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MR SKINNER SAYS NO.

HE DOES NOT AGREE WITH THE MAGISTRATE'S DECISION.

And He Presents his Reasons to the Council For His Opinion—Reviews the Laws and Claims the Power Over the Police Force is not Vested in the Magistrate.

There was no haste or hurry in the movements of the aldermen Wednesday. Perhaps, as it was the first meeting of the year, the council thought it well to begin slowly and not rush matters too much. There were several matters of importance before the board and the first of them—the dredging business—was quickly disposed of. Then another matter which had been referred to the same general committee for consideration came up. This referred to the recent appointment in the mayor's office.

Ald. Millidge seemed to have the matter in hand and he dealt with it moderately and ably. First of all came the recorder's opinion and in this connection there was an interesting discussion which went to show that Mayor Sears does not propose to be a silent chairman. Whether he proposes to be a captious one remains to be seen.

It appears that his worship was not consulted in regard to procuring the recorder's opinion but those aldermen who had the matter in charge asked Mr. Skinner to look up the matter. Mayor Sears was not disposed to agree with this at first and on the ground of irregularity might have ruled the document out of order had not Alderman Millidge and Robinson made certain explanations. Still in his remarks Ald. Robinson contended that as an alderman of the city he had a perfect right to get the recorder's opinion upon any legal matter of which he was in doubt. He presented this view to the chair and the aldermen in a moderate way but it was hardly possible to contradict his arguments.

There was not much discussion over the recorder's opinion. It was a long document—much longer than PROGRESS gives in this article—but it covered the ground so thoroughly that it was the opinion of the board that when it was forwarded to the police magistrate he might be persuaded that the recorder was right and he was wrong. So this decision was arrived at and in anticipation of any change of mind on the part of Mr. Ritchie a committee was appointed to meet him if he wished a conference. The main portions of the opinion of Recorder Skinner were as follows:—

"In my opinion the references to the statutes are all that are necessary to be made to arrive at a correct conclusion as to what the law now is upon the questions submitted to me. The matter is incidentally referred to in the Union Act, but I do not think it necessary to analyze in this opinion the provisions of that act, as the powers and duties of the police magistrate and chief of police were left, so far as the matters under consideration are concerned, just as they were upon the passing of 19th Victoria. Well, then, I will first state what my opinion is upon the question No. 1, that is to say, is the power to assign a policeman for duty, etc., as provided in section 15 of 18th Victoria, chapter 1, still in the police magistrate? I think it is not. I am of opinion that this power was by 19th Victoria taken from the police magistrate and placed in the chief of police, and my reasons for this opinion are as follows:—

"Nineteenth Victoria, chapter 52, was so far as the police magistrate and the policemen were concerned, quite a revolutionary act. The office of chief of police arises from that act; before that act was passed the power of appointing policemen and the control and management of the force, as I have above shown, were in the police magistrate, but by 19th Victoria this was all taken from him and put in the chief. That seems to be the point and purpose of 19th Victoria. Thenceforth the police magistrate was to be left solely to the discharge of his judicial duties, and all the duties regarding the police force, which before the passing of that act were to be performed by the police magistrate, were after its passing to be discharged by the chief of police. I have, as it was my duty to do, looked into the question from the opposite stand point, and have examined the argument that I think could be made in favor of a different conclusion from that to which I have arrived upon this question No. 1. That argument, of course, would be that section No. 15 of 18th Victoria, chap-

ter 1, was not referred to in the repealing clauses of 10th Victoria, etc. My reply to this is, first, the scope and purpose of 19th Victoria above referred to; second, when section 2 of this act said "and the said policemen shall obey all such lawful commands they or any of them may from time to time receive from the chief for conducting themselves in the execution of their office." This language is similar to what was contained in 12th Victoria, chapter 58, which provided that the policemen were to obey the police magistrate. If section 2 of 19 Victoria, chapter 52, stopped here, there would be a very strong argument in favor of this opinion, for if section 15 of 18th Victoria, chapter 1, was not repealed the act of the chief of police in so assigning a policeman to the mayor's office would not be a lawful act, but the section does go very much further. It says on this point as follows:—

