



His babyship will be wonderfully freshened up... Baby's Own Soap. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butoche Bar Oysters...

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

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

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

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

Duvis de Chayannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, J. C. PELKATTO, HENRY MORTIMER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

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

Of Special Interest to Daughter, Wife and Mother. Mrs. Richard's latest book entitled "Women in Health and Disease"...

IRELAND. MAY 2.—Master Beverly Crawford has been visiting his parents for a few days. Mrs. Thos. P. Her, Jr. has been visiting friends at Union Corner for a few days.

Latest styles of wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butoche Bar Oysters, At 19 and 23 King Square. D. TURNER.

Children Have Catarrh. As They Grow Older It Leads to Consumption and an Early Death—Many Saved by a Timely Use of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

For the beginning of consumption, which claims as its victims the young men and young women, we must go back to childhood when the careless boy or girl contracted a cold in the head...

When your heart and lungs are affected use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine 25 cents a bottle. Family size three times as much 60c.

has returned from an extended trip to Virginia, New York and Boston. Mr. J. T. Forbes leaves on the C. P. R. today for Bangor, Maine.

FRÉDÉRIC. [PROMISES] Is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and G. H. Edwards. May 3.—The marriage of Miss Maude Agnes Leigh eldest daughter of Mayor Beckwith to Mr. Francis Edwin Griffith of Cambridge, Mass., was solemnized in Christ Church on Monday afternoon, Rev. Canon Roberts officiating.

Among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Gibson, son and daughter, Mrs. Burdette, Mrs. Hazen, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Allen, Miss Hazen Allen, Miss Lillian Beckwith, Mrs. Chas. Beckwith, Miss Debbie, Miss Carma, Mr. Allen Wilcox, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. H. Symonds, Mr. Gregg, and Mr. Dunbar.

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you can with the bare hands. My brake stick rolled after it dropped from my hand and landed on the track below. That rattled me pretty well because it was a wet night and the brake wheels were slippery and I couldn't expect to set the brakes up very tight without the aid of a stick.

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Wedding Cards and Invitations. Invitations and Announcements in all styles and quantities are promptly furnished by us at short notice. We are also making a specialty of Visiting Cards, and any one wanting anything in these lines should try us. Get Our Prices. To those wishing any work in the line of Job Printing we would say that it will pay them to consult us before placing their next order. Write or call upon us and we will be pleased to furnish quotations. Job Printing Department. Progress 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

THINGS OF VALUE. The man who really loves a maid— I know not why or how, do you?— Can find at least ten thousand ways Of voicing this thought: "I love you."

United States alone is in the neighborhood of 19 tons, representing money \$41,647. The 'rhea,' or South American ostrich, differs from the African bird in having its head and neck completely feathered, in being tailless and having three toes instead of two.

When all is ready, the Indians mount their horses and approach the game in a large semicircle, riding against the wind, for the ostrich is keen of scent and once he suspects the presence of a man is off like lightning.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Inflammation Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackers commercial traveller, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism and three bottles cured a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since."

LADY'S BICYCLE for \$22—An almost brand new lady's Dominion Bicycle, of the famous Waltham Valve Co. make, ridden only a half dozen times. Of the 1899 pattern and fitted with Dunlop tires. Not damaged in the least. The wheel cost \$40 cash. A bargain for somebody. Communicate with "Dominion," care of Progress office.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Itch, Eczema, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/2d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F.C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester. 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 a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1900.

JOCKEY STOPPED FOR HIS CAP.

A Bottled Up Good Thing Spoiled by a Fall at the Gloucester Track.

When McIntyre, the jockey, was riding Meehans, the beef and beans horse, to victory at the Aqueduct track on Wednesday last, his cap blew off in the stretch. The boy didn't pay any attention to the loss of his cap, not even involuntarily looking around after it, as some boys might have done, but kept to his work and brought the equine idol of Park row under the wire a handy winner.

'A little thing like that cost me \$2,000 of my good coin and \$20,000 winnings once,' said an old time turf follower as the bare-headed jockey dismounted and weighed in. 'I haven't got over feeling sore about it yet and every time I see a boy's top covering blow off in a race it makes me mad all over to remember how I was dumped, along with a lot of my friends, by such a pitiable little thing as the boy we engaged to ride the good thing losing his cap when the race was all but won.

It happened ten years ago at Duke Thompson's merry go-round at Gloucester, across the Delaware from Philadelphia. I had an old skate that I'd been saving up for a good thing for a long while, and when I got him so he could clip off three-quarters in 15 flat, easy, with a lubber of a stable-boy on him, I knew that he was cherry ripe, and was ready to cut it watermelon. When I'd let up on the old rogue the year before and turned him out, he hadn't shown anything whatever for months, nor contributed a nickel toward paying his feed bill. His dicky legs had been bothering him, and he couldn't get anywhere near the money. But I'd tinkered his leg into shape and I knew there was nothing at Gloucester that could make him meze at any distance from three-quarters to a mile when he was right. Well I got him right, as I say, waited for the opportunity, and then shoved him into a six-furlong sprint, along with a dozen or so other horses that were seasoned by constant running at Gloucester. Some of them were pretty good, too, as Gloucester horses went, but I knew that my old nag could win winking, and I passed the word around quietly among my friends that there'd be something doing when the horse went to the post the first time. I'd never given them any phony goods in connection with the way the horses in my string stood, if I was out for the money, I told them; and if there was to be nothing doing, I told them; so that when I sent out the right word about this old sprinter, they all made the nig to get on.

'I figured that my horse would be among the rank outsiders in the betting, 50 to 1, or something like that; but it leaked out somehow or another that the old plug was pretty nifty, and the books were leery of him. The best they offered was 10 to 1, and my \$2,000 swamped 'em so that most of my friends had to take 5 to 1 or less for theirs. I'd engaged a practically unknown lad to ride the horse in order to get a price but the bookies saw through that, too, and as I say, there was nothing near like the figure against him that there should have been on his running when he was last out. But when I was down with my \$2,000 and stood to win \$2,000, I didn't have any kick coming. It looked just like sticking up a Wells Fargo agent for \$20,000, and I told my friends so, and they dug some more, and when the old horse went to the post he was at 8 to 1, and most of the books stood to take vacations or go right out of business for good.

'The old skate was a quick breaker, and he hopped right out in front at the fall of the flag, as I knew he would, and started to spread-eagle 'em. There was simply nothing to it. Rounding the back stretch the old horse was ten lengths to the good, and only cantering, and he increased his lead with every jump. Well, he may have had a little jab from the hyperdermic needle before he went to the post, but I'm not going to say that right out loud. Any way, he was just buck jumping down the stretch, and my friends in the stand that I'd put wise to the good thing were preparing to grab me and carry me on their shoulders to the place where the magnums were opened, when they all gave a gasp at once. The cap of the idiotic boy on the old nag had blown off, and it that pollywog-brained, muton-headed, no-account imbecile of a boy didn't pull the horse up when he was twelve lengths to the good and winning on the bit, to look around for his cap, then I'll eat every dang'd hat on

The Year's Civic Programme.

