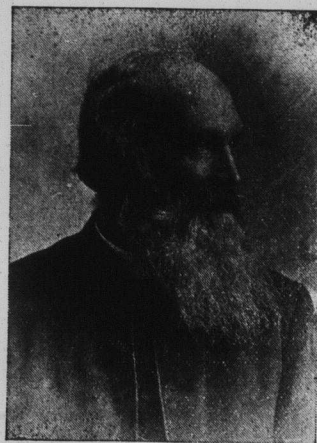
The premature celebration of the capture of Pretoria was not without its interesting incidents either. One of these happened early in the afternoon when the whole town was fast becoming one grand array of bunting. The firemen of No. 3 station on Union street were caught up by the wave of enthusiasm and soon their loyalty was displayed in a long line of flags great and small, stretched from their handsome quarters to a house across the street.

By some mischance, scarcity of bunting or something, a huge emblem of Uncle Sam's domain occupied the "best seat in the house" on the line. This glaring combination of stars and stripes almost touching the heads of passing horses, seemed very much out of place, in fact it stirred up a feeling not akin to brotherly love in those who have been reading for the last fortnight of the hysterical recitations of the F. ar delegates have been receiving across the border. The alleged "heroic" firmness of U. S. Consul Hay at Pretoria in assuring the safety of British prisoners, mentioned in the day's fake despatches cut no kind of a figure with the people. All they were thinking about was the Boer delegates and the loving manner in which even nearby Boston received them. Therefore that No. 3 Engine House stars and stripes was decidedly unpleasant to their vision.

Hundreds spoke about it and some said some real naughty things about certain

classes of our American cousins and the St. John men who were so lacking in tact as to flout their flag on Pretoria day, but only one had pluck enough in him to try and have it removed. He is by no means a stranger to the general public, but a bright and brawny young citizen, familiar to all.

He sought Chief Kerr and asked if the



REV. G. G. ROBERTS.

Rector of Fredericton—For many years an examiner for degrees in the University and the recipient this week of an honorary degree from the University of New Brunswick.

discomforting bit of bunting might not be removed. The Chief was curt in his answers and emphasized his negatives most decidedly. He was master of the situation, he claimed, and in some stern words over the telephone wires he forbade the flag's removal. But the premier fighter did not completely knock out his man with his eloquence, nor was the fellow on this end of the wires even groggy when the transit interview was ended. He simply said, "All right the flag will come down, just the same, you'll see."

Ald. Seaton is the new Board of Safety chairman, or in other words the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grease of the fire department and police force, the man to whom both Chiefs Kerr and Klark are amenable. The vigilant young citizen sought out the chief of chiefs who at once saw the force of the argument presented, that even if it was not a crime to fly a Yankee flag, it should not have the choice position to the overshadowing of a host of little British Jacks etc. Furthermore it caused a peculiar feeling among the people and hung from a civic building, where English flags should have a monopoly. Therefore the obnoxious stars and stripes were ordered down and a smaller, but much more appropriate British ensign took its place.

The young citizen won the day, but Chief Kerr is looking for him. There need be no fear of dire results for the anti-stars and stripes agitator, has broad shoulders and lots of the sound lung lacking in many public servants drawing fat salaries.

A GRAVE AND TOMB FOR SALE.
Grosses Bargain Offered by a Government Employee.

There's a man in town who is trying to get somebody to buy his wife's grave with monument thereupon. He don't care who the purchaser is as long as he or she has sufficient of Canada's legal tender to separate him from these uncanny belongings.

Though not dead a great while the wife of the man in question, who happens to hold a government job, has seemingly fled from the affectionate corner of his mind and beyond the fact that her six feet of earth in the City of the Dead is a menace to his domestic happiness, he seems to think nothing about her.

Cupid must have selected the subject of this item as a veritable target for he is once again the consort of a fair wife, and perhaps if this was not so the remains of the departed one would be allowed to rest in peace. The monument has not yet been paid for, and the stone cutter is pressing for his money, and what the government employee is seeking is a

purchaser for the granite memorial and the grave beneath it.

The whole thing has a gruesome aspect, and when hawked about as a business transaction makes cold chills run up and down one's back. As yet nobody has seemed inclined to talk "grave and monument" with the unfeeling widower that was.

Those Musical Cabinets.

The enterprising young man who brought those "musical cabinets" to the city and persuaded two or three people to put them in their places of business to attract the nickels of all disposed to be "sporty" has got his machines back from the police officer upon contributing \$60 in fines. He is lucky in being permitted to retain the "cabinets" inasmuch as under the law they might have been destroyed and their contents confiscated. The people who placed them in their stores were given to understand that because there was a musical attachment they were within the pale of the law. They knew that by putting a nickel in some phonographs the instrument would respond and so it was in the musical cabinet. But the trouble was that besides giving a tune this machine would sometimes deliver 10, 20 and 50 cents and even as high as \$2. Only some times however, and those who followed it up hard enough with their nickels found it out to their sorrow. This brought the cabinets within the gambling device section and as such the police seized them.

A Woman With Originality.

There is a woman over in North End who is certainly not one of those people who are ever unequal to an emergency. She proved this on Thursday. When she beheld the streets taking on the colors of Old England in profusion she bethought herself of some plan of celebration on her own account. All she had was one of the Sun's pictures of "Bobs," and a tattered British ensign, but a bright idea she also possessed, as was soon seen. No flagpole topped her humble home, nor did she have the necessary small sticks to display her scant bunting, so with all the dexterity of a veteran housekeeper she yanked in the clothes line and pinned her flag to it, and then disappearing from view for a moment came back with a gayly colored bed quilt, upon which was fastened the portrait of the great little British commander-in-chief. A few pulls and the gay array of loyal colors was in the track of the breeze, while the householder of ideas stood on the inside of the casement smiling the smile of a satisfied woman.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

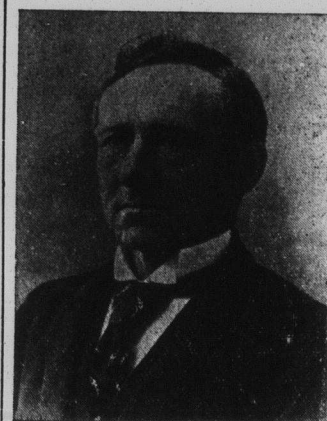
- PAGE 1.—It's just before you.
- PAGE 2.—Anecdotes of Oom Paul. General miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on U. N. B. Centennial British successes in S. A. and other topics. Joys and Woes of other places, poetry and local items.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social Items, bright and new, from all over the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including:
 - How the Eclipse Struck Fredericton.
 - Quo Vadis criticized by Phobias.
 - Another bar-room victim.
 - A barber shop episode.
 - Carted on a sloven.
 - Minister Borden was funny.
 - Uses viable school site.
 - Of interest to Kodak friends.
 - General miscellany of a high order.
 - Etc., etc., etc.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—A brand new serial of intense interest entitled "Old Scatergood's Money."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading, including "The modern Son and Daughter by an American mother."
- Other literature for Sabbath day reading.
- PAGE 12.—How the English fight the Boers. Fight Pictures Faxed.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir, and stylized talk of the big cities.
- PAGE 14.—A detective tells of the Livery bank robbery.
- PAGE 15.—"Go!"—A tale of invasion in the west.
 - Births deaths and marriages of the week from all over Lower Canada.
 - Selected bits from the best news papers in United States.

Unpleasant Made, He-covered, Reported Social 17 Waterloo.

Fortune Telling in St. John.

Madame Worden of Brunswick Street Tells of Her Patrons and Methods.

The fame of Mrs. Worden, the only fortune-teller that St. John can boast, has taken a boom since it has been learned that Mrs. Best of North End, who so mysteriously lost \$65 a short while ago received her first clue to the missing money while in a seance with the soothsaying woman. Mrs. Best had heard of Madame Worden and was induced to test her ability



DR. WILLIAM CROCKETT.

Formerly Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick and the recipient of an honorary degree this week from the University of New Brunswick.

at fathoming mystifying affairs. The story told her seemed so probable that the police were acquainted of the facts, and the case, as told in the daily papers has been sifted out satisfactorily. In many other instances Madame Worden has come prominently before the public and at her home Brunswick street there is never an afternoon or evening but that she reads the future of some lovesick swains, impressionable maidens, or endeavorers to clear up a doubtful matter or two for worried callers.

PROGRESS received a hearty welcome at the Brunswick street destiny establishment on Thursday and learned a few facts concerning the traffic in fortunes in this city. For a city its size St. John includes a big percentage of very credulous people, chiefly however of the "sweet sixteen" and old maid classes. These with youths and rural dudes are very anxious to have their lives, or more particularly their love affairs exposed to them in advance. And yet Madame Worden has visits from some of the best educated people in town, people who are prompted to have their fortunes read more through curiosity than otherwise. Visitors from river parts and the suburbs are a substantial quota of patronage, while in the Exhibition seasons and public holidays as many as seventy-five people are assigned their fates within a few days. Last fall at the Exhibition there were two fortune tellers doing a big business, but Madame Worden allows she had all the delving into the future she could possibly attend to.

Madame Worden is a short stout woman with a keen observing eye. While evidently not the graduate of any leading educational institution, she manages very well in elaborating upon a favorable "reading" and grows sadly eloquent when dark cards bob up. The planets are made use of in the process of turning out fates and by an ingenious code of card significations the sifter is led zig zag through his or her life. Here there may be a "cross," perhaps an accident, death or illness, and another card nearby, according to the fortune teller, may give assurance of a favorable termination of this unhappy event. Thus the cards are made tell some queer tales in the deft hands of the portly little woman, who asks that the sifter "cut" the pack twice, three different times, the cards after each cutting telling some new phase of the future. Even for the incredulous the procedure has a fascinating influence.

Almost every week day evening the year round Madame Worden's humble abode is filled with seance sitters. They come from all parts of town and its amusing to watch frightened faces in the dim light of the one horse power oil lamp, as they await their turn. Hardly a word is spoken and

many of the gentler visitors are heavily veiled to preserve their identity, while false moustaches frequently find their way to the lips of male callers. The patrons are called aside separately and taken into another room and the door locked. Here the future is uncovered and the past revealed with intimidating solemnity and formality. After fifteen minutes in the land of destiny the sifter is released, without even a commonplace exchange of words, which would mar perhaps the effect of the extraordinary occasion.

Among Madame Worden's callers last summer was a wealthy New York gentleman, who had heard at one of the hotels of her second sightedness. Being a stranger in town he indulged in none of the thoughts which would be apt to deter the native born from going to see her, so he called at the Brunswick street house. In the course of his seance he was told he had witnessed a murder when a young man came very nearly being killed himself. This astounded the New Yorker who said the expose of Madame Worden was true in every detail and at once offered to pay her way to the big American metropolis, where she might engage more profitably in her occupation. But this Mrs. Worden thankfully refused as she has a family of ten children to care for and is a "home body" in ever sense of the word. Offers from various entertainment bureaus in United States and Upper Canada have been made her to travel under their management, all of which she has turned aside with her regards.

THE FIRST STEP TAKEN.

The Police Aid the Home for Incurables of an Undesirable Neighbor.

There was a good deal of correspondence in PROGRESS some time ago respecting the fact that a house of ill fame was situated almost directly opposite the Home for Incurables which was so generously endowed by the late Mr. Turnbull. It was pointed out that this should not be and that the police knew the facts of the case and would not act upon them.

When the house was deserted some time later it was hoped by those who resided in the vicinity that the desired end had been accomplished but they were mistaken. Another proprietress, more venturesome, occupied the building and those interested in the new institution hardly knew what to do. But the police acted at last and early Thursday morning visited the place and arrested the inmates. The deposit was \$75 each and the police court receipts today are increased by \$300 because the fines were paid. Whether the parties will return to the same place remains to be seen. It is probable the police will give them a reasonable time to move and when the place is occupied again that the residents will be more desirable.

It is said that this is but the beginning and that the police intend to free that part of Britain street from these houses. This will be welcome news to those property holders who for years have paid taxes and got no return. They cannot build because no one would occupy their houses and they cannot sell their land because no one wants to build.

The evidence at the police court when the case of the inmates of the house that was raided came up was of a somewhat startling character and on the face of it would seem to bear out the statement made some time ago by the magistrate when he referred to the presence of the police about houses of ill repute. Sergeant Campbell made the arrests Thursday morning and it was against him that the witnesses seemed to wish to testify. No doubt the officer was simply doing his duty in this case and evidence of this sort at such a time must be taken with a grain of salt.

The increased vigilance of the liquor inspector is another lever toward the end desired by the people who wish the street a fairer fame. To allow the resorts to sell without restriction or, in fact, to sell at all is another way of encouraging their continuance. Inspector Jones is not likely to forget his duty in this respect any more than he has with licensed and unlicensed places up town.

Oom Paul a Gallant.

"At one time Kruger was very fond of riding on horseback, as nearly all Boers are. Once when out for a ride he met an old woman hobbling along with a bundle. She looked at the strapping young fellow rather wistfully, as if she envied him his comfortable seat on the saddle.

"He passed her, then, looking over his shoulder, noticed that the old dame hung her head wearily as she plodded along behind him. He reined up his horse, jumped down, and, without ceremony, lifted the old woman, bundle and all, into his saddle. Then, taking the horse up by the bridle, he led the animal carefully onward toward his own farm.

Just before arriving there the old woman said: "May God be good to you for your kindness to one so old and helpless. There are not many who would do as you have done. If I had been young and comely, as I once was, I could then understand it."

"If you had been young and comely I should not have dared to do it," said he, with just a suspicion of laughter in his hard set eyes.

"Not dared," she said, "and why? Should I, then, have eaten you?"

"You might not," said he, with a low chuckle, "but," pointing to his wife, who was standing on the stoop, "I think she would have."

"On another occasion he was out on a love expedition, but found that another young man had arrived there before him. The other suitor was a bit of a coxcomb, as coxcombs go on the veldt. He had a showy horse and a gorgeous saddle, and a new suit of clothes fresh from the hawk's van, and when Paul Kruger arrived on his rough but useful horse, with saddle to match and clothing made to suit the outfit, the other chap passed some remarks which caused the lust of battle to surge up good and strong in the future president's blood, but the maiden, who had the screw sense to know the difference between a mule and a man, made him promise not to lay a hand on the other fellow, because he was not worth the bother that such a blow as young Paul Kruger was sure to give.

"The dude somehow got an idea that Kruger had promised the damsel he would not strike him, and, as even in those days Paul was noted for his love of the truth, he thought he may very safely venture to be rude, so, climbing into his saddle, he fired off an unbearable lot of insolence right in the young man's teeth.

"Paul stood it until human nature could stand no more. Drawing back until he got the full force of his giant strength behind the blow, he lashed out and caught the horse behind the ear. The brute staggered from the shock, as if a second class earthquake had risen up and smitten it, then fell flat on its flank, breaking the rider's leg in the fall.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" cried the girl; "you promised me you would not hit him, no matter what he said."

"That is so, dear," said the young veldtsman, with a twinkle in his eyes and I kept my word to the letter, for I didn't say I wouldn't hit his horse."

"When he was in London an English friend offered to show him the sights of the modern Babylon. Oom and Paul fell in with the idea, and the Briton gathered him in to see a ballet show, thinking to get some fun out of his shocked feelings, but Oom sat and watched the whole show with evident interest.

"What do you think of the girls; nice and fresh, ain't they?" said the Briton, with a sly wink at the old patriarch.

"The girls' fresh enough, I don't doubt," came the reply through a cloud of smoke, "but I'd rather have the old shoes of the one I left behind in Africa than I'd have all the women you've got in England, on the stage or off it. She was good enough for me now."

He Was Armed.

In the days when highwaymen were more numerous and successful in Mexico than they are at present, it was the common practice of the natives to travel unarmed and to submit tamely to robbery. With foreigners a different sentiment prevailed. The author of "Mexicans at Home" tells a good story of a German who travelled in that country.

This gentleman always carries arms, with every intention of using them rather than allow himself to be robbed. On one occasion, when he was travelling by diligence in the interior,—he being the only passenger armed,—the coachmen suddenly pulled up and announced that robbers were in sight.

The German prepared to defend the coach, but the other passengers begged him not to do so, as this might compromise them. Consequently, when the robbers

came up he jumped out, and going to the side of the road, and called out that they were quite welcome to rob all the other passengers, but that they would please take down his portmanteau and place it beside him. This they did; and when they had robbed the others, he ordered that his

portmanteau should be replaced, which was done. He took his seat in the coach, and the journey was resumed.

Cost of City Lots.

The amusement of the bucolic mind at the extraordinary prices paid for a city lot, in cities as populous as Chicago or New York, is brought out by this yarn, told in the Chicago Times Herald:

Tem Nicholls, the artist, was talking to an old negro down in Georgia a few days ago, whom he had told that he lived in Chicago.

"Whar is dis yer Chercargo?" the ancient darkey asked. "Ees dat b'vant de sea?"

"No, it's up north above here, fourteen or fifteen hundred miles."

"Ush, Oo! Dat's too fur fur me. Kin you ride all de way on de kyars?"

"Oh yes, and much farther."

"I s'pose you got a big fahm up dar in dat Chercargo, what you call hit?"

"No, I don't own a foot of ground there."

"Wharfis dis?"

"Costs too much."

"Bout how much, suh?"

"Well, if you just wanted a place to put a home, you could probably get it for two hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty dollars a foot."

The old fellow leaned over and looked incredulously into the artist's face.

"Huh?" he asked. "Is yo' talkin' sense to me, white man?"

"Certainly, and if you wanted a place to put a store or something like that, it would cost four or five thousand dollars a foot front."

The negro was paralyzed. He could not even comprehend the cost of a foot of Chicago.

"Listen at dis, ole 'oman," he said to the

darky mammy who was broiling a young chicken and fixing the artist a savory meal, "listen at dis! Dars niggahs gone from Georgy to Chercargo. Dem niggahs gwinter come back beah if deys got sense ernuff to grease er gimlet. Whar dey gwinter git groun' ernuff to raise watter-millyuns, much lessen places fur taters en cabbages, en mustud greens en goobahs? 'Scuse me, suh, is you makin' a meal?"

Deliberate Purpose in Anxieties. An amusing incident, which shows that

pared for action. It filled its trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

This method of throwing cold water upon the admirers of a rival brought a laugh even from its victims.

Equally wise in making its calculations was a cat that chose a peculiar spot for a bed. Comfort was the cat's object, and the chosen spot did not seem to be calculated to afford it. The cat was found fast asleep

"I think, sir,"—with simplicity,—"that what struck me most forcible, sir, was the bullets that missed me!"

A Railroad Dog.

The only "active" railroad dog in the country, the only one on the pay-roll of a railroad line, is dead. That was Fido, who seven years ago, when only a slip of a pup, was picked up in the yard of the Chicago, Lake Shore & Eastern road, and as the Chicago Tribune says, clung to the place ever after.

One of Fido's accomplishments were flagging crossings for locomotive No. 50. In the discharge of that duty, three years ago he prevented an accident and probably saved the road a lawsuit.

A peddler was approaching the Wabansia Avenue crossing when Fido came along, looking as usual, to see if all were well. The dog was fifty yards ahead of the engine, and in dog fashion he tried to warn the peddler of danger. The peddler, however, paid no attention, but kept on. Just as he got within three feet of the track, Fido jumped up and knocked him back prostrate. A moment later the engine passed. But for the dog the peddler would have been killed.

When the president of the road heard the story, he put Fido on the pay-roll. The dog got his wages in an envelope every month, like any other employe, and the men provided for him lavishly besides.

Fido was an Irish setter, apparently with some claim to pedigree; but like about the railroad yards blunted his finer feelings, and he became a fighter that no dog could whip. Not a man in the neighborhood would have hesitated to wager his money at odds on Fido.

The dog had a system of his own. He was a running fight. When another dog attacked him along the road, Fido would manage to get his assailant between himself and the moving locomotive, which he followed all the time. While doing this he would watch for a chance, rise to his best, and throw his assailant under the wheels of the engine. Then he would run ahead and flag crossings just as if nothing had happened.

But it was in one of these fights that the railroad dog lost his life. He dispeared of his assailant in the usual manner, but in doing so he ran too close to the track, and the locomotive cylinder struck him and knocked him under the wheels. The railroad men shed tears when they buried Fido, and they intend that he shall have a monument.

A Neglected Cold.

Is very dangerous, and the farther it goes the faster it goes. A very small quantity of Adamson's Botanic Balsam will cure a "young" cough. An older one requires more Balsam to stop it—but no cough is too old for it to cure. 25c. at all Druggists.

Improved His Holidays.

In these days, when a schoolhouse is not infrequently closed because of the prevalence of some contagious disease, an incident of school attendance, told by the Westminster Gazette, is worth preserving.

Thomas Ward, a Walworth lad, recently left school with a special medal awarded on account of his constant attendance, without a single absence, during the eleven years since he was four years old.

The proud mother was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measels, whooping cough, and so forth?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply. "How, then, could he have always been at school?"

"Please, sir, he had them during the holidays," was the interesting reply.

"Can't you set a date for payment of this little bill?" asked the collector.

"I could if it weren't for one thing," answered the debtor.

"What is that?"

"I want to sustain my reputation for ruth and veracity."



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

animals are subject to feelings very like those which occasionally ruffle the bosoms of men, occurred some little time ago at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

A large elephant, formerly the centre of attraction, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. The camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last its jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel, the elephant pre-

in a large ship-building yard, lying on what seemed to be a very muddy path.

It was found, however, that the spot chosen by the cat for its couch was the point at which a hot steam-pipe passed under the road, so that the mud was baked into a warm, dry clay, which made not only a clean but an artificially heated sleeping-

Conundrum.

A good conundrum is like an inanimate object, because it cannot die. A correspondent of the New York Sun recalls one propounded by the poet John Godfrey Saxe, and mentioned to the writer by one of his daughters. Although of reputable age, it is apparently new in print, and so is repeated here:

Can you tell me why a hypocrite's eye can better descry than you can, or I, upon how many toes a pussy cat goes?

A hypocrite neat can best counterfeit, and so, I suppose, can best count her toes.

What Struck Him.

Like the dyspeptic who said that the only food he ever liked was the food he couldn't get, a certain Patrick—once a soldier, now a family servant—seems to have been especially susceptible to what may be called negative impressions. This son of Erin, says the Paris American Register, brought an honorable scar on two from India.

Once he described his part in a battle—the advance, the gallop, the charge, and how, as one rider fell dead from his saddle, the death grip of his fingers on his pistol discharged it and killed his own horse.

"What struck you most forcibly when all was over and you looked back to it?" asked a friend.

"Ah," said the old servant, reflectively

HUMPHREYS'

TELEPHONE No. 247 LISBON.

When in Lisbon call up Ribeiro da Costa & Co., droguistas, 120 Rua do Arsenal, 152, they will send to your hotel or tell you the nearest pharmacy that keeps Humphreys' Specifics. "77" for Grip and Colds. Specific "4" for Diarrhea, very important when travelling.

Specific "1" for Fevers, Congestion. Specific "10" for Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Specific "5" for Rheumatism. Specific "16" for Malaria. Specific "98" for Sea-Sickness. Specific "27" for Kidney and Bladder. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free.

For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. each. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

33 Rue Etienne-Mauroi, 33, Paris.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 87 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BESURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

Anna Eva Fay is drawing immense houses in the West.

Paderewski's concert tour which ended last week netted \$170,000.

Henry W. Savage sails for Europe early in June to secure talent for his operatic season.

A welcome is extended to L. W. Titus upon his return from Boston where he was pursuing his musical studies.

Radolph Aronson may bring to America Louis Game, chef d'orchestre des Bals de L'Opera, Paris for a concert tour.

The Harmony Club minstrels had excellent audiences in Fredericton on the 24th, playing to the capacity of the Opera House.

A thief got away last week with two paintings belonging to Mme. Sombrieh's maid having identified the property of the singer.

Augusta Doria of Boston, has been engaged for three years as first dramatic mezzo-soprano, at the Royal Opera Berlin. She is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi.

Christie McDonald, who is being claimed by Boston, but who is a Nova Scotian, has been singing Princess this season, will succeed Lulu Glasier with Francis Wilson.

Frieda Stender has been engaged by Grau and Savage for the English opera company for youthful prima donna dramatic roles. She studied four years with Mme. Pappenheim.

Mme Emma Navada, the operatic star and her sister met for the first time in twenty eight years, at Cleveland, Ohio, last week. The sisters had been separated in childhood and had been unable to find each other.

A genuine surprise was created by the announcement made last week that De Wolf Hopper, the comic opera star would enter vaudeville. He has been secured by Weber and Fields for the stock company more playing at their Broadway, N. Y., music hall. He will replace Peter Dailey who is to star next season. Speaking of the event which caused so great a sensation the N. Y. Mirror says:

The contract, which is for two years, was signed on Tuesday May 15, in Baltimore, where Weber and Fields were filling an engagement. Hopper, who is an old friend of the actor-managers, visited them in their dressing room, and in the course of a pleasant chat, Weber said suddenly: 'Hopper, why don't you come and act with us?' The elongated comedian said he thought it would be a good idea, and inside of ten minutes terms were agreed upon and the deal was concluded. Hopper immediately abandoned his idea of going to London next season, and is now looking forward to a very pleasant engagement as a member of the "happy family," as the Weber and Fields company is called. A special part will be written for Hopper in the new burlesque now being put together by Harry B. Smith, Edgar Smith and John Stromberg for the opening next season.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

With a wealth of magnificent scenic effect, elaborate and correct costuming, Quao Vadis was given its first performance in this city on Monday evening by W. S. Harkins and his excellent company. It is the event, which more than all others of the last year or two has excited a deep interest even among those who take but a passing interest in things theatrical. The story of Quao Vadis is powerful, thrilling and of historical interest, setting forth as it does the sufferings of the christians under that monster of ancient history—Nero. The author Sienkiewicz has selected a period of history which gives wonderful material for dramatization. The enter-

prise which made a production of the great play possible in this city is to be highly commended, and Manager Harkins must be regarded in the light of a benefactor. Pure, uplifting, with deep religious interest the predominant interest in it of course all who witness Quao Vadis are the better for it. As played by the Harkins company it was an artistic triumph, the memory of which will long remain, to the credit of Mr. Harkins and his talented company. The costumes were brought

delighted applause. Ursus received a wonderfully good interpretation in the hands of Mr. Weaver, while Mr. McGlynn was thoroughly good as Chilo. Miss Hall made a graceful and very effective Eunice, and her sweet, clear voice with its touch of pathos, gave her work an added charm. Miss Louise Wakelee has done some very good work here from time to time, but in my estimation her work as Aulus in Quao Vadis was quite the best piece of

can theatre, New York, for a term of five years. Julie Herne, daughter of James Herne, is writing a play. The Devil's Auction closed its season on May 19th. Cumberland, Md. Blanche Walsh will star next season in a new romantic play by Eugene Presbrey. Alice Holbrook will star next season in "The Belle of Honolulu," opening Sept. 1. John Most, the anarchist, appeared in

alderman in Cambridge and is said to be slated for higher honors. R. H. Russell the publisher has purchased the American copyright for Edmond Rostand's L'Aiglon, and will bring out a translation in book form. Johnstone Bennett the actress undertook an exciting balloon ascension at the Paris exposition a day or two ago and barely escaped with her life. Robert Bell Hilliard, son of actor Robert Hilliard has passed examination and been admitted as a cadet at the United States naval academy, Annapolis. Franklyn McLeay has planned a benefit for the Ottawa fire sufferers which will occur at Drury Lane theatre, London, on June 19, when E. S. Willard will appear. The Emperor William has commanded Captain Lanfi to project another play about the Hohenzollerns to celebrate the bicentennial of the Prussian kingdom, next year. Edward Warren and Marguerite Hammond will star next season in a new pastoral comedy "Cowslip Farm" by Arthur Tubbs. W. A. La Bonte will manage the attractions.