"And all the provisions, enactments, powers and authorities relating to policemen in and by the act passed in the 12th year of her Majesty's reign, intitled An act in further amendment of the character of the city of St. John, or any other act or by-law relating thereto, shall be vested in and apply to the chief, and to all and every the said police force so to be appointed as aforesaid except so far as the same may be inconsistent with the act." If there were anything inconsistent with section 2 of 19th Victoria, chapter 52, in giving power to the chief to direct a policeman to attend at the mayor's office, then the reason for the power still being in the police magistrate would be good, but instead of the fact of the power passing from the police magistrate to the chief of police being inconsistent with 19th Victoria, chapter 52, it is in harmony with its purpose and wholly consistent with the provisions of this last named act.

If this power were still in the magistrate, the chief of police might find it very difficult to carry out the provisions of 19th Victoria, chapter 52. It must be borne in mind that section 15 of 18th Victoria chapter 1, does not authorize any appointment to be made. It merely provides for the direction to be given to some one of the policemen to be in constant daily attendance at the mayor's office, etc., and it might be that one policeman should be directed to attend one day or week and another upon another day or week. The chief of police might have allocated a man to some certain duty, and if this power continued in the magistrate he could take that man away from that duty and send him to the mayor's office. But there are so many things that might occur to detract from the power of the chief of police given him under the 19th Victoria, chapter 52, if the power under consideration remained in the magistrate, that I have come to the conclusion that by the repealing words in section 2 of this act, "or any other act or by-law relating thereto," directly covers the question, and therefore the power given by said section 15 is transferred to the said chief, for that rendering all these acts become harmonious and consistent, otherwise they would to the extent under consideration become inharmonious and inconsistent. I therefore, as above stated, am of opinion that the powers, whether directory or imperative, conferred on the magistrate by section 15, were transferred to the chief of police.

"I can readily see that a further consideration of the matter from the standpoint of opinion and direction by me may become necessary, but it may well be that the police magistrate, on being informed of the opinion above expressed will withdraw the direction already given to the policeman to attend at the mayor's office, etc., and not further direct in the matter, and I presume the chief of police will not, seeing that the common council do not want him to direct a policeman to attend, even if he may be of opinion that the statute still entitles him to send a policeman to the mayor's office, where by reason of the changes since the 18th Victoria was passed a policeman at the mayor's office is not required. Another question remains open for consideration, namely, whether or not the power given by section 15 of 18th Victoria, Chapter 1, is directory or imperative. I can see that this may, if the chief should direct a man to attend at the mayor's office, be of importance, and would require consideration. Section 15 seems to be an enabling section, namely, empowering the magistrate and afterwards the chief of police to send a policeman to the mayor's office as long as required. Upon that

point at present I wish to be considered as not expressing an opinion, but if need be will look into it and give my opinion with regard to it."



JUDGE STEADMAN—RESIGNED.

Judge William Wilson of York county received his commission this week. He succeeds Judge Steadman whose portrait appears above. The latter and Mrs. Steadman are living in Florida at present. Judge Steadman is a man well advanced in years and not in the most robust health—hence is resignation. He will no doubt receive a suitable retiring allowance which his long service on the bench entitles him to.

NOT A "MAKE BELIEVE" SOLDIER.
A Fredericton Boy Gave the Yankee Soldiers a Few Tips.

Just now the people of the various United States cities and towns are indulging in loud and enthusiastic farewelling demonstration and their troops are leaving in detachments great and small, and as each company or battalion shakes its native dust from its many feet a shout as loud as heaven's artillery goes up, one after another. Little Calais down on the Maine border had one of these outbursts the other day when a handful of her soldiery buckled on their armor and "tramped" away in a conveniently appointed railway train. The whole town turned out, bunting flew from every vantage point, and brass bands were plentiful enough on that occasion to drown for a few hours the incessant jingo rabble of the inflammable quota of the city's population. And the procession passed by. From the commanding officers to the "most private" private in the corps there was altogether too much laxity. Hats were waved exultingly, hands were shaken with bystanders and girls were hailed familiarly by the "boys in blue" as they proceeded to the place of embarkation. Such lack of discipline and want of dignity was harrowing to a few emotionless Canadians who witnessed the "military" spectacle. In Canada even, let alone martial England, such unseemly conduct on the part even of a militiaman would be worthy of the dungeon. It's the populace in their countries which does the hallooing, not the soldier.