Mayor Daniel's programme as outlined in his inaugural is not elaborate, still there are some things in it that will appeal to the people. He touches upon a number of subjects that have been discussed before and it is to be hoped that he will persuade the council to take some action in reference to them. Here is a part of his address:

Owing to the hilly and rocky character of your city, it is extremely difficult and expensive to keep our streets in good order and condition. I am aware that during the last few years there has been some improvements in the condition of our thoroughfares, but at the same time the demand for still greater excellence becomes daily louder, and I feel assured that our citizens will approve of any reasonable measure taken to attain this object. The Good Roads Association is entitled to our thanks for having a scientific test made of the stone in this city and vicinity, showing which is the most lasting and economical for street purposes, and in moulding opinion in favor of good streets. I think that when new work is undertaken or repairs of so extensive a character as to be practically new work, the city engineer should make the plan, and the work be carried on according to such plan. I leave to your consideration whether it would not be better to formulate a general plan of street building for the whole city whereby a certain amount of new and permanent work should be accomplished each year, and in this way our city gradually become provided with good streets, and thus not only enhance the comfort of the inhabitants, but also be an attraction for the summer time. All wide awake cities and places in Canada and the United States which offer attractions to summer tourists are alive to the great benefit which accrues from their presence and recognize that summer travel is an important source of revenue which should be carefully and intelligently promoted.

As the contracts for lighting the streets will end in July, 1901, it is important that the resolution of the council ordering the board of safety to prepare specifications and call for tenders for lighting the streets

these grounds and yell for more hats! The boy yanked the old skate almost to a walk, and, of course the other boys saw what a puddin-head he was, and came right on. The kid tumbled to it that he was making a mistake only when three other horses of the bunch were on even terms with him, and then he started in to get the old nag a-going again. He did get him going again, but it was too late, and no use; my good thing was beaten by a tongue for third money, so that even the fellows who backed him all across the board were let down and out.

'I didn't kill the boy for sausage meat; but how I did think, and think and, think, and think!

The Process Complete.

Colonel Claybank, a fiery Southerner who went out of the Union when his state did, and fought bravely through the war, refused to be 'reconstructed' after the war was over.

'Once a Confederate always a Confederate,' he was wont to say, and although he recovered from the bitterness engendered in the four years of strife he regarded himself as an alien in the restored Union and refused to vote or to exercise any of the duties of a citizen.

When the war with Spain broke out, however, the old fire burned in his eye, and he offered no objection when his son, a stalwart specimen of young manhood, joined the national army and went to Cuba to fight.

One day, shortly after the battle of San Juan, the young man received a letter from him.

'Well,' he said, after reading it, 'father is back in the Union at last.'

'Does he say so?' he was asked.

'He might as well. He writes 'United States' now without putting the word 'United' in quotation marks.'

The son—Here are some college bills I haven't paid, governor.

The Father—But what have you done with that last check I sent you?

'Oh, that enabled me to leave the town.

on both sides of the harbor with electric light, on completion of present contract, be carried out at once, in order that we may have sufficient time to take such action as may appear best under the circumstances. Till that is done and we are in a position to know exactly what the cost will be under contract, I think it would be premature to discuss the subject of the city undertaking this service.

The new board of water and sewerage will have for its immediate and most careful consideration the important subject of increased water supply for the east side. From the emphatic manner in which this matter has been brought to the attention of the council of the fire underwriters, it is plain that most serious attention must be given it, but before any scheme of water extension is proposed it is necessary that accurate information should be obtained as to where the fault lies—whether in too small mains and distributing pipes, or in insufficient head at the origin of the system. One thing is certain if the water supply of the east side in its present condition is insufficient for domestic, manufacturing and fire protection purposes, this council will carry a very grave responsibility till it is remedied. I hope, therefore, that no time will be lost in ascertaining the cause, so that we may immediately apply the remedy.

The anomalies of our assessment law have, during the last few years, been crying very loudly for redress, and have engaged the attention of this council, as well as of many intelligent and disinterested citizens who are taking a special interest in the subject. The subject is beset with difficulties, not the least of which is the impossibility of enacting a law which will be perfectly fair and just to every individual, but I think we should be equal to the task of making an improvement on what we have now. In fact, it is only owing to the discretion of the assessors that the law has been in existence as long as it has. It is a fair subject for argument whether it is better to proceed by gradually amending our present law so that its most crying evils may be abolished—and I notice that you have been proceeding to some extent in this direction already—or to commence

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN INFANCY.

Hints for Those who Have the Care of Children.

During the first year of infancy the brain expands with mushroom-like velocity. This period of rapid growth is a practically quiescent one, so far as mental function is concerned.

The ideal care of infancy is very like that accorded to a thoroughbred colt or puppy. Systematic regularity rules the lives of these inferior beings in every detail of their management. The same systematic care is essential for securing to the child a stable and equable nervous organization. The infant's rest, sleep, food, exercise and bath should have at least as much care as is given to the same things in the case of the lower animals.

Freedom from excitement is a matter not sufficiently considered. To force a child into shrieks of laughter, for example, by grotesque sounds or sights, or by any means, while amusing to the unthinking looker-on, is detrimental to the best interests of the child. Placidity, although not so popular as liveliness in an infant is a more desirable quality.

The bath is at once a means of exercise, and a tonic to the nervous system. In ordinary health it should not be too warm. The movements of the arms and legs, and even the cry, during the bath, are exercise of value.

From the very first the child should be put to bed with the intention that it shall need no further attention until after awakening.

While rest and quiet are of great importance, the infant, during its waking hours, requires constant attention, although not of a nervous or violent sort. The evils of too much quiet are frequently seen in children's hospitals, where a child of inferior vigor lies quiet for hours at a time. The infant grows more and more languid and comes to exert itself less and less; the appetite diminishes until food is refused altogether. The child may now sink into a condition of serious ill health. In cases of this kind the child may be taken up and

with a clean sheet and prepare an entirely new act. The latter is the more radical method, and I believe would be the most satisfactory in the end. It means giving a great deal of time and study and work, almost more than you, with the very numerous and various duties of your office, can perhaps really give, but I am of opinion that you could settle on the main principles of a bill and employ some competent person or persons to work out the details. It could then be publicly and fully discussed, and, if approved, enacted into law. Whatever course you may adopt, I am sure you will not lose sight of the great importance of this subject to the general welfare of the community.

The condition of the harbor and its capacity for taking care of its present and constantly increasing business demands our immediate and careful consideration. The revenue during the last year amounted to \$40,231, an increase of between \$3,000 and \$4,000 over last year. I am informed by the harbor master that we have not sufficient wharf accommodation on the east side for our present business, and that even one more berth here would give much relief in this respect, and at the same time afford a handsome increase to our revenue. One of the difficulties we have to contend with in arranging for vessels is the fact that some of the wharves are owned by the city, some by private owners and some by the government. In former times when the carrying trade was done by sailing vessels, the largest of which could be accommodated at private wharves, this made no difference but since the evolution of the sailing ship into the steamer, with its great length and in many cases great draught of water, the private wharves have not sufficient frontage to take this business. As time goes on this evolution will be more and more complete, and there will be continually less work for the wharves with short frontage. These considerations point to the great desirability of a change in this respect, as it will be necessary, if we wish to increase our trade and even hold our own, to have one or more additional berths at our disposal on this side of the harbor, the revenue from which should be quite sufficient to make it a paying operation.

An American's Joy Abroad.

Mr. Julian Ralph, an American traveller and correspondent, has told, in a letter recently published, an incident, which will be pleasing to all Americans who like green corn—which, of course, means all Americans. Mr. Ralph, in the course of some years of travel, had never seen on the continent of Europe an ear of green corn.

One day, in a hotel in Paris, he met a porter carrying a basket of genuine American green corn.

'Green corn!' he shouted. 'Is it possible that this is what I see?'

'Yes, monsieur,' said Madame Brunel, the wife of the proprietor. 'It is veritably the green corn of America. We grow it on our farm. So many of our guests are Americans, and so fond are they of this peculiar food that we have seen it to be to our advantage to make for them this singular produce on our fields in the country.'

'I took Madame Brunel's hand,' says Mr. Ralph, 'and pressed it. I raised my hand as one does who bestows a benediction. "Heaven bless you, Madame," said I, with such evident sincerity that she could not take offence. "You are the most magnificent and most wonderful woman in France!"'