H R H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

from New York and were correct in every detail, the togas and draperies in their graceful effects, and tasteful colorings making the scene a most picturesque one.

Mr. Elliott has been seen in many parts here, but none in which he did himself more credit than in that of Petronius, Nero's fearless friend, and the champion of the christians. His bearing was stately and dignified, his voice clear and distinct. His work throughout was strong, forceful, and whatever his mood, whether pandering to the vanity of the emperor, defending the christians or in his tender love passages with the slave Eunice, he was equal to the situation and every emotion was faithfully portrayed.

What a Nero, Joseph Brennan did make, in presence, voice and work throughout. His role was never overdone, and in the part he stamped himself as an actor of unusual merit, and added new laurels to those already won by him in other, but, perhaps less difficult roles. Sweet, graceful and womanly was the interpretation given by Miss Dalgligh to Lygia, the christian maiden; she was strong at all times, and most natural and dainty.

Mr. Franklyn Ritchie had not hitherto given much hint of the possibilities in him but as Marcus Vinicius he had a part which gave him excellent opportunity, and he did it justice. His acting was good, at times magnificent, and the audience showed its appreciation in round after round of applause. Mr. Harkins played a small part but he did it in his usual good and thorough way, and his appearance was the signal for

acting I have ever seen her do. Her prison and death scene was exquisitely done—if one may use such a word in that connection—and many a wet eye in the audience paid tribute to the pathetic scene.

Mrs. Weaver's Poppea, the wife of Nero, was a splendid impersonation, and high praise has been forthcoming on all sides in regard to it. Very thankless were the roles of Mr. McWade and Mr. Cody, as Tegelius and Glaucus respectively but they were done in a most excellent manner. In fact every one whose name appeared in the cast acquitted themselves with extreme credit and the performance was in every detail most finished and smooth. Incidental to the play the St. John quartette introduced music, singing the Adeste Fideles very effectively. Several local people appeared in the production as soldiers, ladies in waiting etc. Mr. Harkins present engagement ends today but he hopes to return the last of June for another two weeks.

Palmer Cox's Brownies in their "Trip to Fairyland" will be the attraction at the opera house for a part of next week. Over a hundred children will take part.

Charles H. Hoyt is at work upon a new play. Ada Rehan closed her season on the 19 at Detroit.

Jessie Millward will spend the summer in England. Thomas Page is dramatizing his novel "Red Rock."

Henry Greenwall has leased the Ameri-

The Weavers at the Windsor theatre, N. Y., last week in the aid of striking cigar makers.

Walter A. Sonneborn, the Boston playwright is engaged upon a new play. The temperature of several New York theatres is now cooled by a liquid air device.

Rose Melville will star in "Sis Hopkins" next season. The following season she will be seen in a new play.

Jack Mason who recently secured a divorce from Marion Manola, was married last week to Katherine Gray in Boston.

The dramatic rights to Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel "The Grip of Honor" are being negotiated for by W. N. Lawrence.

Harry Watters will originate a new Hebrew role next season in "The Bowery After Dark," a part now being written in for him.

Joseph Haworth retired last Saturday from the cast of Quao Vadis in New York. He will not enter vaudeville as has been announced.

Jacques Kruger, who has been with James O'Neill in "The Musketeers" will star next season it is said in a new play entitled "Dreams."

The personal effects of the late "Alvin Joelin"—Charles H. Davis—were sold at auction last week in Pittsburg, Pa., at low prices. Such is fame.

The brother of Mr. Thomas E. Shea the latter of whom is well known here is an

An audience of 4000 witnessed a dress rehearsal of the Passion Play a few days ago. The services of 900 persons were enlisted in the first performance which took place on May 24.

Eugenie Thais-Lawton, a Louisville, Kentucky, society girl who has been engaged by Liebler and Company for next season is said to be the most beautiful woman in the south, the land of beautiful woman.

Last week James A. Herne bought from the estate of the late Henry C. Miner the interest held by that manager in Shore Acres, and is now sole owner of the play which is regarded as Herne's masterpiece.

David Belasco is said to have paid \$8,000, to secure the American rights to Ibsen's "When we Dead Awake." It is safer to hazard that he paid about \$500 for it, and the amount mentioned is only one of the press agents vagaries.

Clarence M. Brune is negotiating with several stars to fill Fanny Davenport's roles in that actress's Sardon plays, which Mr. Brune will produce next season. As yet no decision has been made. Melbourne McDowell will continue with the company.

The stage censors of Liepsig, Carlsruhe and Stuttgart, Germany, last week forbade the performance in those cities of Count Leo Tolstois, "The Power of Darkness" that was presented in New York in part a few days ago at a school of acting.

Says the Dramatic Mirror of last Thursday: H. Price Webber has found his new version of The Little Detective especially successful, and it has made a hit wherever it has been given. He reports the business with the Boston Comedy company this season the best that he ever had.

John Lovell and son, of Montreal, will soon publish in book form F. T. Graham's "History of the Montreal Stage," originally printed serially in the Montreal Metropolitan. The matter has been rewritten and revised, while Colonel T. Allston Brown has scrutinized the data.

Nora Dunblane is a young actress of beauty and accomplishment, who has won prompt recognition by her undoubted talent and great ambition. She only graduated a year ago from the American Academy of Dramatic arts. She is now engaged for the summer season in "Hearts are Trumps" at McVickers theatre, Chicago.

Mojecka is to make a farewell tour next season in King John under the direction of Wagenhals and Kemper. They will make the tour one of the most notable in the career of the great actress. King John has not been given on the American stage for many years but it was recently revived in London by Beerbohm Tree with great success. The season will cover only twenty five weeks.

The mirror thus refers to Miss Bonstelles Summer company: "The members of the Jessie Bonstelle Stock company left for Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, and after a week of rehearsals will open for the Summer at the Lyceum Theatre, May 28. The initial bill is to be the version of Denise used by Olga Nethercole, presented for the first time by a stock company. Following this there will be offered a succession of carefully selected plays, including a number of Shakespearean productions, the presentation of which is prompted by the success of Miss Bonstelle's appearance as Juliet in Rochester last summer. This will be Miss Bonstelle's fourth summer season in Rochester, where her success has been emphatic.

"Bought My Life for 35 Cents—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. "It was a living death to me until I tried Dr. Von Stear's Fiesapple Tablets—thanks to them to day I am well—and I tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents"—40 in a box—why're good for any and every form of stomach trouble—safe to use and convenient to carry with you. Sold by E. C. Brown.

simplicity,—"that forcible, sir, was the e" road Dog. railroad dog in the e on the pay-roll of a ad. That was Fido, ago, when only a cked up in the yard of ore & Eastern road, Tribune says, clung to accomplishments were or locomotive No. 50. that duty, three years accident and probably suit. approaching the Wabansia men Fido came along, o see if all were well. ards ahead of the en- tion he tried to warn r. The pedler, how- tion, but kept on. Just ee feet of the track, nd knocked him back ment later the engine e dog the pedler would ent of the road heard Fido on the pay-roll. ges in an envelope every ther employe, and the im lavishly besides. h setter, apparently with agree; but life about the nted his finer feelings, ighter that no dog could n in the neighborhood ed to wager his money system of this own. He ht. When another dog g the road, Fido would assilant between himself ecomotive, which he fol- . While doing this he chance, rise to his best, adant under the wheels of n he would run ahead and s as it nothing had hap- one of these fights that the his life. He disposed of the usual manner, but in too close to the track, and cylinder struck him and ded the wheels. The rail- toars when they buried tend that he shall have a neglected Cold. ous, and the farther it it goes. A very small son's Botanic Balsam will ough. An older one re- Balsam to stop it—but no for it to cure. 25c. at all ved His Holidays. , when a schoolhouse is not used because of the preval- ontagious disease, an inci- attendance, told by the Gazette, is worth preserving. rd, a Walworth lad, recent- with a special medal awarded of his constant attendance, le absence, during the eleven was four years old. mother was asked to explain arently impossible feat had lished. "Did he have the diseases—measels, whooping orth?" , was the reply. , could he have always been r, he had them during the e interesting reply. est a date for payment of ' asked the collector. it weren't for one thing,' an- debtor. that?" sustain my reputation for acacity.'

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2

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

THE UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL.

The centennial exercises at the University this week have been of an interesting and notable character. Men eminent in learning from many universities on this continent assembled to do honor to the event and the manner in which the anniversary was celebrated does credit to the gentlemen who made the arrangements for it. There was but one marvellous feature—the sudden death of Dr. RAND, a man who has done much for education in this province. He was one of the men who carried or free school system into effect and for that reason must always be held in grateful remembrance.

The university has come through many trials and tribulations to the one hundredth year of her existence. She has sent some of the ablest men in Canada from her halls and contributed not a few to the best colleges in the United States. For some years criticism has been freely indulged in regarding her methods and while some of it has been harsh and uncalled for there is no doubt that the attention directed by this means to the institution has not been without its good effect.

The valedictorian this year pointed out some things that he thought might be beneficial to the college. The need of greater publicity was touched upon and the staff urged to get in closer touch with the people. The chancellor has tried this for a year or two and one result has been a much increased attendance.

The Centennial is notable for the effort to erect an engineering building. This is one of the best signs of the progress of the institution. When under-graduates endeavor to assist the college in this way the interest they feel in their alma mater must be strong indeed. In this case they have caused old graduates to think and to contribute so freely toward their object that the large sum required to erect the building has been almost wholly subscribed.

That the second century in the history of the University of New Brunswick may be marked year by year with just such efforts is the sincere wish of all her graduates. They have stood aloof too long, permitting their alma mater to depend upon public aid. The day may come when she will not have to do this but it will only be when her sons and daughters take a lively interest in her welfare.

THE BRITISH SUCCESS.

The interest of Canadians in the war in South Africa was shown more than ever this week when the great event—the occupation of Pretoria—was imminent. No one dared to hope that this would be accomplished before the close of the week yet Lord ROBERTS once more surprised the British Empire and added to his splendid reputation by pushing forward with an example rapidity and arriving at the gates of Johannesburg had surrendered. The mobility of the Boers is no longer spoken of—the rapid march of the British colonial soldiers is the one theme of continental critics—those jealous observers of the English in South Africa. At the time of this writing while Pretoria has not actually surrendered it is not expected that the Boers will defend it. The flight of KRUGER must have disappointed those sturdy adherents of his who have followed his advice and warred with the greatest of powers. They had implicit confidence in his ability to carry them through the contest with success. They had no fear of losing and indeed for a time after the beginning of hostilities the odds of battle were

with them. When the forces of the empire gathered and were led by competent generals there was a difficult tale to tell. The relief of Ladysmith and that gallant garrison at Mafeking were two of the great features of the war. The Canadians have done more than their share as a part of the force of Lord ROBERTS and the glory they have won has made Canada proud of them.

No one will regret the fact that the war seems approaching its close. The loss of life has been enormous and the expense far greater than was expected. Lord ROBERTS' tactics has prevented the destruction to life that was so familiar when METHEUN and BULLER led and his success has justified them. There is no doubt that detached portions of the Boer army will fight for some time but the backbone of the irremediable is broken.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The missionaries from India, in attendance upon the recent Ecumenical Conference in New York, declared, in a published statement, that the present famine situation in India is of "unparalleled and indescribable gravity." This is the deliberate assertion of men and women who know the country thoroughly and have witnessed the distress of the people in previous periods of scarcity.

More statistics give an inadequate idea of so appalling a calamity. Yet when it is remembered that the stricken provinces contain a population of sixty millions, four fifths of whom are dependent on agriculture; and that, at last accounts, five and a half million persons were receiving aid from the government, it will be seen that the situation is not exaggerated.

Famines, more or less acute, are so frequent in India that famine relief has been reduced almost to a science by the government officials. As soon as famine conditions are seen to be approaching the machinery of relief is set in motion.

The present government of India is working energetically; but no government can support, through months of famine, such a vast population. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of people must die of starvation unless private charity, on a large scale, supplements the government relief. The war in South Africa has drawn so heavily upon the resources and charities of England that less aid than usual can be expected from that quarter; and this is true also, to some extent, of the British colonies. This makes more urgent the need of assistance from other countries.

It is not as subjects of Queen Victoria, but as suffering helpless human beings, that the stricken natives of India appeal to the sympathies of the Christian world. They need generous and instant aid, and that aid will be most effectual if it takes the form of money. Large sums are needed, but the smallest contribution, if made promptly, will help in keeping at least one person from starvation.

ROYALTY OF AGE.

The present month witnesses the birthdays of two royal personages in circumstances unusual, touching and noteworthy. On the 6th, the Crown Prince of Germany reached his majority—eighteen years. He is a youth of proud and worthy ancestry; he has been educated with sedulous care; he is said to be of unspoiled nature and princely bearing. Transpose the figures of his age, and on May 24th they expressed the age of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, queen and empress, the chief personage in Christendom. In the fullest and noblest sense of the term, she, too, is "of age."

The Victorian Era has been the period of the evolution of the public school, the greatest achievements in education, in science, in the arts, and in the civilization of the world. It has seen the enfranchisement of man; the revolution of the condition of women, of convicts and of the insane. Philanthropy has thrown wide her gates; natural and applied science has altered the world's whole conception of earth and its products of life and its possibilities.

It is futile to conjecture what the age of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm will bring forth. Suffice it, that however kingly his state, every marvel of science, every transformation wrought in the intellectual world will belong more to him than to the humblest boy or girl who reads these lines. No longer do invention and discovery wait at the feet of kings.

A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

If the year 1899 was remarkable for its business prosperity, it was no less noteworthy for its charities.

Never in any twelvemonth since records have been kept, in this or any other country has so large a sum been poured out for the helping and uplifting of mankind as was bestowed last year in the form of gifts and bequests to colleges, libraries, hospitals, churches and other institutions. The recorded total is

sixty-two and three quarters million dollars to which may fairly be added at least two million and a quarter more, in small donations—the little gifts of which the left hand of the giver never knew.

Not only is the size of this cheerful to contemplate, but in several other respects it invites favorable comment.

First the amount of money bestowed in the form of direct gifts was greatly in excess of that left by bequest. In other words, rich men did not wait until death had robbed them of the power longer to enjoy their wealth, but gave of their possessions while they could still follow the course of their benefactions, see that their wishes were regarded, and advise concerning the fulfilment of their plans. This course is not only most sensible from a business point of view, but it also ensures the giver a larger share in the pleasure of his benefactions. It makes him part and parcel of the good he does, and so leaves him a better man. The knowledge that people of large means are more and more coming to adopt this course is not the least attractive characteristic of last year's charitable record.

Another point worth mentioning is the growing disposition to give anonymously. It shows, better than anything else could show it, a sincere and personal interest in the noble aims for which the gifts are made, and an absence of the self interest which seeks advertising and the praise of men.

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JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES

Hallux Ahead This Time. (Hallux Echo). The ash carts started on their rounds last night. Ye With Unhappy Lots, Attention! (Springhill Advertiser). Parties wanting their lots fixed up, can have them done by applying to Ralph Turner, at moderate rates.

A Long Distance View. (Windsor Tribune). The Sydney club have moved into the top floor of the Commercial bank of Windsor block. The rooms have a magnificent view of Sydney harbor.

Big Drop in Drugs. (Bridgetown Monitor). Much good medicine was wasted in Dr. Armstrong's office yesterday. Several long shelves, almost completely filled with bottles of drugs and medicines, that were but slightly touched by a supporting cabinet, toppled over.

Mail Carried Female From Germany. (Exchange). In the mails recently received in Milwaukee were the ashes of a lady of that city who died while visiting Germany and was cremated there.

But What's in a Name? (Exchange). Jay Gould of Shubenscade, is now on one of the Nelson's Liniment teams. This week he is doing Hants county, and reports says he is meeting with good success. No doubt 'Jay' will make a good agent.

"The Deserted Village." (Hallux Echo). It is estimated that there are 1,400 vacant houses in Halifax. The large number of houses built in the suburbs during the past few years is said to be the cause. Most of the vacant houses are in the city proper, and are either held for high rentals or are out of date as dwellings.

The Penalty of Fame. (Miramichi Advance). The schooner formerly known as the Gaspar Kabree, which has been lengthened and rebuilt during the past winter and spring, was launched from the Miller foundry yard yesterday morning, and renamed Baden-Fowell.

Editorial Woes. (Annapolis Spectator). Editing a newspaper is not a nice business. If we publish jokes people say we are "rattleheaded." If we don't we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them selections enough. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we go out then we are not attending to our business. If we don't go to church we are heathen. If we do we are a hypocrite. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us; if we wear good ones they say we have a "pull." Now what are we to do? Just as like as not some will say we stole this item from our Exchange.

The Soldier's Fat Gene. (Butler's Journal). There has been very much fuss made about the soldier's bear, Bridget, who recently "took a slope" to the land of shadows—the Union Jack has been hung at half mast at the barracks and the has been buried with military honors, while a certain Mr. Brown of the school has "immortalized" her in a "poem."

We essayed a poem on the above mournful occasion but our feelings overcame us and we could not finish it. It runs thus to the tune of Beulah Land: The soldier's bear is Lord knows where. There but remains her hide and hair— They planted her upon the Square And now the soldier's craps do wear.

"There Were Others." (London Punch). "Pleasant month of May!"—we faint Scan the calendar, and say— "Lo! we greet you once again, Pleasant month of May!" Then your azure skies turn grey. Singing ball and crenching rain Come to mar your sunny way. Justly then may we complain When your ill-timed joys you play; From such pleasures refuse— Pleasant month of May.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When the Honeyuckles Bloom. Oh, what scenes arrest before me, Oh, what light visions gleam Pure, mysterious, lovely, holy, Fairer than my own best dream And these visions drift around me, In sweet light, in sweeter gloom. All my soul is filled with rapture When the honeyuckles bloom.

O what melodies surround me O what light music flows In the tree tops, in the grasses, From the song birds tender throats And the streamlet, rushing gladly From the dark cave's rocky tomb Sings in freedom's joyous cadence When the honeyuckles bloom.

Oh, what odors fair a lure me, Oh, what fragrances passing sweet As the sweet shrubs bees for kisses In their woodland, shy retreats And the heart leaves, as I crush them, Yield the loveliest perfume. Oh, what truth Jehovah teaches When the honeyuckles bloom.

And 'twas in this lovely season, Fairer of our bestowments earth, That my spirit found the treasure, Only treasure that it worth. Then the spirit found my spirit Out from sin's funeral gloom. And my Saviour speaks the clearest When the honeyuckles bloom. —Elise Beattie.

Going to the Country. We are going to the country. Come along, my little Through this breeze, easy summer you're to run a trifle wild. Bring your wares, boxes, dollies, and your dearest queerest one. And your little brittle dishes and your sassy squirts. Wash your rosy, rosy fingers till they're very clean and neat. Put your shiny, tiny slippers on your agile, fragile feet! Hop and pop into the lightest and the brightest of your frocks. Tie your ramble-bramble hat upon your blowing skipping, tripping to the station, where the luggage van is piled. Yes, be ready to the country. Come along, my happy child.

The Oriole. In blossom time the oriole sings Out to the air his midday wing; His breast, that swells so joyously, A fraum'nt is of sunset sky. In recess at the treetop we see, In recess, and with such colors hung As ne'er were wore at Arzac, there He waits his sweetheart of the air. Knowing the love trust will be kept, Ere many shies have glided or swept He'll hear her voice, with answering chirp.

What mural painting there is seen! Ivory, pale rose and tender green; A bow of blue, and glint of dew, Such fragrance in each dainty hue; The floor and columns' white bole, The orchard for the oriole! Yet each tint of the apple tree Is far less glorious than he, Lending to him a glow in red; Young Vanity makes that his cure In blossom time.

How lustily he trills his cheer! To strike her cord of listening ear! His passionate expectancy, Transmutes his soul to melody. The bees that to his call have come Sound all in vain their deeper hum. And lost upon the flying air Their drowsy twilight nocturne there Soon she will come from southland far To where the scented petals are. Yet each tint of the apple tree Is far less glorious than he, Lending to him a glow in red; Young Vanity makes that his cure In blossom time.

Cotton, Mule and Nigger. Summer time is here again. See dat grass a-growin'! Sum up de peep of day, Keep dem ploughs a-joinin', Sitt de dirt 'n' grass grow like an, Dey is sure to do tnat part, Fester dan de craps dat's in, Keep on ploughin', hoed!

Chop dat cotton to er stan' Watch it, wuck it, hoe it, Fester dan de peep of day, Make dem hoes jes' go it, All de row keep clear 'n' clean 'Neat 'n' growin' in between; If you'se fat, you'll soon be lean Hoed! Fer I know it.

Cotton craps don't give no res' To de mule or nigger, Breathe an' toll de very ban, Den dey cut a fagger. In de 'round-up' of de craps, Dey fills up a mighty gap Cotton, mule and nigger. —William Lunde Hill.

Mrs. Langtry Sells. Mrs. Langtry and her company sailed last week for England. The New York papers of last week referred at length to an episode that threatened to mar the closing of Mrs. Langtry's American tour. Some of the unimportant members of the company took offence because they could not have exclusive steam boats to return in or something of that sort, and they threatened to leave in a huff. Fortunately actors were in New York to fill up the company but they were not required, for when the Britons saw the Americans at the wing watching rehearsals and ready to go on they decided they would finish the season as it was.

"Pa," said the senator's little son, "what is a nemesis?" "A nemesis, my son," replied the senator, "is a female office seeker for whom you have foolishly promised to wear your influence."

Talk on a Baseball Field.

If there is much baseball like that played on Wednesday the game will have a speedy death in this city. The Alerts and Roses met on the Athletic grounds and victory perched again on the banner of the former. They seem to form a stronger team this year than last and one noticeable feature was the harmonious way in which they worked. The Roses on the contrary were under no capable direction apparently. The pitcher would roast the catcher and the latter would get in his reply to those fielders who told him to play better ball. He made some rank mistakes and no doubt annoyed the friends of the Roses, but such talk on the ball field does not go and the best heads in the Roses know it. O'Neill put in an appearance on second base and played with much of his former dash and spirit. It was his first game however, and he was not in his best form. Since that game the Roses catcher has returned to his home and for the game to-day McLean of Fredericton is announced as the backstop of the North End team.

A Celebration Incident.

"Take it down," "Take it down" was the cry raised by several people Thursday morning when a young man tried to place the Stars and Stripes among the Union Jacks on a King Street business house. He didn't make any answer but kept right along and the result was that the crowd below became impatient. They had read of the great reception given the Boer delegates in Boston and they were not in a mood to look at the Yankee flag. By this time other employees in the establishment were looking out of the windows up stairs and one of them of a practical turn of mind dropped a large wad of wet paper upon the decorators head. He vanished at once and the incident raised such a laugh that the flag was forgotten.

Two Stories by Joseph Jefferson.

Joe Jefferson was asked by "Success" what he considered the most amusing experiences of his stage career, particularly in connection with his famous "Rip Van Winkle."

"The most amusing incident connected with this play," he said, "was the receipt of a letter from a citizen in a small town where he had played the night before. He said he had enjoyed the performance very much, and would not have missed it for anything in the world. It might be unusual he said, for a stranger like him to write his thanks to so distinguished an actor,—those are his words, not mine,—in appreciation of the smiles and the tears of a whole evening; but that, while he was thoroughly disinterested in the matter, he felt under an obligation, and would like to make some reparation and some return for the favors he had received as an auditor. 'I am the inventor,' he wrote, 'of a patent spring bed, and I would like to send you one of these beds as a present; all I would ask of you is just simply, when you wake up in the fifth act, you would say that you wouldn't have felt so bad if you had been sleeping in one of Dunk's patent spring beds.'

But by far the funniest experience of his road life was furnished by the late W. J. Florence, with whom Mr. Jefferson was starring the New England circuit of one-night stands. Mr. Florence loved to be called out to make a speech before the curtain. One night, in a Connecticut city, he was called out and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen: it is to you that I owe all the success I have attained in my profession. It was the early encouragement that I received here that prompted me to go on with my professional work. I was here a boy; I know you all; I recognise you all; I know each other, and I can never forget the kindness that has been showered upon me by the people of Hartford."

A man in the audience shouted: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "It thus behooves an actor," said Mr. Jefferson, in telling the story, "not only to be prepared in his speech, but pretty well satisfied in what place he is acting."

"It is all over between us," said Miss Dinmore firmly to Mr. Dolley. "Take your ring." "Keep it," replied Mr. Dolley mournfully.

I couldn't think of such a thing. It is my invariable rule to return the ring when I break an engagement."



When Thursday the Mayor and D. Criton attending official official on hand, had the authentic. The morning tell capitalists of F an hour before again. At 10.30 from the tugs in at high noon the Square and ano the steamers. But shortly at Lord Roberts p joys proceeded yet been enter was a fugitive. in Chief's repen aspect of thing the town was I term is allowe are ex-proce word does ar Sears-promise quarters of Cr just once more been saving fo O course the pany G arrive

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For Additional Society News, See Fifth and Eighth Pages.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- Monroe & Co. ... Barrington street
Lafayette Street ... Cor. George & Granville Sts
Canada News Co. ... Railway Depot
J. W. Allen ... Brunswick street
Queen Bookstore ... Dartmouth St.
Mrs. DeFoyles ... 109 Hollis St.

May 30 - James F. Hamilton, of St. John, came to Halifax on Saturday. Mr. Hamilton will enjoy a week's fishing in the waters of the Musquodoboit river.

Captain McDonald, of 'B' company of the Canadian regiment in garrison, on leaving for his home in Ontario on another command, addressed his company yesterday. He referred to the privilege Colonel Vidal extended 'B' company of quartering at Glacie barracks, and touched upon the praise bestowed on the Canadian regiment by Lord Seymour.

Mrs. W. H. Evans, accompanied by her little daughter, has left for Halifax, where she will join her husband, Capt. W. H. Evans, Mrs. Clouston wife of Mr. E. S. Clouston, manager of the Montreal Bank and the Misses Clouston, who have been travelling on the continent for the last three months, return to Montreal the middle of June. Miss Clouston leaves shortly for Etihad, where she will spend the summer. She will be accompanied by her niece, the Misses Sulzeman, daughters of H. Stikeman.

Eltram Donkin of the Dominion Coal Co., and R. Brown of the General Mining Association, arrived in the city from Sydney last night. Mr. Justice Henry is now able to be out driving and has been out several times since the spell of fine weather opened many friends expressing their pleasure at meeting him about again.