However, in all the party of "soldiers" there was one man, a solitary militant, who held his head erect, eyes straight to the front, stepped the proper cadences and preserved the honor and dignity of a nation, right arms. The group of Maple Leaf lovers noticed this and called the attention of a howlingly blatherous American nearby to it, saying; "There's a soldier."

"Yes," returned the Yankee not perceiving the identity of the strangers, "he's a new importation from Canada, a R. R. C. I. cadet from Fredericton."

And the St. John men wondered not.

M. A. Ferguson's Forgetfulness.

When Malcolm Ferguson left town there was one man more anxious than some others to know if he would return in a short time. That was Architect R. C. John Dunn. One day when Mr. Ferguson had the misfortune to be arrested on a bailable writ, he asked Mr. Dunn if he would not be responsible for his appearance—and that meant responsible for the amount—rather than see him go to jail. Mr. Dunn is a kind hearted man and with more generosity than discretion he consented. Then Malcolm forgot the fact that Mr. Dunn had treated him so nicely and left town without asking his permission. The forty days passed and there was no Mr. Ferguson to deliver up and the plaintiff said that Mr. Dunn must pay the claim. This was disputed and the case was heard a few days ago. Mr. Dunn said he expected a decision would be given this week.

THE "RING" DEFEATED

COUN. MACRAE'S RACE FOR WARDEN OF THE COUNTY.

He was Beaten by Coun. Lee With the Help of Some City Aldermen who Were not in the Favorite Clique Last Week—How the Affair was Managed.

There was considerable fun for a few of the city aldermen and much disappointment for the others at the meeting of the municipal council this week. The fact was that when the city "ring" had arranged the chairmanships of the different boards and the other positions of importance, Alderman Macrae was the only man who elected to take a position outside of the city council. He chose to be warden of the council in preference to taking a minor position in the civic board. Alderman Hamm, who wanted to be deputy mayor last year and who did not make much if any objection this year at another man being selected, was rather quiet before and after the choice. Of course the fact that he was a revisor with an additional fifty dollars a year could not have influenced him, neither could Alderman Stackhouse have been led away by such an offer to forsake the path of duty and make headway against his companion and colleague, Alderman Smith.

At any rate when the municipal council met almost the first business was the selection of a warden—who is the presiding officer. There were two nominations, Ald. Macrae and Coun. Lee. The former was the choice of the select party who ran things as they pleased at the first meeting of the new common council and should be called in the municipal council, Councillor but the latter has been a representative of the county for some time and was not at all anxious for municipal honors. He is an unobtrusive man and did not want any further part in the council of his county but to serve his parish faithfully. Still the inducements held out to him to make one of the county men warden persuaded him to accept the nomination. To his surprise the county councillors held to him as one man and with the assistance of Councillors McArthur, Smith, Tufts and another he was elected with two of a majority. Such a triumph for the beaten end of the city council was not without its joy to those parties who fought the tactics of the majority or "the ring" as they call it. They said it was a long lane that did not have a turn and pointed to their later victory as a proof of the fact. No doubt it was and it was a greater surprise to some of the aldermen to find Alderman McArthur and Smith arranged against them in favor of Councillor Lee. The latter is a capable and popular man, excelling in his business, shrewd where shrewdness is required and cautious where it is necessary.

No doubt Ald. Macrae was much disappointed. An evening paper, opposed to him in politics, represented him as usurping the functions of warden before he was elected but that was not the intention. A councillor who is looking out for any information has a perfect right to look into the county affairs before the meeting of any council and it is the fact of his doing so is going to be impured to selfish motives it is not much encouragement for civic or county representatives to post themselves. It is strange however that the journal that gave currency to this strange report should credit his defeat to the representatives whom it has always been antagonistic to.

