

IDOLS OF THE MATINEE

HOW ACTORS SALARIES ARE REGULATED THESE DAYS.

Feminine Taste Rules the Market—Actresses, Too, Are Dependent for Their Financial Rating Upon Their Favor in the Eyes of Other Women.

(Special Correspondence of PROGRESS.)

Many clever and witty remarks have been lightly made at the expense of the matinee girl with all her fads and fancies, heros and hero worship, her reckless extravagance in photographs, flowers and adjectives; but all the same the experienced manager knows that no business venture is so safe for him as a contract with one of the reigning idols of feminine fancy. The rising actor also is not long in discovering that there is a singularly obvious relation between the extent of his salary and the powers of charming the fair sex; and that if he desires to hear the pleasing drip of the shakles, he must make for himself a secure stronghold in the hearts of romantic maidens. In point of fact, the matinee girl cuts a decidedly more important figure in the shrewd world of finance than in the picturesque realm of romance.

Indeed, women as a whole constitute the potent factor in determining the popularity of matters theatrical. It is she alone who casts the deciding vote, and actor or actress who has lost prestige with women (I have in mind a certain actress now) will soon be playing to empty houses. No matter how enraptured a man may be with an actress, he takes his wife where she wishes to go. It is always the mother who decides where the daughter shall be taken, and in the case of theatre parties the choice of plays invariably rests with ladies.

Women do not by any means confine their hero worship to Romeos, Siegfrieds and Rudolphi, but include in it as well the Juliets, Rosalinds and Marguerites, and are often quite as generous with notes and flowers to some feminine idol as to their noble ideals of manly beauty and perfection. Mrs. Kendall owes her vogue in America largely to the enthusiastic admiration of women, and men have not been more strenuous than women in lavishing laurels at the feet of Duse.

No better example of the substantial influence of the matinee girl can be cited than the career of John Drew. His run in New York this winter has been something extraordinary. A great deal has been said of the important metropolitan engagements of Netherstole, Bernhardt, Duse, Rohan and others. But John Drew without any apparent effort or special bid for popularity has a record that beats any one of them many times over. He has appeared at so many different theatres that one scarcely realizes that he has been playing perpetually in New York for a good six months.

Choosing society plays of a more or less light and flimsy character, and making no claims to greatness, he nevertheless seems to be the only actor that can go on playing month after month in New York to full houses. It is one of those inexplicable things incapable of analysis, and the reason for it can be found only in maidens' hearts and matinee girls' affections.

It is sometimes difficult to separate the personality of the actor from the character of his roles and decide which constitutes the veritable lodestone. But in the case of John Drew his popularity obviously rests in his personality; for with his slick hair, strong salient nose, supple flexible hands he is always the same. Dressed in perfect taste, pleasant, clean, refined, finished, he never looks or behaves like an actor, but is always on the stage the same attractive, interesting society man that he appears at the five o'clock teas which he so much frequents.

On the other hand, Prince Karl, quite independent of Mansfield, enjoyed a tremendous vogue at one time with the matinee girl. I chanced to know one whose heart was given over to his royal highness, and who went unending times to see him. But while he reigned alone as the hero of her youthful day dreams, she stoutly maintained that Mansfield had nothing to do with it.

It is a melancholy fact that when actors of certain special types become passe with the matinee girl, their halcyon days are over, and they are relegated to less important roles—the quondam lover becoming friend, rival or counselor—with a corresponding depletion in their exchequer. There are several such decline actors in all our large cities. Men who play with much more intelligence and greater refinement than of old, and certainly dress their parts as perfectly; but their heyday with the matinee girl being over, they become at once of less value to managers.

Let the young adored Sothern assume what roll he will, and his managers can safely count upon three full matinees a week. Charming, graceful, with a touch of the heroic, Sothern possesses in addition that nameless something that ensnares tender feminine enthusiasms. I suppose there could be no estimating the number of pretty dressing tables in this great republic that his photograph adorns, and a peep into his own charming suite in New York, which he occupies with his brother, would still further endear him to his enthusiastic admirers. Here we find him ensconced in apartments furnished with all the daintiness, refinement and exquisite taste of the most aesthetical minded young woman.

A COMMON AFFLICTION.

THE BLAME THAT RESTS UPON "GENERAL DEBILITY."

Asks Talks Upon the Subject and its Relation to the Nerves—Four-footed Aristocrats who get well Treated When they are Indisposed.

A witty doctor who was tired of the fancied ailments of his fashionable patients, once said that when no other ailment seemed to be at hand, all the airs and hyochondriacal whims of the upper classes were laid to the charge of "poor old General Debility!" That was ten years ago, and the fashionable disease for those who have really no specific ailment that their medical advisers can very well get hold of, is nervous prostration, a lineal descendant of the war scarred General mentioned above.

This is a fast age, and people naturally get very tired trying to keep up with the crowd; the hurry and scurry going on all around them act upon their nerves and simply wears them out, until one after another the victims of *fin de siècle* rush drop out of the fray and retire to some quiet and secluded spot—often an hospital—where they can nurse their shattered senses back to health, and store up as large a supply of vigor as possible ere they plunge into the struggle again. It is getting to be a serious matter, this rebellion of the nerve structure of the human system against the conditions of life forced upon it; and many of the sufferers die of the malady, so it is getting to be a very serious matter. How serious, I never realized until I read the other day that nervous prostration was coming to be a recognized ailment of horses, some of the most highly bred and delicately organized animals showing all the symptoms exhibited by human patients—loss of appetite, languor, and the curious irritability, and variable spirits which are so much marked features of the disease in our own case.

I believe the discovery was first made by a woman, whose favorite horse was showing very strange symptoms, and who drove him at once to the nearest veterinary surgeon, who nearly paralyzed her by pronouncing the case one of very aggravated nervous prostration, and the animal only fit for the rest cure. To the still further surprise of the invalid's mistress, the surgeon told her that such cases were of frequent occurrence in his practice, and that animals were becoming liable to many of the diseases to which the human family used to lay exclusive claim. He instanced the sufferings of horses, dogs, and even cats from grippes during the past year, especially in England, and on the continent. And he also related the case of a patient of his own, a spirited and highly strung little mare, who was brought to him in such a state of nervous exhaustion that every treatment failed to bring back her strength, and it was only when he discovered that she was country bred, and had been but a few months away from her native farm that she decided she must be suffering from nostalgia commonly called homesickness. His diagnosis proved correct, for on being sent back to her old home she rapidly regained appetite, flesh, and spirits.

The cure for these equine invalids consists of a long vacation from the shafts, even the weight of the halter and harness being considered too great for the suffering animal to bear, a stimulating tonic is given, the patient is carefully led on the most nourishing food, and is given one short walk each day, taken slowly, until he gradually recuperates.

It is well for these four footed aristocrats that they can have such excellent care when they are not feeling quite up to the mark; but how about the cart horses, and the wretched overworked truck, and delivery-wagon horses? I wonder if they ever suffer from nervous exhaustion, or whether their physical exhaustion is not generally too great to allow them to know that they possess nerves? Perhaps it is just as well that it should be, since I fear there would be no rest cure for them, and the one prescription they would have made up for them would be the grand tonic of work.

But verily the age must be indeed a rapid one when even the horses break down under the high pressure of modern life.

GUNNING OF THE FOX.

Tricks by Which Raymond Catches Rabbits and Escapes the Hounds.

No other still hunter can travel so quietly as a fox, and mighty few men are as crafty as the four-legged hunter when it comes to a matter of getting meat. Foxes have been seen in England, slipping from bush to bush, crawling and creeping after a feeding hare, for all the world like a man stalking a deer. The fox cannot catch a rabbit in a fair chase, but its food is mostly rabbits, in spite of their fleetness. But at no time does it display its skill so well as when running for life with a pack of hounds in its trail.

Lord Willoughby de Broke writes to the *Badminton Magazine* to tell how a tired fox made straight for a flock of sheep in a pen, ran through them, and in the end escaped. Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, wrote a book called "Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus," of which an English translation exists. This book tells of a fox that leaped from back to back of a herd of goats. As the dogs could not follow, the fox escaped.

A curious trick of English foxes is to jump as high as possible, grasping a tree branch with their teeth, hold on till the hounds have gone on, and then dropping to the ground, escape. This is similar to the American fox, which jumps into a tree and rests on a branch; but American dogs are not such fools as English dogs. They gather around the tree and howl till the hunter comes.

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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The management of the Oratorio Society has decided that the work on which the active members shall rehearse will be Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul." The present intention is to get this work up in the very best form and give it to the public on some date during exhibition week, next fall. It is well to make this timely beginning in the study and rehearsal of this oratorio, because to give it as the management and the friends of the society would desire, involves close attention and punctuality at all the rehearsals. The society not unmindful of this idea of further entertainment of the public, purpose giving what may be called a miscellaneous concert, so, sometime during next month. This idea is commendable, and that it is appreciated, will probably be manifested by generous patronage whenever the concert is given.

An important change in the personnel of the choir of Exmouth St. Methodist church is noticed in the fact that Miss Bertha Lake has been engaged as leading soprano there for the current year. Miss Lake, I believe has been the leading member of the choir of Brussels street Baptist church for some time past. Mr. E. J. Harrison, the choir master of Exmouth St. church, is to be congratulated in having successfully arranged a contract with this young lady. Mr. Geo. T. Higgins continues as organist.

Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes, whose singing in Boston was recently mentioned in this department, has returned home and delighted her St. John friends and admirers of her tuneful voice, by singing a solo "Jerusalem" in St. Andrews church last Sunday evening. Before she left Boston Miss Forbes accepted an invitation to sing in the Unitarian church at Dorchester Mass., the regular alto of the church having been ill at the time. This was quite a tribute to the talent of our young fellow citizeness.

In the choir of the church of the Assumption, West End, I learn there has been a change in the fact that Miss Mary Wetmore o. Carleton has succeeded Miss E. Morris as organist.

It was intended that a concert would be given in the St. Andrews church last evening but it has been postponed until Friday evening of next week.

Yet another church choir change I learn has occurred in the resignation by Mr. W. A. Ewing of his position as organist of the Mission church, Paradise Row. He will be succeeded by Mr. Williamson, mathematical teacher in the Davenport school. The City Cornet band is making a departure in the entertainment they are providing for the public this season. It has taken the form of a "Minstrel Show" and two performances will be given on the 4th and 5th inst. Prof. White, I believe, is the musical director and the band will of course contribute some of its best work on the occasions. There can be but little, if any, doubt about the Opera House being tested to its capacity on both occasions.

Tones and Undertones.

It has been noticed that Boston, Mass., is the only city where Paderevski did not play to crowded houses.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the favorite alto of the "Bostonians," has a handkerchief, once the property of Queen Isabella of Spain; not the "1492" variety of the Queen.

W. H. Clarke, of Boston, the Bass, who was brought here to sing in Oratorio one season, sang the role of Don Jose in "Maritana" on Thursday last week at the Castle Square theatre. He continued in the role for the balance of the week in the stead of William Wolff, who had been called out of town.

Miss Myrta French, the soprano soloist with Soussa's band, is a pupil of Shyngilia of Paris.

An endeavor is being made to have Manager Harkin's bring the Wilkie Opera Company to this city. This too despite the fact that dates previously secured here for the company have been cancelled.

Planquette's Opera "Rip Van Winkle" is occupying the stage at the Castle Square theatre Boston this week, William Wolff playing the title role. Miss Edith Mason was not in the bill.

The new Irish opera "Shamus O'Brien" now having a run at the opera. Comique in London, will be produced in this country by Joseph Brooks and H. C. Miner who bought the rights for America. They will import the original English company.

The twenty-fourth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall yesterday afternoon,

May 1, at 2.30 o'clock, and this evening, May 2, at 8 o'clock.

The Wagner programme was:
 Overture "Rienzi"
 Idyll "Siegfried"
 Faust overture "Lohengrin"
 Prelude to Act III "Siegfried"
 Prelude and Love Death, "Tristan and Isolde"
 Prelude "Die Meistersinger"

Chevalier, the English Contralto Singer, has renewed his engagement with Messrs Koster and Bial New York for four weeks longer.

The forthcoming, eighth, annual tour of the Boston Festival Orchestra of 80 performers under the direction of Mr. E. Mollenhauer, it is said will include nearly all the principal festivals in the United States and Canada. Among the soloists to appear with them are such distinguished ones as Mme. Nordica, Mme. Klafsky, Lillian Blauvelt, Rose Stewart, Marie Brema, Gertrude May Stein, Katharine Bloodgood, Ben Davies, W. M. Rieger, Max Heinrich, M. Flancon, Joseph W. H. Sherwood, Sig. Campanari and Baron Berthold. This is an opportunity for either the Opera house managers or the Oratorio Society or both together to give the citizens a musical treat of unusual excellence.

Bruck's "Arminius;" Massenet's "Eve and Chardwick's "The Lily Nymph" are chief among the choral works to be given at the Hampden County musical festival on the 4th, 5th, and 6th inst. Mesdames Nordica, Bloomfield-Zialler and others will appear.

A series of six vocal chamber concerts as they are called, has been given in Boston recently and the last took place on Tuesday evening of this week in Association Hall. It was a Brahms and Beethoven evening and was rendered by the Berkeley Temple quartette viz. Mrs. C. N. Allen, soprano; Mrs. Marie Kaula Stone, contralto; Mr. George J. Parker, tenor; and Mr. Thomas Daniel, basso. The managers of the series invite suggestions from friends and patrons in the direction of making the entertainments still more popular.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Joe Jefferson was born in Philadelphia Feb. 20, 1829.

Miss Catherine Goode is playing the role of Zaira in the company of Miss Elita Proctor Ous producing, "Carmen" in Boston this week. Miss Goode played in this city as a member of Lytells company at the Institute some few years ago. She was and is quite a clever actress.

Joanetta Lowrie, who will be remembered as the soubrette of the Frawley Stock company at the opera house, is playing with much credit to herself in "The Speculator" the new play of Thos. Q. S. Brooke. After leaving this city Miss Lowrie married Alf Hampton the comedian of that company.

Allan Dale the well known dramatic critic, now of the New York Journal, will make a holiday trip to Europe, sailing next month.

A rumor that Miss Maud Jefferys who is Wilson Barrett's leading lady, will retire from the stage, is rapidly gaining currency. Carl Haswin, who played here so cleverly in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Institute a few years ago, and who has since been touring in "The Silver King," now has a new play entitled "A Lion's Heart." The story is said to be intensely interesting throughout.

The text of a preface purporting to have been written by Sarah Bernhardt for a book entitled "Sarah Bernhardt artiste et femme" has just been published in the Gaulois of Paris. In this book Bernhardt gives her impressions of America and Americans. A French publisher in New York announces the early appearance of the work.

Last Saturday "The Prisoner of Zenda" closed its remarkable run of 186 performances at the Lyceum theatre New York. "The Widow Jones" which is the title of May Irvin's comedy has reached its 830th performance last Tuesday evening. Elegant souvenirs in the shape of silver siphon bottles, filled with apple blossom perfume were distributed to the ladies in the audience on the occasion.

Aubrey Boucicault has purchased from Mr. Atkinson his interests in "The Shaughran" its costumes, scenery etc., and opened at the Walnut street theatre Philadelphia last Monday for a three weeks stay.

Henry Irving's production of "Macbeth" in Boston last week and which it is said he gave in compliance with a very general wish, is scored by the critics. One of the critics says "It was emphatically an exhibition of scenery, stage trappings and togs." "Never in all of his performances with the varying shade of eccentricities, has Mr. Irving appeared to be so bad an actor. His mannerisms mounted reason, common sense, grace, beauty and all else and rode them to oblivion. His gait, articulations and vocalizations were distinctly and irrevocably bad."

Trained.

"Do you notice how much Mr. Castleton has improved in his conversation?" "Yes. You know he had a season ticket to the opera."

RESULTS OF CUBA'S WAR.

All the Interior of the Island Held by the Patriots.

The importance of the results achieved thus far by the Cuban insurgents is demonstrated by the powerful army which Spain is obliged to keep in the island and with which she is still unable to put down the revolution. In "El ano Politico" (the political year), a book just published at Madrid by a member of the Cortes, Senor So'derilla, the following estimate is made, from official sources, of the number of men sent to the field against the patriots by the Spanish government.

Spanish regular troops in Cuba when the revolution broke out Feb. 24, 1895	12,000
First expedition from Spain	8,500
Second expedition	7,477
Third expedition	4,088
Fourth expedition	2,982
Fifth expedition	2,901
Sixth expedition	22,025
Seventh expedition	28,329
Eighth expedition	9,833
Ninth expedition	18,901
Troops at Porto Rico sent to Cuba	1,562
Cavalry detachment paid by the merchants at Havana	300
Naval Infantry incorporated in the army	3,000
Volunteers of Havana	2,000
Volunteers sent from Spain	2,500
Criminals pardoned in Spanish prisons and enlisted as soldiers	2,700
Reserves called out to replace the dead	23,000
New reserves called out at the end of 1895	6,000
Total men	172,294

To these may be added the expedition of 16,000 men sent to the island in February, 1896, and not included in the estimate of Senor Solderilla which returns to the year 1895, and the 50,000 volunteers employed for the garrison of Havana and the principal towns of Cuba. That makes a total of 238,295 men in arms on the Spanish side.

And it was said, lately, that Gen. Weyler had asked for more reinforcements. The above figures are eloquent to prove that the revolution is not a negro movement and an uprising of outlaws, having against them the large majority of the Cubans, as the Spanish Government usually states. They prove also that the Cuban army is not a band of bandits without a military organization and intelligent leaders. A band of bandits does not require 238,295 soldiers, under the command of the best Spanish Generals, to suppress it.

People not conversant with Cuban affairs cannot easily understand two things: first, how it is that the Cubans are not in possession of an important town or seaport, and, second, how with only 45,000 men, and not so well armed as the Spanish, they can stand successfully against 238,295 men. With regard to the interior towns the situation is explained by the fact that in an attack upon them many Cuban families, including those of some of the Cubans in the army, would perish either from Spanish revenge or from the bullets of the patriots. When the revolution broke out Cubans and Spaniards lived together in the towns. The Cubans for the most part were married

or had parents and relatives, while the Spaniards were single, having their parents and relatives in Spain. The Cubans left in the towns their families when they went to the country to join the insurgent army. Having remembrance of the experience of the war of 1865, when the women who took the field proved a burden for the Cuban soldiers, and some of them were the victims of infamous outrages by the Spaniards, they preferred to leave their families in the towns, where cruelties cannot be committed openly without arousing public indignation and perhaps inviting the protest of foreign representatives. But notwithstanding the danger of their families the Cubans would seize an important town, especially a seaport, if they had belligerent rights and were in possession of a navy which would enable them to keep it. At present the Cubans cannot hope to possess war ships. The American public is well aware of how many difficulties the Cubans encounter in sending even an expedition to Cuba. Their ships are liable to seizure and detention, and have to sail as merchant steamers when at last they find a chance to start. It is a mistake, therefore, to compare the situation of the Cubans, with that of the Confederates during the civil war in this country. The seaports of the Confederacy were not occupied by the Federals when the war began. It was a struggle of the South against the North, each side having its own territory and its own cities. Cuba's war is the uprising of a colony against its Government, of the natives of an island against their oppressors, with the latter possessing all the benefits of belligerence.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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PROGRESS enters upon its ninth volume and year with this issue.

The cartoon in PROGRESS today is suggestive: Mr. HUGH McLEAN administering a bitter dose to the young liberals in the shape of Colonel TUCKER.

The wife of Senator DEVER was the choice of the city council for school trustee at its meeting Thursday. Mrs. DEVER may make an admirable member of the board but as she has not been prominent in her interest in school matters her selection will probably surprise many of the citizens.

PROGRESS begins a new story today—Her Promise True, by DORA RUSSELL. Miss RUSSELL is a favorite writer. Her stories are always popular and in securing this for its readers PROGRESS has been very fortunate. The first instalment today is a very generous one and gives some idea of the interest the story will possess.

The failure of the HARKINS' Opera Company in Halifax is but another illustration of the fickle favor of the public. Perhaps HARKINS' more than any other man has a right to say that he has succeeded in making the drama pay in Halifax but when he attempted opera and had an ill-fated and unreliable company his popularity and his previous success failed to save him.

Mr. J. ARMSTRONG'S vote at the conservative convention shows that he has a strong following who are bound that he and the party he represents shall come to the front at every election. If there should be any revolt on the part of those supporters of ARMSTRONG it would be a serious matter for the party which could ill afford to lose such energetic workers and so many votes.

About as good a friend as the liquor dealers could have, appears in the person of Magistrate FIELDING of Halifax. It is unusual for a police magistrate to have decided opinions but when he refuses on account of those opinions to issue ordinary summonses, then there is reason for surprise. The picnic which the wholesale liquor dealers had had there for years, should have an ending at some time and it is in their interests as well as that of the city that a decision should be reached regarding the law at an early date.

The policy of the people of Hampton toward the old racial who assaulted a eleven year old girl was primitive but effective. Perhaps there is no punishment more severe than banishment and the man who suffers it is not likely to give any other community trouble. There is a western simplicity in giving a criminal so long a time to wind up his affairs and get out of town and a non-compliance with such a popular resolution might be suggestive of one of those necktie parties some times held in the wilder and woollier region.

Now that two of the so called 'pize fighters' are languishing in jail—under a sentence of three months—there will not be so many youths anxious to show how smart they are with gloves on. The ambition to know how to spar is natural and the knowledge apt to be useful but it is time that something was done to check the lads who show any proficiency from being enticed into the ring. There is nothing in it for them in the great majority of cases and the "coaches" and "managers" simply use them for their own profit and advancement.

Wednesday's issue of the Halifax Herald was a Dalhousie College number. The paper contained the results of the final examination and a list of those students who gained honors and distinctions as well as a lengthy and interesting account of convocation. It was accompanied by a four page supplement containing cuts of governors, professors and benefactors as well as a historical account of the college and a description of the work done by the various

college societies. The origin of "The Dalhousie Gazette" the oldest College paper in Canada is set forth. Perhaps the most interesting article in the supplement is from the pen of LUCY M. MONTGOMERY dealing with the higher education of women. Special mention is made of the sweet girl graduates including Miss EMILY M. GOODWIN and Miss ELIZABETH McNAUGHTON of this city. Miss MONTGOMERY has just completed her first year at Dalhousie and has already shown great literary ability. She is a native of Prince Edward Island and a grand daughter of the late Senator MONTGOMERY. In getting out this special Dalhousie issue the Herald follows the example set it by PROGRESS a few years ago.

Many a reader of PROGRESS can learn the new addresses of their friends in the Mayday moving article in this issue. There is nothing perhaps better calculated to develop the patience of men and women than the moving season. The wave of sympathy that goes out to them from their peaceful and comfortable neighbors is consoling—but it does not put down the carpet or put up the kitchen stove.

TUPPER is not having an easy time of it. Reconstructing a cabinet may be an exciting task but it appears to have taken time. There is some surprise that the best men do not care to accept offices under the veteran fighter. Had he obtained MEREDITH and CHAPLEAU what a strong combination he could have presented to the country; but who knows TIBDALE? The name of MACDONALD may be good enough to conjure with but the fact that a man is the son of a distinguished father now a days is not a sufficient passport to the council chambers of the country.

PLEDGES ARE NO GOOD.

The many friends of Mr. JOHN RUSSELL may well speculate on the value of political promises. If they at any time entertained the impression that "a man's word is as good as his bond" that has been shattered by the course pursued recently in the appointment of a French Canadian to the office of deputy minister of marine.