J. N. Sutherland, general freight agent of the Atlantic division of the C. P. R. in St. John is in the city. W. T. Goffe, associate editor of the Canadian Trade Review, is in the city. He is here with the intention of writing up the city for his paper. Last month the Trade Review published a history number, which was a very creditable production.

Wm. Robertson returned last week from a two weeks trip to New York. John McKane, formerly connected with the merchants' Bank in this city, but now of Rossland, B. C., is in town. Mr. McKane is now engaged in mining in British Columbia. He was a candidate at the last election for the provincial legislature, but was defeated by a brother of Joe Martin.

J. J. Burke, purser of the steamer Erna, who is in the city is an amateur athlete who has made good showing on the track. He is son of J. W. Burke, Murdoch's nephew's New York manager, well known here, and this is his first visit to Halifax. While at St. John he agreed to race a local man at five miles, giving away three-fourths of a man at the handicap, on Dominion Day. Mr. Burke says he once raced at Boston and gave 1 1/2 miles handicap in eight miles. He was at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., with Tommy Connell, college, Worcester, Mass., runner, and has also who brought him out at the track, and has been under trained with Ernie Herjberg, and has beaten Connell, Orton and other fast runners and has lots of medals and trophies. Though English born, Mr. Burke was through the Cuban war, having volunteered at Jersey, and he has a wound on his leg which he will wear. He does not seem to be well.

He called on Frank Stephen this morning and this afternoon is out having a look at the Wanderers grounds. B. Russell, M. P., returned to Ottawa Tuesday morning. Hon. Thomas Johnson, M. P. of Lockport, and Thomas Robertson, M. P. of Barrington had an interview with the Premier Tuesday. C. A. Reich of Ellershouse left today for Paris, where he will be absent a month.

The tidings spread rapidly over the community Sunday morning of the death of Hon. H. H. Fuller during the previous night, about 11.30. The general expression mingled with the great regret was that "it must have been very sudden." Subsequently it was learned that Mr. Fuller had been fishing in company with Dr. Farrell, last Monday fishing in company with Dr. Farrell, at East River that he had contracted a cold from which he suffered but did not remain in the house until Friday and on Saturday fatal symptoms of pneumonia developed.

Mr. Fuller was nearly 73 years old. He was born in 1828, his father, who was a native of Halifax, being deputy-provost-marshal of Cape Breton, at that time a separate Province; his mother was also a native of Halifax of Irish parentage. After receiving a good English education, partly in this city he entered the hardware establishment of James Wallace & Co., and subsequently became a partner in the firm of E. Albro & Co., then commenced business for himself on the premises at the foot of Duke street where he has ever since been located. With Mr. W. C. Brine as a partner for the past few years, Frank Williams of Bedford is gradually recovering from his illness.

Word has been received that Lt. C. E. Martin of the 1st Leinster Regiment, died on the passage from England on board the troopship Dilwara, of pneumonia. Lt. Martin was well known and greatly esteemed in Halifax. Mr. John C. Oland has a fine photograph of his son John and of Lieut. Willis, taken together at Bloemfontein. They look remarkably well, greatly strengthened in physique since leaving Halifax. Thomas Servish of Halifax second engineer of s. s. Prince Rupert now here in dry dock, is being warmly welcomed by his old friends in Halifax who are delighted to see him.

WOLFVILLE. May 30 - Mrs. Principal McDonald returned from a visit to Cape Breton this week. Mr. E. Blackadar, Grand Division lecturer and

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

There is no policeman to enforce the laws of health and to call "stop!"

when you are in danger from disease. But Nature has her own danger signals. When pain shoots like a lightning flash along the nerves, when the heart beats feebly or irregularly, when there is unnatural fullness after eating, coated tongue or irritable temper, then Nature is plucking you by the sleeve and calling "stop!" To neglect these warnings is dangerous. Derangement of the stomach and its allied organs is but the beginning of trouble for the whole body.

As a complete cure for disease of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands without an equal.

It purifies the blood, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, nourishes the starved nerves and builds up the entire body, blood and bone, muscle and nerve. "It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Peede, Kaufman Co., Texas. "Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me - one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. I stopped taking their medicine and tried patent medicines, but they did not do me any good. I grew so weak and nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I feel as though I am getting my strength back, and can eat anything."

organizer, was in town a few days this week. He returned to his work on Wednesday.

Rev. J. O. Parker was in town a few days this week. He has the sympathy of a host of friends here in his recent sad bereavement. He left on Wednesday morning. Mr. William Conrad, formerly of Wolfville and a graduate of Acadia, will graduate at the Presbyterian College, Halifax, next spring. He is now laboring as a catechist at Golden Grove, N. B.

Mr. A. L. Davidson left on Wednesday on a trip to Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other cities. He will be gone some time over a week, and hope to take in some of the discussions in the House of Commons. Messrs J. W. and G. H. Wallace are now making their homeward trip, having left Aikens, S. C. on the 23rd of April.

Mr. E. N. Shaw, B. A., a graduate of Acadia '91 so well known as instructor in elocution and vocal music, is to give an evening's recital in College Hall, Saturday evening, June 2nd. As Mr. Shaw remains in Wolfville for ten days he has made arrangements to accept a limited number of pupils for that length of time. Since leaving Wolfville Mr. Shaw has "studied" extensively in Europe, giving special attention to voice training for singing and public speaking.

The closing exercises of Acadia University, Wolfville, will take place June 3 and 4, and promise to be of considerable interest. Rev. K. R. Boyce Tupper, D. D., of Philadelphia, will preach the inaugural sermon on June 3 and deliver the annual lecture before the senate on June 4. Other speakers will be Rev. D. H. Simpson of Berwick, and the valedictory closing Mrs. Charles Archibald of Halifax. The college has just received a donation of one thousand dollars from the New England Alumni Association, to be applied to the Alumni professorship endowment. The closing programme is as follows:

Sunday, June 3rd, 11 a. m. - Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, D. D., L. D., of Philadelphia, 7 p. m. - Address before college Y. M. C. A. by Dr. Tupper. Monday, June 4th, 7.30 p. m. - Lecture before Senate of the University by Dr. Tupper. Tuesday, June 5th, 10.30 a. m. - Class exercises by graduating class, 2.30 p. m. - Closing exercises at Horton Academy; usual exercises, with address by Rev. D. H. Simpson, 7.30 p. m. - Closing exercises, with address by Mrs. Chas. Archibald of Halifax, vice president of the Women's National Council. Wednesday, June 6th, 10.15 a. m. - Closing exercises of the college, 7.10 p. m. - Conversations.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

WINDSOR. May 30 - Mrs. John Graham, and children arrived here on Saturday evening from Boston on a visit to Capt. and Mrs. Dove. Miss Mary Jane Davison, H. S. expert, is among the list of young ladies who will complete the musical course this year at Wolfville S. M. S. Y. Miss Maria Smith returned recently from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Young, Awoodale, who has been very ill but we are pleased to hear it is now convalescing.

With feelings of regret we announce the death of Mr. Edward Roland Kilcup, at Fairfield, on Friday morning of last week. For two months he had been ill, and it was hoped he would be able to be about again, but a second hemorrhage into the brain on Thursday proved more serious and death ensued early the next morning. Mr. Kilcup was married May 24, 1858, to Fanny, daughter of the late Wm. Thompson, Brooklyn. He was forty years of age, ten years ago was Steward at King's College, in which position he was deservedly popular.

The Women's Missionary Aid Society of the Baptist Church met at the home of Mrs. Payant, Albert St., where a very pleasant afternoon was spent on Thursday last. Mrs. Avery Shaw was given a life membership in the society, showing how highly the ladies appreciated their pastor's wife. During the afternoon ice-cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Burgess has again returned to her home, the necessary repairs having been made. As announced last week Mrs. Nalder gave her address on the Ecumenical Mission Conference recently attended in New York. The large audience present listened to Mrs. Nalder with much attention. Members of other denominations were

present, and greatly enjoyed this talented lady's splendid outline of the proceedings. Rev. Avery A. Shaw preached his last sermon to the present to an immense congregation on Sunday evening in the Baptist Church. His sermon was not altogether a farewell. After the service, and as the congregation were leaving, Mrs. and Mrs. Shaw had a farewell shake of the hand with many as they passed out. On Monday morning they left here to spend a few days at Berwick, following by the good wishes of very many, of all denominations, in which the editor and his staff most cordially join. A large number were at the station to say "Good-Bye" to the worthy pastor and his excellent lady.

On Wednesday morning last Mr. Oscar J. Kirkpatrick was quietly married to Miss Beattie O'Brien Richardson, at the home of Mr. Hugh Richardson, by the Rev. J. A. Mosher, in the absence of Rev. Henry Dickie, who was on a visit to his old home in Stewiacke. Only the immediate relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were the recipients of many nice wedding gifts, including silver, glass and bric-a-brac. The bride's traveling dress was a very pretty one of mottled green and grey heavy cloth, with hat of green and blue of the new pastel shades. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick left in the early express, en route to Shabrook, to visit the groom's relatives. They intend to visit the groom's bride was at home returned here this week. A year or two ago Kirkpatrick was formerly one of our enterprising young men, but recently sold out his interests with a view of going West and will leave next month. The bride is a bright and young lady, and the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick send both here and elsewhere their best wishes for a happy future.

BRIDGETOWN. May 30 - Miss Maria Shipley is quite seriously ill. Mrs. Chas. Phinney, of Middleton, visited her sister, Mrs. Zeuss Harlow, last week. Miss Annie James, who has made an extended visit to Digby, returned home last week. Mrs. Hastings W. Freeman, of Shelburne, visited her parents, Dr. and Mrs. deBlois, last week. Mrs. Allan of New York, accompanied by her daughter, is visiting her sister Mrs. J. B. Lloyd. Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of Clarence, accompanied their son, Dr. R. M. Miller, on his return to his practice in Boston last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Irvin of Halifax, made a brief visit at the home of Mrs. Irvin's sister, Mrs. W. F. Gibbons, and left for Boston today.

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Harold M. Mills of the Union Bank staff at Bridgetown spent the 24th in town.

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TRURO. Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Felton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros. May 29 - Mrs. J. J. Snook and Miss Lilla Snook are home from Halifax.

Dr. and Mrs. Randall and Mr. E. R. Sturrt are at Bayfield, Antigonish attending the marriage of the former's sister, Miss Josephine Randall. Miss Mary Schurman came to Wolfville next week to attend the seminary closing. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Bette have removed from Horton Place, to Mrs. Hugo Ross's house Church street. Miss Bertie Locke, Halifax, is visiting her friend Mrs. Edgar Fulton. Mr. A. V. Smith, of the Union Bank, Halifax, was in the town for the holiday, last week.

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IT DYES SILK, COTTON WOOL AND MIXED GOODS MAYPOLE SOAP You save money, time and trouble. Sure results. FREE book on Home A. P. TIPPEY & CO., Dyeing on application to Montreal.

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Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.



Pure and Fragrant

The "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap

Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emission, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 3090 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Bucouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERI IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELHAM, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

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

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Felton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros. May 29 - Mrs. J. J. Snook and Miss Lilla Snook are home from Halifax.

Dr. and Mrs. Randall and Mr. E. R. Sturrt are at Bayfield, Antigonish attending the marriage of the former's sister, Miss Josephine Randall. Miss Mary Schurman came to Wolfville next week to attend the seminary closing. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Bette have removed from Horton Place, to Mrs. Hugo Ross's house Church street. Miss Bertie Locke, Halifax, is visiting her friend Mrs. Edgar Fulton. Mr. A. V. Smith, of the Union Bank, Halifax, was in the town for the holiday, last week.

PARRBORO. Progress is for sale at the Parrboro Bookstore! May 31 - Mrs. Atkinson and Masters Hedley and Walter left on Wednesday to join Dr. Atkinson in Mansfield, Ohio, where they will be their home for the present. Mr. Leslie Alkman left on the same morning for a visit to Springfield also Mrs. Leung returned home to Truro accompanied by Mrs. B. L. Tucker and little daughter Dorothy. Miss Nicholls of Berwick who has spent a few days with her brother, returned home by the Evansdale yesterday.

Places of business were closed or the greater part of them on the Queen's birthday and there was a plentiful display of bunting, but the day was very quiet. Very few went fishing on account of the swollen state of the streams. A party of about thirty came from Cheverie in the tug Alpha returning in the evening. The baptist ladies had a sale of refreshments during the day which was very well patronized. The boys who had been saving their money to purchase fireworks had a happy time.

Miss Young of Cornwallis was the guest of Mrs. D. A. Hurdley for a part of the week. Mr. P. F. Lawson crossed the bay on Saturday returning on Monday. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have been to Cheverie where Mrs. Johnson's father, Dr. Burgess is very ill. Miss McMurray who has been visiting the Misses McSpillie, took her departure on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Jenks, Miss Nicolson and Master McDougall spent the holiday in town. Miss Crowe of Truro was here on Tuesday evening and Wednesday looking up people to join her Paris party. I have not heard whether any have decided to go.

Misses Hattie and Kate McKay went to Abers, on Wednesday to visit friends and returned on Saturday. Mr. E. Laney of the Montreal News Co., was here on Friday. A district Sunday school convention was held at Grace Methodist church on Friday. Rev. Dr. Jost was among the visitors. Messrs. Newcom & Co., of Kentville issued

cards of invitation to the opening on Monday afternoon of their branch store here. The shop was crowded with ladies from 3 p. m. until 6 p. m. The goods were most attractively arranged. Ice and coffee were served. Rev. Robert and Mrs. Johnstone with their little daughter, Kathleen left on Wednesday morning for Quebec whence they sail for England. On the evening previous to their departure a reception was held in St. George's hall which was attended by the parishioners and many others. There was a programme of music, and many others. There was a programme of music, and many others. Dr. Magoo presided and Dr. Hayes read the address. Ice and cake were served.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Thin Blood Weakens Becomes Are C System Dr. Ch Vital energy to the body centre where one fifth is required in creating this ery of the bo Just as so watery and for lack of out in nerve only pain approach of tion. Brain lag appetite, inability, in the future weakness of the nerves which and women To call a nerve wasting process possibly fin Dr. Chase's blood and D. Chase also for de and surely only over new hope, ment of the est restora men, wom at all dea sent free.

At home and colds Syrup of cents a bottle, 60

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

who will make them a visit of several weeks duration. Rev. Edwin Evans is in attendance at the Mount Allison convocation. Mr. Walter Frichard of St. John spent the 24th in town the guest of his aunt Mrs. J. Frichard. Mrs. Wm. B. Gerow and Mr. Edward Gerow of the city were the guests of Mrs. E. G. Evans on the holiday. Senator Wood and Mr. Thomas Murray of Sackville were in town on Tuesday. Miss Dodge of St. John is visiting Miss Hattie Barnes at Linden Heights. Rev. Thomas Stebbings spent Tuesday in the city. Mrs. H. J. Fowler who was thrown from her carriage on the evening of the 24th is improving. Miss Edith Humphrey and Miss Annie Whitaker who have returned from Mount Allison for the past year returned home yesterday for the holiday. HILLSBORO, N. B.

MAY 31—The twenty-fourth was celebrated here by a Polymorphian parade in the afternoon, and a concert in the evening. The parade was quite a brilliant affair. The Chinaman attracting considerable attention, also the printing press and the "devil" in connection with it. The concert in the evening was a grand success. Miss Lynda of Hopeville Cape, a graduate of the Emerson school of oratory gave several readings, etc. of which, "A Boy's Story," brought down the house. The rest of the programme consisted of music and a short farce entitled "Who's Who." Sunday being fine a number of "the boys" went to Albert on their wheel, returning before dark. A bicycle carnival is the talk now, to be held sometimes in the near future. Miss C. H. Peck was in town last Saturday. Mrs. Shanahan who has been visiting her niece Miss Nellie Ward, leaves for home this week. Mr. Harvey, representing Brock & Patterson, St. John was here this week. Bandmaster Hayes is spending a few weeks in St. John. C. A. Peck spent Sunday at Hopeville Hill. Miss Florence Blain spent Sunday at her home in Monville. It is reported that a young book-keeper on Main street and a young lady on Academy street are engaged.

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 30—The fire day was appropriately observed. The school children marched from the school building to Con't hall where a very interesting program was given consisting of speeches, patriotic choruses, recitations and flag drill. Miss Edith Carville is the guest of Mrs. James McKay. Senator Gilmore is home from Ottawa. Mr. Charles Johnson has taken a situation in Calais with Mr. Murray. A children's entertainment will be given on Wednesday evening June 6. Miss Sarah Baldwin of Boston spent a week in town recently. Mr. Percy Gilmore, Montreal was in town the 24th. Mr. Joseph McCormick and family left the first of the week for Vermont. Rev. Mr. Mianman, Mrs. Mianman and son are spending a few days in St. John this week. Mrs. T. Travers, St. John is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Travers. Mrs. Charles McCormick and children left the 24th to spend the summer up the St. John river. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Campbell are rejoicing over the advent of twin girls. MAZ.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print. ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

MAY 30.—By Monday morning's train, Rev. Can. Ketchum went to Fredericton to attend the University exercises, Rev. J. C. Bernie to Sackville to his son, and Rev. W. J. S. Young to Carleton county to look after interests. Mrs. E. T. Gove who is a very aged lady was seized with paralysis on Monday. Miss Julia Stinson of St. Andrews friends were glad to see her back again after six months spent in Lynn, Mass. Mrs. John Treadwell received congratulatory telegrams from her children on Thursday on the attainment of her 90th birthday. Mr. George E. Chase, who was confined to his home by sickness, is able to be around again. Chas. J. Callahan of St. George, has been chosen as this year's valedictorian in the N. B. University. Rev. E. W. Simons and Mrs. Simons took the train for Centreville, Car. Co. on Thursday morning. Capt. Henry Stinson and Mrs. Stinson who spent



A Man Can

do his own washing if he has to—it's not likely he wants to. Fortunately there's no need for him to do it. We are in the business and are turning out Twentieth Century Laundry work—the kind you should have. Our new method of washing is a Linen Saver. Send us your bundle once for trial; we guarantee satisfaction. Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"Deride Not Any Man's Infirmities."

Tell him, rather, how to get rid of them. Most infirmities come from bad blood and are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has scrofula, salt rheum, humors, catarrh, dyspepsia or rheumatism should at once begin taking this medicine that the infirmity may be removed. Weakness—"I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to my boy whose blood was poor. He was very weak, could not keep warm, and suffered from pains in his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and well." Mrs. W. C. Stratton, Thomas St., Deseronto, Ont.



the winter with members of their family in Lynn, Mass., returned to St. Andrews on Thursday. Capt. Irvin Ingalls of Grand Manan was in town last week. Mr. E. Maxwell architect of Montreal, was here last week, arranging for the opening of his summer cottage. Collector and Mrs. Graham of St. Stephen, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham of Missoula, Montana, spent the holiday in St. Andrews. Mrs. Malloch of Campbell, who always visits St. Andrews on the anniversary of the drowning of her son Mr. John Malloch was in town last Thursday. Sheriff Stuart was called to St. John on Friday by the death of his aunt, Mrs. Winters. Assistant Postoffice Inspector Whitaker inspected the St. Andrews postoffice on Friday and from here proceeded to the islands. Capt. Fred Andrews whose health has been failing lately has gone to St. John for medical treatment. Mr. E. C. Clinch has been visiting in St. Stephen lately. Mrs. Fred McGuire and little daughter Dorothy of New York, also her sister Miss Robina Denley, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Deney. Mrs. McColl of Vancouver, B. C., nee Howard, a former popular member of St. Andrews' teaching as it is visiting her mother. She brought her little son with her and will remain several months. Mr. Vern Whitman of Calais spent Decoration Day very pleasantly in St. Andrews. Mr. George Howard and station agent at Greenville Junction, is on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Edward Howard. Donald MacMaster, Q. C. of Montreal will occupy the Lorimer cottage this summer.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROMISES for sale in St. Stephen at the book store (G. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treva's.] MAY 31.—Chas. E. Johnson of St. George, has entered the employ of J. & A. Murray. Miss Edith Warren Bannan arrived at her home in Calais last week to remain during the summer months. F. W. Andrews left on Friday last for Newfoundland where he will remain some time looking after his business and property in that region. Mr. Andrews has greatly improved in health during the past two months. Miss Maude Maxwell has gone to Sackville to attend the closing exercises of Mount Allison college. Mrs. Arthur Dixon of Hampton, arrived here last week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McCullough. Miss Sadie Colter and Miss Emma McCullough visited McAdam last week. Mr. A. E. Neill is now residing with Mrs. F. M. Abbott, Prince William street. Miss Leslie Milne of St. George, and Gideon Milne, were in town for a brief visit last week. Mrs. Julius T. Whitlock has returned from a pleasant visit to Fredericton. Miss Annie Stevens' friends most cordially welcome her home after her long absence of several months spent in Halifax with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Torrance. Miss Ethel Waterbury came from Lubec on Thursday to spend a few days at her home in Calais. Mrs. A. I. Teed and Mrs. Dinstadt have returned from Sackville. Miss Daisy Hanson was the guest of Mrs. G. D. Grim or when in St. Andrews last week. Collector and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham and the Misses Lillian Tood, Gertrude Salmer, Edith Skinner and Annie King spent the 24th in St. Andrews and were guests at Kennedy's hotel. Miss Alice Cox has returned from a very pleasant visit in Vancouver. Louis Flewelling of Hampton was a guest at Christ church rectory for a brief visit last week. Arthur, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gillespie, fell from a swing on Saturday last and severely wrenched his collar bone. Stephen Payne of St. John spent Sunday in Calais. Dr. F. I. Blair and M. McGowan have been spending a day or two at Clarke's Point. Mrs. Willard Pike has returned from New York city. Frank Stoop has returned from St. Andrews. Mrs. W. B. King expects to leave Seattle, Wash. for the east about the second week in June. Mrs. Harry Wellington of Hamilton is visiting relatives in Calais. Mrs. C. F. Beard is spending a few days with the Misses Nickerson in East Somerville, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edcombe of Fredericton, accompanied by their children, were visitors in Calais last week. Mrs. Albert Todd has returned from a visit in Eastport. Mrs. Robert D. Ross has been spending some weeks in New Glasgow, N. B. with Mrs. John Mcowat. Mr. and Mrs. E. Thurston Damon are residing with Mrs. Ernest Haycock on Main street, Calais. I Milton Beatty of St. John was a visitor in town on the 24th. Everett Smith returned to Black's harbor on Friday after a brief visit in town. Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Helena S. Gillespie and Mr. Edgar M. Robinson, which occurs at Moore's mill on June 12th. Miss Isabel Henry spent three days last week at her home in St. Stephen, returning to Oak Hill on Sunday. Miss Edna Daggett of Grand Manan spent Thursday with friends in town. Mrs. A. W. Laffin of Portland was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Laffin last week. Miss Jessie Finlay very pleasantly entertained

about twenty-five of her young friends at her home on King street on Tuesday evening, music, dancing and games were enjoyed and ice cream and cake were served.

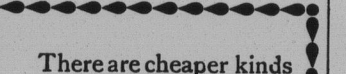
WOODSTOCK.

MAY 30—Mrs. John Connor and her daughter Alice, spent part of last week in Fredericton. Aubrey Corwell of Houlton, spent Sunday here with his parents. John Collins of Fairville, who for many years did a grocery business in this town, is spending a few days here. Miss Thompson of Shelburne, spent last week at Jacksonville. Miss Lettie Good of Jacksonville, is spending a week in Fredericton. Rev. Mr. Coy has taken up his residence in Woodstock again. C. J. Tabor, proprietor of the Carlisle, Mrs. Tabor and their young son Elmo, spent the 24th with friends at Fairville. Chief Justice Tabor, C. N. Skinner and L. A. Curry, St. John, registered at the Carlisle Tuesday. Mrs. M. S. Vanwart, St. John, is a guest at Rev. J. W. Clarke's. Mrs. Drysdale and her son Hallam, are spending a month at Fredericton. Sabine Carr started for Sackville on the 23rd to attend the closing exercises at the college. William T. Dille died at his home in Upper Brighton on Sunday 20th instant, of pneumonia. He was one of the heavy lumber operators of the county, and also a farmer on quite a large scale. He was enterprising in business, a good citizen and a kind friend. He will be greatly missed by the community, and his death caused deep regret. He was 67 years of age. He leaves a wife, three sons, Geo. Henry and Frederick; and two daughters, Mrs. N. S. Boyer, of Hartland, and Mrs. T. B. Trahan. His funeral took place Wednesday afternoon and was attended by a very large number of his friends. Rev. G. W. McDonald leading the services. Charles McClean died at his home with his mother on Union street Thursday afternoon of consumption. He had been confined to the house about six weeks. He was the son of the late Daniel McClean. He was twice married, his first wife was Miss Mary Shea and his second wife Miss Emma Gannon. He leaves six daughters, three of whom live in New York and three in Lowell, Mass. He was 55 years of age. Mrs. Godfrey, widow of the late Charles Godfrey died on Sunday the 20th inst, at the age of 89 years. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Jacob Diamond. Her funeral on Tuesday was attended by Rev. Theo. Todd. Miss Howard of Boston, is visiting Mrs. Wm. Leonard. Mrs. Margaret Fowler of St. John, is visiting Miss Edith Grant here.

YARMOUTH.

Capt. J. K. Hatfield who has undergone a serious illness was in town Saturday for the first time since he was taken sick. Miss Mary Kelley returned from New York on the St. Prince Arthur Saturday. She has spent the winter studying at the Cooper Institute and the Art Students' League in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Conrad left for Waverly, Halifax county, on Monday where they will spend a short time with Mr. Conrad's friends, after which they will return to Yarmouth to reside. Mrs. G. S. Lawrence returned from a visit to Bridgewater on Saturday. Mrs. A. J. McCallum returned from Boston per S. S. Yarmouth Saturday. Mr. George Burton was a passenger from Boston on the Yarmouth Saturday. Mr. Lewis Chipman returned from Boston per S. S. Prince Arthur Saturday. Mrs. C. C. Townsend and party of Philadelphia, arrived on the Yarmouth and went to Kemp's fishing Saturday. Dr. Lawrence of the Railway News, St. John, registered at the Grand Friday. Miss Eva Cook returned from a visit to Boston per S. S. Prince Arthur Saturday. Mrs. Capt. J. A. W. McCann was a passenger from Boston per S. S. Prince Arthur Saturday. Mr. J. N. Gardner arrived from Boston on the Prince Arthur Saturday. She was reading over the marriage service. She made it a point always to do this, for as she once said, no matter how well you may have known a part in the past, it always should be rehearsed before a piece is revived. Till death do us part, she read. Then she stopped to think. Dear me! she commented, how foolish I haven't they any confidence in the courts? Expense of Target Practice. A single big gun of the many now being put in place for the protection of sea-coasts costs a large sum. Some interesting figures on this subject have just been submitted, says the Scientific American. A twelve inch breech loading rifle, with its disappearing carriage, costs one hundred and forty one thousand dollars; a ten inch breech loader, ninety nine thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; and an eight inch, seventy two thousand dollars.

There are cheaper kinds sold, but no silver-plated knives, forks or spoons will give so good a return for the money spent, as those bearing our mark



They are the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

The figures show that modern high powered guns cost great sums, and the cost of firing them is proportionally large.