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

Tom—You saw the new play last night. Did you like it? Was it good?

Dick—I don't know, I haven't seen the criticisms in this morning's paper yet.

A STRANGE BULL-FIGHT.

A Case of Spanish Enter-tainment Upon the Journey Between Madrid and Lisbon.

When Stephenson said to the doubters who told him that a cow might get in front of his locomotive, 'So much the worse for the cow!' he perhaps did not realize that a cow on the track might make matters very much worse for travellers. Cows have wrecked more than one train.

And something more formidable than a cow was found on the track of the railway between Madrid and Lisbon one pleasant day in July, 1895. It was between the rural stations of Mirabel and O.navel, on the Spanish side of the boundary line between Spain and Portugal.

The train had just come out, on a sweeping curve, from the hills and down upon a little plain, when the engineer saw directly before him, a herd of bulls on the track. Bulls are an important agricultural commodity in Spain, and some of these were destined for the arena.

They seemed very little disposed to retire from the track. The engineer slowed down as much as he could, at the same time blowing his whistle. Upon this all the bulls fled except one—a great toro, quite fit for the arena. This one, with his horns lowered, and roaring as if in response to the shrieked defiance of the engine, made straight for the train.

It was too late to prevent a collision. Train and bull came together, 'head on.' It was indeed, 'so much the worse for the cow!' The bull was instantly killed, but the carcass lay so completely under the wheels of the locomotive that it was impossible for the train to proceed until the track had been cleared. To clear it was too great a task for the train hands. The conductor called the male passengers to his aid, and they crowded about the locomotive.

Meantime the great herd of bulls, scenting the blood of their mangled leader, flocked around, pawing and threatening. The nearer they came the more infuriated they grew; and finally they charged, pell-mell, like a whirlwind, on the little band of workers.

Then all the men abandoned their task, and took refuge in the cars. The bulls followed them to the very steps, bellowing and pawing. For a considerable time the strange spectacle was presented of a herd of bulls besieging a railroad train filled with passengers.

But there were some soldiers aboard, and these defenders of the peace soon organized a sortie. Finding a spot where the bulls were not in force, they picked up a quantity of stones and buried them willfully at the animals.

The bulls recoiled, charged again, recoiled once more; and for two hours the battle raged ceaselessly, victory now seeming to perch on one side, and now on the other. At last, as night came on, the bulls withdrew, and betook themselves to some distant shelter.

Then the employes and passengers were able to set at work again. The track was cleared, and the train proceeded on its way.

With The Eyes of Faith.

Some idea of amateur photography as it was in its early days may be gathered from an incident which the late Bishop Walsham How confided to his note book.

Before he became a bishop he used to call together the old men of the parish on New Year's day, and on one occasion he displayed to his guests a photograph of two old men who had long worked at the rectory. They were photographed in their working clothes, one with a spade and the other holding a little tree as if about to plant it.

A very deaf old man, Richard Jones took the photograph in his hands, and looking at it said:

'Beautiful! Beautiful!'

So the rector shouted, 'Who are they, Richard?'

'Why,' he said, 'it's Abraham offering up Isaac to be sacrificed!'

The rector tried to undeceive him, and as the old man who had been photographed were sitting opposite to him, he said: 'You'll see them before you if you look up.'

Richard smiled serenely, but all he said was, 'Yes, yes, I see 'em before me—by faith!'

Miss Daisy Fitter—I suppose we must stop playing golf on Sundays now that we have a clergyman in the club.

Dick Whittington—Oh, no; there is room for all.



SURPRISE

Canadian mechanics, for Canadians or the manufacturers of Bicycles our modern and well adjusted wheels unsurpassed Agents everywhere.

Motor Co., Ltd.

115-117 King St. W.

Investment in the Boers since October.

owns lies 224 miles north of Kimberley, and is garrisoned by about 2,000 men under Col. Baden-Powell. April 7 holding out. Its garrison on short but in good spirits. A force from the east, under Colonel Plumer, which were working his way down to the reef-making was driven back.

W. ROGERS

we guarantee them to be the best made, the kind that...

all dealers.

W. Rogers, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Matrimonially Inclined

just hint to your friends that if they must give silver-plated spoons, forks and knives, the best kind to buy are those marked

W. ROGERS

we guarantee them to be the best made, the kind that...

all dealers.

W. Rogers, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Wild Valtie's Elopement.

IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A group of young girls emerged from the ivied porch of St. Clement's and sauntered down the glistening, moonlit path of the ancient church-yard, talking vivaciously while the strains of the organ thrilled through the frosty night-dusk, and many voices continued to chant without assistance from the bright-eyed choristers now carefully quitting the sacred edifice.

"Has the queen of loadstars lost her potent charm that Basil Greame should find delight in giving the boys an extra turn, instead of allowing them to escort her homeward? Val, you have no power to conquer the knight of the rosemount!"

Wild Valtie turned with a flash in her roguish blue eyes, laughing in disdain. "The knight of the rosemount is not for me, Wilma," she declared. "He carries on his shield the formidable symbol of poverty. Love in a hut, with nothing to wear but cotton and wool, and pinching drudgery, would deteriorate and sicken me; I simply couldn't endure it. Exciting splendor, comfort, and dash for my portion when I marry, or I'll remain as I am!"

"I want to enjoy life—to see the world, and—here her blithe, clear voice dropped mysteriously as they crowded round her in thrilled fascination—I have such a strong impression that I'm fated to make an amazingly brilliant match!"

"It had better be a tolerably happy one," put in Lalla Lind, dryly. "You are dangerously fond of pleasure, Val, and—Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way."

"Oh, good Heavens!" groaned Valtie. "You ought to be missionary, Lal!" There was a ripple of mirth at this, and the "busy brown bee," as Lalla was usually designated, retorted with a little sting, and marched on in advance, just as a firm step came crunching over the sparkling snow, striding rapidly from the gate of the old church.

"Here comes Basil!" exclaimed Valtie, and there was a wicked look of elfish triumph on her face. "Do you dare me to pelt him with snow?"

A mischievous assent, followed by a hurried scramble and sudden retreat behind some glittering bushes, and Valtie, her hat pushed back, so that her clustering locks shone with silken sheen in the moonlight, stood waiting alone, her attitude expressive of coy and tender shyness.

Basil Greame felt his heart leap, then hammer with great throbs. A beautiful glamour, a sweet sorcery, seemed to have gathered round that bewitching figure.

Syren like, it drew him with a spell that was stronger than his stern will. He tried to moderate his pace, yet his feet crossed the space dividing them with swift eagerness, and, halting beside her, he said—

"Did you wait for me? She demurely tilted up her face. "Yes, Basil; I positively did—to give you this!"

A snowball went whirling from her treacherous little hand, and tingled icily against his throat, lodging in fragments above his collar.

He heard curious, half-suffocated sounds—sounds suspiciously like those of smothered laughter, and he instantly took his revenge.

He caught her in a masterful clasp, and kissed her. Gasping, in her offended astonishment, her cheeks bathed in vivid scarlet, she passionately articulated—

"You wretch! How hatefully, so odiously mean! You have known me so many years, Basil, and this—is this the way you treat me?"

"You shouldn't play with fire!" he told her, calmly, as he released her. "Now your friends can join in your sport—under the same conditions."

up my mind to marry someone who will lift me above my present surroundings—someone with whom I can share in a very different circle to this of slow, dull Brookvale. I want to have a glorious existence of change and gaiety, and something convinces me that I shall attain my ambition."

He shrank from her words as though lacerated by them, and she began to walk restlessly, a look of strange feverishness coming into her eyes as they neared a large, well-lighted mansion.