For some years the friends of Mr. RUSSELL urged his appointment to that position. It was conceded that he was fitted for it. A maritime man, well versed in such affairs as would likely come before him in such a department, an expert accountant, there was no denying the fact that so far as fitness was concerned Mr. RUSSELL was to the front.

Had the reply to his application and the earnest petition of his friends been unfavorable in the first instance, there is no doubt that they would have taken the refusal as a matter of course and permitted the matter to drop, but instead of that, Mr. RUSSELL was promised the position as soon as Mr. WILLIAM SMITH was superannuated. He had those promises, not only from the ministers but even the prime minister wrote him in as favorable a view as it was possible for him to do.

Now Mr. RUSSELL is ignored—put aside, without a word of explanation and a civil servant, a French Canadian, gets a position which was held by a New Brunswick man and by right belongs to a Maritime province man. This is not the sort of treatment that any government can mete out to the people. A pledge should be a pledge under any and all circumstances and especially so when the performance of it means so much. Had Mr. RUSSELL not had the distinct promise of the position he could no doubt have secured lucrative and permanent employment. The government has not treated him right.

"PHILOSOPHY AND POLLEY"

"Luv iz blind," but bigtrotte iz a durned sile motto. Bigtrotte iz a edikashun in won direkshun, at the xpende uv several other direkshun. Dine iz a bad game in play, but prejn dise iz worse among friends.

Consult ure own interests, but not at the sakrifis of the interests uv others. Time iz a sand-wich, of wich the past iz the us upperkust, the present the filling, and the future the us lowerkust, so you can't see the upperkust, bekoze it iz not kwise looked enuf, so the best wa to do iz just make the most uv the filling.

Advertisy is a skule wat we don't objekt scealing fall uv pupils, so long az we can't hav to lise it ourselves. That iz to much of the kind of friendship wat sals, I am yure friend, but I cannot find mi poket-buke.

I can sit up all sile if necessary, and the time is employed in a agreeable manner, but if I am asked to rock the kradel with a skil inast as the okkupant I can go to bed as early as enny one yu no.

The rite way to trette gossip, iz with a def ear and s'teang tun. Women's ways, and women's stays, are eckaly misterius in the uninitiated.

The thermometer is not always a very fast animal, altho it iz "quik"—silver, but it "gits thar" by "degrees". The M'jilk Eastern is not a sneekness unless the lites ar turned down, but that iz no reason yu korthip shud be kondakted on the same prinisipels.

I no sum peepel wat noes mor about mi business, than I do myself, and I think wen I want enny information about myself, I will giv them a quarter far disklosing it; a quarter's enuf, wen they giv it gratis to enny one else.

The City Cornet's Entertainment. The City Cornet band promise a pleasant and unique entertainment at the Opera House, Monday and Tuesday next. Anything the band undertakes has the smack of success about it and their friends are bound that this shall be no also.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

To Benjamin F. Legget of Ward, Pa. On receiving his two volumes: "A Sheaf of Songs" and "An Idyll of Lake George"

O poet friend, you bring to me, With tuneful heart and tongue My childhood's happy memory When all the world was young.

The flowers by Salomon River's side A Pennsylvania's plains— As ours the sunlight dinstide Our own Lake George retains.

The legends of a common land And common history, Makes me forget the boundary line Between thyself and me.

For unto him who lingers o'er The spoils of Art and Time, Our country's one from cold Brax-Dor To California's clime.

I measure not with thee the pen Of lyric excellence— Enough; I love my fellow-men; This is my sole defence.

I love the hills, in summer glad With verdure's brightest glow; Or through the lowering winter clad With covering of snow.

I love God's creature, every one Of high and low degree; And grateful feel when'er the sun Of love is shed on me.

I love the arts that cheer and bless But chide thy poetry; And thank you with much tenderness For these, thy gifts to me.

Man's life is short—the road is rough And thorns beneath his feet Of toil and sorrow give enough In either cold or heat.

But blest is he, who's not unknown To sorrow's blighting power, Can in his weary journey turn To pluck a wayside flower.

MARTIN BUTLER. GIBBY SONGS. I. UNCLE EPY'S BARRIO SONG.

Clean de ba'n an' sweep de flo', Sing, my baw'jer, sing! We's g'wine to dance dis 'bain' sho' Sing, my baw'jer, ring!

Den hits up de road an, down de lane Hurry, niggah, you miss ce train; De yaller gal she dawce so neat De yaller gal she look so sweet,

Sing, my baw'jer, ring! De moon come up, de sun go down, Sing, my baw'jer, sing! De night an all come 'fom town, Ring, my baw'jer, ring!

Den hits roun' de hill an' froo de H— Look out dar, niggah, don't you steal! De malyuns on dem vines an green, De moon an bright, O you'll be seen.

Sing, my baw'jer, ring! O, come erlong, come erlong, What's de use er 'ho' 'n' back; O' hit strong, er hit it strong, Mek de ol' 'fo' ben' an' crack.

O, ho p' tee doo, uh, hoop tee doo! Dat's de way to lase it, f'oo. Right erlong, right erlong Slide de lef' foot right erlong Hoop tee doo, O hoop tee doo, See, my lub, I dawce ter you.

Ho, boy! Ho, boy! Well done, meh lady! O, slide erlong, slide erlong— Fas'ah wid dat patin', Sam! Dat's de music in de lef' heel's song, M'iah right foot, don't you sham!

O, hoop tee doo, oh, hoop tee doo! Straight erlong I dawce ter you. Slide erlong, slide erlong, Mek dat right foot hit it strong Hoop tee doo, O hoop tee doo, See, my lub, I dawce ter you.

Ho, boy! Ho, boy! Well done, meh lady! —James Edwin Campbell, In "Sketches From The Cabin."

The above is an attempt to catch the shuffling, jerky rhythm of the famous negro dance, The M'iah music in de lef' heel's song, M'iah right foot, don't you sham!

O chillen run, de Cunjah man, Him mouf es beeg ez fryin' pan, Him yurs an small, him eyes an raid, Him hab no foot in him oif' had,

Him hab him roots, him wuk' him trick, Him roll him eye, him mek you sick, De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

Him hab ur ball ob raid, raid ha', Him hide it, un' de kitchen sta'; Mam Jode hah pars urlong, dat way, An' now hah ur small, dat way.

Him wron ur roun' hah baddy night, Hah eyes pop out, ur oral sight,— De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, De chillen run, de Cunjah man!

Miss Jane, hah dribe him 'fom huk do', And now hah huns woun' lay no mo'; De Jasey cow hah dose fall sick,— His all done by de Cunjah trick.

Him put ur root us 'L'ja's bald, An' now de man he sho' an' dald,— De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

Me see him stan' de yudder night Right een de road een white moonlight; Him toss him arms, him whiel him 'rons', Him stomp him foot urpon de groun';

De snalks come crawlin' one by one, Me hyah un him, me break an' run,— De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

—James Edwin Campbell, In "Sketches From The Cabin." No Amateur Wanted.

She—"Are you sure I am the first woman you ever loved?" He—"I swear it."

She—"Then you may go. After you have obtained some experience, come to me again."

She Knows, Too. Mother—"That young man never knows how long to stay, Netta." Netta—"Doesn't he? Just time him once, dear."

Repeating Don't Express It. McCorkle—"Isn't Tenapottunning into debt pretty lively?" McCrackle—"Running isn't the worst for it. He is fairly springing."

THE COMPANY WENT TO PIECES.

The Reasons That at the Harkins-Wilkes Company Did Not Succeed.

HALIFAX, May 1.—The Hubert Wilkes opera company was stranded in this city on Tuesday. Three and a half weeks ago the company opened at the Academy of Music for a six weeks season, but the fates were against Mr. Harkins' organization, and after two weeks on the boards, with one week intervening devoted to "rehearsals" the company has come to naught. On Tuesday morning Mr. Harkins left the city. It had been the intention that night to give a benefit performance for Miss Josephine Knapp, but during the day, when it became known that Harkins had gone, and when it was remembered that for a week there had hardly been sufficient business in the house to pay the rent, Miss Knapp and the company decided that it was no use throwing good money after bad in the hope of better luck that night. Anyhow they had very little money to throw away, for not more than two weeks salaries had been paid since the troupe came to Halifax, and the members were hard up. Without money the company could not pay their hotel bills, at least in any of them could not, and miss hosts at the leading hotels were without their "little amounts." In this sense, therefore, it is really the hotel people who lose by the stranding of the company. On Wednesday morning those of the company who could raise the fare for Boston shook off the dust of Halifax from their feet and left by the steam-train.

It is an interesting question which is now asked, "why did the Wilke Company fail?" There are several answers. First, the company came to Halifax and made its appearance on the stage without adequate rehearsals. It is no use for any such organization to come here and ask people to pay to see rehearsals.

Secondly, the operas produced were too old; even though they were put on well enough people want a change from what they have been getting for so many years. Thirdly, the tenor was not what he should have been. Mr. Tomes' name raised great expectations that proved a bitter disappointment. Mr. Wilke, with a baritone voice, trying tenor parts, was also a failure.

Fourthly, while most of the company were fairly good, individually, they worked poorly together. They were an aggregation rather than a combination. In the language of the hokey player, "their team work was poor."

Fifthly, Mr. Flint proved a broken reed to the company. He fought openly in the Queen hotel with Mr. Wilke, and endured a well merited trouncing at his hands. This open scandal was had enough but to add to his offence he wandered off into devious paths, and Harkins, Wilke and a policeman, though they visited every saloon in town, could not find him, to place him in the boards and take his post. This disappearance was at the most critical point in the company's history. Had Flint intended to wreck the company he could not have chosen a better time nor a better method. Flint, the comedian, was the man who more than any other brought about "the tragedy" of Tuesday.

Yet "Bill" Harkins has many friends in Halifax, probably just as many as if his opera company had been a success. They sympathize with him in this opera fiasco. They do not blame him realizing that he did not know much about the opera business, and that he thought he had a good thing in Wilke and his company. There is yet a welcome in Halifax for W. S. Harkins, and all who know him hope for better success in the future.

TROUBLE AT ACADIA COLLEGE.

The Students and Faculty Fall Out About a Slight Matter.

WOLFVILLE, APRIL 29.—The students, and to some extent the citizens of Wolfville, are enjoying a breeze of excitement generally foreign to the life of this quiet little town.

The faculty of Acadia do not have as many difficult questions to deal with as do the governing bodies, of other colleges; for the students here are generally of a quieter class than the general run of college men, a large proportion of the students take the course with a view to entering the ministry and very few of the rascals generally characteristic of college life are known at Acadia. In consequence the faculty seem to have a good deal of trouble in adjusting affairs when anything not of a usual character happens.

This present trouble is with the sophomore classes, and arose in connection with the annual "oratorical" in which members of that class declaim before the Faculty and friends of the University.

It seems that by order of the president and the teacher of elocution, the entertainment this year was not to be open to all, but the sophomores were to invite a limited number of friends. This arrangement some of the Sophos did not appreciate and accordingly they sent a bogus notice to the church which was read by the pastor the morning of April 12th, and by which the public were cordially invited to be present.

This at once gave the faculty the opportunity to devote their energies to punishing the offender, who had passed in the notice, if he could be found. Unfortunately the suspicion fell on one of the most estimable ministerial students of the class,

and they immediately pounced upon him, but they had caged the wrong bird.

This young man, who is always among the foremost in good work, handed in a notice concerning a missionary meeting in which he was to speak that evening, and the mistake arose through the stupidity of the sexton who did not know, who handed in the other notice.

The cloud of suspicion still hung over this young man to a certain extent at the time of the "oratorical." Especially active in the ferreting out of the bogus notice mystery was Prof. Caldwell. There are those who do not hesitate to say that the professor is better fitted for working out cases of this kind than for his chosen vocation of teaching chemistry.

Prior to the time of the public appearance of the class, they recited before the Faculty, the best selections being chosen for the public affair. Among these was a selection from Mark Twain of a humorous character, in which figured the ministerial student mentioned above and a fellow student.

Dr. Jones, a member of the Faculty, thought their selection very good but a little short, and asked them if they could not add to it. Accordingly, on the right of this public appearance, they made a number of additions, among which was a hit on Prof. Caldwell, which spoke of his acting in the capacity of detective; although this was understood only by a few members of the college it raised a laugh at the professor's expense, and an apology was at once demanded by the faculty from the young men. The apology was not to be made to the professor who had been hit, but to the faculty, for the alleged reason that they added to their selection. Their inconsistency is shown by the fact that it was a member of the faculty, who first suggested to the young men to make the addition, for which they were now to apologize.

The young men refused to apologize and were at once suspended from class work. Their classmates resolved not to lose two such men, and asked the faculty to take them back. As no answer was given to this request the class decided to absent themselves from class work until satisfactory arrangements should be made. They carried this arrangement into effect on Thursday last, when all remained away from class except a few young lady members, whose action did not materially affect the stand the class had made. Affairs went on in this way until no concession being made by the faculty, the young men signed the statement, which the faculty wished, in order that the way might be opened up for the rest of the class to resume work.

This was done yesterday, and it is said that it was against the advice and wishes of their classmates. All trouble seemed cleared up, when more suddenly arose from the faculty's dogged determination to crush all signs of revolt. The "strikers" had their marks reduced ten per cent in addition to receiving zero for each class not attended.

Some dozen or more of the class at once revolted, and maintained that they would not submit to such injustice, as they deemed it to be. These young men, a number of them ministerial students, are preparing "to shake off the dust of their feet" from Acadia forever.

Many of those not interested, but cognizant of most of the facts, consider that the faculty have acted very chivaldly in the matter. If this is so, Acadia has unnecessarily lost a dozen of her best students, as well as the influence, which they are sure to have in the future.

MANY TAVERNS IN SMALL SPACE.

John Rhea's is Among the Score—His No Swearing Place.

London's great complaint has been that if her rum shops were placed side by side fifteen miles of street would be required to hold them.

New York has an equally generous showing. St. John is an ambitious and pushing city with less than 50,000 inhabitants and it reaches out for distinction on the same lines as the two great cities mentioned.

In this city there is one section which probably contains more bar rooms than any similar section in this country. That part of the city referred to is in Prince and Wellington ward and is bounded by Union extending to Brussels, Charlotte and Sydney streets and the north side of the King Square.

In this district there are more than 20 Saloons, illustrating as many different methods of conducting the business. Some follow their business in strict compliance with the law, while others less scrupulous manifest merely a surface compliance.

In the midst of this business of such a pronounced word type, may be found two institutions, whose efforts are daily and nightly made to lead men in a different direction. These institutions are the Young Men's Christian Association on Charlotte street, and the Gospel Revivalists on Union street of which Rev. Mr. Beatty is conductor. The latter institution has just taken rooms in the brick building which adjoins the saloon of John Rhea, a well known vendor of ales and liquors and who may perhaps be better known as the man who gained such prominence in his vain endeavors to secure a license to sell

liquor in Carleton—a one where the biter got bitten, Rhea having purchased a house and lot on the west side, so sure was he that he could get his license.

Rhea's method of conducting a saloon is a "lit" different from his fellow vendors, for Rhea once professed religion, and even now he occasionally introduces scriptures texts into the ears of his patrons. Once a follower of the salvation army and quite a revivalist in old England, Rhea is now a keeper of a bar where ale and whisky are sold at five cents a glass. The other dealers have had to advance the price of whisky to ten cents a glass on account of this high license, but Rhea intends to make his place pay on the five cent plan even though he introduces a sprinkling of religion with his whisky.

The hard working man who feels that two drinks is better than one goes to Rhea's but if the stuff supplied is not so good as the man is used to and he "cusse" a little, Rhea becomes shocked and ejects the man from his place for profanity.

This is in accordance with one of the rules of Mr. Rhea's bar which is emphasized by a large placard hung on the wall which reads:

NO SWEARING ON PREMISES

NEDDY O'DONNELL TURNS COMPS.

The Boss Alderman of Halifax Has a Sweeping Majority.

HALIFAX, May 1.—So the row aldermen, who had to fight for the honor on Wednesday are D. H. Campbell, in ward 2; E. W. O'Donnell in ward 4, and William McFatridge in ward 5. J. T. Barry who contested ward 2 with Campbell is a veteran candidate, but not a successful one, for he has sustained three successive defeats. Campbell had a good crowd of workers at his beck but so, on election day had Barry. The freemasons went to a man for Campbell, regardless of politics, for the defeated is a conservative, while the victor is a liberal. Barry got in his wards at the polls in the forenoon; at one o'clock he had a good lead. After that hour up to four o'clock, the Campbell men had their innings and they put together a majority of 89. The freemen, and especially the U. P. C., will in Alderman Campbell have a friend within the council hall.

"Oh what a surprise!" that was in ward 4, when the announcement came that Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell had been re-elected, defeating W. E. Bremner by 177 votes, or about 2 1/2 to 1. After this it will not be wise to make civic election predictions. What everybody had been saying for weeks was that O'Donnell was to be beaten out of his boots, that Bremner would win "hands down." But it seems Bremner was never in the fight. Probably there was not an alderman in the council who did not hope to see O'Donnell defeated, but their assistance seems not to have gone further than the expression of "sympathy." Sympathy does not win elections when pitted against thorough canvassing good organization and active help O'Donnell was blest with these essentials, while on election day poor Bremner had only the "sympathy" of aldermen and others. O'Donnell too was the subject, the past week or two, of severe and personal criticism by one of the Halifax evening papers. One of the aldermen was accused of coming to a council meeting with "a jag on," and it was given out in the canvass that "Neddy" was the city father referred to; other civic crimes were also laid to his charge. These had the effect, instead of driving away his supporters, of gaining for him many votes, on the principle that the under dog in a fight gains the good wishes of onlookers. These anti-O'Donnell newspaper letters were assigned by many, after the poll was declared, as the cause of the defeat of Bremner; intended to wound O'Donnell they really killed Bremner. The junior alderman for ward 4 was a joyful man Wednesday night and the 17 alderman who hoped for his defeat but did not work for it in the right way, were considerably depressed.

"Neddy" will now probably make a new onslaught on the management of Rockhead city prison, a method that in his bete noir his bowery cap will be worn with a more jaunty air than ever. Whatever may be thought of O'Donnell as an alderman he certainly deserves credit for the fight he made, and the sake of his cap just now may be excused.

The people's William is once more returned for ward 6. William McFatridge is again in the council, and Dr. Chisholm, the temperance candidate is still in private life 26 votes behind. The civic official who so bestirred himself in securing opposition to McFatridge had better look out himself now, for no one would blame the victor if he made it warm for that assessor. There are certain election workers of the temperance persuasion in ward 6 who are diligent and persevering in their efforts, but who are invariably unsuccessful. Progress would venture to give them a pointer and here it is: "If you want to defeat McFatridge, or any other so-called liquor candidate, sign his requisition and work for him, then he will never enter the council." Had these men labored for McFatridge, Chisholm might have been elected but they worked for Chisholm and, of course, the majority went the other way. The majority election in ward 5 last year is not a case in point.

leton—a case where the Rhea having purchased a... in the west side, so sure was... of conducting a saloon is... from his fellow vendors...

ward 5. T. Barry... ward 2 with Campbell is... a candidate, but not a successful...

ward 5. T. Barry... ward 2 with Campbell is... a candidate, but not a successful... the defeated is a conserva...

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WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. It is the Best. Ask your Grocer for it. WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

When You Buy a New Dress. Wakefield Specially Prepared Leather. This is your guarantee when buying and selling.

BABY'S OWN SOAP. Th' Egyptian's Star, All Nations Hope, Is—BABY'S OWN—the best of soap; The softest skin, it cannot hurt, Is fragrant and removes the dirt.

ON THE Wine List. O'Keefe's Ale and O'Keefe's Lager. Agent: Geo. P. McLAUGHLIN, O'Keefe Brewery Co., St. John, N. B., 11 and 13 Water Street.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2—IMPROVED—AMERICAN TYPEWRITER. \$10? Ira Cornwall, General Agent. Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

Notwithstanding the fact that everybody was busy engaged this week, time was made for a little social recreation. There has been considerable... Captain Arthur Braconer spent Sunday with Frederick friend... On Wednesday evening the Y. M. A. and F. W. G. of Trinity church held their final entertainment...

IT'S A TREAT TO DRINK "Tetley's" TEAS. SEE OUR Refrigerators, RANGES, MANTELS, Etc., BEFORE PURCHASING. Our Prices are as LOW as any, and Goods the BEST. Wholesale and Retail.

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ZENITH Hardwood Refrigerator. ZINC LINED, BEAUTIFULLY CARVED. In the above cut the arrows indicate the direction of the air currents; it will readily be seen that the warm air in the provision chamber rises and passes up the side flues to the ice chamber above, is cooled, freed from moisture and then is returned dry, pure and cold through the central opening to the provision chamber below.

Sea Foam. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

There is so very little going on in social circles that one is really at a loss to know what to write or how to fill up the required space in a social column. This is what really might be called the dead season in Halifax, so many of our best entertainers are away just now that social gaieties are at a standstill.

The arrival of the Bazar de la Reine in an important event from a social standpoint, the quiet season will be over in a short time and the summer gaieties will be with us once more. It is not expected that the Bazar will be as successful as the last year, possibly not that. It is quite probable that the Bazar will come to Halifax some time during the summer. There are a number of officers in that Bazar who have served on this station would be very welcome here.

The Evangelical tea last week was a great success and by the way when it becomes known that the proceeds were for the benefit of a church at Grand Pre the significance of the name becomes most appropriate. To Mrs. Weatherbee belongs the credit of the way in which the novel idea was carried out. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Dwyer, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Taylor, Misses Unicek, Miss Burns.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny and Mrs. James Morrow left recently for a three weeks trip to New York. Mrs. M. R. Morrow and Miss Ethel Stairs are expected to return from Bermuda in a short time. The Wilks Opera Company seem to have had a particularly hard time of it during their engagement, though notwithstanding it all they gave excellent performances of "Falls" and the "Grand Duc". Miss Knapp is a thoroughly successful pleasing actress and her sweet voice is very much appreciated.

A golf club has been formed and the scene of play will be on the fields between Pleasant street and Young avenue. A number of ladies it is said will play this summer, it is admirably adapted for ladies.

The marriage of Miss Kate Kenny and Lieut. Brydson R. N. took place last Monday in London. Major Alexander R. A. left on last Saturday's steamer for England. The Major will be much missed in polo circles.

The recital given by the Doering Braur conservatory of music in St. Luke's hall last Thursday evening was very successful. The programme was as follows: Rondo, Offenbach, Miss L. Smith; march 4 hands, Miss Lillian Moore, F. and Dorr; singing; and piano and cello, Beethoven, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Waghorn; Sonata, 4 hands, Weber, Miss E. McPherson, Fran Doering-Braur; song "The Lost Chord", Sullivan, Miss Beattie Hart; violin solo, and variations, Dancini, Miss Mattie Doyle; rhapsody, Bohm, Paul Longley; cello solo, march, Mendelssohn, Miss Clara Dinah; Duo, for two pianos, Rheinberger, Miss E. Smith; song "Time and Tide, Rodney, Miss Dora Bourgoynes; march 4 hands, Diabelli, Master Harry K. Burns, Fran Doering-Braur; violin solo, Chasson, Pypis, Master Ernest Taylor; overture "The Tivoli"; Magnificat, Rostini, Misses Jean McDonnell, Miss Bentley, Miss Doyle, Fran Doering-Braur; cello solo, "Dreaming", Schumann, (b) Serenade Badine, Mr. Waghorn; and suite from Concerto in C minor, Mozart, Miss Margie Shields; Fran Doering-Braur; song, "The Time of the Rose, Baumgarten, Miss Esie Hubley.