The report of experts who have inspected the guns and the devices for securing an accurate aim, shows that great saving is effected by modern range finding and position finding devices. "The demoralizing effect of a hit as compared to a miss," said one of these reports, "cannot be reduced to a money value, but it costs big money to shoot a big gun and then miss the mark. "Take, for example, the twelve inch gun. To miss the mark is simply to throw away five hundred and sixty one dollars and seventy cents. With the ten inch gun the loss is three hundred and twenty two dollars and forty cents, and with the eight inch rifle it is one hundred and sixty four dollars and sixty five cents.

A Faithful Friend.

For twenty years of successes and disappointments in times of fortune and in times of illness and sorrow the late Mlle Rhea relied for help and sympathy upon her devoted companion Marie Michailoff. Together they travelled over half the world, and none who knew the artist failed to note with interest and admiration the loyalty of Marie, nor the tender regard for her of the actress. Mlle Rhea practically adopted her lady in waiting and that the latter might never come to want Rhea provided for her in her will in a way that she thought would make her future secure. But after Rhea's death last year it was found that her estate was not large enough to cover her obligations. Indeed there was scarcely enough to pay her funeral expenses. The house is in Montmerency, France, which should have been Marie's w sold for the benefit of creditors. A donation that Rhea made on her death bed was not admitted by the French court, and owing to a technicality the life insurance in Marie's favor was not paid. So it came about that this faithful friend of a generous woman was left homeless and penniless in Paris. With the death of Rhea she lost her means of living. In this condition some old friend found her, rented a flat for her and furnished it so that she might rent rooms to visitors to the Exposition.

Nothing Hurts our Corns.

Like tight boots. Nothing removes corns with such certainty as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of poisonous substitutes. Ask for and get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor at druggists. Mary Mammaring has just closed her season with Daniel Frohman's Stock company at Orange, N. Y. She has secured the rights to the romantic play, A. Darward Ladye, by Mrs. Ellen Arthur and Victor Mapes, with which she will probably open her season in Boston in the fall. She has returned to her home in this city, and she and her husband, James K. Hackett, are preparing details necessary for the production so as to get affairs in readiness before their vacation, which commences immediately after the close of Mr. Hackett's season in The Pride of Jenico at the Criterion theatre. The period of A. Darward Ladye is placed at the end of the last century, and the story deals with the emotional adventures of a beautiful Creole girl, who is brought from Eng-



Ask the girl who has tested it.

Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next, for lighting the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office. St. John, N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director of the Department of Public Safety.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSIONS

Canadian Northwest.

From Canadian Pacific Stations in New Brunswick.

Table with 2 columns: Round trip Colonist class tickets, and prices for various routes like Moncton, Miramichi, etc.

land to America to the ancestral home of her relatives. 'They say Paderewski is getting bald.' 'He'll do his hair up' so as to hide it.'

Advertisement for Bicycles by Cleveland, Massey-Harris, Brantford, Welland Vale and Gendron. Includes text 'BICYCLES' and 'Canada Cycle and Motor Co., L'td. TORONTO.' and 'ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris, OUR OWN STORE, 54 King St.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

How The Eclipse Struck "Progress."

Townpeople indulged in a novel sensation Monday morning last, occasioned by the sun's eclipse. Pretty nearly everybody saw it, through the agency of colored or smoked glass, blue tissue paper etc. and around ten o'clock and until 10 30 business and household duties were somewhat neglected, so rare an attraction did the sun's covering prove. The eclipse as seen from this city was not total, although almost so, the great burning orb being diminished to a very thin crescent, like a moon a day old. It was indeed a rare view, and when next the astronomical performance is put on those who witnessed it on Monday will have the weight of an additional quarter century upon their shoulders.

The day of the eclipse dawned bright and fair, it was a glorious early summer morning in St. John. The sun shone his very best, as if not in the least discommoded in anticipation of his approaching ordeal. Business men and others who work went to their labors in the usual first-of-the-week manner, and the housekeeping maternity and sisterhood busied themselves in their daily routine.

Shortly after eight o'clock a strange chill came into the air, a very foreign quality of coldness, which bit at those without their spring overcoats like a snapping cur. Still the sun was shining, but an unusual grey shadow seemed to be cast about everywhere. Even in the open sunlight this film or haze was quite noticeable. Looking from indoors the town appeared as if it were being protected from the sun's rays by brown or yellow stained glass. People moving about did not seem quite the same, their complexions were tinted as if afflicted by jaundice, and the colors in their apparel took on new shades. The only thing the general aspect of the streets can be truthfully likened to, is an occasion when a great fire is on, the smoky clouds serving to dim and filter the sun's rays, casting a muddy light about.

Gradually the air grew more pinching and the streets greyer and browner. The whole of town, at least the business portion, was on the sunny side of the streets looking heavenward through bits of smoked and colored glass. The smoked article was more popular because the eclipse could be seen through it with less pain to the eyes, and because it was available to everybody. On Newspaper Row the promenade of fair Luna across the track of Old Sol evinced a lot of interest. In the excitement old windows were broken out and pressrooms invaded, where the process of manufacturing improvised Lick Observatories, with the valuable aid of the forsaken lamp and a jagged piece of the forsaken window, went on breathlessly, lest the firmamental demonstration should be hastened to its completion before a good view of it was obtained. Everybody saw it however, and technical knowledge of the

eclipse, gained from a half year's acquaintance with "eclipse reprint" from all the journals in the business, flowed in paragraphs while the observations were being made. Nobody could tell newspaper Row anything about the sky high event, they knew it all.

Prince William street suspended the activity of business for a short while and took a look at the eclipse. Smoked glass was here brought into play as well, and the brick-red crescent was ogled almost out of countenance. Indeed if the Queen of Night did administer a cold shoulder to Monsieur le Soleil, he should not have taken it greatly to heart, for in truth he was the object of all eyes on Monday. King street looked queer under the new style of sunlight, and Charlotte street was not quite like the Charlotte street of an ordinary fine May morning. The harbour had on an appearance like that preceding a big thunderstorm or gale, while high in the heavens, about over the Court House from King street, the star Venus was plainly visible until after eleven o'clock. Every corner had its crowd of sky gazers and kodak finds were active in "shooting" the opened-mouthed knots of people and the sun itself.

About 10 15 warmth gradually returned to town after a short stay abroad, and the true light of day crept back as of yore. Almost imperceptibly the chilly atmosphere left and by 11 15 o'clock the town was in the hey day of its usual bustling routine, as if nothing at all had happened.

The production of the new play Quo Vadis Criticised by Plebeians. Quo Vadis is a new play Quo Vadis Criticised by Plebeians. Quo Vadis is a new play Quo Vadis Criticised by Plebeians.

Another Bar-Room Victim. Another man has been found dead in town from the effects of alcohol, which makes three cases of the kind, in about three months. The last victim's name was Morrison, a fellow of good address and intelligence, but who was allowed by grasping rum-sellers to drink himself beyond all sort of reason and into his very grave. A citizen told PROGRESS he saw Morrison Saturday night when he was so utterly helpless from liquor that he could not open his eyes let alone lift a limb. He was simply saturated with alcohol, poured into him by barkeepers as long as their victim was able to cling to the bar and pay over his ten cents for each drink. After he became unable to reason sufficient to find his money and ask for more rum he was thrown into the street, and friends who thought they were doing him a kindness put him in an old shed off Mill street, where he was found in death next morning. Still, selling to intoxicated persons goes on without even a stray example being made of some avaricious mixologist.

Perhaps no branch of summer amusement is gaining as much popularity as Kodak FI photography, in fact the whole year round this diversion is being greatly indulged in. St. John has now a veritable regiment of kodak and tripod camera bands, regardless of sex, and not a day passes but the ranks of this regiment are receiving newcomers. Soon there'll be a brigade. But to say what I started out to say there is a new kind of camera in town, known as a panoramic instrument. It is oblong in shape with the long side of the camera to the front. The lens is worked with a swivel movement and when the scene desired looms up in the "finder" and the "level ball" is well centred, then the button is pressed, and the lens sweep around in a semi circle, gathering in an incredible expanse of land-

tallow workman gazing knowingly at the poster of the circus scene.

"It's no buffalo at all, at all," joined in another, "it's a bull and a wild man at that, an the devil's toime they'll have 'git it to stay an the platform bedad!"

"No datter o' moine I'll go to that theater, its on dacent. Luk at the weeman all undressed," said the man with the hoe. "Go lang wid ye," interposed still another scavenger, "its toights they all hov on, doan ye know."

Well, they talked on this way between their spittings upon their hands, and their askings of the time of day, until they had picked and abovelled themselves out of sight of the flaring lithographs.

Another Bar-Room Victim. Another man has been found dead in town from the effects of alcohol, which makes three cases of the kind, in about three months.

The 62nd battalion marched out on Monday evening last to be reviewed by Minister of Militia Borden, which procedure was gone through with a lot of formality and military furbulows. The militiamen themselves looked and acted very well, although some awkward files were very noticeable, as of course is the case with every volunteer corps in the recruiting season. Major Sturdee was not altogether at home on the colonel's horse but he stuck to it well and commanded the battalion in a manner worthy of the genial Hugh H. himself. Bandmaster Jones should feel gratified with the quality of the tones his end of the show produced.

The Minister of Militia was in a very jovial mood apparently. When under the glare of a shovelful of red fire on the Royal balcony he reviewed the redcoats as they stretched in a long line on King street, and waved his gold headed cane in time to the serenade of the band. Then he swayed his stately body to and fro, nodding and gesticulating as if in highest glee, to the amusement of the soldiers and thousands watching him.

All this time Col. McLean kept telling what deaf, although his ability at times to hear was frequently remarked. It is related of him that he dropped into the business department of the office one day to make an inquiry about something that had occurred to him, and a young man who had been in his employ only a few months undertook, in a loud tone of voice, to enlighten him.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Medill, putting his hand to his ear. The young man repeated the question in a still louder voice. "I can't hear you," said the editor. "Oh, chase yourself around the block, you old granny!" muttered the impatient employe, just above his breath. "I am not an old granny," said Mr. Medill, turning away, "and I shall not chase myself around the block."

The fresh young man made immediate arrangements to say good-by to his job; but the great editor probably thought that the lesson he had received was sufficient, and did not disturb him.

Daughter—No, mamma. Harold has not proposed as yet; that is, not in so many words. Mother—Mercy me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know!

"What sort of a legal light is a pettifogger?" asked Diming, when a discussion arose about lawyers and lawyers. "A pettifogger is a legal lightweight," replied Larzins.

It is well known that Joseph Medill, late editor of the Chicago Tribune, was some-

scope. Fan brakes of various sizes regulate the speed of the instrument from a fraction of a second to a whole minute. Prints made from the products of these panoramic cameras are excellent and show the scenery of St. John up in a new light altogether.

A crowd of men were in the Royal Hotel barber shop the other evening just before supper when the tall man of the Empire Tobacco Advertising duet—the one who represents "the size of our plug"—came in in his regimentals and of course being so exceedingly long and lanky attracted considerable attention. His turn soon came and it was in the midst of the lathering process that he started to acquaint the waiting customers of his travels, dilating upon the beauties of this particular place and speaking his dislike for other sections of Canada.

"You can talk as you like," he said, "but Toronto's the Queen City all right. She's the finest city in Canada."

"Yes," replied one of the waiting customers with a wink to the crowd, "but the place is so darnably hilly!"

The crowd waited for the long fellow to fall into the trap.

"That's so," he agreed when the tonsorial artist released his upper lip, "but do you know I enjoy a few hills in a place!"

Of course the commercial travellers and others in the shop almost burst in trying to suppress their mirth, for everybody knows that Toronto is a veritable plain.

The 62nd battalion marched out on Monday evening last to be reviewed by Minister of Militia Borden, which procedure

was gone through with a lot of formality and military furbulows. The militiamen themselves looked and acted very well, although some awkward files were very noticeable, as of course is the case with every volunteer corps in the recruiting season. Major Sturdee was not altogether at home on the colonel's horse but he stuck to it well and commanded the battalion in a manner worthy of the genial Hugh H. himself. Bandmaster Jones should feel gratified with the quality of the tones his end of the show produced.

The Minister of Militia was in a very jovial mood apparently. When under the glare of a shovelful of red fire on the Royal balcony he reviewed the redcoats as they stretched in a long line on King street, and waved his gold headed cane in time to the serenade of the band. Then he swayed his stately body to and fro, nodding and gesticulating as if in highest glee, to the amusement of the soldiers and thousands watching him.

All this time Col. McLean kept telling

him of the battalion before him, but apparently the information being so freely given was finding an equally free vent on the other side of his head, for he simply nodded an occasional nod to the Colonel as if to say, "Oh yes, that's all right, I know." Without a soul-stirring air or even a national selection the band pulled up stakes and led the battalion off to the drill shed where Minister Borden talked and talked and talked again to the wearied soldiers for nearly an hour, while the politicians present were delighted, but the redcoats were ready to drop. They didn't want any official utterances, it was the "dismiss" they were anxiously listening for.

Tuesday afternoon an old woman upon whom the evil one, through the agency of strong

drink had laid his governing hand, was arrested at the corner of Clarence and Brunsela streets and carted to the Central Station on a sloven. The sight was disgusting to say the least, to see a grey-haired woman lying full length on a bumping, lumbering sloven cart, with a brawny policeman standing over her like the Colossus of Rhodes, while now and then in her mandarin senses the aged prisoner would kick her heels high in the air. What about that police patrol wagon? The Women's Council have offered to start a movement to get one, for they like most residents are conscious that it takes some sort of a "popular movement" scheme to get the necessities of public life for this town, and as they have proved their worth in securing the hospital ambulance, why not let them make a try for a patrol. If we don't we'll never get one, that's sure!

The Aberdeen School on Erin street has not the most enviable situation in the world, indeed its situated in a very unhealthy neighborhood. It is within a hundred yards of a public dump and backs up against the slimy, muddy Courtney Bay creek. Here in the warm days the aroma of these combined disease breeders waits incessantly in through the school windows and over the street upon which the scholars play, for as yet they have no play ground. Messrs. Peters have not yet started to build their tannery on the Fraser shippard so the matter of a school yard is yet a very open question. Perhaps the children will get a spot to spend their recesses in and perhaps they won't, it's a ten to ten shot. At any rate the school authorities have to talk business with Messrs. Peters about the space, and you know the Peters are not any too kindly disposed toward our civic rulers, on account of that fire incident and water discussion.

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CATTLE KING TO COUNTER JUMPER.

Gillette, Late Millionaire Plunger Now Sells Shirt Waists.

Grant Gillette, who less than two years ago could borrow \$100,000 or more from almost any big bank in the section, whose cattle and acres were counted by the thousands, whose liabilities when the bubble burst ran up into the millions, is selling shirt waists and millinery to the senoritas down in Chihuahua. Gillette and his wife have a little shop in the Mexican town and the husband sells the shirt waists the loyal wife makes and the hats she trims.

Two years ago Grant Gillette's herds were the most extensive in the whole State of Kansas. Careful cattle feeders, like "Wheat" Robison, George M. Munger, the Plumbs and the Lantys, looked on in amazement at his operations. His paper was good in every bank in the country. He brought cattle to Kansas City by the train loads, and the men who counted their cattle in hundreds wondered why Grant Gillette could talk so glibly of the thousands in his herds. The banks had confidence in him and his paper was good anywhere. He could come to Kansas City and borrow a hundred thousand as easily as some men who are reliable could borrow a thousand.

Two years ago in March he organized a cattleman's association at Abilene. It was to be a rival of the State association that had been fighting the railroads [on the rate question]. The big railroad companies sent their live stock commissioners from Chicago

and from the far West. Cattlemen came from the big ranges on the Arkansas and the short grass country, as far north as the Platte in Nebraska and as far west as the base of the Rocky Mountains. Gillette's own cowboy band entertained them with music. After the convention a special train on the Rock Island, chartered by Gillette, took them to Gillette's farm, where they were guests of the cattle king of Central Kansas.

It is hardly eighteen months since Gillette sent a train load of cattle from one of his ranches to another in Kansas, and a night passenger train had to wait for Gillette's cattle train to get out of the way. The collapse came two days before Thanksgiving in 1898. Gillette, the millionaire plunger, became a defaulter and a fugitive from justice. Cattlemen and banks are still fighting in the courts over the remnants of the great business he has left behind.

"Don't criticise him," said the Kansas who told a reporter about seeing Gillette in Chihuahua. "The sight of the man whose check for \$100,000 was good anywhere two years ago selling shirt waists to the Mexican girls swept away from me all the condemnation I had felt for his action."

Mrs. Bronxborough—Did you tell the cook that the beefsteak was burned? Mr. Bronxborough—Not exactly. I told her it was just right, but that we preferred it a trifle undone.

PRINCE OF WALES IS TIRED.

He Longs For Private Life and a Little Quiet.

The Prince of Wales's engagement book is overfull just now with functions chiefly arising from the war. When he dropped in late last night at a well known bohemian club, whereof he is an honorary member, the members remarked what a worn look he had. As usual, he was left alone to enjoy the quiet of a cigar and a chat with two or three literary, artistic and dramatic friends.

On these occasions he generally comes accompanied perhaps by some Russian grand duke or German princelet, who is amazed at what he considers the prince's condescension. Wales, however, never regards it in that light, and makes himself as thoroughly at home as if in his armchair at Marlborough house. It is surprising how professional is his talk upon the subjects chiefly discussed at the club—pictures, plays and books. Born in another sphere of life he would make an admirable critic.

On the authority of an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales it is said that, when staying with Lord Rothschild some time ago, he said with sadness:

"Your life, Rothschild, may at times be arduous, but it is easy compared with mine. I long for private life. Every look, every gesture of mine is noticed. If I appear in public without a smile on my face the papers announce that His Royal Highness looks worn and sad, and we fear that

revelation of a startling kind may shortly come to light. If, on the contrary, I appear with a smile it is given out in the papers that the Prince of Wales looked pleased and happy and is in the best of health, whereas perhaps I am feeling extremely unwell and upset.

"What sort of clothes I wear, the pattern of them, the color of them, the color of my ties, whether I shook hands with Mr. So and So or only bowed to him—all these little things are noticed and made public; but whenever I read a paper or magazine and see my name figuring in it I turn away from it quickly, for I know were I to read about my self in the paper I should have to read a lot I know already and a lot I don't want to know.

The Duke of York, being younger, doesn't take such a gloomy view of his position. Writing to a friend, he said:

"I had a trying day yesterday. I attended a small cattle show, examined pigs, looked pleased, and told the staff the pigs were magnificent. I paid three official visits and for each visit had to change my uniform. In the evening I went to the theatre, afterward to Lady Blank's dance, and went to bed very late and woke up this morning to find that I have a still harder day before me than yesterday. Be thankful that you are a plain and not Duke of York."

ABLE TO HEAR IT. It is well known that Joseph Medill, late editor of the Chicago Tribune, was some-

Advertisement for Surprise Soap featuring an illustration of a woman and the text: 'Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.'

Advertisement for Street Lighting tenders: 'TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING. SEALED TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next, for lighting the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office. St. John, N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director of the Department of Public Safety.'

Advertisement for Canadian Pacific Cheap Excursions: 'CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO Canadian Northwest. from Canadian Pacific Stations in New Brunswick. Round trip Colonist class tickets. Winnipeg, 25 00. Regina, 30 00. Yorkton, 35 00. Prince Albert, 38 00. Calgary, 40 00. Red Deer, 40 00. Edmonton, 40 00. Tickets good only June 15th, July 15th, and 15th, and not return until August 30th, September 15th, and 15th, 1900, respectively. Tickets good to sleep over at Dryden, Ont., Winnipeg and west thereof. For further particulars write to A. J. HEATH, D. E. A., St. John, N. B. and to America to the ancestral home of our relatives. 'They say Pedorewski is getting bald.' 'He'll do his hair up' so as to hide it.'

Advertisement for Harris Cycles: 'Harris Cycles. Canadian mechanics, for Canadians or the manufacturers of Bicycles our modern and well out wheels unsurpassed agents everywhere. Motor Co., Ltd. REPRESENTATIVES: HARRIS & CO. ST. JOHN & SON, ST. JOHN, N. B. Harris, ST. JOHN, N. B., 54 King St.'

Old Scattergood's Money.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Everyone called him 'Old John Scattergood,' and then generally remarked, derisively: 'That a more inappropriate name couldn't have been found for the old curmudgeon he most certainly never scattered anything in all his life, except a good deal of advice, which cost nothing—and what good he was, either to himself or anyone else, they could not say.' So far so good. The neighbors had no great admiration, evidently, for the thin grizzled-haired, stooping old fellow who lived in the rambling old farm house just outside their village and who during a lifetime spent among them, had never cared to make a friend or even an intimate acquaintance.

He was over seventy now—a wiry, sallow faced man, who had once been fair and handsome.

Now his face had a keen, foxy look, with its light, sunken eyes under bushy, sandy eyebrows, and his close shut, thin lips, that always wore a little look of craft upon them.

Old Scattergood had ever been a careful man; even in his young days he had been held up as a model of patient thrift and careful economy; and so fearful had he been lest his wife, should he venture to marry, should prove but a wasteful and imprudent woman, and so fit helpmate for a loving spouse, that he had feared to take so great a risk, and had spent the years of a long, toilsome life alone at the old Manor Farm, until one summer, now ten years ago, when his only sister, Ruth, had died in Scotland, and her little girl had been sent home to Ayleswood for her uncle John Scattergood, to rear and provide for.

If he had been a miser before, there was more reason still for the epithet when two extra mouths were added to his bachelor establishment.

Little Joan Armitage, only five years old, could not come from far Inverness alone, so Ruth's old Scotch servant, Janet, had brought the child to the farm; and the old man, feeling helpless and bewildered at the prospect of a half-frightened little girl to look after, had discharged old Bill Truman who had been his man-of-all-work indoors and out, for a quarter of a century, and had installed Janet in his place, with strict injunctions that she was to keep that child from plaguing and worrying him, or she must pack up her traps and quit at an hour's notice.

Despite his parsimony, his surly speech, and suspicious manner, Janet got on very well with her new master, and although nothing on earth would ever induce him to own it, Mr. Scattergood soon felt the benign influence of a woman's hand and eye in his rambling great house, and about his kitchen hearth.

She was a thrifty, honest soul, after his heart, with a keen eye to sparing a penny and putting it by for a rainy day; and she was blessed with a shrewd, unflinching tongue, that could be both sharp and persistent when occasion warranted, and which had fairly driven old John out from the shelter of his own roof tree on more than one occasion, when she had fancied her rights invaded, and had done battle for them in floods of broad Scotch dialect, that was as Greek to her master, but which won her cause in the end, from his sheer inability to stem the current.

The Manor Farm stood on the hillside, just above the little village that nestled at its foot; there were some tall elms and some fine old oaks around it, and in a group of trees at one end of the rambling old house, the rocks had had their homes for over a hundred years.

The house was gray and weather beaten, but it had a quaint beauty of its own, in its stacks of twisted Tuor chimneys, and the great stone porch at the hall door; its masses of entwining ivy, that had clambered up to the steep sloping roof, and its wealth of Virginia creeper, that made a glory of crimson and gold over the whole front as soon as the summer had faded, and the autumn days were come.

Purple clematis and pale passion flowers had their turn over the wide porch; waxen water lilies gleamed out from the green waters of a pond that lay under the shadow of the tall elms; and in springtime the air was sweet with the rich odour of lilacs from the straggling hedge, and the laburnums swung their golden tassels to and fro in the soft, scented breeze.

But none of their beauty or luxuriance was due to their master's care or liking. He had spent neither money nor labour on his garden for many years, and now that he had let the broad acres of the Manor Farm to a younger and more energetic man, and retained only the house and home paddock for his own occupation, he allowed the old garden to run into a wilderness, which poor little Joan endeavored in vain to bring into some semblance of order and beauty.

Inside, the great low-ceiled rooms, with their diamond-paned windows and dark oak panelling, were bare and neglected. Here and there were remnants of furniture that had been handsome and of value in their day, but were worn out and rickety now; carpets and hangings that had once been bright and tasteful were faded to a uniform tint of dull grey or yellow, and lent no brightness now to the dismal rooms; and only the white-fogged kitchen, with its brass meat-jack hanging over the wide open grate, and its row of polished dish covers, which had once been the pride

of old Janet's heart, and the admiration of little Joan's childish eyes, possessed some faint semblance of homeliness—an air of cheerfulness and warmth.

In his great wooden chair by the hearth, old John spent most of his days, except when the sunny warmth tempted him down the straggling village street, to bargain with Samuels, the butcher, and Widow Jones, the grocer, and to point out some fancied error in the weekly bill, or a discrepancy between their weight and scales and his own.

Old Scotch Janet had been dead for several years, and the house had seemed at first strangely quiet and empty without her querulous voice and clattering patters, for her master would have no other woman in her stead; and his niece had gradually slipped into her vacant shoes, and fill her place as best she could, armed with her old nurse's housewifely lessons and wise precepts and maxims.

'She'll have a tidy bit of money one of these days, you'll see,' the village gossips said one to another, as Joan passed their windows. 'She's the only one belonging to him that old Scattergood's got, and he's bound to leave it all to her.'

'Don't make too sure; there's such a thing as counting chickens before they are hatched,' a wisecracker would reply, with a wag of the head. 'There's queerer things happened than that Joan shouldn't be his heiress, after all. The old fellow hasn't shown any great affection for her, so far, and he's just as like as not to have willed it all to a row of Scattergood Alms-houses' in the village here, or a home for decayed spinsters in the next town, as to have left his money to little Joan Armitage, though she is his niece.'

The humor of these last two suggestions was always very tickling to the neighbors' risibility, and a burst of laughter was sure to greet the fancied picture of 'Old Scattergood's' money being so charitably and beneficently bestowed.

Joan's earnest gaze was fixed upon the haggard face of the young man who had been arrested by her entrance, and now stood staring at her.

Then she faced her agent, with a dogged look in his eyes.

'Yes; Saxon March' he said, in a low voice, that held the sting of hidden bitterness within it. 'There is no mistake about my identity, Miss Joan.'

'And what are you doing here?' asked she, still in the same sharp, whispered tones. 'My uncle—'

'Yes; your uncle. Why don't you call him down?'

She ignored his question and repeated her own.

'Tell me why you have got in here like a thief in the night!' he finished for her, as her words died away. 'I'll tell you at once, Joan, because I am a thief—at least in intention of some of his hoard, if I could find any of it ready to my hand.'

A bitter, half-strangled laugh seemed to cut short the words; then he turned his eyes full upon her.

'And, you see, you have disappointed me.'

A wave of crimson had swept over Joan's face as she heard his confession, then it paled again suddenly; her eyes never relaxed their fixed gaze, and she still stood stiffly before him.

'Why don't you tell me the truth?' she said, coldly. 'I'm not such a child that you can put me off with a lie like that.'

'It is the truth I tell you! You had better call your uncle, Joan, and get it over—he will have no difficulty in believing me, I promise you.'

A little imperious motion of the girl's hand seemed to wave his words aside, and her lip curled; then, of a sudden, something in Saxon March's shame-stricken face, in his very attitude as he stood before her, struck her anew.