"They were about to pass the massively porticoed entrance, when the door opened and a dark, distinguished-looking man came down the wide flight of steps.

Valtie's pulse was in a tremor. She kept beside Basil, assailed by a burning wish that he would leave her, and when they reached her home, she did not ask him to enter.

"Heaven guard you, dear," he said, in a troubled, shaken way, as he held out his hand. "Good night, and forgive me."

Not waiting for her to respond, he went away, and she glided back to the road to meet the distinguished-looking pedestrian.

There was a jealous gleam in his southern eyes, and he caught her hand, asking— "Are you prepared to say 'good-bye' to me, Valtie? I leave Basil Hurst to night."

A chill shivered through her slight frame. She looked up into the splendidly handsome visage bent above her, with a sharp agony of disappointment, and he saw her face pale to the whiteness of the untrod snow.

"You cannot say it," he averred. "I shall not go without you, Valtie; you will be my wife!"

She gazed at him in dazed stupefaction, thought of his title and the grandeur of the splendid future awaiting her as Countess Lodi.

Her singular disposition was stirred to ecstasy when she contemplated the rose strewn path of perpetual bliss to which the Italian would lead, and the union which picture he drew made her so bewitching with tremendous rapture, that she could only listen in dazzled silence to his plans.

"There is a conveyance waiting for me at the Grey Eagle," he invidiously explained. "Have you the courage to join your fate with mine? Will you come now—this instant?"

"Have I the courage? Valtie repeated, quivering emotion in her voice. "Yes; take me! I love you—trust you, and could never be happy agate at Brookvale were you to leave me."

Alas! in her innocent recklessness, she little knew to what a horrible destiny she was blindly binding herself.

CHAPTER II.

The fatal step had been taken. Valtie, by the side of her affianced husband of whom she knew really nothing, was being whirled through the stillness of the night to a place called Blackwood.

"We can be married to the Grange by special license," Count Lodi told her, "and my sister in law shall take you under her wing. After our wedding we go to Paris."

She was delighted at the prospect of visiting that gay city, and, in her rapt, enchanted state of mind, was untroubled by the faintest misgiving.

The horses clattered over lonely country roads, past a snow mantled landscape that presently became gaunt and ragged.

On one side the sea dashed upon a swampy strand.

From the opposite window Valtie could see the massed timber of a dense wood, and into this the carriage suddenly plunged.

Then, a little startled, she realized that the Grange was in the midst of this dark thicket, and exclaimed— "What a gloomy place! I shall not like staying here at all, Marc."

"And I have no intention of hiding my pretty wife in the maze of the wood," he assured her. "In a few days we shall have started on our way to the Continent."

The horses drew up at the entrance to a barn like looking building, and Valtie saw a great door open, and the form of a woman emerge from the dim obscurity of an ill-lighted hall.

"She flung back her head with a defiant 'No!' adding: 'You are beside me, Marc.' His dark eyes glowed, and he led her up the steps, saying to the woman who waited to welcome them—

"This is my bride-elect, Pauline." Again a strange dread overwhelmed Valtie; but, with a forced little smile on her lips, she glanced up into the glistening eyes fixed upon her, and fancied that she read something menacing in them.

"You should have prepared me for this surprise," was the haughty comment. "I only expected you, Count, and—"

The woman paused, with a stony inscrutability of expression on her hard, severely classical face; and Valtie had difficulty in repressing a shudder.

"Ciro can arrange all that is necessary," the count said, somewhat curtly, as he led the way into one of the lower apartments. "I did not wish to disturb you, Pauline. Valtie can have the north room."

"I think not," his sister-in-law quietly contradicted. "You have forgotten your guest now occupying that apartment. He will be gone to-morrow, however."

Count Lodi looked annoyed, exclaiming as he drew a chair near the blazing fire for Valtie— "Not gone yet?"

"Not yet," was the slow response, and the harsh note in the low voice jarred on Valtie—a flood of icy apprehension welled to her heart.

She sank tremblingly into the seat placed ready for her, and she was under this unfamiliar roof, a terrible misgiving was growing when they reached her home, she did not ask him to enter.

"Heaven guard you, dear," he said, in a troubled, shaken way, as he held out his hand. "Good night, and forgive me."

Not waiting for her to respond, he went away, and she glided back to the road to meet the distinguished-looking pedestrian.

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Valtie broke from her dumb panic with a stifled scream. Then, in a curiously foreboding flash of remembrance, she realized that it was St. Valentine's morning—her birthday.

CHAPTER III.

How she managed to dress, she never knew. She avoided the window in shuddering loathing, and, with shaking hands, dragged on her garments, then rushed down the dim staircase as though possessed.

Someone else had risen early, and, with noiseless tread, suddenly appeared before her, making a low bow.

A short, swarthy-faced man, from whose glittering, crafty eyes the frightened girl instinctively shrank.

"You will wish to have the warmth from the fire, excellency?" he said, and he threw open the door of the room she would have passed.

Daylight had barely chased the night's gloom from the sky; but, as she perceived with mingled wonder and relief, Count Lodi was already up.

He started when, pale and agitated she sprang towards him.

"Oh, Marc! Do you know what has happened? There is a man lashed to one of the trees in the wood, and I am afraid that he is dead!"

He put his arm round her, and felt her shiver in his clasp.

His face clouded.

But he merely said, with grave decision— "Nonsense, Valtie! You ought to have remained in your room to rest."

What do you mean by disturbing people before you have had time to shake off your dreams?"

"Don't jest, Marc; it is there," she persisted. He almost lifted her to the window.

"Where?" he questioned. She compelled herself to look once more at the scene from which she had recoiled in fearless repugnance.

The awful form was no longer there! "You were mistaken, you see," the count quietly observed, as Valtie's perplexed glance wandered from the white, deserted scene to his dark face.

per, and he said, with passion in his thrilling voice: "Never try to rouse my jealousy, Valtie; there is danger in such amusement!"

He ate a light repast with his bride elect and then left the Grange, going in the carriage in which they had driven to Blackwood the previous night.

A creepy sense of desolation oppressed Valtie after he had gone; but, with his cat-like tread, came into the room, re-arranging the table, piling some fuel on to the tiled hearth, creating in the young girl a feeling of intense aversion that steadily increased.

His movements were so furtively noiseless that they irritated her, and, rising with a stifled yawn, she went to the window and again looked out.

The mists had cleared; struggling sunshine gave a glow of pink to the wintry sky; Valtie fancied that she could hear the sea beating on the beach, and was seized with a great longing to feel the salt breeze on her face—to watch the fierce surging of the mighty breakers.

She turned impetuously when a soft rustling told her that Madame Delvont had entered the room.

"Marc has gone," she exclaimed. "How shall I manage to exist till he returns? The day shall be fine I think; I shall be able to see the ocean in all its glory."

Pauline Delvont's grey eyes scanned the girlish figure with a sort of subdued antagonism.

"You must not venture to leave the Grange while the count is away," she said, with dictatorial hauteur. "He has left you in my care, and—"

"But not as your prisoner," she gave the quick interruption. "I certainly shall go out. Marc did not impose any absurd restriction upon my movements, and I couldn't stay in this house all day; it is a dreadfully depressing place!"

"Take my advice, and put up with it with as much contentment as you possess," Pauline responded. "Marc had no idea of allowing you to wander about Blackwood."

Wild Valtie's blue eyes had lost their azure softness, and were darkly mutinous. Her curls seemed to bristle in defiance about her brow, and to the stately woman she looked a crude little vixen whose challenged self would be hard to thwart.

"I never take advice," was Valtie's retort. "Why should I when I can consult my own reason? It is a senseless thing to ask me—to remain in captivity when I pine to rush away from the awful monotony of this hideous wood!"