WINDSOR.

[Programme for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store by F. W. Dakin.] APRIL 28—Rev. Father Daley's many friends in Windsor were pleased to see him in town last week. While here he was the guest of Father Kennedy.

Bishop Courtney spent a day in Windsor last week at "Edgell". Mrs. Eville of Parrboro, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Smith, "Island Home" and will likely remain two or three weeks. Mrs. Eville was a great favorite in Windsor society and is always warmly welcomed back again.

Miss Edith Nichols has been with Miss Machin at "Edgell". Miss Alice Wiggins who has lately returned from a visit to Halifax gave a very pleasant long year-ming party on Saturday. The young people walked to Fall Brook where flowers were searched for and refreshments provided by the ladies, partaken of.

Mr. C. De W. Smith has gone to New York. Mrs. James Shand of Halifax has been in Windsor the guest of Mrs. Rosanna.

Mr. Johnson of Montreal was in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry and Miss Morris were in Halifax on Monday. Mrs. Christie was in Truro this week. Dr. Moody was in Halifax on Monday.

Mrs. Henley of Grand Tron is visiting her son Mr. Charles Bentley, Albert St. Rev. Mr. Dickie is in Halifax attending a meeting of the Presbytery.

Mr. W. H. Blanchard is also in Halifax. Mrs. Stamer and family have the sympathy of their friends in the very serious illness of Mrs. Shaford, Hubbard's Cove. Her sister Miss S. Stamer has been with her for some time.

The death of Miss Electa Smith occurred on Sunday after a long and painful illness; Miss Smith was the second daughter of Mr. T. B. Smith; much sympathy is felt for the family.

Mr. F. W. Dakin is I am sorry to learn very seriously ill at his home on Kinz street. Miss May Duran has been quite ill but is now recovering.

Miss Price of Kentville is visiting Mr. S. Butler at the college. Mr. Harry Blanchard has been spending a few days with friends in Kentville.

Miss Nora Shand is home from Acadia Seminary and I am sorry to hear quite ill. The Kinross and DeLarue entertainment so long looked forward to took place on Monday and Tuesday evening of last week and was a success in every way. Anything more enjoyable in the way of a public performance has seldom been given in Windsor and a large audience greeted the young ladies and gentlemen who took part on both evenings. The entertainment was under the leadership of Miss Alm e Cecil Jones, and commenced with the dance of the Gondoliers by the following young ladies who wore costumes of black and gilt: Misses Winnie Smith, George Burham, Missie Pidgeon, Kate Fuller, Bessie Wood, Lizzie Smith, Eemie Smith, Rosamond A. Chabald, Mary Aker and Eva Borden. The dresses were becoming and the movements of the drill most graceful. A selection by the male quartette composed of Messrs. F. A. Shand, F. W. Dimock, Percy Curry and E. H. Dimock, followed this, next on the programme was a Japanese wedding scene which was most amusing. Those taking part were, Miss Nora Black bride, Mr. O. Cummings groom, Miss Burham, groom's mother Mr. Kladder groom's father, Miss Kerr bride's mother, Mr. W. Morris bride's father, Miss Anselow, go-between Misses Bie S. Smith and McCallum and models.

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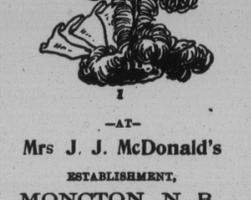
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bridesmaids; Messrs P. Dimock, A. Blanchard, C. Roster, Z. Baker, Barnhill, and C. Locke, men of honor, Master Louis Black, page. This scene and the court scene which followed in which the same performers took part with the addition of Mr. H. L. Denham as Mikado was well carried out in character and costume and reflected great credit on the actors. The second part commenced with the "Revels of the Frost Maiden" which scene was charming in its representation. The Frost Maiden as she floated about with their gauzy drapery sparkling in the colored lights thrown upon the stage, while the body of the ball was darkened forming one of the most delightful pictures imaginable. After this came tableaux and poses picturesque which were well done and very pretty indeed. Miss Bosanac and Miss Jones, representing a belle and the head of the o'ber time, then danced a minuet, Miss Bosanac giving the recitation, "How Grandma Danced the Minuet" This minuet was most enthusiastically received and was pronounced one of the best on the programme. The entertainment was brought to a close by the Misses Bosanac, Kate Gilbert, Morris, Black, S. Blanchard, Smith, Annie Anselow, G. Wilson and little Miss Aggie Christie who was very sweet took part. The accompanists were Miss Bosanac, and Messrs. Vernon Eville and Arthur Blanchard. Miss Jones suffered considerable disappointment in the inability of some of the members of her class from one cause and another to take part almost at the last moment and great credit is due to her perseverance in carrying out every number on the programme.

On Friday a concert was given by the pupils at "Edgell" which was much enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience, which as usual filled the handsome dining hall prepared for the occasion. The first part of the programme was a cantata entitled "May Morn" in which the singing class of the school took part and which was very prettily executed. Part second consisted of a duet for two pianos by Miss Annie Mahone and Miss Ethel Davies, a song "If I were what the rose is" by Miss Lillian Dodd, a piano solo by Miss Madeline Barker part sung by the singing class, a piano duet by Miss Blanche Hamilton and Miss Willea, a vocal duet "Nigh" by Miss L. Dodd and E. Davies, a piano solo by Miss Willea, and a song, "There is a Green Hill," by Miss Constance Chandler. A Toy Symphony with chorus completed the evening's programme. The social club which has been meeting weekly all winter and which has a pleasant evening has been held its last meeting on Thursday 23 and the members all regret that it is over.

In speaking of the Social club I must mention that on the 9th of this month we gave a very and very enjoyable ball. It was held at Fairview hotel and the large dining room where the dancing was kept up resembled fairy land, with its many lights and bright dresses. Invitations were issued to about one hundred and nearly all accepted. All the ladies looked remarkably but it is impossible to say who was the belle as there was several young ladies who "divided the honors".

The Phoenix division gave a very enjoyable concert in the temperance hall on the 17th inst. The first part consisted of music and recitations, the second, wholly of tableaux. Some of the latter were very pretty. "Eggs" and "Despatch" being particularly mentioned while "Rebecca and Rowena" called with great applause. They cleared about \$200.00 in all.

Miss Jennie Stewart of Musquodobit who has been visiting her friends in Windsor returned to her home on Thursday night. She will be greatly missed by the many friends she has made during her visit.

Mr. F. B. Wade, Q. C., who has been very sick at "Glenross" his summer residence at Fort Medway has returned to his home in Windsor. We are glad to say that he is getting out again.

Miss Mary Dryden of Halifax is spending a short time with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McGill. We are pleased to see her again.

Hon. and Mrs. W. H. Owen are entertaining a friend at their residence in Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. MacGee and Mrs. Johnson of Shelburne are visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart.

Miss Mary Artz has arrived home after a lengthy visit to friends in the States.

Miss Madge Taylor has gone to Halifax for a short visit.

Mr. Arthur Hebb has returned from Dalhousie college where he has been studying for the past year.

The Epworth league gave a very pleasant social at the home of Mrs. J. H. Moore on Tuesday last. Music was the principal entertainment.

Mrs. Crawford of Mahone Bay is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Robert Dawson.

Miss Bella Vans of St. John is spending the summer here with her sister Mrs. W. Campbell. A fire clock tea at Mrs. Rob Dawson's on Tuesday last was much enjoyed by her many friends.

WATCH ON WHAT.

Mr. D. S. Howard lately went to St. Andrews to meet her husband returning from the West Indies. They have now arrived home.

Mrs. Alloway of Springhill is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alkman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cole came down from Amherst on Saturday, Mr. Cole returned on Monday.

Mrs. Edgar Corbett arrived on Saturday from Toronto where she has spent the winter and is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. McDougall.

Mr. McLeaveln of Shelburne spent Sunday at the Glenross.

Mr. Hans L. Loran of Amherst is in town. The literary club met last evening at Rev. H. McLean's and had a profitable evening as usual.

ANTIGONISH. [Programme for sale in Antigonish at J. R. McIlhenny & Co's book store.] APR. 30.—Jan. E. Corbett, warden, spent a few days in Halifax last week. He returned home on Friday.

M. E. Lavin Gorrier was attending the supreme court in Halifax last week.

Mr. Ernest Gregory the candidate for Guysboro county, spent a few days with his constituents in Guysboro recently.

Mr. Tupper Foster of Canoe is about to open a drug store in the new building that Mayor McDonald is erecting on Main street.

Mr. Harold Gardiner of New Glasgow was in town for a few days the guest of his brother Bert of the Halifax Banking Co.

Mr. James Craig of Sherbrooke, P. Q. spent a few days in town, his many friends especially among the fair sex were glad to see him.

Mr. E. D. Kirk went to Halifax on Thursday and returned home on Saturday.

Rev. E. S. Byne of Mabou, C. I. B. occupied the pulpit in St. James' church on Sunday. His sermons were very much spoken of and were appreciated by all who had the pleasure of hearing him.

Mr. William Cunningham spent a few days in Guysboro last week.

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We have all the best designs in suits for warm weather—in Linen at \$3.50 to \$7.00, and Duck Suits from \$2.25 to \$3.50.

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Students can enter at any time. St. John Business College, Odd Fellows' Hall, St. John, N. B.

WOODSTOCK.

[Programme for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. L. Jones & Co.] APRIL 28.—The Frederick Y. M. C. A. concert and gymnastic exhibition to be given in Graham's Opera house promises to be a very enjoyable entertainment.

Mrs. George Sanderson entertained a few of her friends at tea party on Saturday last.

Dr. Chapman spent Sunday in St. Stephen, and Dr. Sprague of St. Stephen, preached for Dr. Chapman in Woodstock.

Rev. Ernest Simons held services for Archdeacon Neales on Sunday last.

Mrs. Harry Grant is visiting friends at Antigonish this week.

Colonel Dibble returned from Montreal on Saturday. His eyes are in much better condition than was at first anticipated, the sight of one being wholly restored, while the other is partially cured and will gain Colonel Dibble was warmly welcomed home. A large concourse of citizens among whom were the civic representatives and officers, with the Woodstock brass band playing it livelier air, greeted the arrival of the popular officer.

Three hearty cheers were given as Colonel Dibble descended from the car. The band played before the carriage as he was driven home.

Mr. J. D. Chipman of St. John spent Saturday in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Wilnot Watson of Richmond spent Sunday in Woodstock the guest of Mrs. Watson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Appleby.

Although no positive announcement, has been made rumors of several weddings to take place in the early summer, are heard of which more than make the heart glad.

A cricket ball is spoken of for the evening of the 31st of May.

The Wellies sisters of London, England, will give a dramatic entertainment in Graham's opera house on May 4th, under the auspices of the Utopia club, scenes from some of Shakespeare's plays will be given in elegant costumes.

Rev. Ernest W. Simons and Mrs. Simons of Temperance Vale spent part of last week in Woodstock.

Mrs. Ernest Kirpatrick is spending a week in Fredericton.

Miss Simmons who spent some weeks in Woodstock the guest of Mrs. Kirpatrick returned home last week.

ANAGANOE.

APRIL 28.—Mr. J. H. McRobbie of St. John spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson.

Mrs. Helen Storr of Boston, Mass., arrived in town on Friday last to spend the summer with her mother Mrs. Emma Davidson on "Apple Hill Farm."

Mrs. and Miss McNaughton are visiting to their homes with several ladies.

The Misses Jones of Yarmouth are visiting their brother Mr. Ormond Jones at the Portage house.

Mrs. G. H. Davidson is visiting friends in St. John this week.

D. J. W. Barrett of Sussex was in the village on Monday.

Mrs. Charles Dunfield and son Charles spent Saturday with friends in Sussex.

A bean supper and pound social for the benefit of Rev. Mr. Stebbings, Methodist minister, is announced for Thursday evening in the public hall of which more anon.

Messrs Davidson spent Sunday in Pellicodid.

Master Walter Stockton is visiting his grandparents in New Brunswick.

Mosquito.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT.

STATEMENT. For the year ending December 31, 1895. Assets: Total income, \$2,518,721.98; Total liabilities, \$1,947,167.68. Surplus, \$571,554.30. Total paid policy-holders in 1895, \$38,130,726.45. Insurance and annuities in force, \$920,074,453.78. Net gain in 1895, \$21,641,645.98. Note—Insurance merely written is discarded from this statement as wholly unloading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for is included.

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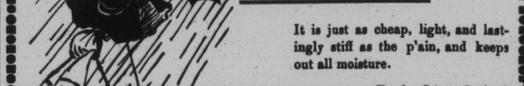
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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Philip Thomas, and at the bookstores of R. S. Dag...

April 19.—Bicycle parties are the rage and every evening between seven and nine Union streets is alive with ladies and gentlemen mounted on the silent steed.

The F. J. G. Club enjoyed a delightful evening at the residence of Mrs. John E. Algar on Friday evening.

Mrs. W. E. Conillard gave a children's party on Saturday afternoon and evening at her home for the amusement of her young nephew, Master Charles Smith and his young friends.

The programme for the concert to be given on the seventh of May by Miss Ellen Nelson and pupils has been arranged and given to the public.

An excellent one, and lovers of music are anticipating much pleasure from R. Miss Nelson's visit to St. John.

A very happy wedding party gathered at the residence of Mrs. Ray at Miltonville this afternoon to witness the marriage of her daughter Miss Alice Todd Ray to Mr. George S. Topping.

The bride was prettily attired in a bridal costume of cream colored tulle and lace, and carried a bouquet of white roses.

The groom was dressed in a suit of gray material. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. S. Newsham of Christ church.

There were numerous handsome wedding gifts, the bride having a host of friends who greet her with the warmest congratulations.

The happy young couple drove to St. Stephen, and took the quarter past five train for St. John; they will also visit Fredericton before they return to Miltonville where they will reside.

Arrival News club were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Grant on Tuesday evening. This will be the last meeting of this most enjoyable club for this season.

The annual meeting of the Wildwood lawn tennis club was held on Wednesday the twenty second in the afternoon. The meeting was a pleasant one and the following officers were elected for the year.

The ladies and gentlemen who took part in the dramatic entertainments "The Wife" are arranging to give a ball and reception. Invitations will probably be issued at an early date.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amisen have returned from Boston. Colonel J. M. Greene is in Calais registered at the Border city.

The supreme judicial court commences in Calais this week. Judge Habel of Portland Maine presides. There are a large number of lawyers and strangers in the city, all of whom are in some way connected and interested in the doings at the court house.

Mrs. John McElbannon and Miss Grace B. Stevens have been appointed members of the school board. Two more efficient ladies could not have been selected, so both are highly educated, and of excellent judgment.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowell arrived home on Saturday after several months spent in the southern states. Mrs. L. L. Sloggett left this morning for her home in Hamilton on a visit of a few days with her mother Mrs. Belton.

Miss Louie Taylor's friends throughout the province will be pleased to hear she has accepted an engagement with a prominent musical organization in Philadelphia. Miss Taylor is a very gifted young lady and has a wide career in the future.

Hon. James Mitchell has returned from Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. William Hall spent the past week in St. John. Mrs. Hall intends to return to St. Stephen and spend the month of May with her sister Mrs. Frank Todd, while her husband will visit Prince Edward Island on a business trip.

Judge Wells of Moncton, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Young has gone to New York city. Messrs John D. Chipman and James L. Thompson have been visiting Boston during the past week.

Mrs. W. H. Todd arrived from Boston on Monday to complete the sale of her residence with Mr. William Dismore. During her stay in the guest of Mrs. G. I. Buzarov.

Mrs. Frank Amisen gave a most pleasant card party at her residence on Tuesday evening. Mrs. George Hinds entertained the Neighborhood club with the popular game of Fan-tan on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Fredric T. Waino gave a pleasant tea party on Monday evening to which a number of intimate lady friends were invited.

The "Travelers" club met with Mrs. Wm. Nichols on Monday afternoon. The sunny land of Bermuda was the journey taken, and many interesting and personal experiences were related and a number of delightful descriptions were given from favorite authors.

Dr. Holland was appointed city physician of Calais on Monday evening. The doctor is a young man who recently decided to make Calais his home and his app pointment by acclamation is considered a marked compliment to his popularity and ability.

Mrs. James G. Stevens entertained a party of lady friends at her home on Tuesday evening. Mr. John D. Chipman returned from Boston on Monday.

Mr. John M. Stevens returned to Edmundston on Thursday. Mrs. Alex McTavish's friends are sorry to hear she will be confined to her home from illness.

The town was very much agitated on Thursday in honor of St. George's day.

Hon. A. H. Gillmor is in town this week and is looking extremely hale and hearty ready to score more election triumphs in June.

Mr. J. F. Duren is visiting St. John this week. Mr. Harold Clark arrived home on Tuesday from Dartmouth college.

Dr. A. T. Clarke has gone to St. John for a brief visit. Miss Maude Fowler of St. John who has been the guest of Miss Edith Johnson for several weeks has returned to her home in St. John.

Mrs. Alfred Kirby and her family have arrived from Winchester Mass and will spend two months with her father, Mr. Walter Bradine at "Wentwood."

Mr. John E. Algar is visiting Woodstock and the vicinity on a business trip. Dr. and Mrs. Lawson are moving into their new home this week.

Mrs. Ella Haycock and Mrs. Charles Tyford have returned from a pleasant visit in Bath Maine. Miss Millie Sawyer has returned from Boston.

Mr. Guy Marche contemplates a visit to Newfoundland and will probably remain during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. F. G. McParlan will occupy a cottage on the banks of the St. John river.

Mr. John Black's many friends both at home and abroad will be pleased to hear he is recovering from his illness. Professor Charles Copeland of Harvard college, has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copeland.

Mrs. A. E. Nell has recovered from her illness and is again able to visit among her friends and to attend the various clubs to which she is a valued and talented member.

Rev. Mr. Chapman preached in the Methodist church on Sunday. During his stay in town he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert S. Wall. Mr. Frank F. Woods is visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbelle of Eastport, have been visiting in Calais. Mrs. Annie Mellich's friends both in St. Stephen and St. John will be pleased to learn that she is slowly but surely recovering from her severe and dangerous illness.

Mrs. E. B. Wainlow's friends were pleased to see him in town during this week. Mrs. Durrell Guimier of St. Andrews is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. W. A. Waterbury.

PROGRAMME FOR SALE IN MONCTON AT THE MONCTON BOOKSTORE, BY W. G. STANLEY, S. T. HALL AND M. B. JONES BOOKSTORE.

Monday, April 29.—Mrs. J. W. F. Smith of Highfield street entertained a large number of her married friends at a ladies tea, on Friday afternoon; which was one of the most enjoyable functions of the season.

The tea table was exquisitely decorated with pink carnations, and maiden hair ferns, and presided over by Mrs. F. F. Brown, and Mrs. T. P. Reid with Miss Urquhart and Miss Bruce, as assistants.

The hostess received her guests in a charming costume of lavender, trimmed with white lace. The East End Whist club brought its stings to a close last week, the final session being held on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. S. Benedict.

Mrs. T. V. Cooke and Mr. R. A. Borden were the lucky winners of the sea on the prizes, a very handsome silver fruit spoon, and a silver mounted hat brush. The victors were warmly congratulated upon their skill and good fortune.

Miss Lottie Bartlett and Miss Ida Northrup, trained nurses, of Newton Hospital, who have been spending a three months leave of absence at their respective homes in Moncton, left town last week for Newton Lower Falls, to resume their duties. Their departure will be greatly regretted by their numerous friends.

Rev. J. Roy Campbell, rector of Dorchester, preached in St. George's church on Monday, at morning and evening services, having exchanged duties with Rev. Mr. Hooper.

Mrs. Borden, who spent a few days in town last week, visiting her parents, returned to Mount Allison Ladies' College on Thursday.

Messrs. George McCarthy, and Walter Colpitts formerly of the I. C. engineering department but now students at McGill college Montreal, arrived home last week to spend the summer vacation.

Miss Bliss of Westmorland, who has been spending a week with Mrs. Edward McKeowney returned home on Friday.

The many friends of Miss Johnson former manager of the Moncton shorthand institute were glad to see her in town again last week, though her visit was a very brief one. Miss Johnson has been teaching in the shorthand class at Sherbrooke Que., and was on her way to her home in Toronto.

The funeral of the late McKenzie Stewart took place last Thursday afternoon from his mother's residence on Highfield street, to the rural cemetery. The pall bearers were all young friends of the deceased, and near his own age. Fred Lynch, Frank Beaman, James Girvan, W. N. McKernan, Fred Condon, and Wm. Marks. The services were conducted by Rev. J. M. Robinson pastor of St. John's presbyterian church.

The members of the Girl's Athletic Club gave the entertainment for which they have been preparing during the past few weeks last evening at the Opera house. They were greeted by a good sized audience, and the entertainment was excellent of its kind.

The first number on the programme consisted of dumb bell exercises in which Mrs. H. C. Hamilton, the Misses Peters, Misses Crossdale, Evans, and Miss Nicholson, Miss Nae, Miss Cruise, Miss Metzler, Miss Wilbur, Miss Williams, Miss Hall, Miss Mark, Miss Harris, and Miss Entwistle took part. The ladies were dressed in pretty all forms of light colored, pale blue and white, and presented a pretty picture as they went through their various exercises.

The bar bell drill was by Miss Crossdale, Miss Metzler, Miss Williams, Miss Cooke, Miss Hall, Miss Evans, Miss Nicholson, Miss Harris, Miss Marks, and Miss Peters. The Indian club exercises were the prettiest of all, and the young ladies are to be congratulated upon their proficiency. The performers were, Miss Wilbur, Miss Nicholson, Miss Peters, Misses Crossdale, Miss Entwistle, Miss Metzler, Miss Cooke, and Miss Williams. The Cosmopolitan Drill in which sixteen young ladies in cavalry uniform, black skirt and gold braided bodice went through various difficult military evolutions, was also very pretty, and the precision with which all their movements were executed was surprising.

Those taking part were Miss Busby, Miss Harris, Miss McLeod, Miss Wilbur, Miss Williams, Miss Marks, the Misses Peters, Miss Harper, Miss Evans, the Misses Crossdale, Miss Marks, Miss Cooke, Miss Metzler, Miss Nicholson, and Miss Hall.

Between the first and second part of the programme Messrs Duffrell and McPeak of the St. John Bicycle club ministered to some amusing negro specialties. The entertainment was highly creditable not only to the young ladies themselves but to their instructor Miss W. O. Foster who has taken great pains in training them. Professor Watt's orchestra added greatly to the enjoyment of the entertainment, beginning the tedious of the long walk between the numbers which seem an inevitable feature of amateur entertainments.

During the drill a military song, "Soldiers' We" was sung, with solo by Miss Cooke and chorus by the company. Mr. Owen Campbell of the Bank of Montreal, St. John, spent Monday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of Bonaventure street.

Mrs. J. C. Mahon of Yrre is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Sumner of St. George street. Mr. E. S. Peters of the R. F. M. C. accompanied by Mrs. Peters, returned yesterday from a three weeks visit to the United States.

Mr. Peter McKeowney returned on Sunday morning from a two months trip extending through the southern states, Cuba etc. Mr. McKeowney has published a most interesting account of his trip, in one of the local papers.

FREDERICTON.

Programme for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.