She came one hurried step nearer to him. 'I do not believe you,' she said, with a faint catch in her voice, and a flickering color coming and going in her smooth cheeks, 'and it is rather too late at night to be playing jests, so please make haste and go.'

He hesitated; and, in a sharper whisper, she demanded—

'Do you hear me? What would your father say if he saw you here?'

'Say?' Saxon had retreated against the heavy oaken table, and was leaning his back against it, and the hand that rested on the wood was trembling. 'He would say I was the first March of the Red House to disgrace the name—and we can go back for near two hundred years! Joan, I'll tell you—'

'You shall tell me nothing, for I will not listen,' said the girl resolutely; but Saxon looked into her face, half defiantly.

'Yes, you will!' he said. 'You shall hear why I stole in here, a thief in intent,

the stones of the yard outside told her that old Foby, the watchdog, was moving about still; he growled a little, and even attempted a short bark, but presently lay down again in silence, and Joan, who had gone to the window to listen, crossed again to her bedside.

Dead silence lay all around the rambling old house once more—a silence so intense that Joan could hear her own breathing as she took down the heavy coil of bronze-brown hair, and shook it over her shoulders with one quick movement of her head.

Then she rose to her feet with a start, and bent forward eagerly.

There was a faint noise from below—a slow, grating sound, as of a shutter or window sash being moved; one moment's silence, then another sound, sharper and clearer still, in the silent night air—the sound of a footstep on the stone-flagged floor.

Like a ghost, Joan, with the candle in her hand, crept along the passage from her room, stole noiselessly down the stairs, with bated breath, and with her heart beating almost audibly to herself, pushed open the heavy door at the stair foot.

Only a narrow passage lay between her and the kitchen door, and the latter was open.

With one hand shading her candle, she leaned forward, and looked in.

A broad flood of moonlight lay across the whitened stone floor from the open window, and the chill night air swept in and struck cold on her face.

She could see the dark outline of a man's figure cut clearly against the white light, before he pushed the heavy oaken shutter noiselessly across the window and left the kitchen almost in darkness.

A strange look had come over Joan's white face and her eyes dilated—a look that was not exactly fear or terror, and yet showed an undercurrent of some strong emotion.

She stood for a moment, silent and motionless—spell bound—while a little shiver passed over her.

Then, as the man turned from the window and caught the faint gleam of her candle upon his eyes, she walked quietly forward, holding the light aloft, and paused in the centre of the room.

What he saw was a grave, resolute face, with great dusky eyes, that seemed riveted to his own; a well-curved mouth, with lips that were strangely firm for a girl of sixteen; an oval face that looked almost marble white within its frame of heavy brown hair that rippled loosely round it—a face that could not be termed handsome yet, though the features were good, but which, like her half-childish figure and carriage, showed possibilities of a glorious womanhood to come.

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LADIES YOUR SHOES SHOULD BE AS SOFT AND PLIABLE AS YOUR GLOVES



PACKARD'S Ladies' Special Dressing will soften and preserve your shoes, and at the same time give a splendid polish.

L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

if not in actual fact. A hush of dawn dimly and distress was creeping into the depths of Joan's dark eyes as she listened, and the speaker's fair face had taken almost a sullen look upon it—a dogged, half-defiant look, that seemed utterly at war with its natural frank openness.

'I said we had been at the Red House, we March's for near two hundred years, and you know it is true. The farm seems to be of our very lives, and I don't think there's a hoar so in all England my father would change for the old Red House; and yet—now—we have got to leave it, and turn out—beggars.'

Joan did not speak, but she put down the candle, which had slanted dangerously in her hold, upon the table, and her eyes seemed to ask for more.

'It's just ruin—beggary,' Saxon went on in an even, repressed tone. 'Every acre of the land has been mortgaged over since I was a boy, and when the bad seasons came, five years ago, the house had to follow. Father never dreamed it would come to this—but you know yourself what had luck the farmers have had these years back. There has never been a chance of clearing off the debt; and now the whole sum is called suddenly in, and there's nothing to pay with.'

'But someone will help,' breathed Joan, in a whisper. 'Everyone likes your father—'

'And is sorry for him, do doubt! but that won't pay off the mortgage money. Don't you suppose we have tried every quarter where there was the slightest chance? It's the same tale everywhere—'Bad crops, wet seasons, prices down and Farm's March very grieved, and so good day.' I've been the whole round now, so I know the dismal little ditty by heart. I only left old Wakefield's office an hour ago with it ringing in my ears—he was the last forlorn hope, and even he had failed.'

There was a moment of intense silence when Saxon paused. A hush of dawn dimly and distress was creeping into the depths of Joan's dark eyes as she listened, and the speaker's fair face had taken almost a sullen look upon it—a dogged, half-defiant look, that seemed utterly at war with its natural frank openness.

'I took the near cut down your lane, and that window was not fastened, I could see it plainly enough as I passed, and the temptation came.'

He dropped his face into his hands for a moment, and Joan saw a drop of moisture on the sunburn of his forehead, just beneath the light brown hair.

She did not know what she was saying, but the word slipped out involuntarily—'I understand!'

He raised his head with almost a fierce gesture, and his eyes looked into hers.

'You understand what a temptation like that means? A child like you? Why, Joan, your wildest dream cannot fancy it! I thought myself strong, but it shook me like a very reed.'

He was speaking more to himself now than to her, and, as the light fell upon his downcast face, she saw, with some surprise, how all the boyishness seemed to have died out of it in the last few minutes.

She knew he was about five years older than herself and so just twenty one; but in the wavering light beside him, and with the stress of keen emotion in every feature, Saxon March's face looked that of a man of thirty at least—his tall figure seemed shrunken, and his erect carriage fallen into a stoop o his broad shoulders.

Presently he pulled himself together and said, in a quick whisper—

'And now, what are you going to do?'

'To open that door quietly, and let you out,' said Joan.

Saxon looked at her a moment without speaking, then he said, quietly—

'And old—I mean your uncle, what about him?'

'He will know nothing. He will not hear me if I am careful.'

The girl was very quiet, almost unnaturally so; even the eyes that were reading her face could make out little from her firmly-closed lips and clear dark orbs that had a sombre look, in the dim light, under their heavy lashes; and her voice betrayed no feeling beyond a desire to get him swiftly away.

Of test there was no trace whatever. If she had ever realized that she was completely at Saxon March's mercy—that only her own frail strength and a sleeping old man's life lay between a desperate man and the gold he craved—she had never given him a sign of it.

She took up the candle now, and went a step toward the door.

'One moment,' said Saxon, and he put out his hand to stay her, then folded his arms and leaned back against the table. 'I have not asked you to let me go free, and remember this, I do not ask you! I know now what I have done, and I am not likely to forget it to the last day I live. Every honest man, woman, and child in England has the right to point the finger of scorn at me now, and you have a right to call your uncle down and tell him all, if you wish. I shall not stir a finger to prevent it.'

The words sounded reckless, but there was a dogged determination on his face that showed he meant them.

The sense of his own great wrong-doing was so heavy upon him that he felt at that moment, no desire to escape from the consequences.

He had deserved punishment and disgrace, and if it came he would face it boldly.

He had looked upon Joan Armitage at a child until now, when some new subtle air of womanliness had stolen over her at times during this hurried interview, and had come upon him as a revelation.

Still she was but a child in years, not much more than sixteen, and he in the pride of five years more of his own thought it would be despicable indeed in him to take advantage of her ignorance, her innocence.

No! she had to judge him, to dispose of him as she thought fit, and he would not rob her of it.

He glanced up at her to learn his fate. A little look of severity was on her face, and she turned away again, as he fancied, coldly.

'You seem to have very little thought for your father,' she said, quietly, as she stole to the great kitchen-door and busied herself with the fastenings.

There were two bolts, and a huge lock as well, but Joan hated creating things, and as it fell to her to secure the doors and windows, she kept them well oiled; besides her uncle's room was at the far end of the house, and he was a heavy sleeper.

She had but little fear of the sound of the opening door reaching him in his distant chamber.

She did not stay to reason with herself why she did not let Saxon leave by the same way he had come—through the low window; but deep within her there was a feeling that it would be a degrading him still more, and she would not do it.

She heard his step behind her as she drew the second bolt, and cautiously pulled the door open an inch or two.

'And it is twice you have thought of him; you are less selfish than I am, Joan! So it is for his sake you are going to hush this up?'

'From what you say, he has trouble enough as it is, without his son—'

'Killing him outright by disgrace as well,' added Saxon, as she paused for a word. 'You are right; for his sake I will accept your generosity, Joan; and there are the boys to think of as well. I should have shamed them all!'

He held out his hand impulsively to her as he spoke of her generosity, and a grateful look came into his eyes; then of a sudden a stamined flush rose to his very temples, and he drew back his proffered hand.

'I forgot,' he said, simply, and the girl made no answer.

For one moment they stood looking into each other's face before Joan pulled wide open the door.

She was grave and quiet as he rose, and made no sign of farewell, of pardon.

'If anyone had told me, even one hour ago, that I could have fallen to this!' he said, below his breath; then, as he turned away, his lips moved still, though no sound came from them.

'Did you speak?' asked Joan.

'No—at least, not to you,' he said, quietly. 'It was only repeating some words I had read lately, that was all.'

A look of surprise crossed Joan's eyes, and she held open the door.

'Why don't you go?' she said. 'It is cold, standing here—cold, and very late.'

CHAPTER III.

The door was bolted fast and locked and Joan, creeping to the stairs, gave a long sigh and pushed back the heavy hair from her forehead with a gesture of relief.

A troubled look was on her face now; a half puzzled one with her eyes.

Had she done wrong—perhaps even almost as wrongly as Saxon March himself? She had disturbed him on the threshold of a crime, and had let him go free; she had tacitly, though not in so many spoken words, agreed to keep his secret and shield him.

She wondered vaguely if by this act she became sharer in his guilt?

But there were so many things that Joan was puzzled about, and thought over in her loneliness.

She often wondered if it were right that her uncle, John Scattergood, who was practically her guardian should feed and clothe her body, but starve her intellect and fetter her mind by refusing her the education she longed for; and if he were justified in looking upon her as a very necessary piece of kitchen furniture—a patient never tiring little drudge in a great lonely house, without a single companion to cheer the long days that passed in such unbroken monotony and uniform dulness.

She suddenly remembered that, although the shutter was to, the kitchen window was open; so, she went back to close it.

The moonlight lay silvery pale upon the path and the unkempt grass plot outside, and it flooded the whitened kitchen floor.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

A PILL A DAY

One of Parson's Pills every day for a week will do more to cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, and all Liver and Bowel Complaints, than a whole box of irritating, drastic pills or remedies.

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Sunday Reading.

The Modern Son and Daughter.

By an American Mother in Ladies' Home Journal.

I noted in the last issue of the Journal how far the American, during this century which is so nearly gone, had shifted his position toward his neighbor and his God. He has changed his attitude toward his children, also, and quite as widely. Sixty years ago the faithful christian parent believed that the first duty toward a child was to save him from hell. The baby, no matter how sweet or fair, was held to be a vessel of wrath and a servant of the devil unless he could be rescued.

To effect this rescue the father and mother prayed and labored unceasingly. The hill of Zion, up which they led the boy, was no path of roses. Above was an angry God; below was hell. They taught him to be honest, to be chaste and truthful in word and act, under penalty of the rod. The rawhide hung over the fireplace ready for instant use in most respectable families. The father who spared it on his son felt that he was giving him over to damnation. Often the blows cut into his own heart deeper than into the child's back, but he gave them with fiercer energy believing that it was Satan who moved him to compassion.

Christianity at the Beginning of the Century.

As most pleasant things in life were then supposed to be temptations of the devil they were forbidden to the young aspirant to Heaven. The theatre and the ballroom were denounced; cards, pretty dresses, and, in some sects, music and art, were purveyors of souls for the devil. To become a christian meant to give up forever these carnal things.

Parents who were not members of any church also taught their children self-denial. Did a boy cut his finger, the first howl was silenced with: "Not a word! Close your mouth tight! A man never cries!"

The same adjurations were given when the whip was applied to his back.

A high tempered child was held by many intelligent parents to be possessed with a kind of demon which required strong measures for its expulsion. "You must break his spirit and then he will obey you," was the universal rule. In my childhood I once heard a bishop, who I am sure was a kindly, godly man, say: "Whipping does not always conquer a child's spirit, but I never have known a dash of ice water on his spine to fail."

Was the old system wise or unwise?

It was, believed that, once conquered, the child would yield implicit obedience to his parents, and in that unreasoning, unquestioning obedience lay his one chance of safety. Had not God appointed them his guardians during the years when his brain and soul were immature and ignorant?

Now, it is not for me to say whether this system of training was wise. I only know that sixty years ago such things were.

But such things are no longer.

They have come to parents successive pauses of doubt, of inquiry. There were heard at first timid suggestions of "moral suasion." Was the soul really reached by a rawhide on the back? Why not appeal to the higher nature of the child? Why not give up thrashing and lure him to virtue by his reason? The child who was old enough to sin was old enough to be redeemed. Why not then bring about the awful change of soul called conversion, in infancy?

Outbreaks of Infant Piety Were Frequent.

This theory, urged in practice by pious, zealous people, caused, half a century ago, a sudden outbreak of infant piety. I do not speak irreverently. There is nothing on earth so near akin to God as one of His little ones. Our Lord, when He would set before His apostles an example for their lives, placed a little child, pure, humble and innocent, in their midst. But He did not send that child out to preach the Gospel.

The children of fifty years ago, if they were nervous and imitative, soon caught the religious dialect of the hour. They listened of regeneration and sanctification; every village boasted of its baby saint, usually an anemic inheritor of consumption, whose diseased brain led on his body. Tales of his superhuman virtue and piety were carried by eager grandparents and aunts far and wide, and often crept into print. I remember especially one popular book—a memoir of Louis B., who was hopefully converted at three, and died, triumphant, praying for her unregenerate neighbors, at four years of age!

Sunday School Books Were Not Helpful.

The Sunday-school libraries were flooded with fictitious tales of boy and girl evange-

THE FAT IN

the food supplies warmth and strength; without it the digestion, the muscles, the nerves and the brain are weak, and general debility follows. But fat is hard to digest and is disliked by many.

Scott's Emulsion supplies the fat in a form pleasant to take and easy to digest. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, invigorates mind and body, and builds up the entire system.

Scott & Bowman, Chemists, Toronto.

lists, who invariably were weighted in life by drunken fathers, fashionable mothers or infidel uncles. The conversion of these sinners by pious infants was the motive of most of the Sunday-school books of that day.

Boy preachers were another product of this phase of education. Lads of twelve or fourteen, driven by excitement into hysterical raptures, were carried from pulpit to pulpit to kindle revivals. Such boys usually continued in the public eye, voluble and zealous, for a few years, and then lapsed into obscurity, carrying with them an overweening vanity, a bitter sense of failure, and abnormally dull brains which yielded them nothing but headaches.

It seems incredible to the shrewd, practical, unimaginative American of today that his forefathers could ever have led their children to such spiritual intoxication.

Methods, Not Motives Were at Fault.

But, after all, it was the methods, not the motives, of the man of that day that were at fault. The Almighty, you must remember, was always present with him.

He appealed to God when he lay down to sleep and when he arose, when he ate or when he fasted, when he wanted rain and when he had too much rain. If he should die suddenly it would be by the visitation of God; if he sent out a cargo he invoked God, on the bill of lading, to bring the good ship into a safe harbor. He held that this Supreme Power took a personal interest in his crops, his rheumatism, and his choice of a wife. He tried, naturally, to make his children the servants of this Omnipotent Ruler. Whether he set his boy in a pulpit or took him to the barn and whipped him like a dog, his motive was the same—to make him a Christian, and a faithful follower of God.

Candidly, is that our purpose now in the rearing of our children?

Or is it to fit them to make money?

Are we Rearing our Children as Christians?

Look at the system of home training of our boys and girls. The old ascetic discipline, once given up, has never been resumed. The modern father does not beat his son, nor put his girl on a diet of bread and water. He does not urge them to bear pain without whimpering, to do without luxuries, or to make the best of a bare, hard life. Instead, he gives his strength, till he totters into the grave, to earn luxuries for them, to make their lives soft and easy, and he sharpens their wits by costly education, that they may earn more luxuries for themselves when he is gone. Nor are the luxuries which he craves for his children all gross and sensuous. It is not only sumptuous fare and Russian sables, private trains and yachts that he wants for them. He tries to give them that hunger of soul which only be satisfied by the best things in art, music and literature. His aspirations for them rise even higher than these. He will have them taste the keen joy of chivalric courage, of usefulness and of charity. It is usually the sons and daughters of our most influential men who work hardest in the slums and make count less reforms and charities the occupation of their lives. In giving to our children a scheme of life we have not, by any means, left our poor neighbor out of it.

But we do leave God out of it. How many of us teach our boys and girls, when they go out into the world, that God is the only Reality in it—its beginning and its end?

What Foundation are we Living on?

This modern life into which they are born is a beautiful dwelling such as our grandfathers never imagined. Every art and every science lend comfort and splendor to it. But its foundation—What foundation has it? I do not think that the average American parent knows how strange his attitude is toward his child. It is new—absolutely unique in the world. You will find nothing

like it in any other country. He no longer regards his child as an animal to be tamed by beating, or as a possible saint, but as the heir to all the good things of time. Almost invariably the child has a more thorough education, a better chance, a higher social position than had his parents. They stand in the background watching him with fond, admiring eyes; there is a certain curious deference in their attitude toward him which puzzles a foreigner.

Old-Fashioned Mothers and Their Daughters

The old fashion mother sometimes hears her daughter chatter to young men of subjects which even now bring a hot blush to her withered cheeks. But she does not reprove her. Susy has gone through college. She talks as flippantly of Huxley and Renan as if they had played with her in the cradle. She has spent a year with out a chaperon in Dresden studying music. What is there that Susy does not know? How should this poor lady advise or correct her daughter as mothers used to do when they stood upon a higher plane than their children?

Her son, Tom, has even wider freedom. His father, like most Americans, is climbing with the ladder with breathless haste, and, too, like most Americans he feels his nerves, stomach and brain suddenly fail at middle age. But Tom will not fail! He will be the great millionaire, the famous author, the powerful man that the father meant to be. The father watches the boy as the gambler watches the card that is to win the game for him. And the boy from his cradle knows his importance. There is no raw hide for him, no side table, no snubbing, no discipline not even a hint that he has sins, nor any effort made to convert him.

The Future is the kingdom of which these young people are taught that they will be the legitimate rulers. Is it their fault that they are vain, aggressive and ill-mannered? How, when they never have learned to obey can they know how to command?

Summer Resorts have Spoiled American Children.

Our hotels and summer resorts have helped to make the American child what he is. Even as an infant he learns to live in a staring crowd. In what other country would the baby daughters of respectable families be exhibited to the public in a contest for prizes for beauty or fine clothes? You may see every summer the poor little winners in such contests marched up and down the street before shouting a crowd to the music of a brass band, trembling with conscious pride in the dimples or plumed hat which won for them the blue ribbon. A child dead in his mother's arms is a sight far less tragic.

In what other country would the parlors of hotels be given up to the ecstasies of children in the morning, and the ball room to their Germans at night? The vanities, the jealousies of adults thus reproduced in a miniature are not pleasant to look upon. A few months ago, at a well-known summer resort, a young lad contrived unseen to tie the queue of the Chinese Minister, while he was sitting on a bench in the garden, to the parasol of a lady. When she rose his head was jerked violently backward. Even then the good breeding of the Asiatic did not fail. He listened with dignity and courtesy to her apologies, and at once left the hotel with his suite. The exploit of the boy—an insult to an old man and the representative of a great nation—was treated as a capital joke. It was a curious contrast between the ancient and modern civilizations.

Why This Homage to the Rising Generation?

In certain sections of the country this universal homage to the coming generation has given birth to a singular theory of education. Boys are to be scrupulously left alone, freed from any restraint or fear of punishment, to grow as Nature chooses. Among certain families the maxim is, "A well born boy must never be subject to rule; his individuality must have room to develop." Mothers sit calmly silent while their sons of ten or twelve swagger, and jostle gray haired men, and their daughters of the same age carry on active flirtations. I know that there is another and brighter side to this picture. I have not written of the finer Brahmin class among us, but rather of the great majority of our homes and the general tendencies of American life. I can hear the eager protest from thousands of quiet homes where Christ is still an actual, live power; homes in which there are fathers who have better work to do than to make money, and mothers who hold the strange, obsolete doctrine that a gentleman never can be conspicuous, and that her business in life is with her husband and babies. The children of this class of Americans are kept in the back ground of the family life, and are treated

at once with a tender care and a wholesome neglect eminently wise.

And these homes will stand, for they are founded upon the rock.

An Ashbarrel Bible.

A church in New York City acquired its pulpit Bible in a way that was probably never paralleled. During the absence of pastor, Rev. John B. Shaw, D. D.—as he relates the circumstances in the Presbyterian Banner—certain repairs and additions to the church edifice had included the gift of a handsome new pulpit. The new Bible, donated as its companion piece, was found to be too large to fit its lectern, or reading board. The same objection prevented the use of another one sent by a different donor.

One day a woman came to the doctor with a neat package, which she proceeded to untie. He was not surprised to see a beautifully bound gilt-edged Bible unfolding in her hands; but his feelings changed when she told him she had found it in an ashbarrel.

A family, after a short residence in the apartment house where she lived, had moved out that morning, and had left their rubbish with the janitor to be carted away in the city garbage wagon. The costly Bible was among this "rubbish." The family record had been cut out of it, being evidently the only thing about it that its owners valued.

The minister took it to his new pulpit, and it has been there ever since. It fitted the book-board exactly. He wrote out his thoughts about that ashbarrel Bible, two columns of them; but we cannot repeat them here.

There is a sadly pathetic vision of a sacred wedding gift once prized: of resolutions forgotten; of decaying household piety amid a hurried city life and frequent removals; of a birth and death, and their little record: of the final loss of religious faith and all reverence for its symbols. The family Bible meant only so many pounds of paper and leather—a piece of lumber too heavy to carry away.

There is another form of neglect of the Bible that appears less rude and disrespectful to the holy volume. It adores its beautiful covers, but does not open them—a kind of fetish worship of a book that is never read. Which neglect is the worse?

Loyal to the Lord's Day.

Recently a large party of railroad conductors made a trip to a Southern city. They arrived on Saturday evening. In the morning one of the conductors, noticing that a member of the party, a friend of his, was dressing with more than usual care, asked him:

"Are you going with us on the excursion?"

"No," was the reply. "It is Sunday, and I happen to like to go to church on Sundays." To another questioner he made practically the same reply.

This brought on a discussion in which, eventually, a majority of the members of the party engaged; and finally, when the conductor who preferred to go church started on his way, he found himself one of a company of some two hundred men, who had all been influenced by his quiet example.

We lately read of a young lady who quite as nobly 'stood by her colors' at a summer resort. A college graduate, she possessed not only fine musical and scholarly accomplishments, but bright talents, wealth and personal beauty. Naturally her social influence was unquestioned. When Sunday came, a large party of boarders planned a horseback excursion, not doubting that she would join them.

"Why, no," she replied, when appealed to, "I am going to church."

In vain the thoughtful company pleaded vacation liberty, disparaged the 'stuffy little country church,' and protested that the 'sleepy old minister' was 'no preacher.' She reproved them in her sweet way, suggested that the 'city boarders' might help to wake up the poor old minister and his people, and then went to church as she had intended.

The horseback party departed with only a fraction of its expected number.

Before the season closed, the little church had a Sunday crowd of strangers, and not only the Christian young lady but several of her friends sang in the choir and had classes in the Sunday school. These incidents invite two reflections. There is no better mark of sterling character than the moral independence that foregoes a popular pleasure for duty's sake—the conscious frankness that fearlessly refuses to "go with the crowd." Stand alone on a high principle, and the crowd will be more likely to come your way.

The obvious penalties of disregarding the Lord's day as a day of rest ought to lessen the tendency to sneer against the "Puritan Sabbath." Human rights, as well as divine laws, are sacred and both the beneficence and the sanctity of Sunday are

testified to by the physical and mental nature of man.

Is not much of the business plea of 'necessity,' which exacts human toil seven days in the week, a narrow and mistaken commercialism? Is not the imitating of the 'European Sunday,' spending the day in exhausting sport or travel, an abuse of nature and a cause of moral enervation.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. B. L. MASTIN.

After Long Years of Perfect Health He Was Attacked With Kidney Trouble and Other Complications—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring New Health.

From the Fiction, Ont. Times.

Mr. B. L. Mastin, of Hollowell township, Prince Edward county, was a caller at the Times office the other day and during his visit told of his great suffering from kidney trouble and rheumatism, accompanied by dyspepsia, cold feet and a generally broken down constitution. Mr. Mastin is one of the first settlers of Prince Edward county. He is in his seventy-first year and is the father of a grown up family of well-to-do farmers. In the course of the conversation Mr. Mastin said:—"I had never known what it was to be sick. I have always had good health and worked on my farm every day until some months ago, when I was taken with severe pains in my back and shoulders. I consulted a doctor but received little benefit. I was told by one doctor that I had rheumatism and kidney disease, but his treatment did not help me and I continued getting worse. My appetite failed me and I fell away in flesh. I became irritable and could not sleep well at night. Nobody can conceive the intense pain I endured. Not deriving any benefit from the food I ate and having a constant pain in my stomach I soon became aware that I had dyspepsia, and the pain in my back and shoulders intensified by the stone like weight in my stomach, made life to me almost unbearable. I was also a great sufferer from cold feet, nearly every day my feet would get like chunks of ice, and unless I was constantly by the fire the soles of my feet would feel as though they were wet. One day I told my wife I was going to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having read so much of these famous pills, I thought that what they had done for others they might do for me. I procured a box from Mr. E. W. Case, druggist, and to my great delight before I had used quite one box I had improved. When I had finished a couple more boxes I felt like a new man and I gladly tell this for the benefit of all who suffer as I did." Continuing Mr. Mastin said: "My rheumatism is all gone and I can come and go and enjoy as good health as well as ever I did." With these remarks Mr. Mastin got up to go, but added that his wife was receiving much benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "I took home a couple of boxes the other day and she thinks they are splendid."

The Boys Got In.

The late Dan Rice the famous circus man, was fond of boys, and always wanted to see a lot of them in his audience. He never gave a performance, says the Cleveland Leader, when the nooks and corners were not filled with youngsters who had come in free.

One story of this sort is told by Capt. George J. Grammer traffic manager of the Lake Shore Railroad. At the time of the occurrence, Grammer, who lived in Zanesville, Ohio, was standing one afternoon with a crowd of other boys, looking longingly into the tent, but not having the price of admission.

It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first grand entry of the circus people, when he would leave. On this occasion he saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys, and called them around him. "You want to go in, don't you, boys?" "Bet yer life!" shouted back the youngsters. "I'll tell you what. All the boys who are back here in ten minutes with clean faces and hands get in."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a dash for the Muskingum River, and in less than seven minutes two hundred clean faces and hands came back to the tent. The boys went inside with a rush.