Madame Delvont looked at Valtie as though trying to pierce her utmost thoughts. "You follow your own caprice as a rule, I conclude?" she commented, mockingly. "Your rash elopement is an example of what may be expected of you. Marc was determined to have a shrewd and daring helpmate when he chose you for a wife!"

"A shrewd and daring helpmate?" repeated Valtie. "How chose me because he loved me! How prosaic you must be not to have seen that!"

A queer expression glittered in Pauline's sinister eyes. But she checked the retort that uttered, would have filled Valtie with terror and dismay.

Instead, she smiled cruelly, and the indignant girl, fingering back her head, lightly crossed the room, and ran upstairs. Her heart was beating in furious resentment when she, having donned her outdoor attire, rapidly left the Grange, and made her way down to the sea, glimpses of which she caught through the tangled glades of the dense wood.

Towering cliffs rose in view when she had reached the end of the thicket. She went down to the dull stretch of sand on which the waves beat with savage force, and stood close to the surf, her wild spirit in unison with the roar and tumult of the mighty ocean.

It was such a relief to have escaped Madame Delvont's presence, and the espionage of the wily-eyed Ciró!

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How to Angle For Trout.

Volumes have been written with the trout as the subject. The natural history of the fish, the ways of luring him, and lastly, his preparation for the table, have been descanted upon until it seems as though nothing is left to be said. And still, as the spring days come around again the inspiration is renewed and more trout literature is put upon the world. To those who have been initiated into the art and mystery of trout fishing and are endowed with the proper temperament, there is no other kind of angling which is so engrossing or fascinating. The black bass runs much larger and perhaps puts up a harder fight, ounce for ounce, but its capture does not seem to secure such an ardent and enthusiastic following as that of trout. The period of trout fishing is in itself an allurements, coming as it does after the long winter dreariness, grass turning green, the shrubs and trees budding and the returning song birds calling and twittering on every side. It is then that the fever waxes in the blood. The rods and tackle are dug out of winter quarters and overlooked; the devotees of the trout cult foregather and exchange tales of past successes. What matters if the size and numbers of the 'takes' are a bit exaggerated now and then? Is anybody hurt? Does not each tolerantly make due allowance for his brother's poetic license? And is it not all poetry?

But there are certain hard facts connected with trout fishing, as with all things else. Most of the trout literature deals in balmy spring days, gentle southerly winds with light cloudy skies—days on which the fish are only too eager to be caught and the mastodon of the stream is a victim of the angler's skill, and the aforesaid, angler is able easily to cast his fly most skillfully into all the likely places and always goes home with a well filled basket. The actualities of a day's trout fishing are sometimes a trifle different. There are occasions when the day varies slightly from the ideal one of the trout poets. Sometimes the gray morning turns into a day on which the sun shines brightly and the wind blows persistently from the wrong quarter. The fish refuse to rise to the fly or take the humble worm. You tramp along the stream, stumble through the bog and underbrush and mayhap tear a hole in your waders and drag about a wet foot which later on weighs a ton or thereabout. Possibly your leader catches on a thorn bush, in some mysterious way, entirely out of the direction of your cast, and must be yanked and broken to free it; or the tip snaps, involving a long walk back to somewhere to get the spare one. The most likely pools yield no sign of trout, but you persist with a sort of desperation, recalling tales which you have heard and read of good catches made after similar experiences, although you cannot quite recall the like as ever having happened to you. Your better judgment tells you to quit and go home, but, no, you go on doggedly and perhaps eventually you secure an unsophisticated fingerling which you heartlessly keep 'for luck.' This gives you some encouragement; you think the spell may now be broken and with renewed enthusiasm you plod on further from your base of supplies. You become tired and careless at last and make little effort to screen yourself from the view of the wary fish; you do not keep your hook well baited and generally fish in such a way that no trout not afflicted with paresis would consider you for a moment as a serious proposition. At length you reluctantly reel up your line, unjoint your rod and depart. The next day—"What luck?" is the enquiry from various conferees of the gentle art. Even the most notoriously unskillful and unlucky of these listens to your tale of the day with a look which implies disparagement of your skill. You wish you hadn't gone fishing. You are not superstitious, but for the time you are half ready to believe in 'hoodooes.' Your piscatorial enthusiasm suffers a temporary eclipse.

But all this doesn't last—a little later and you are on the banks of the stream again under entirely different conditions from the day of your discouragement. The wind is right, the sun is veiled behind a warm gray cloud, there is that nameless something in the atmosphere—almost a taste of perfume, which to the true angler says 'fish'—that is unmistakable and never deceives him. There are at most but two or three such days in each spring, but the fisherman knows them when they come and unhappy is he who is then tied to his desk or shop.

On such a day as this the stream is ap-

proached. It is not 'stocked' water, replenished each year with thousands of fry to replace the fish taken by some club of owners where the trout are 'tame enough to come at a whistle, but it is a natural trout stream with trout in it, which cannot be said of all so-called trout brooks, for many of the best natural waters have been depleted in various ways—by poachers with nets, by 'lining,' otter, minke and the destruction of spawn by eels and other fish. Many streams where once excellent fishing could be found have been ruined by the erection on their banks of portable sawmills whereby the water becomes filled with sawdust. No trout can exist in them and when once depleted the increase later on is very slow.

But to return to our fishing. It is too early in the season to hope for much success with the fly, and besides bait fishing with a fly rod and fine tackle is 'sporty' enough for most of us. Also very few streams can be fished effectively with the artificial fly. Underbrush, trees, leaving no room for a proper cast, an adverse wind at the most likely spots when the fly cannot be placed where it is wanted, all tell against its use in most waters in the United States. In England, where the streams flow through cleared meadows, readily approachable and where there is little or no undergrowth or natural forests, the fly can be used to great advantage. Also there are preserves in America where the conditions are similar, but in most of our streams, where the fishing is free or partly so, the natural conditions are greatly against an effective use of the artificial fly. This may be piscatorial heresy, but it is a fact nevertheless. To some of the Maine or Adirondack lakes these remarks of course do not apply, but they do to the ordinary brook or small stream fishing, accessible in two or three hours from most of our large cities.

The humble angle worm is a killing bait in all waters. A fly rod can be used just the same and casting resorted to when there is sufficient room. In most cases no sinker is necessary, but there is one cardinal, positive rule—you must as far as possible, at however much personal discomfort and inconvenience, keep out of sight of the fish, for if they see you they will not take your lure.

If the stream flows through a meadow, with no intervening bushes or shelter, you must creep on your hands and knees until you are near enough to cast, and you must be very gentle about the cast and make as few contortions as possible. Don't march up to the water as if you expected the trout to be paralyzed with admiration at your outfit and general style. Begin to be cautious when within fifty feet of the brink especially if there is little shelter. You may not look so much like a sporting picture, 'snooping' through a bog, as you would posing gracefully by the edge of the water and gallantly brandishing your rod in an exhibition cast, but you will catch more trout. Face the sun if there is any, for the fish will flee from your shadow or that of the rod. Cast with the wind if you can, your bait will fall more naturally and you can cast much further. Cross the stream to take advantage of the wind, if necessary. Spare yourself no pains if you want trout. To be lazy or careless means a light basket. In rapid running water you may be able to wade and let your line run out to some distance ahead, also in such water the fish are not so likely to see you, but bear in mind all the time that you are in pursuit of the most wary of fish and must stalk them as the hunter stalks the deer.