April 29.—The large party given on Thursday evening last by Judge and Mrs. Vanwart for the friends of their son, Mr. Roy Vanwart was an especially enjoyable function, dancing being kept up with much gusto, to the music of Hamilton's orchestra.

During the evening teas were served between the dances and at midnight a sumptuous supper was partaken of. Among those present were: Miss Tabor, Miss Partridge, the Misses Foggy, Miss Nell, the Misses Gregory, Miss Sherman, the Misses Rainford, Miss George, Miss Ethel Hat, Miss Wiley, Miss Ida Allen, the Misses Babbitt, Miss Morris, Miss Grace Winslow, Mrs. Walter Fisher, Miss Markland, Mrs. Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Mc. Egan, Messrs. Taylor, Partridge, Jasper, Winslow Fraser, Winslow, L. Bailey, H. V. Bridges, Dr. Bridges, Mr. MacDonnell, Uelque, B. Wiley, Nell, Tabor, Frank Vanwart, G. Clarke, Burpee and H. Chestnut.

The Misses Fisher gave a ladies afternoon at Home at their pleasant residence, "Somerville" on Monday from four to six.

Major Van Wart and Mr. John Black, M. P. P., have returned home from Ottawa. Mr. E. Goldin is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. W. Edgemoor.

Judge and Mrs. Landry returned to their home at Dorchester yesterday, after a stay of two weeks here.

The Lang Synn Whist club meets this evening with Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Spalding.

Dr. Adams and children returned home from Philadelphia on Saturday. Mr. E. B. Wainlow is home from a pleasant trip to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Dell are spending a few days in Calais. Mr. Herbert Porter of Toronto is here visiting his parents.

Mr. A. G. Blair is here visiting her daughter Mrs. Robt. Sandolph. The Whist club met with Miss Rainford last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fenety, Miss Fenety, and Mr. W. P. Fenety, left for Washington yesterday, they will be absent about four weeks.

Capt. Wadmore left for Ottawa on Thursday on military duties. The college sports will take place on the 26th of May and the University Encenia on the 29th of May.

The oration on behalf of the faculty will be delivered by Prof. Downing and Isaac Burpee will be the valedictorian for the senior class.

Dr. and Mrs. Colter of Woodstock are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Weddall. Mr. Arthur Branscombe spent Sunday in the city with friends.

Mr. George Hamberry of Toronto has been spending a few days in the city. Mr. Frank Ritcoe returned home from Boston on Saturday after an absence of three months.

Mr. Jack Robinson of Toronto is spending a few days in the city. Mrs. Cobcott wife of Judge Cobcott of Montana, left for home today after a pleasant visit to her mother Mrs. J. Barker.

Mr. John Atherton mother of Dr. Atherton celebrated her 85 birthday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Chiff on Thursday last. The many friends of Mrs. Atherton will be pleased to know that the aged lady is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

CHICAGO. PROGRAMME FOR SALE IN CHICAGO BY THEODORE P. GRUBB.

April 29.—Mrs. J. S. Allen returned home from a visit to Albert Co., on Tuesday last. Miss Emily Sayre who has been on an extended visit to Sackville arrived home on Saturday last.

Mr. Geo. V. McIntyre, M. P., is receiving a warm reception from his many friends in town on his return from Ottawa.

Mrs. S. C. Weeks is on the sick list this week. Mr. Henry O'Leary spent last week in Campbellton.

Mr. R. Barry Smith is in town to-day. Mr. J. D. Phinney of Fredericton is in town this week.

The Royal Crusaders under the superintendence of Miss Florence Cole, gave a most successful public entertainment on Friday evening last week.

Judge Wells of Moncton is spending a few days in town this week. Mr. Hiram Thompson left last week for Alma, Albert Co., where he will remain during the summer months.

Mr. Andrew Loggie of Dalhousie is in town to-day on his return from a trip to the Southern States, where he has been enjoying the balmy breezes of the South during the winter months.

An entertainment will be given by the Kingston Dramatic club in the temple hall on Friday evening next. A full house will no doubt greet them.

ATHOLIA. PROGRAMME FOR SALE IN ATHOLIA BY G. D. MARTIN, R. D. BOEL AND S. H. WHITE & CO.

April 30.—Miss Flossie Stockton of St. John who has been visiting relatives here returned to her home last evening.

Mr. Heber Sproul of Chatham is visiting relatives here. Miss Bertha Sproul spent Tuesday in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Triles are the guests of Mr. J. S. Triles, Church avenue. Mr. Andrew Price and his sister Mrs. May Whi spent Wednesday in St. John.

Mrs. J. S. Triles spent Sunday with relatives in Moncton. Mr. Starry, Moncton, spent Tuesday here.

GREENWICH.

PROGRAMME FOR SALE IN GREENWICH BY W. T. H. FENETY AND J. H. HAWTHORNE.

April 29.—Mrs. Duval Whelpley spent Sunday with her friend, Mrs. Ganong at the "Ocedars."

Mrs. Winchester, who accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Fred Whelpley from Keene, expects to remain here for the summer.

Miss Edith Belyea made a visit to St. John last week. Mr. Arthur Belyea of the C. P. R. spent a few days at his home here this week.

Mrs. C. C. Schmidt of St. John spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. N. T. Pestana. Mr. Jas. Hannay spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. Marley.

Mrs. Holder and Miss Jennie Holder returned from St. John on Monday. Mrs. Ford Walton is visiting friends in the city this week.

The many friends of Miss Mand Belley of St. John, to merely of this place, will be very sorry to learn that she is daily growing weaker, consumption being the cause of her illness.

Miss Laura Blyes is in St. John with her sister, Mrs. Joe Richards as still continues quite ill.

MARGORY DAV. THINGS OF VALUE. Carriage is the highest town in Kansas, 5,000 feet.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bick's Anti-Croupy Syrup a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties.

It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best remedy for colds, coughs, influenza, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

The Brooklyn bridge is 278 feet above the river. The Holland dykes are from 10 to 40 feet in height. The porcelain tower at Nankin was 245 feet high.

In his VENERABLE FATHER, Dr. Farnelle has been the recipient of the highest honor conferred in the whole realm of medicine, science, research and new valuable discoveries never before known to man.

For Delicacy and Delightful Constitution Farnelle's pills act like a charm. Taken a small dose, three or four pills, immediately a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

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Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and ... ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in butterflies. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of... well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair, with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Priestley's Masterpiece. The artist of the loom may have an ideal as well as the artist of the brush. Priestley's ideal was the best, and the masterpiece of his life is the new EUDORA. Soft-rich—firm—durable. Fitting easily—draping gracefully—extra width—extra weight—just perfect. Black only. Wrapped on "THE VARNISHED BOARD." Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLER, French Village. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup. J. F. CUNNINGHAM, Cape Island. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW, Norway, Me.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. There is just a little appetizing bite to HIRE'S Rootbeer; just a smack of life and good flavor done up in temperance style. Best by any test.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three or four days.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE. THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer's) complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part consisting of Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; said press is capable in its old days of performing the finest work, while the Water Motor is a perfect 4 horse power. As this plant now stands it is precisely the same as it was on leaving it, complete in all its appointments. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the section being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. T. H. FENETY, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton—24.

LOOK AT... The Display IN MY WINDOW. Thos. Crockett, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.

Prices... Wear Suits... The newest... Suit... The best designs... weather—in... to \$700, and... \$2.25 to \$3.50... little early to... generally an... first selec... ST. N. S. McCurdy, DENT. December 31, 1894. \$221,212,721.88 194,847,167.88 \$2,988,428.76 \$48,597,428.14 \$23,198,728.45 \$889,974,443.78 \$21,547,046.30 \$48,597,428.14 \$11,467,028.79 38, Vice-President. General Manager. and Vice President. Treasurer. Secretary. William Street. Special Agents. N. General Agent, Halifax, N. S. EMULSION of PURELY Emaciated CHILDREN. Restorer, has no Equal, tone to the waist. Price 50 cts per. Factory. Eds. received from CUS. purchased their and POWER SEEDS year I am thoroughly conversant with the use on application. man Allan, 55 King St. D-G-LASS Memorials for Memorials. TYLE & SON, 100 St. John Street, Fredericton, N. S.

DISTRESS AFTER EATING. INSTANTLY RELIEVED. THE GREATEST CURE OF THE AGE. FOR ANY FORM OF INDIGESTION. Free Samples of E. D. C. and FILLS mailed to any address. E. D. C. CO., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., 117 State Street, Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE)

Miss Jessie G. Forbes who has been pursuing her musical studies lately in Boston, sang "Grenadine" in St. Andrew's church last Sunday evening and delighted the unusually large congregation. Miss Forbes' voice is very sweet and clear and gives promise of wonderful things in the future.

Rev. Thomas Mac-hill who was too ill to attend to his usual duties last Sunday is recovering his health. Mr. and Mrs. Mac-hill removed this week to their summer quarters at Westfield.

Senator Josiah Wood of Sackville spent Sunday and Monday in the city. Hon. L. H. Davies also spent a few days here lately.

Mr. J. J. Cranston formerly of this city but now of Roxbury, Mass., spent a short time lately in St. John.

Mr. R. T. Cornell of New York visited the city this week.

Mr. P. F. Archibald of Moncton was in the city a short time last week.

Judge Forbes and Mrs. Forbes left Monday for New York and from there sailed for Europe. They expect to be away until September.

The friends of Mr. Murray Macmillan, son of Rev. L. B. Macmillan are congratulating him upon having received the degree of B. A. at Dalhousie College, Halifax, the first of this week.

Mr. E. P. Hammond left the first of the week on a trip to Montreal and Toronto.

Mr. B. C. Barnes was in Moncton for a few days last week.

Mr. K. Sutherland of the D. A. Ry., Mrs. Sutherland and Miss Sutherland were in the city this week.

Mr. W. A. Laton of Lunenburg spent a short time here this week on his way home from Ottawa.

Rev. W. Charles Wilson of Springhill and Master Jack Wilson spent a few days here this week.

Mrs. B. S. Thorpe of Havelock visited St. John this week.

Mr. J. A. Calder and his son Master Calder of Campbell spent a short time here recently.

The Misses Cass of Yarmouth spent part of the present week in St. John.

Mrs. E. S. Smith and Miss Smith of Charlotte, Iowa visited the city recently.

Miss and Mrs. L. L. Hoy of Boston are spending a few days in St. John.

Capt. McMurray arrived this week from Boston where he left his ship the "Marabout."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward LeBlanc of Moncton who were married in St. Bernard's church in that town on Monday morning last were here on their way to Fredericton where their honeymoon will be spent.

Mr. D. S. Collins of Providence R. I. spent part of this week in St. John.

Hon. A. T. Durn was here for a day this week on his way to Fredericton.

A large number of the friends of the Kinghurst pupils went to Robesay last Saturday evening to attend a musicale at the school, which proved to be a very delightful affair indeed. The young folks who took part acquitted themselves very creditably and of great credit upon those who have charge of their musical studies. Those of the pupils who took part in the recital were Misses VanMeter, Lily Adams, Amy Adams, Masters Fowler Botwick, Muir and Harry Adams. Mr. A. E. Lindsay was present and acted as accompanist. Those who heard him, with his singing. At the close of the musicale the guests were entertained by the teachers after they returned to the city.

Mr. H. G. Leckie of Torbrook N. S. is in the city this week.

It is rumored that the marriage of a young newspaper man, on an evening paper and the daughter of a city barrister, will take place at an early date. It is also said that the young couple will spend their summer at Duck Cove.

Mr. B. A. Stamer has taken one of Mr. Jack's cottages at Duck Cove and the family will go out early in the summer.

Hon. John Costigan, minister of marine and fisheries is expected to be in St. John in a day or two.

The "rendering of talants" at the Brussels street church took place on Friday evening and was very largely attended. The entertainment was under the auspices of the young men of the B. Y. P. U. and the refreshments served were provided by the gentlemen. The oil fashioned spelling bee held during the evening and the amusement and some very many blunders were made. An interesting programme of songs, instrumental music, readings and an oratorio solo, made the evening pass very quickly.

Mr. Walter Scott left Tuesday on a four weeks trip to Montreal and other points west.

Mr. J. R. Cowans of Springhill spent a few days here lately.

Mr. J. E. Slattery of New York paid the city a short visit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Norton of Brooklyn spent part of the week in the city.

Judge Landry, Mrs. Landry and Miss Landry of Dorchester were here for a part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Dell of Fredericton are spending a short time in St. John.

Dr. John Berryman left this week on a ten days visit to New York.

Mrs. J. C. Pankhurst who was to have spent the summer in Chicago with her daughter Mrs. Herendeen has been quite seriously ill, but her friends will be glad to know that she is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Price of Moncton spent Sunday here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Price.

Mr. Robt. Wright of Moncton was here on Sun day the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Triles.

Mr. E. H. Macroe was in the village on Tuesday. Mr. D. L. Triles spent Friday and Saturday of last week in St. John.

YARMOUTH.

April 29.—The small but decidedly pleasant dance given by Miss Lydia Kilham on the 21st inst. in honor of her guest Miss Smith of Windsor shewers in the happy company upon the close of the season.

Those who were present were Miss E. Moody, Miss Gray, Miss Alice Clements, Miss Ada Munro, Miss Dora Murray, Miss Dora Toomes, Miss Sue Brown, Miss E. Binney, Miss Alice Eakins, Miss Dora Munro, Miss Marion Murray, Mrs. Shaw, Messrs. Murray, Kilham, Jones, Cain, Eakins, Chase, Hatfield, Cameron, Shaw, Creighton, and Fraser.

That part of South Park St. just east of Trinity church will be quite unimproved this season compared with what it has been in the past. A large lot has been converted by Mr. Robert Eakins into a lawn of four courts and it is to be used by the Yarmouth lawn tennis club, instead of the old grounds on Cumberland St.

At the annual meeting held on the 25th inst. the Rev. Mr. Bambrick was elected president; Mr. Robert Eakins vice president; Mr. Thomas W. Moore, Miss Ada Munro, treasurer; and in addition to these members the executive consists of Miss Dora Murray, Miss Alice Clements, Messrs Richardson, Cain, and Cameron. It was further decided that the club colors shall be blue and white, that the season after next shall be the opening day of the season.

Frequently it comes from visiting critics that Yarmouth girls play good tennis but not so much is said of the men. This year, however, with increased facilities and an enthusiastic management greater things are expected from Park St.

Miss Elizabeth Moody entertained her friends at euchre on the 20th inst.

Miss Hardwick of Bear River who has been visiting friends here for the past month returned home on the 27th inst.

Mr. W. D. Ross of the New Glasgow Bank of Nova Scotia, reliever Mr. Richardson who is taking a vacation trip.

Miss Margaret Robertson of Barrington has been the guest of Miss McCray for several days.

Miss Eva Pelton gave a small progressive whist party on the 14th inst. Miss Trevelyan and Mr. Creighton were progressive prize winners.

Evangelist Crockett and his sister are conducting services in various churches of the city and their meetings are well attended.

AMHERST.

Proposals are for sale at Amherst by H. V. Ford.

April 29.—On Monday evening the hospitable home of Mrs. A. Robb was the scene of a very happy party of forty or fifty of her young friends in honor of her friend Miss Crowe of Ymros. Among the guests present were—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Claude de L. Black, Mrs. Sterne, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. MacGregor, Miss Owen Main, Miss Moffat, Miss Mitchell, Miss Bell, (Newcastle), Miss Barbara McKinnon, Miss Rogers, Misses Greenfield, Miss Spencer, Miss Smith, Misses Embree, Messrs. Crocker, Wilson, Murray, Morris, MacKinnon, Hal. Main, Weir, Morrison, McTavish, Embree, and Froggart.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins of the experimental farm were in town on Monday.

Mrs. J. Medley Towshen has returned from a very pleasant visit to her mother, Mrs. Augusta Brown in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cole spent Sunday with friends in Parrboro.

Mr. Harry G. Rogers of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of Springhill visited Mrs. Foster's mother Mrs. W. D. Fride, Havelock street last week.

Miss Florence Hawson of Mt. Allison spent Sunday with her parents Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Hewson Maple Terrace.

Miss Rhola Stetfield came home last week from a short visit to friends in Lunenburg.

Mr. Blain McNeill was in town last Wednesday to accept a position at O.K. Hall. His many friends made during his stay in Amherst wish him every success in his new position.

Mr. Harry St. George of Montreal is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Courtney Bliss, Church street.

Mr. Chas. McNeil who is taking a dental course at Baltimore came home Friday for the summer vacation.

Miss Matina Boal and Miss Laura Hearts of Mt. Allison were the guests of Miss Hearts's sister Mrs. T. N. Campbell, Church street.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Hewson are spending a few days in Parrboro.

Mr. J. M. Fisher of Canning is the guest of her sister Mrs. Wm. Beattie.

Mr. and Mrs. Bent of Springhill were in town on Monday.

Miss Mamie Chapman went to Albert last Tuesday to pay a visit to her brother Dr. A. S. Chapman.

Mr. J. S. Henderson of Parrboro is the guest of her sister Mrs. C. B. Smith at the City Hotel.

Miss Isabel Main returned home from New York on Sunday morning.

Mr. W. D. Lemen, Holm Cottage is visiting her daughter Mrs. D. A. Ward Bishop in Truro.

Rev. Mr. Earl of Sackville was the guest of Rev. R. and Mrs. Williams, Methodist parsonage over Sunday.

Hon. Senator Dickey returned from Ottawa on Saturday evening.

The employees of the Canada Coal and Railway company and the friends of Mr. A. Dick were the guests of the company's property at the Joggins Mines tendered him a banquet at the Terrace hotel last Thursday evening. Mr. Dick was presented with a handsome gold locket and address by the employees of the Coal and Ry. Co. Ltd. during the evening. Prominent among the guests were Messrs. A. Wilson, J. M. Towshen, Col. Blair, T. S. Rogers, G. A. McClary, H. Pipe, Amos, Seaman, J. H. Morrison, B. B. Barahill, Thos. Dunlap, W. C. Dick, Dr. Cameron, Wm. Hall, M. D. Fride, D. W. Robb, J. S. Henderson, Capt. Combs, Dr. Haines, Robt. Fagley, John Corbett, D. W. Douglas, Geo. Forest, R. Thompson, W. G. Calhoun, B. E. Patterson and J. H. Fr. ggart.

Chairs Resealed, Cane, Splint, Perforated by Pascal, 17 Waterloo Street.

Literally True.

"We have ascertained your honor," said the lawyer for the prosecution to the learned judge, "that the defence got your most important witness drunk, and while in that condition took him off into the next state, and beyond the jurisdiction of this court."

"Spirited away, was he?" asked the judge.

"That was really the way of it."

His Uncle Did It.

"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?"

"Oh, no, to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."

Wine and Beer for Table and Dairy Fare and Boot.

SAVED BY A NARROW MARGIN.

He Stood on a Slippery Place, Where a Mistake Would Have Been Fatal.

"Were you ever suspected of murder?" inquired a Government official of a Star reporter. "Never," responded the reporter as calmly as if questions of that pleasing character were his daily food.

"Well, I was once, and if you have any feelings at all you need never want to be." The reporter nodded for the official to proceed, and the official proceeded.

"When I was 20 or thereabouts," he said, "I was a hard case. I don't know why, because my family were decent people and had some money; but somehow I flew the track, and before I had attained my majority I was a gambler, a drunkard, and generally a tough character, though up to the time I am about to tell of I had never been in the hands of the law. Living in my neighborhood was a man whom I hadn't much use for, and it was known we were not friends, though we were on speaking terms and had some business relations. Our town was about three miles from the railroad station, and one November evening, just about sunset, as I was coming to town afoot, I met him walking to the station.

"He stopped me, much to my surprise, and asked me if I had any money, because if I had he would sell me his watch for almost nothing, as he was going to the city unexpectedly and needed cash. As it happened, I had two ten-dollar bills and three fives, which I had received from the station agent not an hour before, and as the man's watch was a good gold one, I thought I had a chance to turn an honest penny, something I didn't do very often. So I opened negotiations. Several persons we knew passed us as we were dickering, and at last I went on home with the watch and he went on to the station with \$25, including a ten-dollar bill with the station agent's name on it, in red ink, which had caused a part of our petty in the trade, as he didn't want it, and I insisted that he take it.

As it turned out, he had a reason for not wanting it, and I can't say why I was so anxious for him to take it. Well, next day the man's dead body was found in the woods quite near my station and a mile from where we had met and made our trade, and it was evident that he had been robbed, for his pockets were turned inside out and everything taken. My connection with the matter did not strike me until the day after, when I was arrested on suspicion of having murdered the man. I was taken to the station where I was held until I was charged with the murder of the man. I was taken to the station where I was held until I was charged with the murder of the man.

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Penny-Wise

is the fault of my piano makers, who fail to see their own failure, growing out of their eagerness to save in cost at the expense of quality. Their object is SALES—ours is QUALITY, and we know the sales will come as the result of merit.

Makers of poor pianos use wood cut the same year, and then kiln-dry it in the course of a few weeks, because they cannot or will not afford to keep it longer. Their aim is to reduce the cost of manufacture at the expense of excellence.

The Pratte Pianos cost more to make because the aim is durability and high quality. We keep a stock of all kinds of lumber, amounting to nearly half a million feet in different processes of cutting, air-drying and kiln-drying. This last process will be explained in our next advertisement. If you want to see and hear a perfect piano, come to our showrooms.

Mount St. Mary Academy, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

HEROIC MINER BULWARE. Rescued After Many Hours From a Mine Where he Went to Save His Comrades.

Since Wednesday evening, April 8, at about 9 o'clock, Bisin has experienced a siege of excitement very seldom equalled by any community on earth. Every effort that human nature could devise was resorted to to save the seven men down in the Hope mine. Men who had worked in its depths risked all that was dear to them and went down in that deadly death trap to recover, if possible, what remained of their friends and brother miners.

Friday several men, headed by Martin Buckley, the foreman of the Hope, and Charley McArthur, thought the air was sufficiently pure to permit of explorations, and went down in a crowd for the reason, if any one would be overcome, the balance would render aid and assistance. They ventured too far; their ambition to save the men they yet hoped were alive was too great. All of Bulwars, more anxious than all the rest, while on the 100-foot level, in a greatest depth attained up to that time, persisted that he was feeling stronger and better and that the air was splendid. He encouraged the men to go further in their work of exploration, as he was anxious to save the men, but Charley McArthur and Martin Buckley began to feel the overpowering influences of the deadly gases, and the heads began to swim around, and Buckley gave orders for all the men to get out of the mine. Buckley, who had gone further at that time into the drift of the 100, said that when he reached that level a dark cloud seemed to lie along the level, as if a back shot of smoke, and his feet, as they moved through it, caused it to rise and mix with the purer air that overlaid it.

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Baker had all that he could do to get to the surface, and when he reached the landing in the tunnel there were many ready hands who took him to the pure air outside. Joe told the men to go to his aid. Two desperate attempts were made to reach the prostrate form, neither of which proved successful, and he was given up for dead, making, as they supposed, the eighth victim in the cavernous depths. Jim Dwyer turned the air compressor on with a full head of steam, and the pipes were so placed so Bulwars would receive the benefit of the air.

All that night there were sorrowful looking countenances about Basin. The wife of Alfred Bulwars, the noble miner who had risked his life for his brother miners, came rushing to the opening and wanted to sacrifice her life by going down the shaft. The sorrowful and sobbing children and the moistened eyes of many a hardy miner cast a gloom about the Hops that has seldom been witnessed around any of the mines of the West.