"Jemeseenty!" exclaimed Farmer Hariz, as he dropped his paper. "I reckon thieves must be kind o' scarce down to the city."

"Now, what in the name o' goodness put such an idee into your head, Josh'way?" asked his better half.

"Some feller put an advertisement in the paper fer 'em," replied the old man, "an' what's more, he offered \$10 reward for any information leadin' to the delivery o' 'em."

"I'm so glad that the poor fellows at Mas'king have been relieved."

"Yes. Why so?"

"Because now we'll find out what they think of the starvation cure."

CANCER And Tumors cured to any extent, at home, no pain, no trouble, please or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 100-page book—free, write Dept. 17, MASON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

How English and Boers Fight.

The Different Tactics of Their Infantry and Artillery Fully Described by Correspondents Richard Harding Davis and Thomas H. Millward in Scribner's Magazine.

A Boer charge is destitute of hurrah and dash. There is no alignment and little semblance of concerted action. Yet the concerted action is there. Having been broadly instructed by their commandants as to the general object and plan of the movement, the Boers start, moving rapidly enough while at long range, yet cautiously too. To conceal himself behind what, to the ordinary man, would seem ridiculously inadequate cover, is an instinct with the Boer, born of the veldt and its ways. Thus, running in a crouching attitude, and keeping out of sight as much as possible the thin, widely scattered line moves forward until a point is reached within effective rifle range of the enemy. Then the real attack begins, and the peculiar methods of the Boers begin to operate.

It will not be a movement of the whole line, but only of a small segment. The rest of the line will support it. A certain number of men in each commando, amounting to probably one fourth, had been told off before the attack began, to hold cover when rushes were made, and consecrate their fire upon the enemy. These men lie securely sheltered, their watchful eyes scanning the positions of the defenders. The signal is given and the rush begins.

Up spring fifty or a hundred men, with rifles held loosely at a "trail," and dash forward at full speed, leaping over the ground like Zulu runners. A few scattering shots give warning of the hotter fire to come. Prone on earth go the charging Boers. *Cr—r—r—ash!* comes the volley. Up again, and a wild scurry on for half a minute before the second volley can come, then down again, each man under cover. Fifty yards have been gained. To see a body of men spring up suddenly and dash toward them is calculated to flurry any troops. [The Boers have counted upon this and for this the reserved marksmen are prepared. Startled for a moment out of his presence of mind, or in his eagerness to get a fair shot, Tommy Atkins will expose himself. A head, a shoulder, an arm or leg shows. It is a sufficient mark for a Boer. The Mausers yelp in a stammering chorus, and a score of gentlemen in khaki grope blindly about in the dirt and gravel.

The Roar of a Battle Described.

The roar of the navy's four point seven's their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick firing Maxims, which sounded like the clicking of many mowing-machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.

The Country Buller Fought Through.

No map, nor photograph, nor written description, can give an idea of the country which lay between Buller and his goal. It was an eruption of high hills, linked together at every point without order or sequence. In most countries mountains and hills follow some natural law. The Cordilleras can be traced from the Amazon River to Guatemala City; they make the water-shed of two continents; the Great Divide forms the backbone of the States, but these Natal hills have no lineal descent. They are illegitimate children of no line, abandoned broadcast over the country, with no family likeness and no home. They stand alone, or a shoulder to a shoulder, or at right angles, or at a tangent, or join hands across a valley. They never appear the same; some stretch out, forming a tableland, others are gigantic ant-hills, others perfect and accurately modelled ramparts. In a ride of half a mile, every hill completely loses its original aspect and character. They hide each other, or disguise each other. Each can be engulfed by the other, and not one

gives up the secret of its strategic value until its crest has been carried by the bayonet. To add to this confusion, the river Tugela has selected the hills around Lady Smith as occupying the country through which it will endeavor to throw off its pursuers. It darts through them as though striving to escape, it doubles on its tracks, it sinks out of sight between them, and in the open plain rises to the dignity of waterfalls. It runs up hill, and remains motionless on an incline, and on the level ground twists and turns so frequently that when one says he has crossed the Tugela he means he has crossed it once at a drift, once at the wrecked railroad bridge, and once over a pontoon. And then he is not sure that he is not still on the same side from which he started.

How the English Took Pieter's Hill.

The long procession of yellow figures was still advancing along the bottom of the valley, toward the right, when on the crest of the farthest hill fourteen of them suddenly appeared, and ran forward and sprang into the trenches. They looked terribly lonely and insufficient, perched against the blue sky on the highest and most distant of the three hills, and they ran about, this way and that, as though they were very much surprised to find that they were there. Then they settled down into the Boer trench, from our side of it, and began firing their rifles, as his habit is standing up behind them. The hill they had taken had evidently been abandoned to them by the enemy and the fourteen men in khaki had taken it by "default." But they disappeared, so suddenly into the trench, that we knew they were not enjoying their new position in peace, and everyone looked below them, and to see the arriving reinforcements. They came at last, to the number of ten, and scampered about just as the others had done, looking for cover. It seemed as if we could almost hear the singing of the bullet when one of them dodged, and it was with a distinct sense of relief, and of freedom from further responsibility, that we saw the ten disappear also, and become part of the yellow stones about them. Then a very wonderful movement began to agitate the men upon the two remaining

hills. They began to creep up them, as you have seen seaweed rise with the tide and envelope a rock. They moved in regiments, but each man was as distinct as a letter of the alphabet in each word on this page, black with letters. We began to follow the fortunes of individual letters. It was a most selfish and cowardly occupation, for you knew you were in no greater danger than you would be in looking through the glasses of a microscope. The battle unrolled before you like a panorama. The guns on our side of the valley had ceased, the hurricane in the depth below had instantly spent itself, and the birds and insects had again begun to fill our hill with drowsy twitter and song.

A Boer Sharpshooter as Seen by an Eye-witness.

In all the fighting the Boer sharpshooter plays an important part. Keep an eye on one of these marksmen, and you will get an object lesson in Boer tactics. When an action begins the sharpshooter will separate from the main body and proceed cautiously until he secures a position within easy range (for the average Boer three hundred yards is an easy range) of the enemy. There he will construct a "schonze" or cover. In this "schonze" he will stretch himself and prepare for the business of the day, which is to kill as many Englishmen as he can without betraying his own whereabouts. He has provided himself with a water-bottle, some hard bread and biltong, and generally carries a pair of field-glasses. Nor has he forgotten his pipe and a supply of tobacco. If it is possible to effect it, a shade for at least a part of his body is arranged.

Thus ensconced, the sharpshooter patiently waits for the opportunity to get to work. The Boer lines begin to crawl forward, the British artillery breaks out angrily, and fleeting glimpses of khaki show along the English positions. Disposing his body comfortably, the sharpshooter fixes a perfect rest for his rifle, adjusts the sight, and aims the barrel with his eye. Presently he marks down a "Tommy." He does not fire. Not yet. He waits until he gets the man right on the "head." Then bang! and the marked man collapses in a heap. His comrades see him go down, but can not tell whence came the bullet which slew him. The tiny puff of smoke less powder has been waited away before the missile reaches its mark, and not even the stirring of a leaf gives a clue to the marksmen's whereabouts. A sharpshooter will keep this up all day, occasionally regaling himself with a lunch of biltong and a puff at his pipe, blowing the smoke carefully away along the ground. Cool, collected, his nerves quiet, his pulse normal, one of the men will do an appalling execution in the course of a prolonged fight.

ain't on the level, we'll come out and see you."

By this time there was not even standing room and the lights had been lowered. Upon the canvas screen stretched across the stage curtain was the announcement that the pictures about to be shown were genuine. When the first round was displayed the crowd was struck dumb. For there, sure enough, were two fighters who looked like Corbett and Jeffries, sitting in chairs surrounded by their seconds, who were putting on their gloves and getting them ready for the fray. In the background, banked up higher than the tops of the ring ropes, were perhaps 100 or more spectators who were waving rolls of bank notes aloft and apparently trying to bet all kinds of money. The fighters were not in the usual corners diagonally across the ring, but occupied the two furthest from the camera so that they could be easily seen between rounds. In the foreground were the reporters, each of whom were banging away on a typewriter.

While the fighters were making ready the referee, supposed to be Charles White, he of the shining pate and gleaming smile, took off his coat and hung it over the ropes. Then he rolled up his shirt sleeves and made a low bow whereupon the principals shook hands and the battle was on. The pugilist supposed to be Corbett immediately began the most rapid kind of foot work. In fact his sprinting was so fast that it looked like a race between two professionals at a country fair, for Jeffries, or rather the fighter who was supposed to be the champion, chased his antagonist around the ring for forty-five seconds. That was the end of the round and when the men sat down in their corners, their handlers began waving towels and throwing water on them in the usual way. This was all in plain view of the crowd in the concert hall which was still dumfounded. The spectacular crowd in the back of the ring in the picture seemed in a frenzy of excitement, and even the reporters in the foreground stopped drumming on the typewriters just long enough to wave their hats above their heads.

"It's take sure," said Dana to his friends. "I never saw a reporter wave his hat above his head at a big fight in my life. Why, the newspaper men don't have time to think, let alone take off their hats and cheer. Another thing. The fighters ain't in the right corners and the spectators behind the ring are banked up so high that you can't see the top row. Anybody can see it's a fake because the seats back of that particular side of the ring at the fight the other night were empty.

In less than half a minute the second round was on. This also lasted less than one minute, and was very much like the first round. The crowd in the concert hall, however, did not see anything wrong about the pictures for the reason that only a few of them had seen the original fight. As Corbett proceeded to land his rapid left hander in Jeffries's face in the next four rounds, there were cries of:

"Good boy, Jim, soak it to him!" "Jeffries can't fight, he's a lobster!" "Hooray for Corbett, he'll win!" "Look at the way he's jabbing the champion's nose!" "There's Billy Brady in the corner wiping the sweat off his forehead. I bet he's sick!" "There's 'Honest' John Kelly in the back ground; the fellow with the big diamond. Can't you see him? He's betting \$15,000; he's got the money in his hands there!" "That's right, Charley White, get in and break 'em!" "It's a hot fight aint it?"

The ninth round in which Corbett had Jeffries on the ragged edge, as will be remembered, was faithfully reproduced. It was so realistic that the crowd in the concert hall stood up and yelled for joy. Then everybody told Corbett to knock the big champion out. Meanwhile the waiters were not deterred from doing their duty on account of the darkened hall, though there was scarcely room for them to walk about, and they did not spill a drink. They did a rushing trade too. When the fifteenth round was over a big sporting man, who attends all the fights said in a loud voice:

"That aint Jeffries at all. That feller in the picture hasn't got any hair on his chest and if the real Jeffries could get hold of him he would break him in two. That Corbett in the picture moves around very much like Frank Erne, the light weight champion. It's a clever fake at that. The only thing that I see particularly wrong is that there aint a hair on any part of Referee White's head, and everybody knows that Charlie's got a fringe around the back of his head on a level with his ears. It also seems to me as if that White in the picture has a moustache, but he's doing so much running around that nobody can get a good line on his face. He's also got a chicken walk that the real White never had, but his make up otherwise is very good."

"Here comes the twentieth round" said Timekeeper Dana, "and now we'll see

where Corbett did his great running act for which he was hissed."

The picture showed that Corbett's tactics had been well studied. At last came the twenty third round and the knockout. The crowd was on tiptoe. Jeffries, it will be remembered, knocked out Corbett with a straight left lead in the shape of a jolt on the chin. In the picture Jeffries, after rushing Corbett to the proper place directly in front of the reporters, swung a right on the jaw and then a sweeping left hand swing on the side of the head which knocked Corbett down backward, his head sticking out through the ropes. Just as the pampadour boxer had done the real fight his prototype in the picture writes as if in pain. He attempted to get up, and then sank down, while the referee with the bald head counted him out. Then a crowd of spectators jumped into the ring followed by the police, who were swinging clubs in lively fashion. After this there was a general handshaking among the principals, seconds, reporters and officials and the lights were turned up in the concert hall.

"It's a fake sure," said the knowing ones, who went out to interview the boxer, but he was busy calling in another crowd and refused to be interviewed. Out of curiosity a reporter of the Sun found a man who said he knew all about the pictures and the following information was gleaned:

"These pictures were faked, or rather the fight was faked, down in Philadelphia day after the big mill was decided. There's a fellow there who's made a study of it and who also coined money with fake pictures of the Jeffries-Fizsimmons fight. He has a number of professional pugilists on his staff and as soon as the big fight has been decided, he gets the various newspaper accounts of the rounds and selects two men to learn the fight by heart as it has been written. He also has several skilled experts who attend the real fights and note various peculiarities, such as knock downs and knockouts.

"In order to reproduce the Corbett-Jeffries fight this man got a boxer who is particularly skillful and who is about Corbett's build. He made him put on a pampadour wig and a white breech clout just as Corbett wore. Then he picked out a big fellow to represent Jeffries, but he couldn't get anybody as big as the champion. With a black wig on and black trunks the alleged champion looked all right. The principals were then ordered to study the rounds and to stand up and box them under instructions. They spent a whole day at this and gradually learned the fight by heart. When everything was ready a crowd of supers were led into the studio and were arranged in the background to represent spectators. To make it more realistic the reporters and their typewriters were put in, which was an innovation. The man who was selected to referee was about the build of Charley White and wore a bald-headed wig. He was in his shirt sleeves just as White was, and saw the original referee perform at the Island. Then the fight was started and the pictures were taken. Of course mistakes will happen under the circumstances but all things considered, the pictures show careful study.

"That fellow who gets these pictures up is a corker. He used to be nothing but a little magic lantern seller in Philadelphia. When the moving picture craze struck the country he was forty enough to get in on the game. He arranged a fake reproduction of the 'Passion Play' that takes one hour and a half to give and spring it before the real pictures arrived from the other side. He also showed pictures during the Spanish war that gave take reproductions of the landing of soldiers in Cuba, the fight at Santiago, the soldiers arriving at Porto Rico and many similar scenes. When Admiral Dewey came to this city on his return home, the fellow had eight or nine sets of pictures, every one purporting to have been taken on the Olympia while she was in the harbor. It is needless to say that the boat, the Admiral and the visitors were faked just as much as were these prize-fight pictures. But they all sold like hot cakes. He is generally credited with having made over half a million plunkers by this time and is rapidly rolling up a lot more."

Appropriate.

People who have the mistaken idea that poets prefer to be addressed in what is commonly called "high-fown language sometimes say strange things.

One such misguided individual spoke to Col. John Hay in a hotel parlor, soon after the great fire in Chicago.

"Well, Colonel Hay," she said, advancing with outstretched hand and her sweetest smile, "I suppose we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing the great fire embalmed in your liquid verse, shall we not?"

Myer—Have you noticed what a lot of new houses are being put up all over the city?

Gyer—Yes; and I've been wondering why they don't put up a few old ones just for a change.

Fight Pictures Faked.

The New York Sun explains how fight pictures are faked and mentions incidentally the Passion Play which it will be remembered Col. Rogers brought to St. John some months ago. The discussion then as to whether the reproductions were genuine or not was somewhat amusing but the explanation as given by the Sun will make it clear how real they were:

It is a recognized fact that the best place to gull the public is Coney Island. All sorts of games have been played there in years gone by with more or less success. But one of the most effective schemes yet seen down by the wavelets was introduced last week. So much has been written and said about the various big prize fights that the public appears to be ready to take stock in anything that relates to the more prominent pugilists. The battle between Corbett and Jeffries turned out to be so interesting that there has been a feeling of universal regret among the sporting fraternity that it was impossible for many to be at the ringside to witness the encounter. Had the battle been photographed as the Jeffries-Sharkey contest was, its reproduction would have netted thousands of dollars in profits. The failure of the management to take pictures was immediately realized as a mistake. Consequently the appearance of advertisements that a reproduction of the movements of Corbett and Jeffries could be obtained for fair rates from a Philadelphia firm caused much consternation on the part of Tom O'Rourke, manager of the Seaside Sporting Club, where the fight was held; Wm. A. Brady, manager of Jeffries, and George F. Considine, manager of Corbett. These men, believing that the fight had been surreptitiously photographed by small picture-taking machines secreted by operators near the ring, had a big sign painted which was hung up outside of the clubhouse on Monday night and read as follows:

Any person carrying a camera of any kind will not be admitted to this building.

Coincident with the posting of this notice was the announcement that the alleged pictures of the fight would be placed on exhibition in a big concert hall on Coney Island's Bowery, not far away. So when some of the sporting men who went down to see the McParland-Ernest fight on Tuesday night last finished eating dinner they took a stroll through the bowery. They were soon confronted by a brazen-lunged barker, who yelled:

"Here they are, gent! This way for the only pictures of the Corbett-Jeffries fight, taken from life at the ringside and put on exhibition here for the first time in New York! They're on the level, gent, as any one can see, so step right in! It don't cost a cent, except you have to buy a beer. Come on, boys, don't be bashful! Here's a fight for nothing that would have cost you \$20.00 to see. It's the real article!"

And so he bawled and bellowed while a long stream of men filed in and took seats at the tables.

"There's twenty three rounds to this fight," continued the barker. "It shows Corbett's science and it shows Jeffries when he copped his man on the point of the jaw and knocked the stuff out of him. Twenty three rounds, gent, and it don't cost a cent! You get good beer for your nickel!"

"Why, that's funny," said Joseph Dana, the official timekeeper of the Seaside Sporting Club, who came along with a party of friends. "No pictures of that fight were taken. I'll bet \$1.00 these pictures are fakes."

"Now, they ain't fakes" replied the barker who had overheard the remark. "They're just as the fight was, see? Come on in here and see if they ain't! Don't be blocking up the passage, but come in!"

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Chat of the Boudoir.

Opinions in regard to the important elements of artistic dressing are as varied as the modes, each one of which is supposed to create this ideal condition; but one feature, on which a large share of the success depends, lies in choosing a becoming color and harmonious contrasts. The question which color will best enhance your charms concealing the faults and bringing out the best tints in your complexion, is far more important than the average woman seems to realize. Her gown may be elegant in design and materials, and stunning in effect, but if the color is unbecoming it will be half so attractive as the simple dress well chosen as to the individuality of style and coloring. That the artistic side of woman's instinct for dress is often wanting is convincingly manifest at every turn, and it is the wise woman who will admit that she cannot choose her own costumes successfully and will put herself in the hands of an experienced modiste.

To be always successful in color effects it is necessary to possess something of the artist's knowledge and intuition in regard to color, quality and complimentary contrasts. While it is true that all colors gain by the right contrast, there must be a judicious choice of shades to gain the best effect. One color forces another if it is its complimentary foil, for example, purple and yellow are complimentary, and red and orange and blue green. There is pretty harmony in contrasts if colors closely related to each other are chosen, citron, olive and russet all harmonizing with purple. It is said that black weakens all colors, but it forms one of the most attractive contrasts on our gowns this season, one little touch in the form of a rosette and finely plaited end of silk gauze on the bodice, or a few little bands of velvet, bringing out the whole effect of the costume.

The color of the hair and eyes is a consideration not to be slighted in your choice of a costume, and the woman with red hair that gets herself up in light pink or blue makes a serious mistake, even to the point of using blue ribbon on a white gown. Black and white costumes are stunning on a woman with Tisian hair, and the soft red shades of brown are always becoming. Any color which deepens the color of the eyes is a safe investment, and another subtle point in the choice of color is to find the particular shade of green which is a part of every woman's natural coloring and bring it out in the finish of your gown. It may require an artist to discover it, but if you succeed you have a becoming effect which surpasses that of any other.

Neutral tints of beige and gray are so much used this season that the question of color concerns the contrast invariably used in the finish. The varying tints have their special complementary colors, and it is the artistic eye for harmonious effects which detects the right one. A pink gray is improved with green, and a blue gray with orange. White in some tone is a feature in the finish of almost every gown this season, and as every color is improved by contrast with white there is little if anything to be desired from an artistic point of view in the present fabric of fashion. Several colors are tastefully and harmoniously combined in one costume, giving a special style to our new gowns never quite equalled before. That elusive quality called chic, as applied to gowns, is said to be identical with contrast, and certainly it is a keen sense of the value of effect which serves to produce this result.

One means of creating the much sought after chic effect is in the use of gold galloon, gold buttons in small sizes, and the elegant cloth of gold which is especially effective in combination with ecru and cream lace. An entire gown of this expensive fabric, covered with lace, is one of the extravagant fancies of the day. However much or little you may be inclined to invest in it, it is effective beyond description, and decidedly one of the latest and most distinctive features of the newest French gowns. Not elegant enough in itself for some of the luxurious women this season,

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. 'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

One Dose Hood's Pills. Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills. And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

It is sometimes handsomely embroidered for the bolero so universally popular. The extent to which this fancy for gold trim is carried is demonstrated in its use on white pique gowns, where gold galloon forms the belt, collar and cuffs on the sleeves, and possibly a finish for the vest and two or three bands on the skirt. We set it again on the ecru linen gowns and waists, so much worn, in combination with ecru lace and black velvet. No doubt this caprice of fashion will develop a variety of new possibilities later, and already the ways of using the small gold button are legion.

Another feature of the latest gowns in diaphanous materials is the revival of puffed sleeves not unlike those worn years ago. They are made in a series of moderately full puffs from shoulder to waist, or elbow, joined with a band of lace embroidery, velvet, or tucking. The small Greek sleeve with the dainty under sleeve is gradually gaining favor; yet it is not at all becoming to some people and is therefore proportionately disliked, so it will hardly become a general style. Lawn and lace lingerie undersleeves are a pretty feature in many of the new light foulard gowns made up for young women with straight gathered skirts with a group of tucks above the hem as they were worn years ago.

For the woman to whom the fashion is becoming, the collar band is discarded entirely and the bodice is cut out just a little below the base of the throat, either quite round or in a small V shape. It is finished in various ways with lace, tiny ruchings, or a flat turned down collar. Very much the same effect is gained by adding a little chemisette and collar band of transparent tucking or lace. This does away with the trying effect of the low cut and is very pretty.

It is astonishing how quickly we become accustomed to a new fashion or our revival of an old one and adapt it to our needs and peculiarities. This is especially noticeable in the outline of the new figure with no curve in at the waist line in front. The two inches extra measure around the waist is more than compensated by the pretty curve at the back, and the air of style, as well as the consciousness that it is hygienic in giving the body the correct posture. Already we are familiar with the new outline and almost unconsciously, perhaps, demand it in every stylish woman as a saving grace. The only disadvantage it can have by any possibility, will be illustrated no doubt, by the few women who always overdo everything in the way of fashion to the point of making it ugly.

The use of black velvet ribbon has developed beyond the possibilities of the baby width and it has blossomed out in wider bands of one and two inches. The inch width and the next one narrower trim many of the new foulards, three rows forming a wide belt effect on the bodice and each ends weighted with fancy ornaments of gold at the extreme end. In graduated widths it appears on one of the new long coats of black taffeta for evening wear, a novel feature of which is a facing of pale blue satin faced cloth down either side of the front and a trimming of blue guipure embroidered with gold thread. All the old-time ideas for the disposition of black velvet ribbon with as many new ones in addition are wrought out this season even to the fancy of wearing black velvet braçolets tied in a little bow at the back.

Some of the most stunning gowns of the season are in black and white, possibly black taffeta, elaborately trimmed with insertions of Chantilly lace and made up over white silk and white chiffon skirts. The lace may be either white or black and white Alençon is used for the transparent yoke. One very pretty idea carried over from last season is the use of either white or black point d'esprit in a deep accordion plaited flounce on the foundation skirt over one of silk or chiffon. This is finished with three tiny ruches or rows of ribbon and forms the lower skirt below a tunic of pompadour taffeta or satin foulard. This mode was so much liked last season that it has appeared again as if it were quite new, and with undersleeves and chemisette of the point d'esprit the effect is charming.

White muslin with black polka dots in varying sizes, not too close together, make lovely summer gowns with white Irish lace for yoke and sleeves and skirt trimming

with tiny ruffs edged with black baby ribbon gathered on. Irish lace in the finest qualities is very fashionable for those who can afford it, especially for the gowns which require the pure white rather than the cream tints for decoration. A very odd fancy this season is the use of ecru lace on white gowns of silk; muslin with white silk polka dots and delicate flowering of one color with green leaves. The lace is used in a shaped flounce around the skirt and decorates the bodice below a yoke of very thin white chiffon daintily dotted over with small rhinestones.

Soft and clinging effects are the indispensable qualities of a fashionable gown. With abundant iron-iron around the feet. With the exception of the slight increase in the size of the sleeves the whole tendency of fashion is toward the long drooping lines. Expansion except in the little matter of price, has no part in fashion's present scheme. Some of the new skirts are decidedly limp around the feet, being finished with a plain hem but the shoulders have at least the effect of a long line, and there is a gentle slope to the hat brims which the young lady dons. Long lines are the battle cry this season, and any mode of trimming which accentuates them is in order. Long points of lace with groups of tucks between trim an evening gown and bands of velvet ribbon are the finish with a trill of chiffon around the shoulders. The second gown is of white crepe de chine, lightly draped and trimmed with insertions of lace over a pink accordion plaited chiffon skirt mounted on one of pink silk. A box plait of the crepe decline extends up the back, pink chiffon forms the wide draped belt, and the bolero is of crepe de chine and lace. Black velvet bands with tiny buckles fall over the arms, with long ends falling from one shoulder.

A pretty model for silk and cotton mousseline shows a trimming of black velvet ribbon and lace insertion. Crepe de chine and guipure lace form another costume. A stylish model for a white and black foulard is shirred on the bodice and around the hips, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The chemisette is of embroidered batiste. Flowered Liberty muslin is made up charmingly with a plain skirt gathered in at the waist and a group of narrow tucks above the hem. The broad collar is formed of Irish lace and tucks of pale blue crepe de chine, fastened together with black silk cords and cream silk tassels. A simple model for blue and white foulard is decorated with bands of closely stitched white satin. Buttons of oxidized silver and gold and chemisette collar of lace over pink silk are the finish. Pale pastel foulard forms the next gown with a bolero jacket, a Cluny lace belt and vest, and a shirred skirt with two rows of wide Cluny insertion around the hips.

FRILLS OF FASHION. The millinery fruits which appear on some of the latest hats are fearfully and wonderfully made of black and colored velvets. There is variety, too, in this counterfeit fruit department, and the black cherries and grapes are really quite a success—not as true representations of their kind perhaps, but as giving striking effects with green leaves on the cream straw hats with a stylish bow of black velvet ribbon, or cream lace and a buckle.

Bows in the hair have become so common that they are considered out of style by the ultra smart. And for evening dress a wreath of leaves, either green, silver and gold in color, or in the gray faded tints of violet and red, are worn instead. Young girls wear a wreath of small flowers or one single real rose.

One of the pretty new fringes is made of satin cords, black, white or colored, combined in some instances with loops of taffeta ribbon.