Where the stream flows through woods undergrowth and alder swamps your difficulties are infinitely increased, for you can not in many cases wade or cast. There is constant risk of your line being caught by innumerable twigs which reach their peevish claws for it on every hand. But in such places lurk the largest fish and he who has the skill and patience to get his hook into the water catches them. On this particular day mind you. You will more than likely lose your leader, or part of it, more than once and you may be tempted to utter cuss words—but remember the proverb, 'Swearers catch no fish,' at and rate try, to keep your temper; you will do better fishing. Don't stay too long at any particular spot, for trout become very shy after a few casts. Give the place a rest for an hour or so and come back and see what happens. Fish up or down the stream as best suits the method of approach, and the direction of the wind.

Sit down and rest now and then. Fill

up your pipe if you smoke—and most anglers do. Look about at the landscape and give thanks that you are on earth to day and are an angler, or at least try to be one. Make resolutions to be a better man and to be more moderate than you have some time been in your stories of your prowess in the piscatorial art. Then you can have another try at the stream.

Remember that the finer and more delicate your tackle the better your chances with so shy a fish as trout. A six foot leader of fine gut will be long enough—four feet will generally answer. Use a good six ounce rod. On the whole nothing is better than split bamboo. Carry plenty of hooks and two or three spare leaders, sometimes a sinker is useful. Keep half a dozen adjustable ones in your pocket. They can readily be put on or removed.

Phenomenal success—in tales—is credited to the small boy with a stick and a string, but in cases where some truth may lurk in the legend you will generally find that the small boy had special knowledge of some choice pool and fished it very warily. You hear nothing of his bad luck days, but you may be sure he had them. Fine tackle does not of itself take fish, but it helps every time.

If you use angleworms see that your hook is well and freshly baited. Use a whole worm each time and let the ends dangle above and below the hook. As soon as it ceases to wiggle, rebait, for the trout will not touch a stale worm. The belly fin of the trout, next the tail, is often very kill ing, especially in waters that will admit of casting, where it can be used like the artificial fly and has the advantage of lasting a long time without renewal.

Each stretch of the stream has its own peculiarities which must be observed as separate problems. Consider the best methods of approach and where the fish probably are, but you will frequently take fish where you least expect to, and fail in the most likely looking spots. Care, pati-

ence and perhaps a certain natural instinct distinguish the angler who habitually fills his creel from him whose 'luck' is generally bad or mediocre.

Don't be a hog, if the fates happen to be good to you and the trout bite freely. You don't want more than eighteen or twenty—if you are lucky enough to get as many. You cannot eat them all yourself and it is the fishmonger's business, not yours, to supply your friends. Don't keep fingerlings and don't try to make the record catch of the season. Later on you will very likely make some wild statements about the day's sport, but at the brookside be merciful. This caution is, however, very probably needless, for trout fishing is apt to be extremely uncertain.

Lastly, don't go fishing on Sunday.

The Home Soil.

The virtues of the home soil are always in the best writing. The living author is the last man in the world who can afford to be without a country.

The books which are sold generation after generation are those written when the authors were on their own ground, breathing the air of their own country and learning the secrets of human nature from their own neighbors.

Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the work of a man who had hardly been out of his native country, and the scenic setting for it is to be found to-day among the hills of Bedfordshire.

'Don Quixote' had the breath of life which came from close contact with Spanish soil, and the world is never weary of reading this great work of Cervantes.

Isak Walton wrote the 'Complete Angler' for all time in rambling among the trout streams of his own shire.

Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes did their best work when they were on their own ground, where they were pulsating with American feeling and purpose.

It is not necessary for writers to go far

afraid for their subjects and their inspiration. They do not require the education of travel, nor ought they to wander over the face of the earth like artists with sketch-books. Let them write about what lies nearest to them—their own country and people.

A WARNING TO ALL.

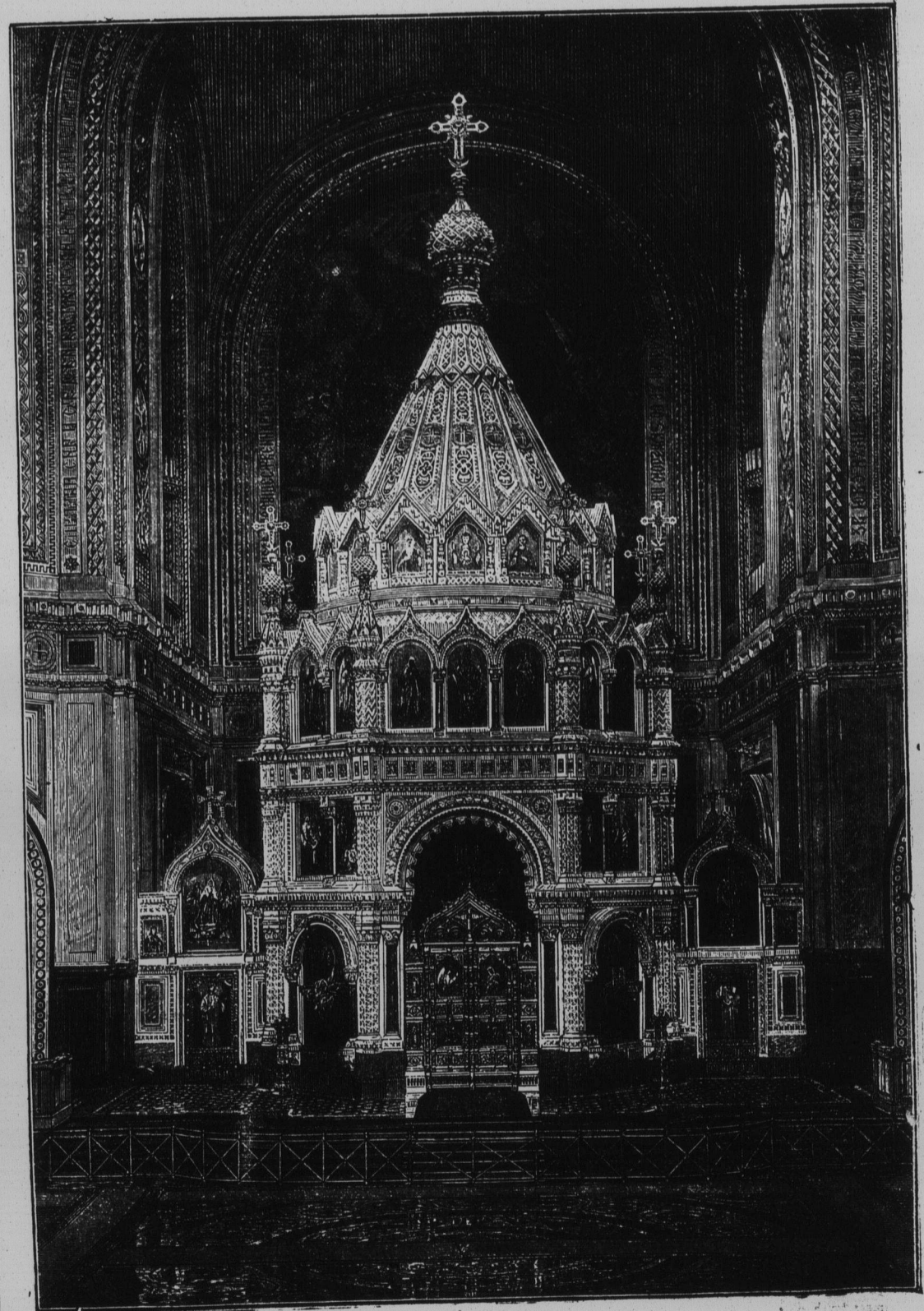
Mrs Elizabeth Berry Stopped Taking Dodd's Kidney Pills after only Trying One Box.

Not Being Cured Instantly, Was Disappointed—Three Years After Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills—again Twelve Boxes Completely Cured Her.