Saturday there was fear, but a determination to rescue Bulwars. He was considered dead, and by many it was believed to be but death to any one who would venture into the hole. Tom Berkin and Joe Sprout had gone down the mine while discussions were in progress as to the advisability of descending again, and it was thought best to not make another attempt until 12 o'clock, but these two men who had been below reported the air better than the night before, so it was concluded, on the suggestion of Coroner Fletcher, who said that he thought the errand could be made with safety, to make another attempt.

A crowd went down watched with strained eyes by the few who were in the tunnel as they disappeared below the floor of the tunnel level. They had not been gone long before Joe Sprout returned with the thrilling news that Bulwars was alive. He said they could hear him groaning and wanted a man who knew the whereabouts of Bulwars to go with the party. The cry went for the mouth of the tunnel for Eastman, a daring young man who had been down in the mine most of the day before hunting for Bulwars. J. G. Eastman whipped off his coat and in less than time can be described he was going down the ladder, and it took him but a short time to get to the prostrate form. Bulwars had moved about five feet from where Baker had been compelled to leave. Eastman straightened him up and got the boys above him so they would have a straight pull, and soon he was landed on the fifty-foot level, and took him a short time to bring him into the open air.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

MOTHER AND AUTHOR.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR A FEW AMONG WOMEN

At Three Score Years Mrs. Barr is no Over-Flowing With Vitality That She Works Nice Hours and Takes Two Plunge Baths Daily.

Here is a woman who has been the mother of fourteen children, has written thirty-two brilliantly successful books, prepared a professor for Princeton college, and at three score years of age is a superb picture of vitality—as fresh and sweet of heart as a maid. A model truly for all her sex, not an old woman, or new woman, but the woman when at her best.

Although Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is no longer young, and though her life has been one of the busiest that a woman ever knew she still devotes nine hours daily to her work when a story or novel is promised her publishers, and boasts that her health and high spirits would do credit to a girl in her



MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

teens. In a very large measure these pleasant conditions she attributes to her methods of labor, and her determination to be a philosopher, in spite of all discouragements, and if results prove anything, Mrs. Barr's system of work alone, outside the genial cheerfulness and serene good temper she practices, is well worth imitation by ambitious young authoresses.

All the year round she lives in a pretty house, well known as Cherry Croft at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, set well up on the hill overlooking the loveliest stretch of the river. Here she has found that the calm and quiet of the country give her the proper surroundings for her best work. Now, when there is a book to be written, plotted, and completed from cover to cover, Mrs. Barr gives herself up almost wholly to the duty in hand. Unlike most authors she never writes at night, and prefers the very early morning for deciding the fates of lovers, working out graceful counterpoints and rounding out strong situations, so that long before the most conscientious of milk-men starts on his early rounds she is up and doing.

By 6 o'clock she has breakfasted, on the veranda, if the weather permits, for like Queen Victoria the author of Jan Vedder's wife dearly loves to eat in the open air. The breakfast is a modest meal of dishes easily digested and accompanied by fruit and coffee, but the real morning bracer for the long hours of desk work, is a cold plunge bath taken directly on rising. Winter mornings the ice is often broken to permit of this constitutional and while the sun is coming up over the opposite shore of the river Mrs. Barr is at her manuscripts, arrayed in an easy gown and always without the confiding clasps of any stay.

By no means does she impede her progress, she says, both in thinking and writing; but this lady is no dress reformer. She dearly loves good clothes, wears splendidly handsome costumes on occasions, thinks it rather stupid and unwomanly not to devote a great deal of consideration to one's toilet and the good offices of the stoutest corsets are invoked when the writer leaves home, or takes her pleasure.

Now it is a well known rule in Mrs. Barr's household that from breakfast until 12 o'clock dinner is served, she will spend the hours in her study. Over its door is a motto, of the mistress' choosing, setting forth the virtues of phosgene. The room itself is airy and comfortable, its wide windows look out on the blue stretches of the Hudson but she has established no special stern laws against interruptions.

There was once a consulting dramatist, who proposing to turn one of Mrs. Barr's novels into a play and closeted with the authoress, stormed and scolded, when the daughter of the house, with the calmness born of habit, popped her head in the door to ask her mother whether vanilla or lemon flavoring should be used in a certain dessert.

"It is vanilla always, my dear," answered the lady gently, firmly assuring the enraged dramatist that to have the dessert properly flavored was quite as important as deciding the next movement of a

character, all of which made it plain that between literature and bookkeeping Mrs. Barr's heart is equally divided.

In the more homely province she was once a gifted figure but since book making has become her profession, the domestic end of affairs has been rendered into her daughter's hands and when the hour of 12 strikes the pen is laid aside for the important meal of the day. Her light breakfast and hours of study work have wakened a sharp appetite, and after dining liberally Mrs. Barr goes off to bed. At least there is always a nap two hours long following dinner, and then another brisk cold plunge is in order.

After this all the work of the morning is carefully typewritten down by the author's own hand. She never allows any one to handle her manuscripts and after about three hours' work over the machine labors for the day are done. Late in the afternoon comes tea and callers perhaps, but no matter what guests or engagements the family may have, by 9 o'clock Mrs. Barr is off to bed. Her radiant health and superb vitality are the envy and admiration of all who know her. This careful routine is followed until the book is ready to be put in the publishers hands, when its creator gives herself up to rest and recreation for a season, while for a month or two in summer a complete vacation is taken and almost invariably spent in England. Yet after every spell of hard work Mrs. Barr visits New York and while stopping at one of the smart hotels is always made much of by the distinguished men and women of the town.

But England means Lancashire above all things to this lady who proudly relates that she comes of a long line of staunch churchmen and that it was one of her grandfathers, a gentleman in orders but a genuine warrior for all his cloth, who rode out in the sixteenth century to join King Charles's army, with fourteen sturdy sons at his back. Her own father was a clergyman in the established church of England, yet in spite of this fact and that her family were strict royalists, she married a staunch Scotch Presbyterian.

Looking back on her childhood's days Mrs. Barr remembers how as a tiny girl she went fishing with the great Wordsworth who, she says, was no hero to his neighbor.

They rather resented his top-loftical airs and she laughs when telling how the country folk spoke of the tall, stooped, contemplative figure when the poet passed in his interminable stammerings as "Aye you, that's Wordsworth, a booby in round the hills." It was at that time she was never allowed to go to bed until she had committed, by her father's command, one verse of the Bible to heart, for the good gentleman insisted that a bit of scripture would afford her food for profitable thought should she lie awake at night.

Then it was she little imagined how later she would spend the happiest and saddest days of her life in a Texas city. Fourteen charming children were born to her in the south state, but the yellow fever robbed her of her husband and sons, and it was not until with a little flock of daughters dependent on her for support, she came to New York in search of employment.

Her first commission was to prepare two young sons of a friend for college, which she did so well that today one of her pupils holds a distinguished professorship at Princeton. But when the tutoring was over she wrote Henry Ward Beecher asking for work, which he gave her instantly on his magazine, and so her literary career began.

In the way of pen work Mrs. Barr laughingly relates how she once wrote a poem every week for a New York periodical for eight years, and a vast amount of other literary contributions. "In all and up to today, a list of thirty-two highly successful widely admired novels she reckons to her credit. Wholesome, pure, inspiring, truthful stories of love and life, and now the "Bow of Orange Ribbon" is in process of dramatization for the Lyceum theatre in New York. Besides poems and stories Mrs. Barr finds time to pen innumerable articles, short and long, to subscribe her autograph many times a week, and answer hundreds of letters that come to her desk.

Perhaps if she has a vanity it is of her physical vigor, her wonderful capacity for work, and her abiding relish in pleasure. New people, festive occasions, gaiety and bright minds find this lady, who has turned the three score mile post, a congenial play-fellow. Her bright blue eyes dance with the irrepressible vivacity of 16 summers, when she stops to tell a good story of gossip with a girl whose whole thoughts are of dances and chignons. Like the veriest girl she loves to visit and entertain, but her bright eyes cloud when she accompanies her departing visitor to the porch and speaks of her dog. He was a huge English mastiff, famous in Cornwall for his great size and adored by her family. A reprobate in the neighborhood poisoned him and she has never been able to give her heart to another of the species. Standing on her veranda, she bows cordially to the village miller for in her town Mrs. Barr is a resident highly prized and well beloved and well known, "though they do say I am nice but queer," she comments with a gay little laugh as though she relished the joke at her gentle eccentricities.

MARGARET BISLAND.

The highest falls are those of the Yosemite, some of which exceed 8,000 feet.

RICH BACHELOR DUKE.

YOUNG MANCHESTER WILL GO A WOOLING TO NEWPORT

There will be a score of fabulously rich American belles for the Young Duke to choose from—a bewilderingly gay group.

(Special Correspondence of Progress) The gayest of gay seasons is predicted for Newport this summer. Without doubt the glitter and glisten and social splendor will eclipse anything ever seen at the smartest of summer resorts.

How can it be otherwise than bewilderingly gay with such a galaxy of fabulously rich belles; with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Marble House, as the guests of the two young bachelors, William R. and Harold Vanderbilt; with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont at Belcourt, and the Duchess of Manchester and her son, the duke, the lions of the day?

For it is, of course, an open secret that the young duke is upon matrimony bent, and eager to offer his dual coronet and incidentally his hand and his heart to a rich young American girl. It is also whispered that her grace, the Duchess of Manchester may again become a bride, and the aspirant a well-known American gentleman.

What a delightful complicated state of affairs this will be! Mr. Vanderbilt is certain to be at Newport, with his yacht



THE CLUB HOUSE

and to entertain in royal and lavish style aboard his floating palace, and among the guests of honor will be the Duchess of Manchester and the young duke, whose coming is creating such a flutter in society, among the young and pretty heiresses.

Newport will fairly revel in heiresses this summer, all maidens of beauty, wit and culture, with fortunes anywhere from a million to fifteen or twenty times that amount. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, for instance, perhaps heads the list with her vast inheritance; Miss Mary Golet has not yet been formally introduced to society and one of the most glittering functions of the summer will be the coming out ball, given for their daughter, by Mr. and Mrs. Golet at Ochre Point.

In August, another enormously rich girl will be launched upon the waves of society, at a grand ball given by her mother, Mrs. Morimer Brooks. Miss Brooks is a niece of the popular young bachelor, Eugene Higgins, who may always be counted upon to contribute his

share to the social festivities, coaching parties being the popular form by which he dispenses hospitality.

Miss Mabel Gerry and Miss Angelica Gerry, Miss Mand Wetmore, Miss Helen Brice and Miss Kate Brice, Miss Marie Winthrop, Miss Evelyn Burden, Miss Julia Dent Grant and Miss Sybil Sherman—all these girls are young and attractive and generous dowries attend them upon their wedding days.

The Duke of Manchester, it will thus be seen, will be surrounded by an almost embarrassing amount of wealth and beauty, and if he returns to England without a bride, it will not be because of a scarcity of girls from whom to select, nor the lack of smart functions at which he will be the lion.

Upholstery Goods and Curtain Department.

THE increased space in our New Premises, together with the desirable north light with which this department is favored, enables us to make more extensive displays and adds materially to the comfort and convenience of customers in making their selections.

LACE CURTAINS—Nottingham Curtains in Madras, Point, Guipure and Brussels effects. Nottingham Curtains, with ruffled edge. Fish Net Curtains, plain or ruffled edge. Guipure D'art Curtains. Irish Point Curtains, with single or double border to match Brussels Lace Curtains. Marie Antoinette Curtains. SIX SPECIALS—Lace Curtains, full size, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.72, \$2.00 and \$2.25—all excellent new designs and extra good value.

TAPESTRY, Silk, and Chenille Portiers and Draperies. UPHOLSTERY FABRICS. DRAPERY MATERIALS and Furture Coverings. DRAPERY LOOPS and Curtain Poles. Mantel Scarfs, Lambrequins, Pillows, Cushions, etc. SASH MUSLINS, Ruffled or Fancy Borders. Swiss, Point and Brussels Sash Nets. COIN SPOT MUSLINS. TABLE COVERS, in Tapestry, Chenille, etc.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

Marble House, with its young hosts, the Masters Vanderbilt, chaperoned by their aunt, Miss Smith will doubtless be the bright particular center around which the gayest element will revolve.

Another important factor in the social success of the season is going to be the new Country Club, "the club of the millionaires."

It is a superb building and although in

the arches, with flowers and broad streamers of ribbon will blend them all in one harmonious whole. The souvenirs will be dainty little trifles—but costly as well. A moonstone lace-pin, shaped like a golf "spoon," a scarf-pin representing a golf ball, and various other conceits made expressly for the occasion.

The club house will also play an important part in the bicycle ride by moonlight—an annual function of late at Newport, without which society would be quite at a loss. The meet will be at the club, the Ocean drive the scene of the run, and the grand final, the virginia reel on wheels on the club grounds.

For these gala occasions the moon will be assisted by gayly colored electric lights in charming devices—lilies, roses and tulips—all arranged to look as life-like and natural as possible; the ingenuity of a man nowadays being equal to the arrangement of more fairy-like surprises than Aladdin or his lamp ever dreamed of.

The young Duchess of Marlborough may of course be counted on to create something of a sensation with her Paris gowns and London hats and the sensation will be doubled if she brings her gentle-eyed Nubian servant with her, a young boy whom she picked up on her Eastern travels and who dresses in his native costume.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

A FRIEND OF THE SQUIRRELS.

Little old man in Central Park who drew Squirrels by Whistling.

A crowd of children and uncles had a rare treat in Central Park the other morning. It was in the winding path that leads from the West Seventy-second street entrance over towards the Mall. Here on the bright mornings are always numbers of nurses and babies, attracted chiefly by the gray squirrels which are so tame that they will come to the path and take nuts from the hands of the children.

A little, queer-looking old man came wandering along. He was not more than five feet tall, and was slender almost to the point of emaciation. His clothes were old but neat. His shoes were thin and patched, and on his head he wore a rusty old slouch hat that looked as if it might have seen service in more than one Grand Army parade. His thin, white face was covered with a thick, unkempt gray beard, and his whole appearance seemed to tell of a sick man who had been lured out of doors by the bright sunshine. He came pattering along the path until he reached the group of children who, with cries of delight were feeding the little squirrels which came to them when they offered a peanut.

The old man watched the children for about five minutes, then, without saying a word, dropped on his knees and began to make a series of queer chirrup-like whistles and held out his hands toward a couple of the little gray creatures. The squirrels rose on their haunches and looked at the old man with their black beady eyes. Then slowly they began to go toward him. The children gathered about the queer old fellow, scarcely breathing, lest they should disturb him. He continued his chirruping and the two squirrels came forward a couple of steps, then stopped, then advanced a little more until they were within a couple of feet of the old man, who still kept up his whistling. Suddenly as if banishing all hesitation, they leaped into his arms and lay there quietly. Then a little tot with a shriek of delight went up to fondle them.

Away the two squirrels shot, and in a trice they were out of sight in the brush. Then the old man got up, patted the baby on the head, and walked slowly away, without having said a word. As soon as he had gone every youngster who could whistle tried to bring the squirrels back, but the animals came only a short way, and sitting on their haunches seemed to wink at the children and say: "You can't fool us with your whistle. Give us some nuts and we'll come."—New York Sun.

Where Spectacle is Stored Aboard Ship. In these days of heavy gold shipments, the specie rooms on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place amidships, under the saloon. Few of the passengers know of its existence, or of the valuable treasure that is carried across the ocean with them. The room varies slightly on different ships, but is usually about 16 feet long by 10

Are You Moving?

No doubt this question has been answered a great many times during the past week, and we have had our share of the fun with those who would answer in the affirmative. Our Dyeing and Cleaning Department has been very busy during this moving season, but we know that there are lots of people who have overlooked some articles to be cleaned or dyed. When you are setting your house to rights look them up and send to UNGAR and have a first-class job.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 28-34 Waterloo Street.

Sunday Reading.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN. But Don't Run Into Debt to Have a Little Pleasure.

It is good for you to wish to hear the best music, to see the finest dramatic representations, and to hear the story of some wondrous land told by a good lecturer. But be honest in your enjoyments.

You may find greater pleasure in the music, in the play or in the lecture, if you have a girl friend with you, but unless you can afford to take her, unless it means leaving a clear balance sheet, don't do it.

Mr. Almighty Dollar, who can afford to take the pretty girl you admire to the opera, say five dollars apiece for the tickets, come after her in a carriage, and send her a huge box of flowers when flowers are worth their weight in gold.

If this girl is worth your admiration she will appreciate your tiny pony, she will appreciate your reason for entertaining her in the simplest manner, and, if she does get understand, don't waste your time.

Opportunity. Opportunities, numerous and golden, ever wave before us on the march along the busy pathway of life.

Self-Denial. Life in the individual is never preserved without self-denial. Self-denial from religious motives is spoken of by St. Paul as a sacrifice to God.

Making Vows. Vows, rightly and properly made, should be religiously kept. Some are hasty in making them, and as hasty in breaking them.

Doing One's Best. That is all you can demand from people—and all one can insist upon from one's self—to do one's best in every sphere and situation.

Unquestioning Obedience. Night after night, as you lie down to rest, the weary day ended, think that a day offered to God in weariness and quiet endurance may bring you fuller joy than the brightest, happiest seasons of enjoyment can do.

much as peoples and nations strive after this ideal of the Christian home that they will be happy. The curse of the present day is the divorce court. Christ taught that there was just one case in the sight of God that could put an end to the marriage bond.

Blasphemy From the Beam's Horn. God alone can tell where our personal influence is going to stop.

Save, Save, Save. Always live below your income. If you are making \$5 per week save a dollar and put these dollars out at interest.

Knowledge Put to Use. The importance of what we know is derived largely from its influence on the will or conduct.—Bishop Spalding.

Speaking of Long Ago. Today, as I pen these lines, one picture from the long-vanished past rises in my memory as clearly as though it hung on a wall before my very eyes.

Well-Paid European Rulers. Italy can have 10,000 men slaughtered in Abyssinia and still pay her king \$2,900,000 a year, while the price of macaroni is going steadily down.

Tried, Tested and True. Thousands know of the Quick and Certain Relief that Comes from South American Kidney Cure.

Unquestioning Obedience. Night after night, as you lie down to rest, the weary day ended, think that a day offered to God in weariness and quiet endurance may bring you fuller joy than the brightest, happiest seasons of enjoyment can do.

There is no Place Like Home. I want to say to you now, with all the earnestness I can command, it is just in as

saying: 'My child, it is thus I will that thy service be weary and lifeless, and deficient in all earthly reward and pleasure, what is that to thee, so long as it may? What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Follow thou me without questioning the love which indites this weariness and sadness and seeming privation of all thou most desirest in.'

Happy Home. The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which men in weary life look back with yearning too deep for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air, into which no base thing can intrude—are homes where brethren dwell together in unity; where, because all love God, all love their brothers also; where, because all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to himself.—Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Farrar.

The Truly Brave Soul. The truly brave soul does not quail before or shrink from life's hardships, but heroically faces them, assured that they are a part of that divinely ordained life discipline which fits the soul for an eternity of bliss.

At the End of It. Blessed is everyone who, as the end of this life draws near, can say, 'I am now ready to be offered. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'

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found myself a little better. This led me to continue using it, and shortly I was able to take solid food, and my sickness gradually left me. Holding to this medicine—the only one that had ever helped me—I grew stronger and stronger until I was in good health.

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TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

Once at a state fair which he was visiting in company with Gov. Hoyt, of Milwaukee, Lincoln entered a side-show tent where a "strong man" was performing—going through the customary circus feats of tossing and catching great iron balls and rolling them on his back and arms apparently with the greatest ease.

With the earlier anecdotes of Lincoln's size and strength are linked always other anecdotes of his story-telling in the intervals between working hours, when his long, gaunt figure would be stretched at ease, and he would pour out stories, anecdotes and bits of mimicry till the crowd around him was helpless with laughter.

Why, he exclaimed, still gazing downward from his elevation of a foot or so above the man's head, "why I could lick all off the top of your hat!"

Black diamond is the hardest substance known. Its utility has not only been realized for about twenty years, and improvements are constantly being made in it.

Japan Has no Domestic Animals. Japan is a land without the domestic animal. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes.

Unquestioning Obedience. Night after night, as you lie down to rest, the weary day ended, think that a day offered to God in weariness and quiet endurance may bring you fuller joy than the brightest, happiest seasons of enjoyment can do.

There is no Place Like Home. I want to say to you now, with all the earnestness I can command, it is just in as

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE! NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE.

Safety of Canadians Assured. When Paine's Celery Compound is Used.

It has ever been the boast of Britons, that they never shall be slaves. The Briton's heart warms to freedom; his blood is aroused when human beings become mere chattels—bought and sold like animals.

Why suffer longer? We have near us a mighty and powerful deliverer and rescuer known as Paine's Celery Compound that quickly banishes our assailing and tormenting enemies that come too often in the form of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, heart disease, nervousness, sleeplessness and blood diseases.

Why encourage any pay tribute to such death-dealing masters? Our bodies should be free, clean, pure, and fitted for the full enjoyment of true life. That world-renowned prescription, Paine's Celery Compound, gives perfect health, strength and life.

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DOCTORS AND FLY BLIS-TERS FAIL. But One Dose of South American Rheumatic Cure Relieves and Halts a Bottle Cures.

Robert E. Gibson, Pembroke's well-known merchant, contracted rheumatism in very severe form in 1888, and have suffered untold misery each spring since. I have repeatedly applied fly blisters with little success. Doctors whom I consulted likewise failed to relieve, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure by Mr. W. F. C. Bethel, of the Dickson Drug Company.

A POET'S EARLY YEARS.

THE BOYHOOD HAUNTS OF A GREAT SCOTCH MAN.

Pastor Felix Tells of the Early Life of Sir Walter Scott—How his Boyhood was Spent and the Surroundings Which Helped to Form His Character.

"His value I tell you, never crossed his brain."

Whoever visits Edinburgh cannot get rid of Walter Scott, for his monument is there—itself a creation of genius,—and his grave is not very far away. It is his "own romantic town," where he "came unto his own" on the 15th of August, 1771. The house wherein he was born, he tells us, belongs to his father, and was "at the head of the college Wynd. It was pulled down to make room for the northern part of the new college."

As you go up the Wynd, it once stood on the left hand corner, about at the top, projecting into what has since been called North College street; but it was destroyed many years ago. His father—whose name was also Walter,—a lawyer of the higher grade, known in Scotland as a writer to the signet, lived on the site, as says, Robert Chambers, "according to the simple fashion of our fathers, the flat which he occupied being accessible by a stair leading up from the little court behind. It was a house of what would now be considered humble aspect, but at that time neither humbled from its individual appearance nor from its vicinity. When required to be destroyed for the public convenience, Mr. Scott received a good price for it; he had some time before removed to a house on the west side of George's square, where Sir Walter spent all his school boy days. At the same time that Mr. Scott lived in the third flat, the two lower floors were occupied as one house by Mr. Keith, W. S., grandfather to the late Sir Alexander Keith, knight-marshal of Scotland."

What a pity these old bones of great men must be piled down! But their value as memorials is not then perceived. For what new structure would we surrender the little mud-walled cottage near the Doon, or the bare crumbling walls of Alloway Kirk? One day Scott was walking through "Auld Reekie," with a literary visitor, and pointed out this site, part of which was a wood-yard, and divided from North College street, by a wooden fence. Upon Scott's mention of the good round price his father got for his share in the building, the remark was made, that "more money might have been made of it, and the public much more gratified, if it had remained to be shown as the birth-place of a man who had written so many popular books."