A fashionable garment which constitutes part of a racing costume is a military looking coat reaching to the knees. The first Napoleon's coat is the model from which it evolved and while there is not much in a name when it is applied to fashion, the 'Premier Consul' coat has some significance. It is fashioned in white cloth, if you like, fastened with gold buttons, and the unique feature is the sach of soft white crepe with bullion fringed ends. This is rather short of course. Then there is a cape, a wide turned down collar, and the new sleeve turned back in a cuff over linen lawn un-

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derleaves. Rows of stitching finish all the edges. There is simply no limit to the extravagant productions of the season in the way of long coats. These are rarely needed in warm weather, but when they are made of lace with no lining they are distinctly a summer garment. Thicker materials, like cloth and silk are made up without any lining so they are not burdensome and as a means of adding to an elegant gown an up to date appearance, they are unequalled. Even the dust cloaks are made of linen looking attractive they are made with so much style. Some have empire waists and long tucked breadths below, and are finished with hand some heavy lace of the same ecru color covering the upper portion in bolero form and black stitching. Some are quite plain with the stitching and tucks for trimming. Again they are made of blue linen with white pipings.

Square hat crowns are new phases in millinery. Pale pink batiste makes a charming gown for a young girl just coming into her teens. Tuck the skirt all around the hips in vertical lines to within nine inches of the hem, which is cut in scallops and finished with narrow lace. A straight gathered ruff is added below or rather attached underneath the scallops, and is also finished with lace. The bodice tucked down in the form of a pointed yoke back and front, is tucked again two or three inches deep around the waist, improving the figure and the belt is of tucked lawn with two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon sewn a little way from the edge.

Ribbons decorated generously with gold thread are used for corselet belts, revers and collars. A pretty bodice for a white organdie gown is made of alternate rows of lingerie ribbon and bands of the organdie, dotted over with French knots. The edges are joined with an open-work stitch. Another pretty use for French knots in white is on narrow black velvet ribbon for trimming collar bands.

The strictly severe sailor hat is not very much in favor this season, and if we had always followed French taste in this particular it never would have flourished with any such extent as it has. It is suitable only for young girls, decked in outing garb, but it has been and is still worn by women who have passed the four corners of life. However, there is a substitute for this hat almost as variable in shape and trimming as the faces which it shadows. There is the sailor shape in soft lace-like straw, trimmed with a stylish bow of velvet or ribbon, a huge chiffon rosette with golden galloon or a scarf of chiffon around the crown and possibly folds of chiffon facing the brim. Then are turbans and

toques of rough straw and pique, covered with stitching and trimmed with soft silks. Rough rider hats we have had all winter and they are here again, made of felt straw, and linen duck.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA. The Experience of a Sailing Vessel off the Mouth of the Columbia River. The British ship Saint Mirren that arrived at Astoria, Ore., from Yokohama experienced a peculiar phenomenon. It was about half past 6 when Capt. Cordier, the bar pilot boarded her from the pilot schooner San Jose. The wind at the time was blowing light from the south, and there was only a moderate swell on.

Suddenly the sea to the southward was seen to be in commotion, as if a hurricane was blowing, but the wind did not increase as an immense wave approached the vessel. The ship was tossed about for over two years in a sea that would bury her in the water and then again lift her up and drop her down. The seas frequently washed clear over her. After this had continued for about two hours it subsided as quickly as it had arisen, and the wind immediately shifted from south to east, then in a short time to northwest, going almost around the compass in a few hours. The wind from the northwest was soon in the nature of a gale, and the ship was under lower topsails during the night, but no injury was done to her. Capt. Hamilton and Capt. Cordier at first thought that a tidal wave was coming, but the long succession of big waves leads them to the belief that there must have been an earthquake in that vicinity.

The self-recording government barometer in the office of Weather Observer Johnson of this city shows that about 4 o'clock yesterday morning there was an electrical or seismic disturbance in the vicinity, and the telegraph wires also gave evidence of it at the same time. While the ship was experiencing the waves off the mouth of the river the barometer remained steady. This would indicate that the waves resulted from an earthquake that happened early in the morning, and as the effect of an earthquake in Japan is felt here ten days later, it can be estimated how far away it was.

HORSES AND CATTLE have colic and cramps. Pain-Killer will cure them every time. Half a bottle in hot water repeated a few times. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c. and 50c.

Undertaker (to assistant)—James do not forget to take a little beer up for that child's funeral. Mrs Green (who overhears him)—Goodness! What disolutes people they must be.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Nerves in the Head by Dr. Nicholas' Ear Dressing, has sent \$200 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Dressing may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 789 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Lavery's Bank Robbery.

Shot Down Professional Robbers While Stealing Himself—
A Man's Downward Career Checked by Crooks at a
Most Critical Moment.

The old detective stood at the corner of Broad and Wall streets New York talking with a friend, when a dignified-looking old man came along. The old detective touched his hand to his hat as the elderly man passed, and the latter returned the salutation. The old detective watched him disappear around the corner of Nassau street with a smile curious on his face. He didn't stop smiling until the man was out of sight. Then he turned to his friend and remarked:

'There never was a better illustration of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction than the history of that man. There is a man who is highly respected by all who know him. He is a model of honesty and integrity, and if any man that he had ever done anything dishonest he would be laughed at. Yet the basis of that man's fortune was an act that would have sent him to prison for twenty years if it had ever been known. I know the story from the only other man in the world who ever knew the truth of the affair, and in my life I never heard of anything to equal it. Do you happen to know that man?'

'Never say him in my life, and wouldn't know him if I met him five minutes from now,' remarked the old detective's friend, who was wise in his day and generation.

'Good,' said the old detective. 'Then I'll tell you the story. I won't mention the time, the place or the real names, for I would not want you to identify those who played a part in this affair. I'll call the old gentleman who just passed Lavery, because that isn't his name, and is about as far from it as any I can think of just now. Well, twenty years ago Lavery worked in a bank in Kings. Kings isn't on the map so far as I know, but the place where Lavery worked was, and is. Nevertheless we'll call the place Kings. Lavery was a product of Kings. His father was a poor but much respected clergyman. He was a pretty fine preacher, and I believe had a lot of high salaried calls from time to time, but he was one of those fellows who thought his field of labor was right where he was, and for whom money had little attraction. Lavery was brought up in Kings, and his father made a good job of it. He was the model young man of the town. He was no rambly pambly boy, and any one who tried to come to over him found himself up against a stiff proposition when he went too far. Lavery was the best swimmer, the best boxer and the best all around athlete in Kings, yet, wital, he was a church boy, never smoking or drinking, gambling or using bad language, and always attending Sunday school and prayer meetings. He was pointed to as the coming man of Kings, and the town was proud of him.

'There was nothing remarkable in the fact that when a vacancy occurred in the First National Bank of Kings, Lavery was called to the place. Right here his career began. Nobody in town was jealous of his good fortune, no one thought of being, for the whole town sort of regarded it as Lavery's right to get the first good thing that came along. Now the job that Lavery took was not very remunerative. He only got \$3 a week, and his work was of the most menial kind, running errands and doing office work, from early morning until quite late in the evening sometimes. I say it wasn't the job, so much as the opportunity that it gave Lavery to rise, that made it a good thing for him. Well, Lavery boned in like a good fellow. He was just the sort of a fellow to dig in and get on to things. He fairly thirsted for knowledge and I verily believe that he would have made a go out of a peanut stand, if his father had started him in that line.

'Careers in banks are not of the meteoric order, but Lavery certainly established a precedent in this regard. He didn't have to wait for people over him to die, in order to get ahead. He crowded the men over him out, and when he was only 30 years old was cashier of the National Bank of Kings at a salary of \$5,000 a year, which was quite a good deal, even for a bank official, in a small town like Kings. Lavery had married the sweetest little girl in the town, in the meantime, and had duplicated her with another little girl, who was his pride and joy. He was the happiest man in the town, and with his home, his wife and his baby, he had every reason to be. He had a little money saved up and a fine fat pig, so that no man living could get away from him, as long as he behaved himself.

'Now, I've had a great deal of experience with crooks, and I have studied their ways and the motives that lead them to lives of crime with great care, but this man Lavery was a mystery that I never could solve. Here was a man who had never done a dishonest act in his life, he had nothing to gain, and everything to lose by dishonesty, and yet carefully planned out a robbery of the bank with which he had been connected since childhood, and the officers of which trusted him implicitly. Don't ask me why he did it. I do not know and no one else knows. He never speculated or gambled, had a good home all paid for, a loving wife, a baby and a fat surplus at the bank. If you want to know my real opinion of the matter, I will tell you that I think Lavery was crazy, clean crazy, and yet in possession of all the faculties that enable a man to plan and carry out some great enterprise.

'Lavery didn't juggle his books or monkey with any other man's accounts. If he had I wouldn't have had this story to tell. He would then have been an ordinary everyday felon, and would be wearing a number in some prison. No, that was not Lavery's game. With all the cunning of an experienced thief, he planned to rob the bank of all the money in the vaults, and then just drop out of sight. What might have been the stiffest kind of a job for a band of experienced cracksmen, would be easy for Lavery, because he and the President were the only ones who had the secret of the great locks to the vault, and they were the only ones who ever stayed at their desks alone late into the night. If the bookkeeper or any of the others stayed late, some one stayed with them. It was an old rule in the bank, and the only ones ever exempted from it were the cashier and the President.

'It was nothing unusual for Lavery to stay late at the bank. He was the kind of a man to work constantly, and the old watchman knew him so well that nothing that he might do would have roused the slightest suspicion in his mind. Lavery knew this and he laid his plans accordingly. He made arrangements to get out of town on an early morning train, and had a most elaborate plan for his wife to follow him at a later date. He did not take his wife into his confidence. If he had the thing would never have come off. She would have brought him to his senses with a round turn. As it was Lavery went on dreaming of a South Sea island home, far from the clutches of the law, with every luxury that nature could provide. It was the dream of a crazy man, but as I said a while ago, I am convinced that Lavery was crazy. Well there was a lot of interesting detail, which I'll omit just now, so as to get down to the meat of the story. The night came when Lavery made up his mind that the best chance possible offered for the plundering of the bank. In the great vaults were some \$200,000, every dollar of which were within easy reach of the trusted hand of Lavery. Of this amount over half was in such shape that the man could carry it off with ease.

'Lavery spent that day at his desk work in about as usual. After banking hours he got the clerks around him and straightened things out. Then he closed his desk, walked into the office of the President, announced that he was going out for some luncheon, but would be back and would remain at the bank late. The President told the cashier that he was working too hard but Lavery only smiled and went out. He came back at 8 o'clock that night and the watchman let him in. He had a large black valise with him, which he put alongside his desk, and then from 8 until 12 o'clock, he worked away over the papers on his desk. The most remarkable thing about it all was that Lavery was not playing for time as he worked. His labor was genuine—I know that because I saw his books afterward. The old watchman came in the counting room at 11 o'clock, and again at midnight, and spoke to Lavery. He answered cheerfully and once told the old man that he might be around until early in the morning.

'It was about 1 o'clock when Lavery rose from his desk picked up his valise and started down into one of the vaults, the one where the large sums of money were kept. He didn't look to the right or the left. Never was man more confident of the successful operation of his plans. A

slight noise as he passed through the dark passage way failed to make him even start. He passed on to the vault and when he stood in front of the great steel doors, put his valise down on the floor and after a few seconds' work, succeeded in swinging back the doors. Again there was a slight noise and this time Lavery looked around. A shadow flitted up toward him and then disappeared in a niche in the wall.

'Is that you, John?' asked Lavery coolly, thinking it must be the watchman. There was no answer. Lavery was disturbed, but not frightened. He turned to the vault and with some haste began to pull out great packets of bills. One or two packets he laid on the ground, the rest he placed in the valise. His only light was the flickering gas jet at the end of the passage, but not an inch of that vault was unknown to Lavery, and he could have done his work without any light at all.

'Suddenly this flickering gas jet went out. Now Lavery was no fool. He didn't delude himself with any false ideas. He knew that there was something behind the gas going out, except a draught. He put two and two together, and concluded that he had been followed into the vault by some one, who didn't care to be seen. He tried to think what he might have done or said, to betray himself, or his plans. He could think of nothing. The fact remained, however, that he was at the end of a blind passage with a valise full of the bank's money. Whoever turned out the light knew the truth. Lavery put his hand in his pocket and slipped out the revolver which he always carried when he stayed late at the bank. His reflections had occupied less than a minute, and during that time not a sound had come from the passage. Lavery waited until it became impossible for him to remain quiet another second. The more he thought the more convinced he became that he had been cornered by the officers of the bank. That was his guilty conscience. He thought of his wife, and a certain little baby, then with an oath, something Lavery wasn't used to indulging in, he strode forward until he had gone about twenty feet. He heard some one breathing ahead and without a moment's hesitation aimed his revolver in that direction and fired three shots in rapid succession. There was a most terrific outcry. Lavery plunged ahead again, but before he had gone three steps, something struck him on the back of the head. As he fell he turned quickly and fired the two remaining shots from his pistol. Then he went slowly out of the world with yells of pain and shouts of alarm from somewhere in the distance ringing in his ears as his mind gradually passed away.

'Lavery saw the light of the world again two weeks from that night. He came to, in his own home and with his wife bending over the bed. For a moment he couldn't recall anything. Then like a flash it all came back to him. He sprang out of bed and fell in a heap on the floor of course.

'I must get away,' he cried to his wife.

'I must get away. Quick, give me my clothes. Oh, my God, my God!'

'Lavery went off into delirium, and the doctor shook his head and looked serious when he saw him and heard what he had said. The next time Lavery's wandering senses came back to him, there was a strong man along side of his bed, and when he tried to jump again he found himself pinned down. A look of wild despair came into his face, and for two days he lay there, half a madman, from brooding over his crime, and the awful consequences of it. His wife was kept away from him, but the doctors said he would get well and she was content. You may have guessed the situation by this time, but remember that Lavery had not. When these two days of utter despair had passed, there was a call on the sick man, which caused him to bury his face in his hands and weep the first tears that he had shed since that eventful night. It was the old president of the bank, who came in, the old man who had been Lavery's friend since childhood, and who had always idolized the boy. The tears were streaming down his face as he entered and when Lavery saw that kind old face his cup of bitterness ran over. He couldn't look in those eyes.

'He's nervous,' said the nurse.

'Poor boy,' said the President, he's had a hard time of it. Well, he must be saved for his reward.' Lavery's heart almost burst at this. 'Lavery,' said the President, leaning over the bed. 'Don't you feel well enough to speak to me. I have waited two weeks to do my duty in the matter, and the doctor tells me you are well enough to talk a little. Lavery, your course saved the bank \$200,000. Of course, nothing that I can say now will give you any idea of the gratitude of the officers and directors. I want to tell you that you must hurry and get well, so that we can show our appreciation of your conduct.'

'Then the President went out, and

Lavery, almost stunned by those last few words, rolled over on his face and struggled to think. For hours he lay there silent but thinking. His wife came in for the first time, and from her lips came the story. For a month two famous burglars from New York had been tunnelling into the passage leading into the vaults. They had worked from the cellar of an office building adjoining, one of the men having secured permission to use an old coal bin there as a dark room for some photographic work.

'And dearie,' said his wife, 'if it hadn't been for you, they would have got away with all that money. John, the watchman, says that the first idea he had that anything was wrong was when he heard your pistol. He ran down toward the passage, and as he ran he heard shrieks of pain and more pistol shots. Suddenly everything was quiet, and when John lighted the gas he saw two men trying to drag themselves along toward a big opening in the wall. The blood was streaming from their wounds. They were the burglars. You shot one of them three times and the other twice. John found you unconscious on the floor with your head all crushed in. John got help, and that's all there is to it except that they're only waiting for you to get well to try those two men. Oh, dearie, those men almost got the money. They had a big, black bag with them, and there was over \$50,000 in it when it was found. There were thousands more scattered around the floor of the vault. How you must have surprised them. And, dearie, the doctor says that you must go away for a long time, and the directors of the bank have voted to send us all to Europe for six months. Besides that they have voted you \$10,000 reward, and your place will be held for you until you get back.'

'Lavery's wife went out, and Lavery tried to think. He found it easier than before. The truth came to him like an electric shock, but he was strong enough to listen to it without betraying himself. He got well fast after that, and that's all there is to tell you about the matter. You saw Lavery pass a few minutes ago. He never did a crooked thing again in his life, and I verily believe that he never thought a crooked thought again. His lesson was a hard one. His career since that eventful time in his life has been full of successes. He is a New York bank President now, and I guess he is a director of about twenty others including the National of Kings.

'Now you're going to ask me how I know all this. Does seem strange, doesn't it? Well, I got my first hint of it from the head crook of the two who did the job. He told me in jail that it was a moral certainty that the cashier was robbing the bank when he and his pal happened in. If it wasn't for the fact that they were making a hero out of the cashier, he said, he would go on the stand and tell the facts as they really were. He was a cute duck though, and told me that they had made such a popular idol out of the cashier that the jury would probably soak him harder if he cast any aspersions on the savior of the bank. The rest of the story I got from the only other man in the world who knows it and he only told me the whole thing when I threw at him the facts that I had got from the burglar and the result of my examination of the watchman. It was years after the affair, and so there is no harm in letting me in. Who he was, I leave you to guess.'

A Royal sufferer.

In his 'Present-Day Egypt' Mr. Frederic Courtland Penfield pictures the fruit less efforts of the present Khedive of Egypt to secure his own comfort and safety upon the occasion when he crossed the sea from Austria to take upon himself his duties as ruler of Egypt. The story was told to the writer by the Khedive himself. The Khedive is a bad sailor, and suffered especially on that winter voyage when he was summoned from Vienna to assume the throne of Egypt. Etiquette demanded that the Austrian emperor should place a vessel at the youth's disposal, together with an escort of dignitaries from the Vienna court.

The vessel appropriated for the purpose was old and small. Violent storms had made the Adriatic and Mediterranean turbulent, and the journey was disagreeable and trying. High seas retarded progress, and even the ship's officers wished themselves ashore. When at last they reached Brindisi the young ruler bearded that the ship might wait for better weather as he do in this.

'I must not stop, highness,' was the admiral's reply, 'for it is the emperor's command to lose no time, and the etiquette must be observed.'

So the ship pursued its course, and Prince Abbas suffered with what patience he might. When the peaceful harbor of Greece came in sight he again pleaded for delay, to be met once more with argument

that the etiquette must be observed, for it was his majesty's order. This proved too much for the sufferer.

'Etiquette is well enough in its place,' he responded, 'but his Majesty Francis Joseph is comfortable in Vienna, and not seasick on this awful ship.'

The voyage was, however, successfully completed, and the day after landing on Egyptian soil the prince took upon himself the rulership of Egypt.

One More Eulogy.

Lieut. A. W. Thomson says, in the Independent, that when the Civil War was practically over, he was sent from the camp at Lincoln to Charlotte, North Carolina under a flag of truce. He entered the town and was conducted to General Echols' headquarters in a large upper room, evidently a schoolroom.

Our guide pointed out the general, a fine portly gentleman, seated at a table. I advanced and laid my papers on the table. 'General Echols, I presume?' I said. 'These dispatches are from General Gillam. Shall I wait for an answer?'

'Please be seated,' the general said.

Glancing around I saw sixteen or eighteen gentlemen, all with one or two exceptions, in military uniform. Colonel Morgan came up to me shook hands and said: 'I believe you and I are not entire strangers.'

He had been our prisoner a year or so before. While we chatted a gentleman in a civilian gray suit turned to address General Echols. The cold stare of a glass eye caught my attention and the features was somewhat familiar.

'Ah, Jefferson Davis! Are you here, pressed to the wall?' was my first thought. His face was far more pleasant than our Northern papers had pictured it.

A dispatch was handed to General Echols, who read and reread it with an earnest, anxious look. Half-rising, he passed the paper to Mr. Davis, who read it slowly and then handed it back.

'Well,' said he, 'we have lost a generous enemy.'

It was the news of President Lincoln's assassination.

Serapulous Apology.

International courtesies are to be observed, even in disreputable professions. Josiah Flynn, who has shared the company of tramps in order to procure data as to their methods of living, relates an instance of true politeness from one of that unsavory brotherhood. He says, in 'Tramping with Tramps': 'In Glasgow, a fellow vagabond did me a good turn. We were walking along the street, when three town tramps came along and 'guyed' my hat. My companion noticed it, and I told him I had suffered in that way before. Then he turned sharply about on the scuffers, and thundered out:

'Who're you lookin' at? Ef you're tryin' to guy this Yank, you'd better stop. Ef you don't there'll be a fight!'

'Let's run,' said I, 'if you really mean that.'

'Not much! I'm English, you know, and I can knock out any Scotchman that comes 'round. I'm in the mood for it right now.'

The town vagabonds took him at his word, and left. Then I said to him, 'You English fellows seem to have things pretty much your own way here.'

'Yes,' said he, 'we English fellers know how to bluff. We've been bluffin' the world now for a good many years.'

'You forget the United States!' I could not help interjecting.

'Beg pardon, Yank,' said he. 'Beg pardon!'

Very Old.

A brick dating from the fortieth century before Christ is surely an object to be treated with respect. Such a brick, which is believed to be the oldest in existence, was not long exhibited at a meeting of the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres of Paris by Monsieur Henzey, the keeper of the Louvre. It is curved in shape, and although it has been baked, shows no signs of having been pressed or modelled. The maker's mark is upon it, but that mark is very primitive in character, being merely the impress of the manufacturer's thumb. As brickmaking was one of the earliest of the arts, this brick must date back almost to the dawn of civilisation. This interesting relic of early times was discovered at Tello, the ancient Sippulla, in Chaldaea, by the French archaeologist, De Sarzec.

The Plumber—I believe that we will all follow the same vocation in the next world as we do in this.

The Carpenter—Well if that's true, you will be out of a job.

The Plumber—Why so?

The Carpenter—What use will they have for plumbers where there is no water?

'Everything works in circles.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, Joe Jerks is such a skeptic that he has lost faith in skepticism.'

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One More Safety.

A. W. Thomson says, in the In- stant, that when the Civil War was over, he was sent from the camp to Charlotte, North Carolina.

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and made frantic patterns of the few leaves of a red geranium that stood in his way.

Joan was guilty of having left that window unfastened, by some strange forgetfulness, when she went to bed, so now she felt repentant, and had a great desire to see that the gate leading into the lane was properly secured after Saxon's exit.

It was the old story of 'locking the stables after the steed was stolen,' but she felt she must fail in no duty in future; so with a light step over the low sill, she slipped out into the garden path.

The church clock began to chime a quarter past eleven.

It seemed to her as though hours had passed since she heard it last—just before the sound of that footstep below had roused her, and brought her from her room.

She bolted the gate, then looked down at the white streak of lane that passed on towards the village.

A heavy step behind her startled her, and she shrank back instinctively.

But it was too late.

A jovial ruddy face was close at her elbow, and Farmer Gresham laughed as he saw her start.

'Hello! What! little Joan! Well, I never!' An Joan suddenly remembered that there was a merry christening-party held that night over at the mill, which no doubt accounted for the unwonted lateness of Farmer Gresham's return home, and, perhaps, also for a little additional hilarity of manner.

She cast a quick glance down the lane. Saxon March was walking rapidly along, plainly visible in the white moonlight, and if she let the farmer go at once, he would no doubt overtake him, and then, what harm might he not do with some random words or gossip among the villagers?

In a few moments, Saxon would be over the stile, and among the trees, where, even if overtaken, he need not be seen unless he chose.

So she resolved to give him this one more chance of safety.

'I was just talking to a friend, and I did not think it was so late, Mr. Gresham,' she said; and she was a little vexed at his laugh in reply.

'No, I daresay not, Miss Joan. Minutes slip by at such times, don't they?' 'And you won't tell my uncle you?' There was a pleading look in her eyes, and he nodded good naturedly.

'Not but what you are beginning pretty young, Miss Joan,' he said. 'I shall have to look sharp after my little Nance and Kitty if this sort of thing becomes the fashion, I can see,' and Farmer Gresham wagged his round head in affected reprehension as he bade her good night.

Some little fear was stirring in Joan and she leaned across the gate again to whisper, quickly—

'You are sure you won't tell? You— you promise?'

'Of course, missie, Honor bright,' laughed the good natured farmer, with a nod.

And Joan, whose eyes had been watching a tall figure crossing the stile among the trees lower down the lane, drew back now with a relieved expression on her face and slipped up noisily to her own room.

It was hard to take up the dull, every-day tasks again next morning after such an unusual proceeding as that of the last night.

In her own mind, Joan even termed it an 'adventure' and it was the only one that had ever befallen her.

Life was quiet and prosaic enough in Ayleswood village; life at the old Manor Farm was almost stagnation—at least on the surface.

What lay beneath, what hopes and ambitions were cherished in Joan's heart, were buried deep, and no one had ever dreamed of them or suspected their presence.

Old Mr. Scattergood had done what he considered his duty, when, at Janet's instigation, he sent his niece for three years to a school in the vil-

lage, kept by two maiden ladies of marvellous propriety, but of limited attainments; and those three years, during which she was supposed to have been thoroughly educated, had only sufficed to teach Joan how very ignorant she yet was, and how much there was that she would learn some day if she could but get the chance.

From twelve years old she had been her uncle's housekeeper, and had but little leisure for anything beyond looking after the old man's numerous wants, when the work of the house was done and the scanty meals cooked and cleared away.

Old Scattergood was not unkind, though rough-spoken and surly.

He rarely interfered with his niece, so long as things went to his satisfaction; but, beyond a few curt orders or querulous complaints ament his own ailments and infirmities, he never talked to her or encouraged her in the few half-timorous advances she had sometimes made.

He doled her out just sufficient money to supply her absolute needs in clothes; but the lingering, half-expressing touch he gave to each coin, ere it left his fingers for her, made Joan's cheeks burn, and her innate pride rebel against him for anything, except when urgently needed.

She always managed to look neat and fresh, thanks to her own faultless taste and deft fingers; but it was a sore trial on many a sunny summer Sunday, when every other girl in Ayleswood was gay in fresh airy dresses and smart new hats, to have to walk up the church in her grey tattered dress and coat that had served for so long already, and had just been turned and cleaned by her own hands.

Joan had but little natural vanity, but her spirit often rose in revolt against the bonds that seemed to confine her.

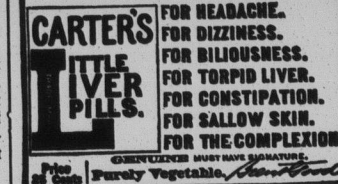
She had no friend or companion, for old Scattergood would have no 'gossiping busybodies prowling about his place,' as he phrased it.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Joan had a quiet greeting for all the neighbors as she passed them; and they, in return, often called her 'a strange girl, and much too quiet for her age.'

Perhaps, of all the people she met, she had the kindest feeling for Mr. March, at the Red House Farm.

He had three fine boys of his own, but neither wife nor daughter.

Old deaf Margaret kept his house, and scolded his sons for him to perfection; and Joan saw a frank, pleasant look in James March's eyes sometimes when he nodded to her, a half-pitying expression in his good natured smile that warmed her heart.

But few words had ever passed between her and Saxon, although they had often met by chance, as everyone in a little place like Aylesford was bound to do.

There were little festivities and merry-makings at times—christenings, and weddings, and harvest homes.

But Joan was never invited.

No one seemed, as yet, to have realized that she was growing up to womanhood.

And besides, she had no dress fit for a party, even if they had thought of her.