BEAR RIVER, N. S., Apr. 30. A great number of worthy people, both in Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces have in times past fallen into the error of thinking that Dodd's Kidney Pills stand out—almost instantly. They follow the directions and take Dodd's Kidney Pills regularly for the first few days, and are often disappointed if their health is not restored.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the promptest and most speedy remedy for kidney diseases ever known on this earth and they have almost performed miracles in snatching people out of the very jaws of death, but they will not do impossibilities. No medicine ever invented will cure kidney disease like Dodd's Kidney Pills. But they want a fair chance. A doctor doesn't cure a patient of a fever in two or three visits. It takes times. So with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The case of Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, of Bear River, published recently, is typical of hundreds of others throughout the country. Impatience to be cured, lack of perseverance in taking the medicine, foolish belief that it will cure chronic diseases in a few days—these causes are responsible for the only disappointment ever occasioned by Dodd's Kidney Pills. If they are given a fair, honest chance, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Kidney Disease every time. There is no question about it. They have done it a hundred thousand times before.



HIGH ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MOSCOW.

On the Klondike Trail.

Bennett-on-the-Lake is the one absolutely cheerless station, the one inhospitable port, the one dreary, desolate, unsheltered unshaded shore on the long trail from Chicago to the Klondike. It is here that the pilgrim for the present, leaves the White Pass Railway and boards a river steamer for Canyon City, at the head of Miles Canyon, where there is another change to rail around White Horse Rapids a hundred miles from Bennett.

The winds blow at Bennett without ceasing. In winter they wail up through the narrow neck of the lake, cry across the snow and sob and moan in the icy caves of the iron freight houses. In summer they complain constantly, sighing over the sands along the lake front and powdering the faces of passing pedestrians with pulverized stone—the natural paving in the one street of the town.

The only cheerful spot here is the picturesque clubhouse, standing high up on the shore, overlooking the beautiful lake. Oh! the scenery is all right. From the wide veranda of the quaint little clubhouse you can look out over the clear water, sleeping peacefully between the grand old hills that rise abruptly on either hand. Far away the lake narrows to a river and is lost to view among the distant dim mountains. Now the wind seems to have sobbed itself to sleep. The sun is sinking behind the hill as we go down the steep bluff, board the steamer Australian and sail away. Our new found friends, jolly good fellows, at the clubhouse are waving us adieu.

As we sit down to our first meal on the waters of the mighty Yukon, we observe that beer has bounded from 75 cents to \$1.50 a bottle. The lake has pinched out and we are now riding the swift waters of the majestic river. How they hit these river boats! This one has powerful engines and they are banging them for all they are worth. I think she is trying to shake us to sleep.

Jim had just come up from the engine room and down from the pilot house, and he assures me that this boat is 'dead safe'. Built in Pittsburg, she is all steel, 115 feet long, 26 feet beam, with water tight compartments, electric lights and two big search lights that are constantly sweeping the shore on either side of the river. These are needed, however, only for an hour or two at midnight, and then only in the shadow of the hills, for it is never very dark here in summer.

The manager of the company proclaims to his patrons that: 'In addition to carrying a Canadian master, the company has two thoroughly experienced swift-water American pilots on each of their boats.'

A Canadian captain sits at the head of the table, but a Yankee runs the boat. The former to satisfy the law, the latter presumably to satisfy the passengers. It is not that the Canadians lack intelligence or training, but they are sailors of the lakes, while the Yankees come from the ever changing Missouri, the treacherous Mississippi or the swift Columbia. Naturally, there is a good deal of friction. Both Yankee pilots must have a captain's license, and are called captain, and the result is that there are three captains on a boat; each in and each feels that he is the captain but he is not.

By and by when the Canadians get used to the twist of the trail and the speed of the current, they may take charge in the pilot house, but as Jim puts it: 'You want a swift-water Willie at the wheel on these curves and rapids.'

Now the winds begin to cry and moan. The ship lists and leans far to the leeward. We are passing the famous Windy Arm. It is well named.

Far away somewhere in a remote corner of the ship—perhaps up in the pilot house or down in the engine room, or in the stewardess's boudoir—I hear a woman's voice singing without accompaniment, sweetly, plaintively, 'Far Away, Far Away.'

That was the last I knew until the sun came in at my little window and warmed my nose. The sleeping is glorious on the upper Yukon.

We hurried through our breakfast so as to be out at the canyon. We have slept through beautiful Lake Marsh, and are now in the kinks and curves of the Yukon swift and deep. The current here runs three or four miles an hour, the boat makes fifteen so we are gliding along between the softly shaded hills just fast enough to make it interesting. There is no snow to be seen, no mountains near; neither are there valley nor bottom lands. Just the rolling hills that seem to part to let the cool, green river slip through. Sometimes the hills are barren save for the short grass some times covered with the thick growth

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Drives out the Hostile Forces--Breaks the Shackles of Rheumatism's Prisoner--and Guarantees Him Perpetual Liberty.

This Great Remedy is Invincible—Gives Relief in a Few Hours and a Cure in from One to Three Days.

Of all the the tortures that disease can inflict upon man perhaps there are none more agonizing than Rheumatism, and its kindred ailments, such as Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Sciatica—and these are no respecter of persons—they attack the old and the young alike.

Of low spruce. Here and there fires have destroyed the forests, and there is a field of flowers. Wherever the forest fires sweep the hills the beautiful fireweed grows and blooms. And thus Nature hastens to hide her scars.

The river is unlike any other river I have ever seen. There is nothing floating on the face of it, no drift along the shore. It impresses one as being brand new. It is easy to fancy that the channel was empty yesterday; that the water has just been turned in. This is because the river is high now, but there are none of the indications of a flood. The water is clear and almost as green as the waters of the South Pacific. The trees, grass and moss grow right down to the water edge. It is just like a big brook. Any other river in this condition would be bank full, but, as I said before, there are no banks—there is no bottom land—only gentle, rolling hills ranged along the shore.

A deep, narrow trail lies over the hill. One end of it hangs in the water. The pilot says it is made by the caribou coming down to drink. Early last night we passed a port called Caribou Crossing.

Now we round a bend and enter a broad comparatively quiet stretch of water, at the end of which we see a couple of river boats of our own. Beyond the boats are long rows of low log houses, the homes of the Northwest Mounted Police, of the people who operate the tram and offices of some of the steamboat companies. On the right bank are some Indians near a woodpile, making frantic signals to our boat. They want to sell their wood.

At the far end of the open water the river turns sharply to the left. The current is becoming swifter. Suddenly the boat turns her tail down the river, the bells jingle, the wheel revolves furiously, as we swing about just above the narrows, where the water sweeps through like a great millrace.

Now, if the engines should become disabled, we would be sucked into the mill race, slammed through Miles Canyon, and, if anything were left of the boat, pounded to pieces on the hidden rocks in the rapids of White Horse. But the engines hold her until a line is made fast to a spruce tree, and we swing gently to the floating wharf, the wheel still working to relieve the tension of the headline.

Here we break bulk. The quaintest little railroad runs from here past Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids to White Horse station—five miles.

Passengers from the Victorian, outward bound, are tramping in over the trail going aboard the Baileys and the Siton. Some have come up by rail and are already aboard ship. A dark woman, with a hard, happy, Irish face, wearing a red plume, is weighing in at the purser's office. She has sundry sacks of gold dust and some beautiful nuggets. I ask about this bonanza queen and was told that this was 'Jim Hall's walkin' boss.'

I asked about Jim Hall and they told me that he was one of the new made millionaires of the Klondike and owner of "seventeen"—something.