"Ay, ay," rejoined Sir Walter, "that is very well; but I am afraid it would have been necessary for me to die first, and that, you know, would not have been so comfortable." Scott descended from ancient and well-known Scottish families, on both sides of the house, and he was proud of it. An ambition like that of Hastings, to restore his lost prestige with the estate of Daylesford, was inspired in some degree by this feeling, to found a noble family that should occupy as prominent a place as the Scotts and Harbords of old. His mother was a Rutherford, a name fragrant with saintly memories—and the daughter of Dr. Rutherford, a physician of standing in the city, and medical professor in the University. A steady-going, prudent, thrifty man was his father, a thorough Presbyterian of the old school. Some of the poet's early verses bear witness that the catechism was not omitted; and indeed a deeply religious and serious strain may frequently be discovered in his writings. It may be interesting to learn that the author of the translation of the "Dies Irenae" in "Melancton," and of the fine hymn in "Invanhoe," wrote as one of his earliest essays in verse, in 1783,—

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinges these clouds with gold."

My dear little school fellow, can you not do as well?
But this home of Scott's boyhood in Edinburgh is still to be found at No. 25 George's Square; though it is not now as it was when his father removed to it, in a fashionable quarter of the city. In old days the gentry of the place were content with their flats in the tall "storie houses" of the old city—indeed there was then no new city. But gradually, as Mr. Robert Chambers informs us—who is to Edinburgh what Mr. LeMoine is to our

Scott's father was one of those rare marvels of Divine Providence, being thoroughly honest. He was a man of some distant, formal manners, but of singular kindness of heart, of sterling worth, and of deep toned piety after the Calvinistic mode. He had a noble presence, handsome features, a sweet expression of countenance; and, as Sir Walter says, "he looked the mourner so well" that he was often invited to funerals, and seems to have positively enjoyed those formalities, monotonous and melancholy, connected with Scottish interments for which his son expressed in his Journal such disgust, and which he has termed in his "Gay Memorials" with such ludicrous fidelity. Old Fairford, in "Redgauntlet" is unquestionably a graphic though highly colored sketch of the elder Scott.—Memories of Distinguished Authors.

The Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club has done to mark with memorial tablets several of the principal notable houses connected with Edinburgh and art. Among those to be so distinguished are Scott's house, 25, Castle-street, (Dear Sir, as he called it), and the earlier residence at 25, George-square, where Burns resided while, seeing the first Edinburgh edition of his poems through the press; and the house in which David Hume began his "History of England." (The house in which De Quincey died has already been marked by a tablet. London Literary World, Jan. 26th. 1894.

own Canadian city of Quebec, the historian of the place, and a listener, as it were, to the legend of every stone in the walls,—the men of trade and the nobility got tired of their stairways and closes, and sought "quite and more airy residences in the suburbs." With the extension of the city, St. George's was one of the first squares, and it lies near Heriot's and Watson's hospitals, and at the left of the Meadows-Walk. It is now half-ancient, and with the insignia of a decayed gentility about it, in the presence here and there of a door-plate still bearing some aristocratic title. In the neighborhood lived Lord Duncan, hero of the naval battle of Camperdown; Dr. Blacklock the blind poet, and genial friend of Burns; Anderson, the publisher, and others. Howitt says, that when he visited it, "a quieter square could not, perhaps be found. The grass was growing greenly amongst the stones." The houses he describes as "capacious and good, and from the upper windows many of them look out over the green fields, and have a full view of the Pentland hills."

There was in this house a back room on the ground floor where the name Scott had with a dismead been inscribed upon a window-pane, and also verses, undoubtedly his own. These panes were afterward removed and bestowed upon some London admirers of the great author. The school-boy hand indicates their early date and the dreams and hopes that then inspired his breast who should one day set his name so high on the walls of Fame's temple. This little chamber was then his own, and here his youth-time fancies rose, and his treasures were deposited. The Autobiography has some references to it, and Jeffrey relates that coming for the first time to call on young Walter, "he found him in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's Square, surrounded with dingy books." Lockhart completes the picture, with materials which he says, were furnished him by a lady of the Scott family. "Walter had soon begun to collect out of the way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth. A claymore and Lochaber axe, given him by Mr. Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charles; and Broughton's Saucer was hooked up against the wall below it. Such was the germ of the magnificent library at Abbotsford; and such were the 'new realms' in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him, 'with all the feelings of novelty and liberty' . . . Since those days the habits of life in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes; and the 'convenient parlor,' in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collection of minstrelsy, is now in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping room.

"This," says Howitt, who visited it after the above words were written, "is very much the fact; such a poor little damp den did this appear, being evidently used by the cook, as it was behind the kitchen, for a sort of little lumber-room of her own, that my companion contended that Scott's room must have been the one over this. The evidence here is, however, too strong as to its identity, and, indeed, who does not know what little dingy nooks children, and even youths, with ardent imaginations can convert into palaces."

Number 25, St. George Square may become a memory, but a sunny enticing memory it will ever be, as "one of the most interesting spots connected with Scott's history. It was here that he lived, from a very child to his marriage. Here passed all that happy boyhood and youth which are described with so much beautiful detail in his life . . . These show in his case how truly and entirely:

"The child was father of the man";
or as Milton had it long before,
"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."

Here it was that he led his happy boyhood, in the midst of that beautiful family life which he has so attractively described; the grave, careful but kind father; the sweet, sensible, lady-like, and religious mother; the three brothers, various in their fortunes as in their dispositions; and that one unfortunate sister, Anne Scott, whom he terms from her cradle the butt for mischance to shoot arrows at . . . Here, as school boy college student, and law student, he made his early friendships, often to continue for life,—with John Irvine; George Abercrombie son of the famous general, and afterwards Lord Abercrombie; William Clerk, afterwards of Eldin, son of Sir John Clerk, of Penny-cuik House; Adam Ferguson, son of the celebrated professor; the Earl of Selkirk, David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Claude Russell, Sir William Rae, David Monypenny, afterwards Lord Fitzilly; Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, Bart. the Earl of Dalhousie, George Cranston (Lord Corehouse) John James Edmonstone, of Newton; Patrick Murray, of Simprin; Sir Patrick Murray, of Ochertyre; David Douglas (Lord Preston); Thomas Thompson, the celebrated antiquary; William Erskine (Lord Kinross); Alexander Fraser Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee), and other celebrated men with many of whom he was connected in a literary club.

"Here it was that, with one intimate or another, and sometimes in a jovial troop, he set out on those country excursions

which were to render him so affluent in knowledge of life and varied character; commencing with their almost daily strolls about Arthur's seat and Salisbury crags, repeating poetry and ballads; then to Preston-Pans, Penny-cuik, and so extending their rambles to Roslyn, Lasswade, the Pentlands, down into Roxburghshire, into Fife, to Floddin, Chevy Chase, Otterburn, and many another scene or border renown, Liddesdale being, as we have stated, one of the most fascinating; and finally away into the Highlands, where as the attorney's clerk, his business led him amongst those old Highland chiefs who had been out in '15 and '45, and where the veteran Invernahyle set him on fire with his stories of Rob Roy, Mar, and Prince Charlie; and where the Baron of Bradwardine and Tullyveolan, and all the scenes of Waverley, and others of his Scotch romances, were impressed on his soul forever. Here it was, too, that he had for tutor that good-hearted, but formal clergyman, Mr. Mitchell, who was afterwards so startled when Sir Walter, calling on him at his manse in Montrose, told him he was 'collecting stories of fairies, witches, and ghosts'; 'intelligence,' said the pious old Presbyterian minister, 'which proved to me an electric shock; adding, that moreover, 'these ideal beings, the subjects of his inquiry,' were not objects on which he had himself wasted his time." And here, finally, it was that, in the lullals he read,—as in that of Cumnor Hall, the germ of Kenilworth, of which he used as a boy to be continually repeating the his first verse,—

"The dawn of summer night did fall—
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall.
And many an oak that grew thereby;—
In the lays of Tasso, Ariosto, etc. he laid up 100 much of the food for future romance, and where Edith O'Brien and Dugald Dalgetty were crossing his everyday path.

"It was here that occurred that singular scene, in which his mother bringing in a cup of coffee to a gentleman who was transacting business with her husband, when the stranger was gone, Mr. Scott told his wife that this man was Murry of Broughton, who had been a traitor to Prince Charles Stuart; and saying that his lip should never touch the cup which a traitor had drank out of, flung it out of the window. The saucer, however being preserved, was secured by Scott, and became a conspicuous object in his juvenile museum. Such to Scott was No 25, George Square. It is not the secret chronicle of these old and precious associations which led his old and most intimate friend, Sir Adam Ferguson, to take a house in this square, and within, I believe, one door of Scott's old residence." The city had its part, but it had not the first and determinate influence in moulding this poet. He almost awoke from the half-consciousness of infancy, to find himself in the arms of mother Nature. To heal the wound she made she sent him to the fountains of his intellectual life, and he drank deep as the gods drink when they get hold of the ambrosial liquor. A fever, consequent upon difficult teething, settled in one of his feet, producing a permanent lameness, and his parents sent him to Sandy Knowe, near Kelso,—the home of his paternal grandfather. The old man, Robert Scott, (a descendant from the border knight, and the descendant from a race of yeomen, always resident in the country), was still living, though at an advanced age. A grandfather's house has more than once become the nursery of a poet, and here he was, at large, in the selectest region and ranging ground of romance. A rightly placed it is, and in the time of Scott's boyhood wild enough for painter or poets choice; with brown moorlands stretching wildly around. The farmers plough has since altered the aspect of this waste; but still the general appearance of the country "is open, naked and solitary." But to the boy there was one point of interest he never wearied in inspecting, and around which he has woven such legends as are found in his "Eve of St. John"; the mouldering, but still mighty tower of Smalholm, whose dark bulk lifted aloft on the summit of the Knowe, still seemed to threaten with challenge and defiance, and speak of the changing fortunes of the feudal border times. This square old keep, stern as the men who once defended it "built of the iron-like whinstone rock" of the crag, and which "seemed as if it were a solid and time proof portion of the crag on which it stands," has been described by Scott himself. "The circuit of the outer court being defended on three sides by a precipice and a morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments as usual in a border keep or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair. On the roof are two bartizans or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the walls. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one eminence is called the Watchfold; and it is said to have been the station of a beacon in the time of war with England."

What dreams and fancies thronged the boys mind as he lingered amid these bare and sterile scenes, wild as the deeds of blood and ravine that had been transacted there. As he lay on the Knowe, his head popped by his hand; or as he clambered to "the bartizan seat," where the Baron of Smalholm found his faithless lady, and from which he

Locked over hill an I vale,
Over Tweed's fair fold, and Merion's wood,
And all down Terivodale;"

what visions of mailed-warriors, and specter-knights, and dames high-blooded as their lords, passed in retinue before him! Thus he imbibed the first inspiration, prompting his poetic teils. Turn to one of those free-handed delightful introductions to Marjorie—the third—and hear from his own lips how these things affected him:—

"It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay violet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his rounds shattered;
And still I thought the shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvelled as the aged blind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind—
Of forgers who, with heaving force,
Down that same strength had spurred their horses,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviot blue;
And home returning lifted the hall
With revel, wassail rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gate-ways broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glanced through the windows rusty bars.
And even, by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
Of lover's sighs, of lady's charms;
Of witches spells, of warriors arms;
Of patriot battles won of old
By Wallace Wright and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Fife clans in headlong swart,
Had swept the heart's ranks away;
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each battle o'er;
Pebbles and shells in order laid,
And mimic works of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish iron bore,
And still the scattered Southern field before."

A genial English writer filled with the spirit of the scene, which he visited long after Scott slept in his haunted shade at Dryburgh, says of the tower, and the view surrounding it: "The windows are small holes, and the feeling of grim strength which it gives you is intense. Since Scott's day, the inner door and the outer iron grate are gone. The place is open, and the cattle and the winds make it their resort. All around the black crags start out of the ground; it is an iron wilderness. There are a few laborious cotters just below it, and not far off is the spot where stood the old house of Scott's grandfather, a good modern farm-house and its buildings. This savage and solitary monument of the ages of feud and bloodshed, stands no longer part of a waste where—

"The bitter clamoured from the moor,
The wind blew loud and shrill,"

but in the midst of a well-cultivated corn farm, where the farmer looks with a jealous eye on visitors, wondering what they can want with the naked old keep, and complaining that they leave their gates open. He had been thus venting his chagrin to the driver of my chaise, and wishing the tower were down—a stiff business to accomplish—but withdrew into his house at my approach." The picture of the surliest of the old warriors must have been in him, rather than that of the hospitable and romance-weaving Knight of Abbotsford.

PASTOR FELIX.

In the Spring:
Purify the Blood by way of the Kidneys.
This is Nature's way of doing it, and the way—
DODD'S Kidney Pills Do It!
See that you get DODD'S Imitations are dangerous!

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT.
Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen.
FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.
HOW TO DISINFECT
A valuable Copy-right book giving simple directions "How to Disinfect" in cases of the various Infectious Diseases, as also in every-day life, will be sent free on application.
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A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

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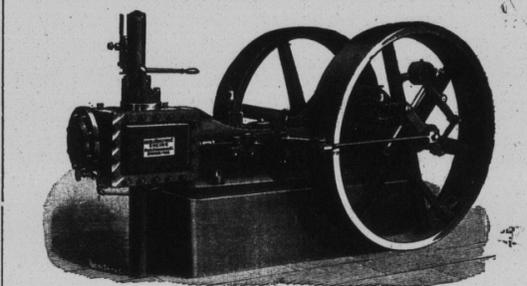
Are ill to which all flesh is heir. You can relieve and speedily cure all of these by the free use of our old reliable Anodyne. Generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheritance. Could a remedy have existed for eighty years except that it possesses great merit for family use? It was originated to cure all ailments attended with inflammation, such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, all forms of sore throat, carache, headache, in grippe, lame back, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, scalds, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle service.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. It was originated in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.

"Best Liver Pill Made." I use Johnson's Liniment for catarrh. I had tried almost everything recommended for catarrh, but had Johnson's Anodyne Liniment far superior to any. I use it as you direct. J. E. WHITPLE, South Windham, Vt.

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, Liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five \$1. Sold everywhere.



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STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8.30 a. m. for Indian River and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indian River same days at 4 p. m.

ADAYSURE SHERIDAN will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure by following the work and teach you free on work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; summer we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work absolutely sure; write us once. Address: ADAYSURE SHERIDAN CO., 211 F. ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am afraid we women really do a great many foolish things, and bring upon ourselves, to a very large extent, the ridicule we so often protest against! For instance, could any practice be more utterly without sense, more simply idiotic than the habit which seems ingrained in feminine nature of putting the key under the mat when she goes out, and then going forth serenely feeling perfectly satisfied that the house, and all its contents will be quite safe until her return?

I watched an otherwise sensible woman hiding the key of her front door securely under its time honored shield, the other

Small paniers are seen on some of the spring dresses, and the bustle is making its semi-annual demand for public favor, but, so far, without success, though it is confidently predicted by those who should know, that in another year, both the bustle and panier will be generally accepted facts.

When the coat basque first appeared, brocades was the generally accepted material, but later models show a decided tendency towards making the coat of some solid dark color, and leaving all the elaboration and brilliancy to the waist coat, or full front. This is a vast improvement as the entire suit takes its dressy effect from

room for variety between these two extremes.

It is really quite an interesting problem to solve, the manner in which the thin summer materials should be made up! There is no difficulty whatever in deciding how a silk, or cloth dress is to be made; but when it comes to a dainty and expensive washing material the decision is far from easy. For instance, a woman sees one of



A TUCKED SWISS BODICE.

the delightful zephyrs crepons which are being shown now, and she is naturally pleased with the dainty puffs of pale pink, yellow or heliotrope separated by clusters of narrow stripes in black, which form the material. It looks exactly like silk and is quite as light, and besides that it has the advantage of washing when it is soiled; so she buys it, and then her troubles are only just begun. In the first place the fabric is so thin that it requires a lining, but if it is lined, it can never be washed with any satisfaction, and here the thought suddenly presents itself that though the pretty puffed material may be washed, it can certainly never be either stretched or ironed. If it is merely pulled out carefully while it is drying it will never look really fresh, but will always have a "rough dried" appearance which is most unsatisfactory; and to get it cleaned by a professional cleaner would cost almost as much as the dress itself. To the only alternative seems to be to make it up as much like a summer silk as possible and resign oneself to the annoyance of trying to keep it clean, and knowing that once it is soiled, it is practically done for. There is however, one rule to go by which is a reliable guide for making all thin summer waists; no matter how they may be cut, and that is that they are all gathered at the belt, after that, the variety consists in the trimming. Dresses that are not to be washed are cut with gored skirts, and those which are intended to pay frequent visits to the tub are either made entirely plain, or only sloped off at the front and sides. A very easy model, and one which was recently shown in New York, had a perfectly plain skirt which was gathered to the belt and then had a second row of shirring all around, each gather being carefully laid. The waist was in simple French shape, and only gathered at the belt, which was of guipure insertion. A row of the same insertion was sewed flat down the centre of the back and a similar row went down the front from throat to belt. The neck was finished with a band of ribbon overlaid with a band of the insertion and a double bow of the ribbon finished the back, above, was a frill of lace. The sleeves were balloon puffs with a jabot of the lace down the centres.

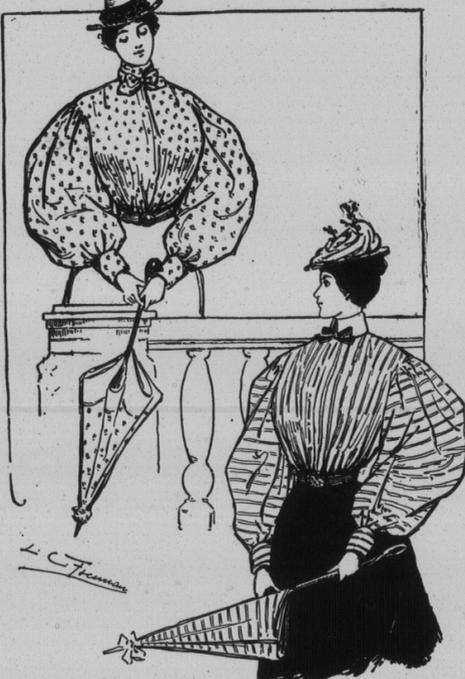
Another pretty model was of dotted canvas cloth, and the sleeves were in bishop shape with a frill of the material edged with narrow lace at the wrists. The waist was V shaped in front and back, folds of the material being drawn across in surplus style, the belt was of wide ribbon folded, and there were two bows of ribbon on the waist one near each shoulder, a frill of lace was gathered at the neck and fell back, leaving the throat bare. The skirt was quite plain.

SUMMER SHIRTS.

Smart new Bodices of Cool Airy Fabrics. New York, April 30.—Direct descendant of the Spencer body, the shirt waist has for six seasons or more made all womankind happy. Nothing so cool and neat for summer wear has been found since the Spencer was laid on the grave of dead grandmothers, and it is really to this estimable old garment that we owe the later invention.

Its great granddaughter, the shirt waist, was originally intended for plain uses, but some of the later ones are taking on such fine airs that shirt waist seems a misnomer. In general outline, with the exception that bishop sleeves take the place of the old gigns, the new shirt bodices differ in no great degree from those of last season. They have the same pointed yokes at the back, and the fronts slightly gathered or laid in three narrow, pressed down plaits each side of the button hole.

The cuffs, however, are now of the same material as the waist, and the white turnover collars are no longer sewed on. They are made detachable to admit of several



PERCALE AND DIMITY SHIRT WAISTS

day, and wondered if she had the least idea of the absurdity of the thing, or whether she merely did it because her mother used to, and her grandmother had followed the same intelligent custom from her earliest youth. It really seemed to me that she would make a capital study for a sculptor who wanted a thoroughly original inspiration for a statue of faith.

Is there a tramp in the world so stupid that he would not look under the mat for the key before taking any more active step towards breaking into a house, when he found the inmates absent? If so, I am sure his fellow "knights of the road" would hold a court martial and turn him out of their ranks, the moment they found him out.

Do try and break free from the bonds of habit, in this case, my dear sisters, and find a more secure place for the family door key.

I think I spoke some time ago of the pretty effect of slashed sleeves showing a narrow underpuff of some bright contrasting material? If not, I know I intended doing so; and really they are most picturesque, and distinguished looking; worn with the deeply pointed bodices which are sometimes trimmed in a fashion which suggests the stomacher of Elizabethan days, and the full neck ruffs, they carry us back to very old times indeed, especially if their wearer can afford a jewelled girdle, of the kind the fashion writers allude to so airily, as if they could be purchased at the shop around the corner, for fifty cents. Of course the "jewels" are seldom real, and the girdles not nearly so costly as they look, but still they are sufficiently expensive to be out of reach for many of us.

While the width of tailor made, and all heavy wool skirts has perceptibly decreased, the light gauzy summer fabrics are made up with fully as wide if not wider skirts than ever; and the fully gathered epaulettes, and wide flaring shoulder pieces which are joined to the broad pompadour yokes and collars so much worn, prevent the scantiness of the new sleeve puffs, from being too conspicuous, after the enormous width of shoulder to which we have become accustomed. These adjustable yokes and plastrons are nearly always made separate from the dress, and are seen in many fanciful shapes. Some have the edges cut in deep Vandylke points others are cut straight across and some are round. They are made of alternate bands of lace insertion and ribbon, in all-over embroidery on grass linen, chambray, fine lawn, or batiste, and edged all around with a frill of either lace, or embroidery edging to match the all-over, and finished with high collars of the embroidery, stiffened with interlining, and sometimes with a frill of the edging falling over them.



STRIPPED SILK AND DOTTED SWISS.

spring models! It probably owes its popularity to the fact that while the round waist and belt at the back are becoming to nearly everyone, it takes an almost perfect form to look really well, with a closely belted front, hence the drooping blouse which hid concealed the waist line is a most welcome addition to a round waist. Cuffs of all kinds and shapes are very much in fashion. The Marie Antoinette cuff is almost four inches deep and flares decidedly, while the Louis XV. cuff is nearly five inches deep. Some dainty little cuffs are scarcely more than an inch wide when finished, and others reach nearly to the elbow, so there is ample

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

BEFORE deciding what style of LOW SHOE you intend wearing, you should see our assortment. It has no equal in St. John as regards Price or Variety of Style.



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Waterbury & Rising.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

changes, the waist outlasting, of course, the collar in freshness, and worn with a narrow mannish bow tie.

With shirt waists strictly for morning use, those of percale, cambric and cheviot, a stylish variation of the white collar is a stiff stock and little bow tie made of the waist material. This last detail, however, is not a frequent accompaniment to a ready-made article, but is fashioned to order by the shirt makers.

A parasol to match the wash waist, whatever its material, is also in high feather,

hams left, and the daintiest coolest affairs in swivel silk, and some plain black or white satin blouses that are the very newest things from London town. Then there is a dashing new material called "sail-cloth" that will be much used for country and yachting waists.

With a proper supply of all these neat washable articles one may with three skirts alone—a black peau de soie, a brown linen homespun, and a white duck—effect many changes of costume, and go through a summer outing with peace and health.

And since both the skirts and waists may be bought ready made, it is never too late to learn and buy.

Don't Polish Cut Glass to Mac's.