MORE MONEY FOR SAND POINT.

The City Engineer Says 50,000 Yards of Mud Must Be Removed.

Those who have imagined that the improvements at Sand Point were completed will get something of a surprise when they read that the city engineer estimates that some 50,000 yards have yet to be excavated in order to make the big slip safe for large steamers to pass. Four steamers can be at the berths there and of course it is necessary that they should pass and repass each other and it appears that in their hurry to complete the work last fall the city fathers did not do any more excavating than was absolutely necessary. That may have been all right then, but now, supposing perchance that larger steamers might arrive, the necessity arises for widening the slip so that absolute safety shall attend the entrance and exit of large or small steamers.

But if this work has to be done the city is fortunate in having the free use of the dredge Cape Breton. No doubt many people would think that the free use of the

boat and barges and the machinery would be a great boon but the benign federal government has done more than that. The city don't pay for anything, except a tug to tow away the mud after it is placed in the barges. The cost of coal, wages, repairs to the machinery, etc, etc is all defrayed by the government.

And yet, estimating that the average excavation of the Cape Breton will be 500 yards a day, the city engineer said that the cost of towing away the mud would be sixty cents per yard. That is, the cost of a tug daily would be \$30 which, figured out, would make his estimate correct.

It was very properly pointed out however that during this season with depression in the usual business that keeps tugs moving, the cost of a tug should not amount to such a sum. The result of it all will be that tenders will probably be asked for.

One hundred days will be required for the work, which means that if the dredge gets to work in a few days that it will be the middle of September or the first of October before the job is completed.

Where the money is to come from was another question that came under consideration of the general committee and it was learned that the city was counting upon receiving \$56,500 from the Canada Pacific railway in a short time. They had anticipated this to the extent of some \$40,000 and the balance could be used for further improvements, such as dredging etc. Then the pertinent remark was interjected that under these circumstances the work under consideration would probably cost \$6,000 instead of \$3,000.

Alderman Waring's Harbor Plan.

Ald. Waring had a plan of a portion of the harbor in his possession Wednesday that was not made by the city engineer and if the suggestion it contains receives the favorable consideration of the council it will make an important change in the relation of the west side to the east. He proposes that, instead of the ferry curving around in the harbor and seeking an entrance near Rodney slip as it has done for so many years that the boat shall run straight across and land passengers and teams at the foot of King street, Carleton. The people residing near the present ferry slip and the approaches thereto will not like the plan much but the advantages in some respects could hardly be denied. Whether they will outweigh the objections and the cost of making the change remains to be seen. Undoubtedly there would be more room for steamers and the succession of suitable slips on the west side there would be remarkable.

The Chief in Line With the Council.

The chief of police has a very frank way of expressing himself at times. There was an instance of this at the common council Wednesday when called upon to define his line of action in case the magistrate agreed with the recorder's opinion. In a brief but neat way he reminded the council that his interests were identical with theirs, that he could not make an efficient force without their co-operation and assistance and that he would be guided entirely by their wishes. In other words he did not propose to make any appointment to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sergeant Wilson. Incidentally he remarked that he had known of Caples ill health and had he requested a change there would have been no difficulty in granting his wish.

They Don't Like U. S. Currency.

The authorities at the police office who receive fines do not like to see them paid in American currency. This was instanced this week when a young man went to the office to deposit \$100 as the fine of Roger Varian who assaulted Mrs. Sloan. They refused to take it that way, probably because banks charge discount upon it, and the money was handed in properly. The sentence was \$100 or six months in jail, the doctor pleading guilty to the charge of "aggravated assault." This obviated the unpleasant necessity of calling witnesses.

Five day Busses in Carleton.

A complaint comes to PROGRESS from Carleton that when it rains in that portion of the city the bus men absent themselves from their usual station and the people have to trudge home from the ferry in the rain. The pertinent question is asked whether this is permitted under the license issued to the drivers by the city. Perhaps his worship Mayor Sears will give the matter some attention.