A miner sat smoking behind the dump one day. Maud, the walking boss, crept up, peeped over the dump and caught him

The active, irritating cause of Rheumatism in all its phases is Uric Acid, a poison that collects in the blood. It is the waste or effete matters of the system, which, from various causes, are not carried away through the natural channels; the joints and muscles become affected; they swell, stiffen and inflame; and the pain and torture of it none can describe but those who have passed through the ordeal of suffering that Rheumatism entails.

In its more acute and inflammatory form it oftentimes attacks vital parts, such as the heart, and on the evidence of expert testi-

ness, but he did it and thought nothing of it.

Now the empties begin to rattle in from White Horse—the empty cars on the Spruce Line. While the horses eat the men load the freight, using a scrubby cayuse as switch engine. The motive power of the Spruce Line consists of twenty-six horses; the rolling stock includes thirteen four wheeled, unpainted freight cars, about the size and shape of an ordinary transfer wagon. The wheels of the cars are wide and concave, to fit over the round spruce rail. The ties are of the same material—spruce—and were cut when the right of way was cleared. This, the first railway in the Yukon country, is better for the moment than anybody's mine.

Each of these cars, drawn by two ordinary horses, walking tandem, driven by a man who handles freight at each end of the line, earns \$400 a trip, making from two to three trips a day. The foreman said operating expenses were \$500 a day. At least half that was dust in my eyes. Call it \$300 and this five miles of spruce road is clearing \$1,000 a day, carrying freight and people into a country that is supposed to be dead.

'You come on the last car and look after the luggage,' said Capt. B. 'I'll go on to White Horse, round my fellows up, secure a boat, and if the Victorian does not sail until midnight we'll take a scout over to the copper fields.'

About 1 p. m. my car left the station, and about 1.05 o'clock left the track. The sharp rim of the wheel cut into the rail, climbed it and dropped to the ties. A delicate woman from 'Frisco with an eight year old boy, who had been ill all night, and I made up the passenger list.

We unloaded. I helped the long, lank, good-natured fireman, engineer and conductor to make wooden frogs for the wheels. Then we hitched to the rear end of the car and tried to drag it back on the rail. It would not go on, and we were obliged to send back to the canyon for help.

Finally we were on again—gone again. When the little boy was walking in the dust of the trail he cried and complained. When his mother put him on the car he regretted it, for there was great danger of dislocating his spinal column. I paid a dollar to ride, and when I was not helping to get the car on the track I was walking, and when I was not walking I was regretting my dollar.

'There,' said Mrs. M. to her little boy, 'there dear are the dreadful White Horse Rapids, where papa's ship was wrecked, and here over this trail we walked with bare bleeding feet.'

Scenting copy, I introduced myself and learned that Mr. M. had been wrecked in the rapids some two years ago. His boat, with his leather coat and notebook in the bottom of it, drifted all the way to Dawson. A San Francisco newspaper correspondent found the coat, guessed the rest, and Mr. M. was mourned as dead at 'Frisco for many moons. Finally he reached Dawson and contradicted the story of his death, and now after two long years, his wife and boy were going to join him at Dawson, where he has a profitable law business.

Across on the opposite shore, high up on the bluff, we can see another tramway—an opposition line. It is a better road

than this, has sawed rails, the drivers tell us, but it is not being operated. This company has bought it to out off competition there being no law in Canada against the "consolidation of competing parallel lines." It has cost the Spruce line sixty thousand. When the White Horse and Yukon road is completed to White Horse both these trams will be worth in the neighborhood of 60,000 cents.

When I reached White Horse it was 4 p. m. My friends had given me up for lost and gone to the copper fields without me. I was not sorry, for an old Colorado man told me confidentially, that the 'sketchers were thicker out there than fiddlers in the hereafter.'

The Ozar's Jewelled Map of France.

The Ozar has made an extraordinary gift ostensibly to President Loubet, really to the French nation. It is a map of France, three feet square, formed of delicate varieties of polished Siberian Jasper, each department being shown in a different color. The whole is inlaid with jewels, 'the towns of France, 106 in number, being marked in precious stones mounted in gold. Paris is represented by a diamond the size of a small hazelnut. Havre by an emerald, Rouen by a sapphire. Rheims by a chrysolite, Lyons by a tourmaline (black emerald), Nantes by a beryl, Bordeaux by an aquamarine, Marseilles by an emerald, Nice by a hyacinth, Cherbourg by an alexandrite (green in the daytime and reddish blue in the evening), and Toulon by a chrysoberyl. Twenty-one small towns are figured by amethysts, thirty-five by tourmalines and thirty-eight by rock crystal. The names of towns, foreign countries, etc., are written in letters of solid gold, embellished and set into the stone. Rivers are in platinum.

The Fire Bells

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practiced when the great sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get 'Putnam's.'

Brother Jim's Prosperity

In western Kansas there is a well-known politician who has a brother in Montana. A number of years ago this Montana brother borrowed \$250 from his Kansas kinsman, and up to a very recent date had neglected to pay it back. During the hearing of the Clark bribery case before the United States Senate there was some testimony which indicated that the Montana brother, who is a member of the State Senate, had received \$10,000 from one of the agents of Clark. When this came to the knowledge of the Kansas brother he wrote to the Montana brother as follows: '—Kan., March 19, 1900. 'MY DEAR JIM—I see by the papers that you are alleged to have received \$10,000 for voting for Senator Clark. If it is true, I suppose you must be in funds and I wish you would send me that \$250. Wouldn't have dunned you, old boy, if I didn't think you were flush. Yours, 'ROBERT.'

By almost return mail the Kansas man received the following reply: 'HELENA, MON., March 25, 1900. 'DEAR ROBERT—I enclose you draft on New York for the \$250. You must forgive me for not sending it before. I have tried to spare it for several years back, but never was able to get that much ahead. Love to all. 'Jim.'

matic Cure has a thousand times made the erstwhile sufferer discredit that "the days of miracles are past."

The most obstinate, obdurate, acute and chronic forms of rheumatism have been absolutely cured in from one to three days. The remedy is simple and harmless, and leaves no bad after effects. Here's the testimony of one who ought to know its real worth:

Mrs. E. Eisner, a professional nurse, 99 Cornwallis street, Halifax, N. S., sufferer from Rheumatism, and while in my profession I met and consulted many prominent physicians as to my case; none of them gave me any treatment that was permanent. I tried many remedies which claimed to be cures, with the same results. I noted the almost magic relief which came to a patient of mine in using South American Rheumatic Cure and I decided to try it on myself, and I proclaim it here and now a great remedy, the only thing that I ever took that did my rheumatism any noticeable good. When I had completed taking the second bottle I was free from all pain, and although this is some three or four years ago, I have not had the slightest return of it. I do not strongly recommend it.'

South American Kidney Cure is a searching remedy—it cures permanently and quickly all bladder and kidney ailments. Relieves in six hours.

South American Nerve is a health builder—it acts directly on the nerve centres—good for the stomach— aids digestion— gives tone to the nervous system—richness to the blood. Sold by E. C. Brown.

money it is believed that many cases of sudden death that are today diagnosed as heart failure have really been caused by Rheumatism of the Heart, and it behooves rheumatism sufferers not to dally with so powerful and relentless a foe. It is a relentless disease, but so common that in many cases the suffering is born unheeded when the patient may be within a step of death.

South American Rheumatic Cure is no respecter of cases. It is a never failing specific—a panacea for rheumatic sufferers—it enters quickly into the circulation; it drives out the foreign and irritating matter; it starts in at its work of purification, and in a trice its healing power is felt, and as if by magic, pains disappear, joints are reduced to the normal, natural size, stiffness of the muscles makes way to suppleness, and where was a few hours or days at most, all suffering and torture, is the calm of peace that comes after the great struggle. South American Rheu-

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