Great care should be taken with articles of cut glass, whether for table service or toilet use. The greatest mistake is made in attempting too high a polish, which, as a rule, many persons consider one of the chief beauties of this ware. Constant polishing reduces the exquisite finish which makes it appear so bright when new. In order to retain this brilliancy, let the article, when quickly cleaned, be allowed to dry alone after being properly rinsed. A soft linen towel should be used but little in the care of cut glass, and it will be always bright and sparkling. There is almost no Russian cut glass brought to this country, and it differs greatly from other makes in being dull and heavy. English and American glass highly wrought, and new features are constantly in the market. American manufacturers frequently copy Russian patterns. A beautiful loving cup, richly cut, is among the newer importations of English glass.



A FIGURED SILK JACKET

and by skillful manipulation may be so easily laundered.

The cuffs of all of the sleeves are less deep than formerly, and are held together by link fastenings, and a trim sort in these are round pearl buttons to imitate those in front.

The prettiest and most smart shirt waist of the season, though, is the one made of some fragile textile.

Batistes, dimities and lawns, striped, plain and figured all over, make some of the most useful of these, and a becoming point with many of them is to have the collar and cuffs in a solid color.

For the smarter affairs white Swiss, figured, dotted, plain or ribbon striped, is an effective and elegant material. Again the Swiss may be in large checks or small ones, or, perhaps, be self-striped with a dainty embroidery of dots or figures in colored silk between.

One of the novelty textures used for these dressy waists is a curious linen batiste, showing big rough figures, like Turkish towelling.

The background of this is a pale mahogany-brown, in a web as thin as grass-stem.

The figures, huge leaves or strange flowers, are white and are raised up with all the thready loops of the familiar bath towel.

Then it goes without saying that all the plain and fancy linens and batistes of the season are seen among the new shirtwaists, and so elegant are some of these with their lace insertions and open work yokes and collars that they seem fine enough for almost any occasion.

Many of the Swiss waists have the necks finished with the usual stiff collar. But others and the colored novelty textures as well, will have ribbon stocks or else made ones of white, black or tinted satin, showing white satin pipings at the edges and the proper narrow tie.

Here endeth the chapter of shirt waists! Still let it be added that there are ging-

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

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This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain causes the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

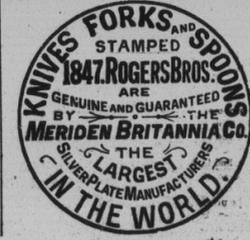
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STYLES

BANKING IN NORWAY.
It is Conducted in a Safe and Somewhat Unique Manner.

Probably the most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges, or National bank of Norway. It seems to be wholly indifferent to doing business of any kind, and what it does do it insists upon doing in its deliberate way.

Socially the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors. Suppose the directors are to hold a meeting on Wednesday and you want to borrow 100 kroner on Monday. You apply to the Norges bank, and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors meeting on Wednesday and you may look for an answer to your application by Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the 100 kroner Monday, and not Thursday; you simply have to wait. After all, there is not so much absurdity or inconvenience to the borrower in this arrangement as seems at first glance. He who may want a loan only anticipates his needs and prepares for it a few days in advance, instead of waiting until the hour before he wants it. And the bank is always able to make sure that its loans are safe ones.

The origin of this institution was as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden, in 1624, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly-increasing commerce. The situation was not unlike that in the United States at the time of the formation of the first United States bank.

The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was very simple one for the Norwegian government. It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well-to-do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. Book-keeping was made easy on a new principle, in accordance with which sums ending in other figures than five and zero were to be excluded from the books.

This national bank is also a national pawnshop. It is authorized by law to lend money on any non-perishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may perhaps account for their rarity of private pawnshops in Norway. In the regular loan department the curious rule is enforced that loans may not be made for less than one month, nor for more than six, and only for sums of at least 400 kroner (120) bank customers in this country would look askance at the rule which subjects all deposits to a charge of 1-10 per cent for taking them in amounts divisible by five. A liberal hand on the unlucky wight who happens to overdraw his account. He is fined 1 per cent of the excess amount, which fine is immediately charged against him, and payment of the draft is totally refused. If by accident or for any reason an official honors such an overdraft, he is personally responsible. The Norges bank unquestionably does a safe business.

The Queen of Denmark.

The Queen of Denmark after fifty-three years of married life, retains an almost girlish affection for her husband. Those most in the presence of the illustrious couple declare that it is a charming sight to watch these two; he all attention and gallantry, and she accepting his allegiance with so pretty and quietly a grace. Together they discuss affairs of state, play with their grandchildren, and when evening sets in, bring out their chess and cards, and thoroughly enjoy a good game together. The queen, like her daughters after her, has the gift of perpetual youth. At the age of 78—for this is only a few months younger than her husband—you might still call her a pretty woman. "If grandmothers want to keep young," she will say, "they must have young people about them." And acting on this principle, the queen has always a host of youthful friends and her grandchildren if possible, staying in the house. Like the king, she is fond of going about unadorned, and when feeling well enough in health she will put in an appearance at the riding school unattended, to see how her grandsons are progressing with their lessons. "When I am not grandmother, I am aunt to all Europe," remarked the queen to a friend at court. And hardly a day passes that her majesty does not write a reply to some questions put to her about the health or well-being generally of some one of her youthful subjects. A distressed mother wrote to ask her good advice as to how she should treat an attack of influenza from which her little son was suffering. This was the reply: "Dear Mother, I grieve that little is suffering from influenza. Let me tell you what I have found the best remedy in such a case. Here is the prescription: Give him a tablespoonful before each meal and tell him his loving grandmother will give him a nice present if he gets well at once."

Sleep fails to refresh you, your system is beyond nature's restorative powers. It demands assistance. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will promote healthy, refreshing sleep, renew lost energy, revitalize the blood, aid digestion, and make the weak and nervous, strong and vigorous. Sold by all druggists, 50c a bottle, six bottles \$2.50.

Travelers, away from the comforts of home, will find in Hawker's liver pills a speedy cure for all disturbances of the stomach.

That stuffed up feeling in the head is instantly relieved by using Hawker's catarrh cure.

That tickling cough is instantly relieved by using Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry.

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The One Great Standard Authority. So writes Hon. W. J. Brewster, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

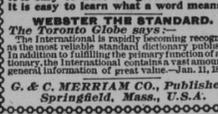
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WILLIAM CLARK.

CURIOUS RIVERS.

A Mighty Stream That Never Reaches the Sea and a River of Ink.

One of the most curious rivers that have come to the knowledge of men is the Webber Shebyleh of Eastern Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region, a few miles from the Indian ocean.

Some of the more recent explorers of Alaska and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon river. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into Norton sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of Northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior, for tribes whom we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon river is over 2,000 miles in length. Travelers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated through a peat marsh, imbibes large quantities of gallic acid, which forms this small, yet wonderful stream.

The Rio de Vinagra, in Colombia, is a stream the waters of which by admixture with sulphuric acid become so sour that the river has been appropriately named the Rio de Vinagra, or Vinegar river.

The Orange or Garich river in Southern Africa, rises in the mountains which separate Natal from the orange free state. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its bank around it are found rich copper ores. In this stream are many varieties of fish, which are not found until the river passes through a rocky region, containing copper, below which the water is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that venture near it.

China's Sorrows, a curious name for a river, is the little bestroved upon the great Hoang Ho which rises in the mountains of Thibet, and follows a wonderfully circuitous channel for 2,500 miles to the Yellow sea. The waywardness of this mighty volume of water makes the river a constant source of anxiety and danger to the 170,000,000 of people inhabiting the central plain of Asia. It is known to have suddenly changed its course nine times.

It has moved its mouth four degrees of latitude each time, emptying its vast floods in different directions, and finding a new channel for itself, where scores of towns and villages have stood. The river has greatly changed the physical character of a wide area, converting fertile regions into a sandy desert or making shallows of them. Whether it is within the power of modern science to save this great plain from disastrous overflow and changes of the river's bed, is a question which during late years, has been widely discussed, especially in the scientific circles of London and Paris.

Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stream in Hindustan. It rises in Thibet, and courses in a westerly direction, on reaching Sassi, its most northern point, it turns southward, loses itself in the hills and reappears in Takot in Kohistan. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length. After receiving the waters of many tributaries its channel grows narrow and here it is divided into many channels, some of which never return to the parent stream. It abounds in fish and crocodiles.

That classic river, the Ganges, is erratic in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and the geography of India. It varies not only from season to season, but from year to year, and frequently exchanged old passages for new ones. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 534,000,000 tons of mud, sand and other solid matter.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Real Fire is Invisible. No eye, says a scientific writer, has ever seen real fire. The flame is leaping in strange, fantastic form, fifteen or twenty inches upward from the coal and with it is a good deal of black, sooty smoke. The sooty smoke and the flames are one and the same, with only a difference of temperature. The soot which forms the flame is red hot. Every particle of the flame is red hot coal or a particle of the carbon. The real fire we do not see. The instant that the carbon atoms become really burned, eaten up by the oxygen of combustion, they are invisible. In burning three pounds of carbon, the heated state of which gives us flame, the fire work is done by eight pounds of oxygen. The oxygen we do not see. The carbon we only see just before it is burned; and the result of the burning is eleven pounds of the compound of oxygen and carbon which is invisible.

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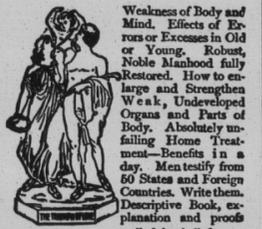
You are weak, "run-down," health is frail, strength gone. Doctors call your case anæmia—there is a fat-famine in your blood. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that.

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Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble Manhood Fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen Weak, Underdeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in 60 Days. Men testify from 60 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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GRIEVANCES OF CUBANS.

Some of the Things That Made Them Rebel Against Spain.

First, there are poured into Cuba swarms of officeholders. The island has been held to provide places for strangers, and men with no permanent interest in it are placed to rule and to rob. The unquestionable truth demand the full force of the language of unqualified denunciation. Seventy-five per cent of the holders of office in Cuba are Spaniards, and the 25 per cent of Cubans have small places, and the charge is that they have to send money to Madrid to get them. The Spanish officeholders do not stay long, and the certainty that their stay is short increases their rapacity. Many of them stop less than a year, thousands only three months, and they carry money home that Cubans should earn and spend in Cuba. This Spanish officeholding business is certainly not an industry that is profitable to the country; indeed, is harmful and hateful on both sides of the sea. There is no misgovernment anywhere more unfortunate, and closely studied it is as injurious to the Spaniards as to the Cubans. It is like the curse of slavery that smote the master as well as the slave.

Another feature is that the business houses in the cities of Cuba are filled by Spanish clerks, and thousands of other places are taken by them at very low salaries, for the purpose of securing by service in the militia for three years immunity from conscription in Spain with five years in the army. This is the foundation of the force of 50,000 Spanish volunteers in Cuba, men who get no pay and are taxed in petty ways for ever recurring functions, and thus take the places young men of Cuba should fill at living salaries—all this to serve Spain as a cheap garrison and to escape her regular armies. Upon the revenues of Cuba rests the burden of the cost of the ten years' war, and she is taxed and made the prey of monopolies that are oppressors, and thus out of the industries that are not protected, but impoverished by bleeding and mulcting, the price of their own vain struggle for liberty is taken. The Cubans have to pay the price of forging their own chains. Fancy the force with which Thomas Jefferson would have written this in a declaration of independence. The volunteers of Cuba have deposited two captain generals and bullied others. When the hour strikes for them to assert themselves they are the masters, and they know it. An attempt to disarm them would end the government. They are not trusted now to hold the forts that command Havana, but it is through their 50,000 bayonets that business may end the horrible warfare that ruins all involved and that neither Spaniards nor Cubans have the ability to close.—Murat Halstead in Review of Reviews.

A BRIGAND WHO LEAVES TAXES. He Also Preserves the Peace and Property. "Brigandage is still rampant in many rural districts in Italy," says Dr. Ravogli, the resident Italian consul.

"From advice I receive occasionally I keep in touch with home affairs, and a letter from a friend in Trieste contains a reference to Tribuzi, one of the most picturesque of these freebooters. Tribuzi is about 45. At the beginning of his career he was as bad as others in the same vocation in life.

"In 1872 he was caught, convicted of highway robbery and murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He escaped in 1874, and took refuge in a wood near Viterbo, where he lived in security in spite of seventeen warrants and a large reward for his arrest. The reason of this security is simple enough. He was good to the poor—any peasant in need of help could always get a gold coin from Tribuzi—and he punished traitors. Consequently the peasants were ready to assist him against the police or government emissaries, and those who would willingly have given information were afraid to do so.

"After his escape Tribuzi altered his method of gaining a living. He caused it to be made known to all the well-to-do people in the district that if they paid him an annual contribution he would not interfere with them and would protect them from molestation by others. It was considered advisable to agree and Tribuzi has been for years in receipt of a large income, one man alone paying him £150 a year. Crime has considerably diminished in the district; the smaller fry dare not molest Tribuzi's proteges, for he is still a good shot with his English repeating rifle. Tribuzi does what the government cannot do, he collects taxes without trouble and he keeps down crime.

"It must not be supposed that he hides in the woods all day. He can walk about the whole district without fear of capture and he lives in good style. He goes to Rome sometimes, presumably in disguise, and has even been abroad."

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Father's suits and mother's dresses can be taken to pieces, re-dyed, and made over for the boys and girls at a very small expense. When this work has to be done be sure you use Diamond Dyes in order to get good colors. The use of imitation dyes means loss of your material, as well as waste of time and money.

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NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

A Winning Hazard,

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "Her Dearest foe," "The Wooing Or," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Kate and Alicia Carey are daughters of a Dublin solicitor, who, through misadventure, leaves them in Wales with a view to economy. While in Wales they meet Mr. Brev's, a wealthy railway contractor, who falls in love with Kate. He induces her father to go to London to seek employment, saying he will introduce him to his agents, Messrs. Winks and Boscher. This he fails to do. Kate writes to Mr. Winks, asking him to be her father, and encloses two letters in which Mr. Brev expresses satisfaction at the employment of her father. She anxiously awaits a reply, but does not receive one. She, however, receives a letter from her cousin, Dick Travers, advising that he is in London and about to call upon them.

CHAPTER II.—Mr. Carey and his wife, on their way to the hill, come across a shooting party, among whom is Dick Travers, who has been sent to Ireland on business. Dick Travers, who has been sent to Ireland on business, meets Miss Winks' approval. She leaves with a law clerk to copy out. On Sunday Dick comes to dinner, and a few days later he is seen again. Kate again sees Mr. Winks, who shows himself pleased with her progress, and gives her further work, which this time will be paid for. Miss Winks is more cordial than before, and promises to give Kate lessons in shorthand.

CHAPTER III.—Mr. Carey gets promotion and an increase of salary. Mr. Winks becomes ill and Kate is obliged to leave home. Dick Travers returns, and Miss Winks' consent, but with bad grace. Winks recovers and his sister becomes more jealous. Winks offers Kate a present, and she accepts a book. Dick Travers arrives and calls on the Careys. He and Alicia Travers, a friend of his, bring in London. Kate and Travers take a walk.

CHAPTER IV.—Travers gets a note from James Tulloch, who has been in Scotland, announcing his return to London. They meet for the first time in four years. Tulloch explains to the Careys and learns of their reverses in fortune. He promises to call on them and give them the following day. Tulloch, who has a great deal of imagination, is a little girl, conceives a admiration for her, and tells Travers of it. Mr. Carey was not at home when they called, but he writes a note inviting them both to dinner on the following Wednesday.

CHAPTER V.—Travers and Alicia go to dinner at Carey's. Mr. Carey tells of his good luck in business, and Alicia tells of her own. Travers is much interested in the story, and Travers hints that he would advance some capital to enable him to enter the firm. Tulloch becomes more in love with her, and Travers seems annoyed. On the way home Tulloch learns that Carey has no means, and tells Travers he is not settling a penny-dance with Mr. Carey, and departs on his mission to Ireland.

CHAPTER VI.—Travers invites Alicia and Kate to the theatre. Alicia goes alone. On the way home a shaft of the carriage breaks, and Alicia's shoulder is hurt and in his excitement Travers betrays his affection for his cousin. Kate goes to see Winks and has a confidential chat with him. On her return she finds James Tulloch in the drawing room and Alicia making tea for him.

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"You must be pretty blind not to see the drift of all her chaff this evening. She wants me up there to teach me, don't you see. I'll tell you she has taught me a goodish bit more than she knows."

"Indeed! Then you are condescending enough to accept her proffered affection?"

"Why Travers, I believe you are a bit jealous. That's all, my boy. You couldn't get in for a wife without money, and you shouldn't stand in a girl's light; besides, you see she considers you a friend, and nothing more; at any rate it is not wise to lose one's heart to a girl that hasn't a penny. But I have always been a fool about a pretty face, and though Kate has no money, she isn't accustomed to luxuries, and seems very economical. After all, money is not everything. Of course, the father and sister are a drawback, but if I ever think seriously of the matter, I'll have it clearly understood that I am not going to marry the whole family."

"I fancy that Kate knows you well enough by this time not to expect any irrational degree of devotion on your part," said Travers, with much gravity.

"That's just it. She is a 'vava' sensible young lady," returned Jamie, who was apt to grow more Scotch as he was irritated to wit her cousin's views.

"Probably, but the most sensible girl's are 'kittle cattle,' at least so people who profess to know them say—don't make too sure."

"Ah! that's just what I am not—I mean I am not that sure of myself. You see there's nothing I'd like better than to make the Bonnie Bird my wife—but there's the business! It's hard when all expenses come out of one purse, and for a while I'll need all the capital I can get hold of to push the house. Eh, man! I see my way to a big thing, ar'd I am loath to lose it. So you see, I'm just torn to pieces. It's grand to have a wife like fellow like yourself to talk over things, with as good a friend to you as to me—and then a steady settled chap of your sort isn't given to fancy himself in love or anything of that kind!"

"Much obliged for your high opinion. If, 'Papa will be so pleased. I am so sorry we did not ask him to dinner. This in a slightly reproachful tone to Kate, who only said, "Run down then, Alicia! I shall just finish putting away these shirts, and follow you directly."

Alicia touched her father, his abundant grey locks a little dishevelled, standing in conversation with Travers, his blue eyes still beaming welcome on his favourite guest. Travers greeted Alicia, while his glance still rested on the door with an expected look.

"Where's Kate?" asked her father. "Putting away your shirts?"

"Putting on her skirt? Sure she needn't be making herself smart for an old friend like Dick."

"I don't flatter myself that Kate would bestow such a mark of distinction on me," said Travers, laughing. And he repeated her sister's words.

"See that! I must be growing deader or I wouldn't mistake what one of my girls said. Go call her. Tell her not to trouble about my belongings and get us some tea. Alicia, I want a cup to clear my brain; and I'm to meet some leading city people, MacKilgallen tells me. It will be a good introduction, and useful in my business."

"Ah! there's a little roe of imagination," said Kate. "Fancy paints all these metropolitan magnates rushing to fill his coffers. Ah! Jamie, I'll make a poet of you yet!"

"I hope not! Better for that poetry there's nothing better than a Scotsman—Bobbie Burns."

"Yes, we all know that. I have nothing to do tomorrow, Jamie. Suppose you come up in the afternoon, and begin training city. "Don't you tempt a fellow away from his business," cried Tulloch, his eyes beaming, and moving to place himself beside his young kinswoman. "It's hard to say no, but I'll say it. The evening after—"

"Oh, no! Papa will arrive that day, and we must have time all to ourselves. Come any other evening you like. Now I shall leave you three to settle all about our fête at Norwood. I am too tired to keep my eyes open any longer. I must say good night," and she spoke Travers rose, and went to the door, which he held open. Kate shook hands with Tulloch, exclaiming in querulous tone: "Oh, dear, I wish you would remember I wear rings."

"Good night, Kate," said Travers, coming into the hall. "What is the matter? You are not a bit like yourself. You are not suffering, Kate?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

He put out his hand murmuring: "I shall not forget you wear rings." She flashed a glance into his eyes that suggested something of pain and seriousness—something of a glance that dwelt with him—and put her hand into his for an instant. The next, she ran swiftly upstairs.

Returning to the sitting-room, Travers joined Alicia and Tulloch in some conversation respecting their plans, and came to the conclusion that they must wait for Mr. Carey to fix the day. Then Travers and Tulloch took leave of Alicia, and walked away together.

For some way Jamie Tulloch was silent, and thoughtful. At last he burst out: "I do not know that I ever met quite her like before."

"Whose like?" asked Travers, drily.

"Why, Kate Carey's to be sure. You needn't be put out about it, man."

"Why should I?"

"Well, no. It's no affair of yours. Though you have been such chums; but I must say she is about the most charming girl I ever met; there's something so frank and straight about her; doesn't mind showing a chap she likes him, which heartens him up, and shows she's discriminating."

"Oh, so you think Kate 'likes' you?"

"I don't fancy there is much doubt about it," returned Tulloch, in a tone of exultation.

"Oh, my heart, it's good for me! Sure no one ever makes me feel so well as my own girls! I must say I'm a good deal of an English voice than I am to an Irish one."

When the pleasant little dinner was over, there was a great outpouring of news. Though Carey had been kept well posted up in the occurrences of the last fortnight, there were still many trifling details to be told, all profoundly interesting to the hearer.

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for you. It must be uncommon nice to have such a pupil."

"Many thanks," ejaculated Miss Golding, with a toss of her head.

"Poor old Carey has eyes to grieve I am sorry to say; used to be, grievedly, hospitable to me in my green days, when he drove as smart a turn cut as any in Dublin; saw lots of the best company, too. I wouldn't neglect him on any account now."

"Have they smart turns out in Dublin?" she returned with naive surprise. "No, I am sure Mr. Tulloch, you wouldn't neglect your poor relations. But are you sure your cousin Kate's bright eyes have nothing to do with your sound memory and polite attention?"

"Kate's eyes? Oh! no; they are not my sort at all. People of the same complexion rarely take to each other; contrast, strong contrast, is the great attraction."

"Why, you don't mean to say that she has red hair, Mr. Tulloch?"

"Red!" cried Jamie, colouring. "No, of course not; it is a dark colour."

"Why, Jamie?" interrupted Kate, coming into the room, "I thought you never intended to come near us again?" She was looking almost her best in a pretty frock of thin gray stuff, and a large hat of black lace and ribbon with a few soft roses outside, and one, with some soft glossy leaves lying on her hair, under the gently upturned brim.

"There is very little of the poor re-ave about her look or manner," thought Miss Golding; "Tulloch comes pretty often I fancy."

"Mr. Tulloch is a sort of cousin of ours," continued Kate, with a faint tinge of patronage in her tone, as if introducing him.

"Oh! we know each other," said Miss Golding; "we have met twice."

"So sorry, Jamie, that we cannot keep you to tea, but Miss Golding is so good as to take us out driving, and that is what we don't get every day."

Here Alicia joined them, also dressed in her best (her best was generally black), and greeted Tulloch cordially.

"Come!" cried Miss Golding, "come along with us, Mr. Tulloch, and help to keep us going."

"Many thanks! Very sorry I can't, but I only ran out to inquire if Mr. Carey had returned. Couldn't have stayed I assure you; I dine with Travers to-day."

"Well, don't let us waste time. It is a lovely evening. Can't I get you down to take us out driving, and that is what we don't get every day?"

"I am sorry, but I have to go. Good-bye!" said Jamie, and he was left to his own reflections.

(To be continued.)

The Docks of Liverpool.