DAILY LIFE IN THE HUB.

A DESCRIPTION OF HOW THINGS PROGRESS IN BOSTON.

Of Course It is Excited Over the War Scare and Dewey is the Hero of the Hour—A Service in Trinity Church and the Edifice and Preacher Graphically Described.

ALLSTON, (Suburb of Boston.) } May 6, 1898.

DEAR PROGRESS:—Boston, like all the American cities, is excited over the war news as it comes to hand day after day. Until the great Manila battle of Sunday the 2d, the people here were not without apprehension that the Spaniards might do them incalculable mischief all along the coast by throwing big shells into the cities in a bombarding spirit. But now every body breathes freely, and sleeps well. The name of Captain Dewey is on everybody's lips and perhaps any one of the banks would discount his note for a million as his credit is now No. 1, while his fame is destined to rank with that of the hero of Motile Bay during the Civil War, or Parry upon the lakes in 1813—for that matter the hero of Trafalgar, where not only the combined enemy (Spanish and French) with sixty of the line was destroyed by the English with about half that number. So that the battle of last Sunday, although brave and signal, the victory will scarcely bear comparison with that of 1805, of Trafalgar, nor the two heroes be entitled to stand side by side, upon the same pedestal. My place of residence (2 miles out of Boston) is six miles in a direct line from the sea, and in case a Spaniard took it into his head (all other things being equal) to throw shells in this direction, our life policies would not be good for much, unless covered by very enormous premiums, which have been fast going up of late. But there is much consolation in the philosopher's epigram—"all men think all men mortal but themselves," and therefore I and those who are with me feel that we have an immunity from the stray shot of a Spanish battleship. We shall therefore hold on where we are until our visit is out.

During the last ten days the weather in and about Boston, has been execrable—wet, cold and rough, as much so as New Brunswick affords at this season of the year, and yet the early trees are pretty well out in leaf. On Sunday I attended Trinity church (Copley Square), the classic locality of the once famous clergyman—Phillips Brooks, the Bishop of Massachusetts—a broad minded man, a friend of every christian denomination, those who worship the same deity, though not at the same shrine, and a co worker and associate with those who are trying to do good to their fellow-men, no matter what the distinctive church formularies, or the reasons from whence they derive their respective authorities for going into the world and preaching or upholding the doctrines of him who said "Whosoever shall give even a cup of cold water in my name, shall have his reward." Withal Phillips Brooks was a great preacher—powerful, eloquent, learned. This Trinity church was built solely in honor and for the use of its pastor, whose personality was so strong among his people that no amount of money was considered too great to lay out on a church edifice, which, if I am correctly informed, cost over a million of money. The exterior and interior are fine specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. The acoustic properties inside do not appear to be the best. There is too much of a hollow rumbling sound—so much so that where I sat in the back of the church the minister's voice was most of the time inaudible to me. I do not know whether or not the preacher I heard on Sunday morning is the rector and successor to Phillips Brooks; but whoever it may have been he was far from "filling the bill" according to my opinion. There is a class of preachers, no doubt able and talented who have not learned the art of talking to their congregation but raise and drop their voices in unpleasant cadences, a sort of singing enunciation, pretty much after the style of intoning. This clergyman reminded me of this school of preachers, and yet I was informed by a person who sat nearer to him that the discourse in its composition was very able. Still Phillips Brooks' place in my opinion will never be filled again while Trinity church stands.

The streets of Boston, it seems to me, are more crowded than ever. It is almost impossible for one not nimble of foot to make his way through Tremont, Washington and other streets during certain hours in the day, and you wonder where all the people come from. But they are mostly suburban. The facilities for reaching towns about Boston, thirty and forty miles off, are so great that their populations as it were are poured into Boston every hour in the day chiefly perhaps for "shopping" purposes, and to see the sights and pick up the fashions. Since the subway has been built under the whole length

of the Common and the Public gardens, the congestion of the surface trolley cars has been greatly reduced during this length of Tremont Street. Before, it was almost impossible for one to cross the street owing to cars passing up and down almost one continuous stream. To day there is quite a wide gap between each car, and there is not the smallest difficulty in crossing from side to side at your leisure.