And so Joan Armitage, like Cinderella of old, sat at home in the kitchen while others danced or sang, played or flirted, making merry in the harvest-fields or round the bright wood fires of the winter evenings.

Some people said they feared 'she was a bit too proud,' and perhaps it was true; there was a good deal of pride deep down in Joan's inner heart and it sometimes rose in arms against her present sordid life.

She knew, from the tales old Janet had learned from Joan's mother, and had passed on to the child years ago, that her uncle's family had once held a very different position from that which he chose to occupy.

See knew that the large parlors of the Manor Farm had once been gay with company, and the kitchen and big outbuildings busy with men and maids bustling to work; that there were even now stores of fine china and linen locked away in the oaken presses of the big front room up stairs, near John Scattergood's own; and that, in some closet hidden away, there were quaint shapen and coffee services, of olden date, and in daily use on the long dining table.

The Scattergoods of those days had lived as sturdy yeomen farmers should, they had worked hard and thriven, and spent their money freely, and enjoyed all the good things that fell to their lot, had met troubles and losses with stout hearts and smiling faces when they came, and had made the name of the Manor Farm known far and wide for hospitality and warmth of welcome.

John Scattergood was the last of the name; he was richer than any one of them, and yet he lived the life almost of a miser in the old home of his ancestors.

Joan put on her hat one summer evening, three weeks after Saxon's secret visit, and took her way down the lane and over the same stile over which he had disappeared in the moonlight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Frightened by a Poodle.

Perhaps Burns's famous line might be made to read, 'A dog's a dog for a' that.' But of all dogs, thoroughbred or mongrel, a shaggy poodle would seem to be about the poorest kind of dog for defence. Yet a missionary, whose experience has been among the savages and cannibals of Africa, says that his little poodle, Sally, was one of his best protectors.

One of her exploits consisted in putting to flight a band of hostile natives. The missionary was travelling some distance in advance of his caravan, accompanied only by his boy servant and Sally. When he came to the top of a hill, a large body of Burungi warriors in full war paint were suddenly seen racing toward them.

Calling Sally to him, the missionary whispered in her ear something about 'going for them.' Then was witnessed the scene of a small, shaggy dog with a very big bark, tall in the air, charging at a

company of armed men.

'It was a great sight,' says the traveller, 'worth going to Africa for,' to see those warlike men running for their lives, with little Sally at their heels, barking as if she knew, brave little dog, that she was making a big bluff, and it all depended on the noise she could make.'

A Bicyclist's Escape.

Mr. A. B. Lloyd, an English explorer and missionary in Africa, is an ardent bicyclist. On one of his rides in that country he met a lion, and it was his 'scorching' that saved him.

One fine morning Mr. Lloyd started on his wheel for a village a few miles from the mission station. He took the main road to Uganda, which was a good thoroughfare about five feet wide. After climbing a long hill he came to the descent on the other side, a long, gentle slope where he knew the road was smooth.

Up went his feet to the coasters, and away he flew down the hill going faster every minute. Near the bottom of the hill was a turn. On approaching this, he again put his feet to the pedals.

As he rounded the curve a terrible sight burst upon him. In the middle of the narrow path lay a full grown lion, its head down upon its paws, facing up the hill.

Mr. Lloyd could not stop, or if he did stop, it would be in the very jaws of the king of the forest. To the left was a wall of rock twenty feet high, and to the right a steep embankment, with the river a hundred feet below. Escape seemed impossible.

Suddenly he remembered that the wild men he had met were always afraid of his bicycle. Perhaps a wild beast might be affected in the same way. Therefore he did the only thing he could do. Releasing his check on the wheel, ringing his bell, and shouting with all the power of his lungs, he forced the bicycle at its best speed directly toward the couchant lion.

The beast raised its head. Then, seeing this unearthly creature, with so strange a voice, rushing fearlessly upon it, it gave a blood curdling yelp, and sprang to one side just as the rider flew past.

You Cannot Secure Health, Strength and Happiness Until You Use

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A HOME MEDICINE THAT MEETS THE MOST URGENT CASES.

Reliable! Prompt! Effective!

If up to the present you have failed to get rid of nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, heart palpitation and unsightly skin diseases that arise from impure blood, it is because you have not used Paine's Celery Compound.

What this greatest of all modern medicines has done for sufferers in your condition may be learned from your friends and neighbors who have been made well by it.

The discoverer of Paine's Celery Compound was no ideal theorist. Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. L. D., of Dartmouth Medical College, had positive proof of the great virtues of his wonderful discovery before he offered Paine's Celery Compound to his fellow practitioners and to the public.

For absolute reliability in banishing obstinate diseases from the system there is nothing that approaches Paine's Celery Compound. At this season of the year it should be used by everyone who is trying to get rid of nerve and blood diseases, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism and liver and kidney troubles. If you desire a certain and rapid cure, take nothing less than Paine's Celery Compound.

Before Grace.

A young man who has an informal, not to say discourteous, habit of helping himself to bread or crackers as soon as he is seated at table, received a merited reproof one day from an old country minister.

The minister's pretty daughter was the lodestone that drew the young man to the parsonage, and one day he was invited to supper. A plate of bread was near his place, and as he seated himself he put

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

out his hand and, taking a slice, proceeded to test its quality by a liberal mouthful.

The old minister looked at him, and then folded his hands and closed his eyes in preparation for grace.

'For what we are about to receive,' he said, with slow distinctness, 'and for what our young guest has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful.'

ALL HAT! ALKES TO HIM.

Primitive Shopkeeper in Washington Sells Everything at the Same Price.

'You don't have to go to Arkansas to find characters,' said a New York man who spent a winter in Washington. 'In one street of the national capital which the sightseer does not often travel, unless he is especially piloted, he will find primitive methods of business which will cause him to forget for the moment that he is in an otherwise beautiful and attractive city. I had business in one of the departments near by, and afterward went into this street and soon got interested in its great variety of shops and people who do not look like the Washington people you see in other parts of the city.'

'A sign over the door of one of the shops attracted my attention and as it indicated an article I wanted I went in. To make the story more complete call it a hat store.

The proprietor was in the rear end of his shop reading a newspaper. His feet were on a box, and his knees were on a line with his chin. I have no reason to surmise his politics, but if I had seen him in Cincinnati I should have spotted him as a delegate to the late Pop Convention which met there. As he made no signs of rising from his comfortable position I walked back. He was smoking a cob pipe, wore spectacles, and a straw hat was on the back of his head.

'Are you the proprietor?' I asked.

'Well, I'm the owner; I reckon it's the same,' he replied.

'I came in to buy a hat.'

'What kind a hat you want?' He was still in the same attitude.

'I said I guessed a derby would suit best.'

'Well, I reckon I can fix you. What's your size?' (Still sitting.)

'I gave him the figure, and he looked at the shelves as if he were trying to select the number with his eyes.

'Well,' he said after his survey, 'that's the stiff uns on that side, and that's the soft uns on 't'other side. S'pose you jest look along and see what you like.'

'I was in no hurry, and conformed to the custom of the shop. I tried on several hats, and while I was so engaged the shopman resumed reading his newspaper, which I had noticed was a West Virginia publication. When I found a hat that suited I harked back to know the price. He looked up from his paper and replied:

'I tried another hat and again asked the price. He didn't look up this time, but said, 'Same price. All the hats in the store's same price.'

'One hat as good as another?' I asked.

'Well, I don't know's to that. You never can tell anything about a hat till you wear it.'

'How does it come that all are the same price?'

'Well, they're purty much the same, when it comes to that; that's one reason. And it's handier to have everything one price, that's another reason.' (He was still looking at the West Virginia news.)

'I made my selection, walked back to the shop keeper and handed him a ten dollar bill. He looked at it in a wondering way and then asked wearily:

'Ain't you got nothin' smaller'n that?'

'I said I had not. He laid down his West Virginia publication reluctantly and sighed audibly. Then he took his feet from their attitude, got up, stretched himself and said:

'Well, set down and make yourself at home while I go out and get the change.'

'He was gone about twenty minutes. On his return he had a handful of bills.

'Change is so dog-goned scarce around

here,' he said, 'that it takes a right smart while to git it. I had to go four squares for this.'

'As he counted out my part I asked, 'What block is this hat?'

'Hay'

'Whose make is this hat?'

'Oh, dogged if I know. They're all the same make. Buy 'em all in same place.'

'Send my old one to my hotel, I said as I gave him the address.

'When you want it?'

'Any time to day.'

'Reckon I can't send it today. Boy gone fishin.' Send it tomorrow.'

'I said that would do, and before I got started to the door he was back in his old attitude, with his feet up, and was intent over his home paper. I could not think of leaving him without wishing him good-day, to which he replied:

'All right.'

'I was in Washington two days after this purchase, but my old hat had not been returned up to the time I left.

The Timely Sermon.

Thoreau said that once, having occasion to borrow an axe from Emerson, he took it back sharper than he received it. Although he may do so less voluntarily than Thoreau, the borrower habitually pays interest, and often usury, upon the tools or sentiments which he appropriates. A shy nervous clergyman, says the late Bishop How, was once asked to fill the pulpit of a sick friend, for which purpose he hastily borrowed a clearly written sermon, headed 'The value of Time.' He got on very well in the pulpit till he came to a sentence saying that as the parish had no town clock, it was intention to present one. Being too nervous to skip the sentence, he did actually present the promised clock, which cost him over three hundred dollars. Under like circumstances, another vicar first discovered in the pulpit that the manuscript sermon from which he was preaching had been prepared upon the occasion of a farewell. The illusions to the event being too numerous to be omitted, the vicar spoke bodily of the close of his twelve years' ministry, reduced many of his congregation to tears, and put his wholly unprepared resignation into effect.

An Ohio minister, on the contrary, some years ago decided to close a long pastorate. The carefully concealed satisfaction of his congregation found expression in a farewell reception, and a silver water pitcher with laudatory addresses. All this so touched the heart of the recipient that he exclaimed: 'My dear people, I will not leave you! and there he is to day.

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., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

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W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte 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, 181 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 & Pinco, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

'I shall send him an unanswerable argument,' she said.

Therefore, she carefully neglected to directed the letter properly.

"GO!"

A Tale of Invasion.

The new El Dorado was in sight. Gordon's party of twelve tired frontiersmen had mounted the high divide which separates the sources of the Running water from those of the Cheyenne.

As yet they had seen no sign of the hostile Sioux, but their frosty chests, thin and piping, had hardly been borne away by the cutting wind when a moving black speck appeared on the western horizon.

They were prepared for a begging Indian, but the apparition which finally rode in upon the monotony of their long march seemed to them a figure as farcical as a savage.

Go! he said, and he repeated the command with fierce insistence. The big freight wagon rattled on, but the Indian halted for a moment to laugh.

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immediately. They believed they could easily overtake the Sioux among the drifts of the lower lands, where creeks and snow-filled ravines must cause him to shift his course continually.

"Boys," said Gordon, when some of them had hastily begun to strip for the chase, "boys, this is my particular affair. You make camp and fix it for fightin'.

Cy Gordon was their captain. He had been a hay and wood contractor for many years in the Sioux country, and his word was law to this little band.

There was no need to argue that no man could have even guessed at the daring and disaster they had looked upon. The performance had been too appalling simple and easy.

While his men stood vengefully watching the flying Sioux, Gordon stripped himself of superfluous wrappings, stocked his pockets with frozen bread and cartridges, snipped on a pair of snowboots kept for emergency, tightened his belt, and launched himself in pursuit.

Horse and rider were again no more than a speck upon the vast snow field. Gordon, with an "express" rifle under his arm, took the long, swinging stride of the accomplished snowshoer.

At high noon, by a broad flat where tall grass held the snow, Gordon came almost within bullet range of the Sioux. An hour later, among a tangle of drifted ravines, there was an exchange of shots, and the Sioux's pony dropped in its tracks.

He took up the Sioux track, and noted with satisfaction that the Indian's moccasined feet punched through the light crust at every other step. In just a little while!

But he followed for an hour or more among a seemingly interminable tangle of gullies without catching a glimpse of the wily doer. Then he emerged into a wider valley, to find that the artful rascal had escaped out of range and out of sight upon a wind swept stretch of river ice.

Gordon ground his teeth and swept over the smooth surface, sweating, despite the sharp cold, from fierce exertion. At a turn of the river he saw the Sioux; but there were others, more than a score of them, mounted and approaching the runner. The male killer's camp or town was close at hand.

Exhausted from his long run, Gordon, in his own language, "threw up the sponge." He hastily sought the cover of river drifts, and scooped himself a kind of rifle-pit. Then, with a pile of cartridges between his knees and slapping his hands to keep his fingers ready for action, he waited, meaning to do what execution he could before the end.

There was considerable parley among the Sioux, and then only a single Indian advanced toward the white man. This one came aloft within gunshot, then stopped and shook his blanket in token that he wanted to approach and talk.

Gordon laughed. The situation seemed to him grimly humorous. He motioned the Indian to come on, and kept him well covered with his rifle. A moment later, however, he lowered his gun.

Whatever fate awaited Gordon, he knew that he stood in no danger of a treacherous stroke from the approaching Sioux. It was the chief, Red Cloud.

Gordon arose, and the chief came forward with a hand outstretched. "My young man has killed your mules," was Red Cloud's greeting in the Sioux tongue.

Gordon understood. "Yes," he said, "and I will not take your hand until you have done right."

The grave old chief drew his blanket about his shoulders with a shrug. "Now listen," he said. "If one of your soldiers had approached a party of my soldiers and killed all their horses, and so crippled them and escaped, your people would have young man in very brave. He did as he was told. You cannot come here and take my country—not yet. I have watched your advance and complained to your soldiers at White river. When I saw they did not run out and catch you as our Great Father has said they should do, I sent my young man to stop you. You will find your soldiers at the three forks of White river. Now go!"

And without another word, Red Cloud turned upon his heel and stalked away. This time Gordon was glad enough to obey the injunction to "go." Three days later his little party filed in at the military camp on White river, and when, some time afterward, their boxes of freight had been recovered, not so much as a blanket or a pound of sugar had been taken by Red Cloud's Sioux.

THE DEACON'S SUGGESTION.

Told His Colored Groceryman How to Keep Dirt Out of His Scale Weights.

Opposite the railroad depot down in Virginia there was a grocery kept by a colored man, and as we had some time to wait for the train, three or four of us crossed over to look at his stock."

"Business was very brisk with the merchant, though all his customers were colored. We noticed that sugar, tea and codfish seemed to sell above all else, and during a temporary lull the colonel approached the battered old scales on which everything was weighed and picked up some of the weights. The hollow in each one had been filled with lead, and quite sure that the pound weight would balance twenty ounces at least, he said to the old man:

"I see you have filled your weights with lead."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah," he replied as he rubbed his hands together.

"What was the idea?"

"To keep the dirt out o' de holes, sah. Can't no dirt git in dar now."

"Was it your own idea?"

"No, sir. I never should ev got dat idea if it hadn't been fur Deacon Williams. De deacon said it was de way dey did down in Greenville, an' fixed 'em up fur me with out cost."

"The deacon buys all his groceries here doesn't he?"

"He does, sah; yes, sah, he buys 'em all yere, an' he was tellin' me only dis mawning dat he nebber did see de beat o' how dem groceries held out."

"He was advised to take his weights over to the cotton warehouse, and have weighed, and he puled them up and in a slow walk and very much puzzled, he proceeded to the warehouse. When he returned it was on the run and his eyes hang ing out, and as he reached the store he exclaimed:

"No wonder I has gone into bankruptcy fo'teen times an' had to sell my mews and hogs on 'an' make de ole woman go bar'nt! Dat air pound weight weighs twenty-two ounces, an' every time Deacon Williams has bought two pounds o' sugar an' codfish, he has taken away three pounds an' a half! Shoo, but I see gwine to close de doah an' put up a sign o' 'Busted Ag'in'!"

TIPPED HIM RIGHT, BY MISTAKE.

Unlooked for Outcome of an Attempt to be Rid of a Bothersome Racetrack Friend.

"Back in the early nineties," remarked an old-time racer the other day. "I had the queerest experience in the many years that I have followed the horses. Among my friends in those prosperous days was a young chap whom I only knew by the name of Frank, and how I really got acquainted with him I can't recall. He used to bob up at the track every day and his first question usually was, 'Anything good today?' Of course I used to give the kid, as I called him, a tip now and then to get rid of him, but he finally became such a nuisance that I made up my mind one day to give him a dead one the very next time he came to me. I missed him for a day or two and was beginning to think that probably he had quit the tracks for good when one day at Morris Park he turned up as large as life with the usual 'Anything good?' Now is my chance, I thought to get rid of him for once and all.

"It was the day of the Metropolitan Handicap, and about all I could bag and borrow I had put on the favorite, the famous old Tenny. Among the other horses in the race if I remember right were Clarendon, Riley, Senorita, Ambulance, Teunament and Tristan. The latter was an outsider in the betting and it almost went begging at 20 to 1. This was my opportunity, I thought, and I told my friend that Tristan was a sure winner; in fact, I added that it was almost like stealing money to bet on him and then I watched him run into the betting ring, and while I thought it was too bad to have to resort to such measures, I felt sure that he would never come to me again for a good thing. Well, the race started and about every horse in it appeared to have a chance but Tristan, and I could not help but smile as I thought of my young friend who had played him. Coming into the stretch there was the usual clog up with my horse Tenny, right along with the leaders, while Tristan was absolutely last, but somehow or other he was running easier than any of the others. Still this didn't worry me until his jockey shook him up and he began to walk through the whole bunch, including my horse Tenny. Even then I felt that Tristan wouldn't be able to stand the pace, but when Tenny's jockey let out a wrap and still the 20 to 1 shot hung on I began to feel cold chills up and down my back.

"Tristan had a world of speed that day and although Isaac Murphy, who rode Tenny, used all his skill, Tristan, in a driving finish, won by half a length, and so instead of getting rid of my friend I only made matters worse for myself and lost a lot of money in the bargain.

"After cashing in my young friend, wild-eyed and happy, sought me out in the crowd and showered such congratulations on me that I was almost tempted to tell him the truth. He stuck to me closer ever after that and it was a couple of years afterward that he finally quit the horses and I lost all track of him. There was only one consolation in that race for me and that was the fact that Tristan had to establish a new record to beat my horse Tenny, and the record of 1.51 1/2 for a mile and an eight I guess stands today."

Sis Staud.

The secret of success is to believe in the thing that one is doing. Because he innocently expected nothing but compliments an Italian organ grinder, pictured by the New York World, easily got out of a difficulty.

He had been playing before the house

of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to 'clear off.' The organ grinder, however, continued to grind away, till finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance.

At the police court the magistrate asked why he did not leave when requested to do so.

"Me no understan' mooch Ingloese," was the reply.

"Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understood what he meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms."

"No, me not know," replied the Italian. "Me think he come to dance to my music." The organ grinder was discharged.

BORN.

- Somerville, May 11, to the wife of T. Sanford, a son. St. Croix, May 10, to the wife of W. Sweet, a son. Harmony, May 11, to the wife of N. Minard, a son. Amherst, May 11, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a son. Digby, May 8, to the wife of Chas. Gavil, a daughter. Digby, May 12, to the wife of W. Outram, a daughter. Benville, May 7, to the wife of F. Inglis, a daughter. Windsor, May 10, to the wife of F. DeCof, a daughter. Benville, May 13, to the wife of Jas. Greenalade, a son. Antirouab, Apr. 15, to the wife of Payson Clark, a son. Lunenburg, May 14, to the wife of H. McDonald, a son. Port Lorne, May 14, to the wife of Capt. Banks, a son. Whiteburne, May 4, to the wife of F. McBride, a son. St. Mark's, May 7, to the wife of John Dalton, a son. Kildare, May 6, to the wife of James Whelan, a son. Halifax, May 3, to the wife of Edward Carroll, a son. Hawk Point, May 12, to the wife of B. Atkinson, a son. Mt. Denison, May 12, to the wife of Austin Wile, a son. Woodstock, May 24, to the wife of W. Fisher, a son. Margareville, May 7, to the wife of James Roach, a son. Yarmouth, April 22, to the wife of Harry Boyd, a daughter. Halifax, May 3, to the wife of John McMichael, a daughter. Halifax, May 12, to the wife of Wm. Preper, a daughter. Cape Island, May 3, to the wife of J. Kenny, a daughter. Barrington, May 4, to the wife of Chas. Thomas, a daughter. Cambridgeport, May 15, to the wife of W. Lane, a daughter. Harmony, May 13, to the wife of James McGuire, a daughter. Kings Co., May 13, to the wife of Alfred Bishop, a daughter. DeBent Village, May 13, to the wife of J. Fleming, a daughter. Burrow, May 3, to the wife of Laurence Fitzpatrick, a son. Chatham, May 10, to the wife of Andrew Danca, a son. Hawk Point, May 12, to the wife of Otis Cunningham, a daughter. Southport, May 17, to the wife of Johnston Thompson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Truro, May 17, Charles A. Thomas to Sarah Teague, a daughter. Brookly, N. Y., May 16, Francis W. Jones to Elizabeth E. Coyer. Bedford, May 15 by Rev. A. F. Logan, Charles J. de la Salle to Susan. Woodstock, May 12, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Ral Hendrick to Ruth Tidd. Annapolis, May 12, by Rev. H. How, William Caldwell to Annie Surdhan. Kentville, May 15, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Conley Hart to Ruby Penwarden. Mt. Rose, May 2, by Rev. E. F. Caldwell, Wallace Reid to Lottie Marshall. Annapolis, May 2, by Rev. E. L. Steeves, Geo. B. Longley to Nettie Daniels. Milltown, May 9, by Rev. F. W. Murray, James G. Mar to B. White. Kentville, May 16, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Percy Simmons to Gerlie Landey. Chegoquin, May 18, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Alexander Bain to Janie Harris. Roseville, P. E. I., by Rev. A. E. Burke, Thomas Butler to Annabelle Doyle. Truro, May 17, by Rev. H. P. Adams, James H. Newton to Mamie Campbell. Greenville, May 12, by Rev. James B. Heal, George E. Pat to Victoria Truitt. Halifax, April 19, by Rev. John Cottingham, Alex. R. Kilday to Miriam Crosby. Charlottetown, May 14, by Rev. Dr. Morrison, Jas. Fraser to Mrs. Julia Carroll. Regis, N. W. T., April 19, by Rev. Mr. Milliken, David B. Smith to Dora Zorn. Morell, May 9, by Rev. A. Crisler, James O. Webster to Margaret E. Anderson. Milltown, May 9, by Rev. C. E. Young, Burton Whirly to May Leeman. Joyce's Corner, May 3, by Rev. J. F. Felley, William Murphy to Minnie Lawson. Argyll Shore, May 7, by Rev. John Goodwill, Daniel Macosca to Mary E. Baker. Woods Harbor, May 16, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Angus Goodwin to Ida Nickerson. London, Eng., April 8, by G. L. Harris, Registrar, Henry Rowell to Ellen M. Davidson. Charlottetown, May 8, by Rev. A. Marston Sinclair, Robert Ross to Mary A. Macdonald. Allston, Mass., May 9, by Rev. C. W. Duffield, George McCulloch to Florence Marsh. Springhill, May 12, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, William Feltgrew to Mrs. Margaret Bennett. Lunenburg, C. B., May 1, by Rev. L. H. Maclean, Thomas Rodgers to Maggie Macdonald. Lock Lomond, C. B., May 8, by Rev. M. Macleod, Frederick A. Macleod to Catherine Campbell. Manset, Me., May 8, by Rev. Chas. P. Kittredge, John E. Robbins to Mrs. Margaret M. Reed. Alberton, P. E. I., May 8, by Rev. A. E. Burke, saved by Rev. Dr. Chasson, Andrew Graves to Mary Cahill.

DIED.

- Penobscot, May 12, Joel Ross, 60. St. John, May 24, James Murphy. Hantsport, May 12, George Zink, 80. Gratton, May 13, Allan Minard, 69. St. Stephen, Mrs. James Clarke, 41. Darnley, May 12, Ida M. Clarke, 22. Moncton, May 14, Agnes Sefton, 51. Acadia, May 16, Thomas Treedy, 88. Windsor, May 18, Edward Elmer, 69. Liverpool, May 12, Wm. Godfrey, 62. Halifax, May 20, Edward Roome, 63. Kentville, May 17, Wallace Fisher, 50. Hantsport, May 16, Rhoda Davison, 11. West Amherst, May 16, Jane Jones, 74. Richmond, May 14, David Embree, 70. St. Stephen, May 9, James Bradley, 74.

- Montreal, May 17, Chas. J. Wallace, 84. Deer Island, May 6, Dewey Fountain, 1. Princeton, May 6, Albert McReche, 72. Shelburne, May 18, Mrs. Robert Ryer, 92. Dartmouth, May 20, Caroline Murphy, 62. Yarmouth, May 10, Mrs. Enoch Porter, 78. St. John, May 28, Stephen B. Murphy, 70. Fort Point, May 19, Philip Robicheau, 40. St. Lambert Q., May 11, Helen Parker, 6. Marshalltown, May 12, Mrs. Hannah, 63. St. Stephen, May 8, Mrs. Sarah Fryer, 74. Annapolis, May 12, Mrs. Avis Corbin, 52. Halifax, May 20, Frank Anderson, 52. Gloucester, Mass., May 8, Myra Frost, 10. St. John, May 27, Mrs. Robert Bartley, 78. Vernon River, May 4, Mr. S. Macleod, 37. South Lake, May 6, Frank MacKinna, 42. Naintrage, May 14, James MacDonald, 57. West Beacom, May 12, Myrtle Madden, 6. Bonaville, May 4, Catherine Macdonald, 23. Fort La Tour, May 6, Mrs. James Bethel, 62. East Windsor, May 19, Miss Mary Smith, 65. Milltown, Me., May 15, Mrs. Mary Kelly, 43. St. Thomas, Ont., April 17, Nellie Prosper, 90. Short Beach, May 20, Mrs. Fauche Harris, 81. Millville, Camb. Co., Mrs. Chas. A. B. Parry. Glasville, May 14, Mr. James W. Lawson, 71. St. George, N. B., May 18, Fred McMaster 43. Charlottetown, May 17, Mrs. John Arling, 74. Somerville, Mass., May 11, Henry Malloy, 20. Weaver Settlement, May 7, Mrs. James Barr, 63. St. Stephen, May 12, Mrs. Samuel Robinson, 60. Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, James Wrenson Smith, D. D. 77. Brant, Callnes, Scotland, April 22, Mrs. Alexanderutherland, 79. Somerville, Mass., May 12, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Sanford. St. Stephen, May 3, Virginia, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Watson, 10 mo.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS

Commence June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The Famous Fast Train

"Imperial Limited"

To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 1st, 1900

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC

Commencing June 6th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3:25 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. at Digby 12:30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2:30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 3:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:50 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7:40 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8:50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8:30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

State rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Furzer on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Suburban for Hampton.....5:20 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7:25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12:05 Express for Sussex.....12:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....12:50 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Suburban from Hampton.....7:15 Express from Sussex.....8:05 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12:20 Express from Halifax.....12:00 Express from Halifax.....19:15 Accommodation from Moncton.....21:45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager

Moncton N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.