No description can convey an adequate impression of the vastness of the Liverpool docks, of their cyclopean architecture, of their gigantic trade. Liverpool, as a city, has claims to admiration—claims that are seldom duly honored by the multitudes who hasten through it on their way into or out of England. Still there are other cities more beautiful, more imposing. It is the labor of Ald. Philip Rathbone's life to make the son of the man who laid the foundation-stone of Elme's magnificent St. George's hall, may do much in Liverpool. The time has not yet come, however, when Liverpool requires a Ruskin. But if parameters may be forgiven for ignoring the city or the 'good old town,' as it is used to be affectionally styled—may be to be pitied if they do not make full use of the opportunity of seeing and studying the most splendid dock system in the world. In the olden world the marvels of construction were the palace, the temple, amphitheater, the wonders to-day is making, to leave for the admiration of the touring New Zealand, are bridges, viaducts, canals, docks. It is the era of commerce. When it is over, when mankind evolves to a state of scientifically ordered perfection and industry, when invention and enterprise rank as capital crimes against the felicities of existence, then will our distant and degenerate posterity gaze on the mighty ruins of the Liverpool docks with a reverence akin to that with which we gaze at Baalbek, the colosseum, the Athenian Acropolis, the Pyramids. In all, the locks, docks and basins have a quay space of near 26 miles, in addition to which Birkenhead boasts nine miles more, making a grand total of 35 miles; besides which there are graving docks with a gross floor length of 14,919 feet.—Pall Mall G. zette.

THE VERY BEST.

IS NONE TOO GOOD.

YOUR SPRING MEDICINE SHOULD BE HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

Having it, You Have the Best.

If you are suffering from the after effects of a gripe, if you are troubled with indigestion, or a victim of dyspepsia; if you feel worn and weary, and generally run down after the crisis of the winter, or from the effects of advancing years, or from any other cause, you need a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. You need it now. Such a course is not expensive, and it works wonders. This is not a mere assertion, but a true statement borne out in the experience of thousands of Canadians.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers, at 50 cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicines Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B.

A Pigeon that Kills Chickens.

N. D. Elting of Ohio, tells a curious story about a pigeon that has the instincts of the butcher bird. One of his friends living in Fronton, O., owns a large male pigeon which takes delight in killing chickens. The friend found chickens two or three weeks old dead on the ground with their necks broken, but couldn't account for it, till one day he saw the pigeon alight near a chicken, and pointing on it break its neck. The pigeon flew away without being its victim. Why this was done, if it was not for fun, is not known.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

Along the white road amid the vast stillness of the winter night, there was a gleaming, like the dust of diamonds, whose particles sparkled into minute flames when the moonlight glanced athwart the snow, which seemed to sing beneath the tread of two passers by, so crisp and frosty it was.

"Christie, oh little Christie! dost thou feel how my love binds me fast to thee?" murmured a youth's voice, and handsome Jean took the hand of the maiden, whose red lips quivered as if in response to the gleaming of her beautiful eyes.

With her slender fingers smoothing down a lock of fair hair that was in danger of straying into her eyes, the girl spoke as follows: "I think Rose will be at the reveillon (midnight feast), so let us hurry on. Dost thou know her lover has given her a gold cross setting? Last month my grandfather gave me a gold cross, too, but it is so small a one! What will he give me, I wonder, for a New Year's gift?"

Poor, handsome Jean pressed her hand, and sweetly, softly, bent down and imprinted a burning kiss upon it. But pretty Christie seemed not to notice what he had done, and sighingly continued: "Many, many jewels have great ladies. Is it not a fine thing, Jean, to be a great lady, with jewels and gold—to be rich and beautiful?"

The poor fellow gazed with gloomy, yet yearning, love-gleaming glances upon her; for his love for her was no less timid than deep, no less helpless than ardent, and impressed upon him a look of wild sorrow. It riches had only been his, how he would have lavished them on the girl beside him! A few o'clock struck in some distant church tower, and the first clang of bell trembled athwart the clear out of door shadowiness. Christie, listening, turned toward her companion, and with wistful eyes, whispered: "If we could only believe the old folks, Jean?"

"What dost thou mean, pretty Christie?"

"Dost thou not remember, Jean, the legend of the Breche yonder?" and she pointed through the window to a lofty crag, coldly shining above the forest, "the legend of the rock that every Christmas eve is cleft asunder, and remains thus apart while midnight comes on its tower, the bright legend of yonder rock and its hidden treasure? Surely, Jean, thou canst not fail to remember? What if we venture up there; what if it all should be true, Jean?"

Incredulity was in her voice and eyes, yet she smiled so longingly that the youth said: "Let us discover if it be true."

So, taking leave of the kind people assembled for the reveillon, they set forth once more, gaining faith with every forward step that led them toward the crag, as they both silently recalled the ancient story which had come from sire to son for ages, of a castle that once reared upon that height its gloomy, terror inspiring battlements, and bade defiance to all the peaceful countryside, until one night, along with its sacrilegious lord and his accursed wealth, it was on a sudden swept away, and its ruins were the mountain, which the wrath of God cleft asunder, leaving the hideous gap that frowned from afar upon the forest and the fair plain blooming beneath it. Many a witness there had been, so said the old folk, of the prodigies occurring at the Breche castle, and in the morning, when the Christian world celebrates the birth of the Redeemer, and miracles are permitted to astonish and awe mankind. Had the great rock not been seen to open, as a door turns upon its hinges, letting one gaze into dark passages that suddenly shone with the brilliant splendor of the long-lost treasure, whose labulous masses of flashing gold and scintillating heaps of precious stones—the harvest of woe and bloodshed—were for an instant revealed, to be as swiftly sealed fast within the mountain again until another twelve months had fled into the past?

At length Christie broke the silence by murmuring: "Oh, Jean, if it really be true, shall we not, while the hour is striking, shall we not stoop down and lean forward and pick up a ring or necklace? Say, Jean, shall we not? We'll be so quick—a ring, a necklace, a string of pearls—a diamond brooch! Only just to think of it, Jean!"

"Thou wilt try for me, wilt thou not, dear Jean?" she urged, again appealing to her lover.

"Yes," he answered, with burning eyes and firmly compressed lips, "yes, my dear Christie, I will try. Come, let us walk faster! He looks at me strangely!"

She looked at him adoringly: "Oh, Jean, how kind thou art!" she murmured, and was about to proffer her lips for a kiss; but there came such a sadness into Jean's eyes that she felt a vague shame steal upon her, and hinder her from doing more than to give him her hand.

Turning aside from the road, they plunged into the snow beneath the ancient spruce trees. Immense masses of ice groined and seemed ready to split beneath their footsteps as they crossed fissures of unknown depth; often they would slip and come near sliding down some precipitous slope. Jean even had to carry

Christie in places, a task anything but disagreeable. If each danger had not constantly threatened, she fretted lest they should arrive before the hour of midnight, and thus be too late for the acquisition of any of the beautiful, fabulous things locked up within the mountain. Lightly he strode along, sturdy, yet gentle, bearing the maid in his strong young arms, as though she had been a mere babe; now and then he pressed her to his breast to reassure her, and felt her beautiful silky hair ruffle under his rapid breathing; and finally—though she did not know it—he touched his lips again and again to its snowy strands. But for the peril, he was happy, oh, so happy! ready to climb to the top of earth's loftiest peak with a song in his heart!

But the sky grew cloudy, veiling the moon and stars; while like petals detached from the flowers in some enchanted, few snowflakes fell slowly through the seeming stillness air. The huge Breche loomed threatening above the spruce forest, and far, far below the valley lay dimly white, like the ghost of a landscape. Jean, setting his precious burden down, pointed to a spot where the rock appeared beneath a layer of ice, and simply said: "It is here."

Then they both sat down upon a stone to await the mysterious scene at the midnight stroke. Shivering with cold, and a little frightened, Christie drew near to Jean, ever keeping her eyes fixed on the black snow in a dark, hollow, where with clasped her hand, and endeavored to let her faintly throbbing strong and willing he was to protect her. He did not watch the ice upon the rock; his eyes were turned skyward to gaze on the moon, while resuming from a cloud, appeared reddish, as in an arctic, and the white stars also came fresh into view, as if to kiss her brow; but Christie drew back, as if to her.

"Stop!" she cried, warningly, when the woodland grew sparse, a red, flickering light invited them to enter the house.

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plunged down again into the inexhaustible treasures. He catches a ring, and holds it high, like a symbol of victory, flings it with its gold-encircled, great, blood-red Oriental ruby towards the girl, whose hand makes a movement to catch it. Suddenly the twelfth stroke echoes through the wind street air. Quick! quick! Oh, Jean, ere it be too late. But the last vibration has ceased.

Noislessly, even as it unclosed, does the rock abut to once more, and the snow begins to fall fast, its great white flakes dancing impishly round the maiden kneeling all alone with her eyes still fixed upon the glorious ruby, not yet realizing the horror of her situation, not yet awakened to the thought of the brave, loyal lover, self-sacrificed to satisfy her thirst for wealth.—Short Stories.

MEN AS CUSTOMERS.

They Take What Is Given to Them and Then Go Away.

The saleswoman, whose duty it is to wait upon the gentleman customer, not being thus engaged, had gone to serve a lady, who proved to be an extremely hard customer to suit, calling for six styles after another. The clerk was becoming discouraged at a beginning to feel as if she didn't care whether or not a sale was made. At this point another saleswoman said to her: "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started toward the counter where gentlemen's gloves were sold.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she asked of the man who was waiting.

"I want a medium shade of brown, with white stitching on the back and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleswoman placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair he exclaimed: "Just what I want!" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly, and having paid for his purchase he left the store.

Now, what sort of gloves does the reader think this gentleman purchased? They were of a dark shade of brown, not medium; they were a narrow stitch on the back; and wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question. Why do ladies like to wait on men better than their own sex—because they are so easily pleased or because they do not really know what they want?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HUMPHREYS'

Who continue to suffer under old-school treatment, when you can be made well and strong by Homeopathy.

Did you ever try Humphreys' Specifics? If not, there is hope for you—health for you, almost tapping at your door; step into the nearest drug store and ask for the Specifics you need, get well and strong for a quarter. It is a small investment but means much to you.

A cure for Colds, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Whooping Cough, Skin Diseases, Bowel Complaint, Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, or anything you require described in Dr. Humphreys' Manual, free at your druggist, or mailed on request.

We have a large sheet of Unsolicited Testimonials just teeming with good things that you want to know.

Small bottles of pleasant pills at the best receipt: Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of 25 cents. Humphreys' Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

BORN.

- Digby, April 18, to the wife of C. W. Muise, a son.
- Hallifax, April 22, to the wife of W. T. Short a son.
- Digby, April 12, to the wife of Fred Rice, a daughter.
- Abdala, Mar. 30, to the wife of Herbert Parker, a son.
- Brighton, Mar. 31, to the wife of David Shibley, a son.
- Abdala, Mar. 10, to the wife of Herbert Parker, a son.
- Digby, April 22, to the wife of Eder Turnbull, a son.
- Lakeland, April 16, to the wife of Owen Duffy, a son.
- Milltown, April 10, to the wife of George O. Dexter a son.
- Shubenside, April 16, to the wife of Robert Adams a son.
- Hallifax, April 16, to the wife of Professor Augustus a son.
- Weymouth, April 15, to the wife of Ellis Bartlett, a son.
- Sydney, April 2, to the wife of James H. Howard a son.
- Arrompou, April 7, to the wife of James Welch a daughter.
- Hectanooga, April 9, to the wife of N. Goudey a daughter.
- Hallifax, April 19, to the wife of Clifford J. Kerr, a daughter.
- Hallifax, April 21, to the wife of W. R. McCurdy, a daughter.
- Bedford, April 22, to the wife of W. H. Clarke, a daughter.
- Truro, April 14, to the wife of John Kelly, I. C. B. a daughter.
- Falmouth, April 4, to the wife of Malcolm Morrison, a daughter.
- Shelburne, April 19, to the wife of John Franklin, a daughter.
- Weymouth Bridge, April 15, to the wife of Ellis Bartlett a son.
- Shelburne, April 11, to the wife of Rev. James Lundsen, a son.
- Hallifax, April 21, to the wife of Sergeant-Major Grimshaw, a son.
- Partridge Island, Mar. 17, to the wife of Clifford Gilbert a daughter.
- Point de Bute, April 14, to the wife of George C. Townsend, a son.
- Malvern, N. B., April 18, to the wife of J. Frederick McNeil a daughter.
- North River, Co. Co., April 17, to the wife of George E. Dickson, a son.

MARRIED.

- Malton, April 10, J. C. Jack, Nelson Dalrymple to Emily Dow.
- Sackville, April 15, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Gilbert Hicks to Laura Hicks.
- Hallifax, April 16, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Edwin House to Madeline Hicks.
- Quoddy, April 14, by Rev. M. Harvey, Charles B. Miller to Edith Hubley.
- Malvern, April 15, by Rev. L. L. Tingley, Joseph Aylesford to Agnes Gesty.
- Aylesford, April 15, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Arthur Reid to Elsie Bridgman.
- Hallifax, April 15, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William H. McKay to Susan Dwyer.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS

St. John, April 22, by Rev. Mr. Dewdney, Samuel T. Seeds to Lizzie Bliss, by G. A. Gibson, Harry Whitehouse to Lizzie Withrow.

Upper Blackville, April 8, by Rev. M. P. Klig, John Arbo to Bertha Arbo.

Malton, April 15, by Rev. J. C. Quinn, James B. Echou to Ardis E. Forbes.

Weymouth, April 8, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, John Barr to Annie McCormack.

Hopewell, April 22, by Rev. William Nichol, Alfred P. McLeod to Sina McDonald.

Annapolis, April 15, by Rev. J. Strothard, G. C. Danks to Zolpha M. Dexter.

Parsons, April 22, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Frederic Ick M. Munro to Ines Killam.

Lunenburg, April 10, by Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Allen Deane to Emma Waters.

Smith Cove, N. S., April 22, by Rev. W. L. Parker George Balser to Kestab Cosset.

Wood point, April 9, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Joseph E. Rockwell to Millie L. Snowdon.

Nine Mile River, April 8, by Rev. J. Layton, William Weatherhead to Emily McPhee.

Knobsylvania, N. B., April 8, by G. A. Gibson, Harry Whitehouse to Lizzie Withrow.

Dartmouth, April 21, by Rev. Father Underwood, Joseph S. Martin to Elizabeth Hanson.

Guyville, April 19, by Rev. J. W. Gardiner, Frederick A. Henderson to Jane E. Gillis.

San Francisco, April 9, by Rev. M. M. Gibson, Wilbert A. Shaw to Ida Nickerson of N. S.

Albion Mines, April 5, by Rev. A. Campbell, Alexander W. Munro to Margaret J. Cumming.

Millville, Mass., April 14, by Rev. B. McLellan, Edw. J. Danks to Yalena L. Johnson of N. S.

Springfield, N. B., April 23, by Rev. D. B. Bayley, George Morley Hayes to Bertha A. Marvin.

Calgary, N. W. T., April 15, by the Bishop of Calgary, M. Weatherhead to Miss K. Hole.

St. Paul, Pictou Co., April 11, by Rev. W. P. Archibald, Kenneth McDonald to Minnie Cameron.

Blechnoch, Mass., April 15, by Rev. Mr. Wood, Lyman J. Robbins of N. S. to Maud Dempster.

Hallifax, April 16, by Rev. J. E. Goucher and J. W. Manning, Nelson B. Smith to Jean B. Dunsmuir.

Hallifax, April 15, by Rev. J. E. Goucher and J. W. Manning, Ralph A. Butler to Gertrude Blanche Blackader.

DIED.

- Milton, April 13, William Watt, 77.
- Ohio, April 19, Benjamin Pitman, 73.
- Westport, April 12, Charles Lent, 21.
- Joliceur, April 16, Ralph Dobson, 50.
- Eastport, April 29, Alex Cameron, 57.
- Yarmouth, April 18, Clifford Britton, 44.
- Yarmouth, April 17, Thomas Sullivan, 62.
- Meteghan, April 17, Mark B. LeBlanc, 77.
- St. Stephen, April 17, May R. Webber, 33.
- Lynnfield, April 20, James A. Johnson, 50.
- Southside, April 15, Elizabeth McCoy, 55.
- Fort-Sauvage, April 11, David Crowe, 75.
- Little River, N. S., April 16, Peter Frost, 66.
- Bridgetown, April 18, Mrs. Nancy Rice, 81.
- Coxsack, C. B., April 1, Nell McFarlane, 85.
- Upper Caledonia, April 15, John L. Hattie, 60.
- St. Joseph, C. B., Mrs. Murdoch Matheson, 80.
- Belfast, N. S., April 17, John Meserones, 91.
- Douglas town, April 12, Margaret Stephens, 70.
- Tower Hill, April 18, Mrs. Nellie Davidson, 90.
- Chatham Head, April 18, Mrs. Alex Henderson, 74.
- St. Paul, N. S., April 14, William Hemson, 74.
- Hallifax, April 20, Julia, wife of Peter C. Fleming.
- Hallifax, April 21, Honor, wife of Patrick Joyce, 61.
- Grand River, C. B., April 10, John Marchant, 68.
- Churchville, N. S., April 14, Daniel McDonald, 85.
- Lower Hillboro, April 15, Mrs. John C. Steeves, 60.
- East Dover, April 3, Ellen, wife of Robert Connors, 44.
- Caledonia, April 10, Irvin, son of William Smith, 27.
- Blue Mountain, Pictou, April 10, Robert Chisholm, 63.
- Blue Mountain, Pictou Co., April 5, Peter Campbell, 85.
- Truro, April 19, S. Rebecca, widow of Isaac Archibald, 85.
- Hallifax April 20, Charles Robinson of Malden Eng., 55.
- Greenfield, April 12, Lydia, daughter of Samuel McLean.
- Lynnfield, April 7, Albert Splansy formerly of N. S., 55.
- Truro, April 18, Margaret, widow of Thomas Dunsley, 70.
- New Glasgow, April 17, Christine, wife of W. G. Matheson.
- St. John, April 25, Mary Ann, wife of Thomas Glassey, 75.
- Ellersboro, April 16, Rebecca, widow of John Glassey, 75.
- Newcastle, April 7, Mary A. wife of Andrew Williamson, 52.
- Meteghan, April 19, Moses Comesa, son of Joseph Comesa, 25.
- Amherst, April 19, Nellie F., daughter of John J. McDonald, 8.
- Pomeroy Ridge, April 1, Agnes Barry, widow of Luther Dunsley, 71.
- Lockport, April 17, James Barry, widow of John Fox M. D., 81.
- Milton, April 18, Rudolph, child of Rudolph and Mary A. Fox, 2.
- Nictaux Falls, April 16, Mrs. Parker, widow of John Parker, 71.
- Baddeck, C. B., April 19, Mrs. Dunlop, widow of David Dunlop, 71.
- Boston, April 18, Frances A., daughter of the late Capt. Samuel Perry.
- Jordan Falls, N. S., April 14, Hedley Barclay, son of John Barclay, 25.
- Lawrencetown, April 17, Mary Ann, widow of George Hawkins, 74.
- Hallifax, April 16, Mrs. Mary Ann Coolan, widow of Henry Coolan, 74.
- Boston, April 9, Annie G., wife of Thomas E. Turner, 61 of New Glasgow 45.
- Darling Lake, N. B., April 22, Ivan C., son of James C. and Sophronia Bent, 3.
- Hallifax, April 22, Mary G., daughter of William and Charlotte Johnson, 18.
- Salem, Mass., April 22, Jane, widow of Mr. Fred Smith formerly of St. John.
- Wolville, April 10, Florence, child of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Duncanson, 5 months.
- East Boston, April 16, Mary L. Campbell, widow of Gustave N. Campbell, 71.
- Hallifax, April 20, Emily Burgess, daughter of Thomas and Mary Burgess, 6.
- Truro, April 19, J. Fletcher Stevenson, son of the late Hon. B. Stevenson, 37.
- Delance Cove, N. B., April 5, Lee, child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Woodworth, 6.
- California, April 8, Newman L., son of Moses F. and Agnes Parks, 29 months.
- Hallifax, April 20, Robert Cecil, infant son of Charles C. and Doris Rhodes, 6 months.
- Salem, April 24, W. Baxter, only son of Capt. W. C. and Maggie Baxter of N. S., 23.
- San Fernando, Cal., April 20, Arthur E. Anderson, son of G. M. Anderson of Hingham, 25.
- Rosary, Digby Co., April 14, Stanley, adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Anna Eltridge, 11 months.
- Hallifax, April 22, Daniel Chidreids, 64.
- Parsons Cove, April 17, Aggie, 17 and on April 27, George, 16 months, children of Norman and Mary Rice.
- New York, April 19, George S. Johnson, M. D., son of the late Rev. S. Johnson of Chipman, N. B., 54.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1895 the rates of this Railway will be as follows, excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fredericton, Fictou and Halifax.....	7.00
Express for Halifax.....	12.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	11.25
Express for Sussex.....	16.00

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Montreal at 15.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....	8.50
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	10.00
Express from Halifax (Monday).....	10.00
Express from Halifax, Fictou and Camp.....	12.50
Accommodation from Montreal.....	57.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are run by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER,
General Manager,
Moncton, N. B., 4th September, 1895.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers
—TO THE—
Pacific Coast

Tourist Sleepers for Passengers holding second class Tickets to Pacific Coast points will leave Montreal for Seattle, West Coast every Tuesday 9.50 a.m. the additional charge per berth is

\$8.00.

For tickets and accommodations in car apply to nearest R.V. Ticket Agent.

D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'g' Agent,
A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass'g' Agent,
Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

On and after Monday, March 24, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STEAMSHIP PRINCE Rupert.
Daily Service.

Live St. John 8.30 a.m.; arrive Digby 11.15 a.m.; Digby 1.00 p.m.; arr. St. John 3.45 p.m.

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 9.30 a.m.; Digby 12.30 p.m. arrive at Halifax 7.00 p.m.

Leave Halifax 4.45 a.m. arrive Digby 12.45 a.m.; Yarmouth 3.00 p.m.

Leave Kentville, 5.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 p.m.

Leave Halifax 3.15 p.m.; arrive Kentville 6.00 p.m.

Shifts per car run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 p.m.

Leave Halifax 6.00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 8.30 p.m.

Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 6.00 p.m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6.45 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a.m.

Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a.m.; arriving Digby 9.30 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a.m.

Leave Digby daily 3.30 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 6.40 p.m.

For ticket time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114 Prince William street, St. John; 128 Hollis street, Halifax; 22 Wellington street, Boston. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'g'r. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

2 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7 a.m.

Returning will leave Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 5 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

C. E. LACHLER, Agent.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

To Welford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Hoyt, Petticoat, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 1 lb. and under.....	15
Over 1 lb. and under.....	20
Over 5 to 10 lbs.....	25
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	30
Over 15 to 20 lbs.....	35
Over 20 to 25 lbs.....	40
Over 25 to 30 lbs.....	45
Over 30 to 35 lbs.....	50
Over 35 to 40 lbs.....	55
Over 40 to 45 lbs.....	60
Over 45 to 50 lbs.....	65
Over 50 to 55 lbs.....	70
Over 55 to 60 lbs.....	75
Over 60 to 65 lbs.....	80
Over 65 to 70 lbs.....	85
Over 70 to 75 lbs.....	90
Over 75 to 80 lbs.....	95
Over 80 to 85 lbs.....	100
Over 85 to 90 lbs.....	105
Over 90 to 95 lbs.....	110
Over 95 to 100 lbs.....	115

At Prince Wm., N. B. Agents.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Established 1750.

PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children.

Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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