It is said, by those who ought to know that business has for some time past been unusually depressed, but people take consolation and count upon a change for the better since Manila has fallen. The hotels, and restaurants, however are full as ever and the prices of board keep well up.

G. E. F.

A CHEAP MEDICINE.

IS ONE THAT WILL PROMPTLY AND EFFECTIVELY CURE.

Mr. John Hitch, of Ridgetown, Va.: How He Had Spent Dollar Upon Dollar in Vain Before Finding the Medicine That Cured Him From the Standard, Ridgetown.

People who read from week to week of the marvellous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills little think that right in their midst exist many who have been relieved from pain and suffering by the use of these wonderful little pills after having suffered untold agonies for months.

Mr. John Hitch, a man well and favorably known throughout the county, was ever ready when opportunity offered to speak a word in praise of these pills and was never tired of recommending them to his friends. A representative of the Standard, anxious to know of the cause of Mr. Hitch's recommendation, called upon him at his home recently and upon telling that the gentleman the object of his visit Mr. Hitch consented to an interview. The story in his own words is as follows:—"In the winter of 1891 I was taken with a severe attack of la grippe, from which I was confined to the house for some time. This was followed by severe pains and swellings of my lower limbs. I consulted a physician and he told me it was acute rheumatism. I continued under his care for about two months I was unable to stand alone, but sometimes when I got started I was able to make a few steps unaided. The trouble was principally in my feet and clung to me all summer long. I tried almost everything that friends suggested, hoping to gain relief, but neither medicine taken inwardly nor liniments applied externally gave me any relief. The pain was very great, and I was attended by a physician it cost me five dollars, and having about that time read in the newspapers of the work accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded it was certainly worth the experiment and accordingly purchased a box from a local druggist and commenced their use, discontinuing the doctor's medicine. This was in June or July 1892. After I had taken the first box of the pills I could feel some change and after taking seven boxes I noticed a great improvement. I continued taking them until I must say I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Some of my customers who came into my yard would ask me what I was doing that I was looking so well (knowing the sick spell I had undergone) and I would always tell them that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought the change. They are the cheapest medicine I ever bought."

said Mr. Hitch, "and if I had what I spent in other medicines I could sit at ease this winter. During the interview Mrs. Hitch was an occupant of the room and she heartily concurred in what her husband said, and stated that for one other member of the family the pills had been used with success in a case of severe nervousness. Mr. Hitch at the time he was seen by the reporter appeared in excellent health. He is 56 years of age and a man who had always been used to hard work. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, and came to this country 27 years ago. Before locating in Ridgetown he conducted a brick and tile yard at Longwood's Road, Middlesex county. He has been carrying on a successful business in Ridgetown for the past ten years.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box your purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealers does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There is always room at the bottom of the early strawberry box.

LIGHT IN POWDER MAGAZINES.

Scientists Investigate the use of Electricity Near Explosives.

A committee of the Academie des Sciences was formed at the instance of the French Minister of War to investigate the question of fixing electrical conductor in or near powder magazines, and their report has been presented. They make no distinction between telephone and telegraph wires, and electric light and power conductors, since all these may be exposed to lightning. According to the American Electrician, the report may be summarized as follows: All underground electric conductors, as well as gas and water pipes, must be kept at least 30 feet away from the magazine. Aerial lines must be arranged so that they will not fall upon the magazine if broken, and it is recommended that none be allowed within 60 feet of the magazines. If light be required inside the magazines all wires are to be strong metallic pipes, and all switches, fuses, etc., are to be placed on the exterior of the structure. Only fixed lamps are permissible, and these must be protected by a second envelope of glass. No voltages over 110 are to be used. Any electric bells required must be placed at least 12 feet from the power, and only types using very small currents are permitted. Electric lamps are recommended as being the safest and most desirable for use in and around magazines.

Honolulu Delicacies.

The things to eat in Honolulu depend on who and what you are. A civilized being can have a conventional menu, from oysters on the half shell—brought from Baltimore—to Neapolitan ice cream and Nesselrode pudding. For the Kanaka there is abundant poi—paster's paste five days old. Dried and smoked squid, cooked seaweed, raw mullet, poi dog roasted in tea leaves, and an atrocious drink made by the fermentation of a certain root after it has been chewed by the native women, comprise the real delicacies of the Hawaiian cuisine. For the Japanese and their cousins of the Flowery Kingdom, the island supplies rice and shark's fins. Tons of home products for the Oriental table arrive on every steamer from Yokohama and Hong Kong. From all this provender native and foreign, domestic and imported, the civilized kitchens of the city are able to make a discriminating choice which gives the bills-of-fare at some Honolulu entertainments a peculiar piquancy.

Made in Paris.

In view of the exhibition of 1900 a wonderful fan is now being made in Paris. It is to be composed of leaves of ivory, all of which are to be painted by the most celebrated modern artists. Gerome, Cazin, Caroux Duran, Jules Breton and Jules Lefevre are contributing already. The round center is to be signed by Maurice Leloir. This extremely novel idea is being elaborated for America.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or if dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of those persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

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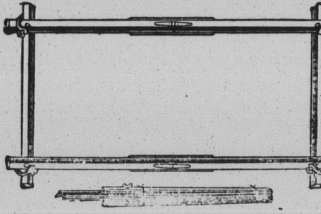
In cash or stamps, we will mail you, all charges prepaid, a handsome metal box, size 5 1/4 inches long, 3 1/4 inches wide and 1 inch deep, filled with TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDU-CHYLON TEA, 50 cents per lb. quality. The box alone is worth the money—the Tea it contains is worth more than the money. It's offered as an inducement to make you acquainted with the delicious Elephant Brand Teas, and incidentally to see where our advertising is best read—and so kindly mention the paper.



TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDU-CHYLON Teas are sold only in 1/2 and 1 lb. lead packets, never in bulk and can be had from most dealers in good groceries in Canada. At the price printed on each packet (5 cents to \$1.00 per lb.) they are considered to be the

Best of Tea Values. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. 14 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL

No one Need be Without



A Set of CURTAIN STRETCHERS. When we offer a set measuring 7x14 feet with latest improvements, and which can be folded and laid away in a very small space when not in use for \$2.25, or a cheaper set C 2.00. Careful housekeepers realize

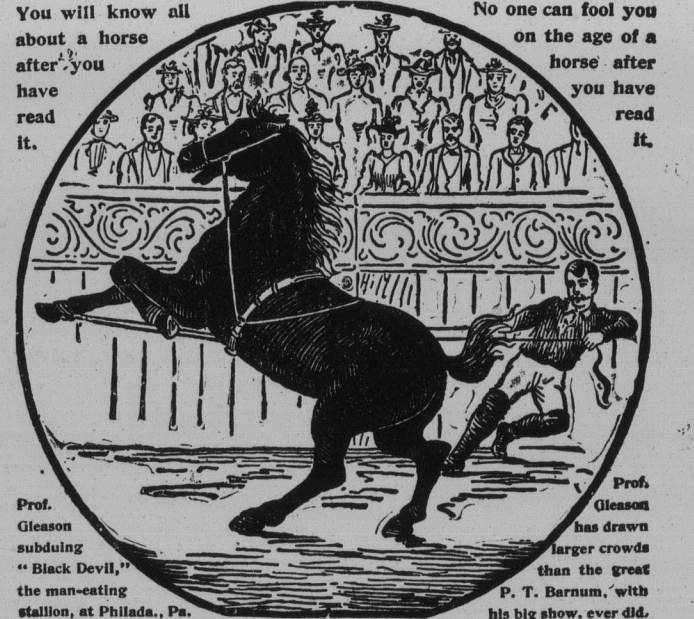
the saving and the comfort in the use of a curtain stretcher. Our present stock of Kitchen and Housefurnishing Hardware is very complete. All marked at prices so low, that all buyers will find it will be to their advantage to call.

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NOW WE HAVE IT! FREE FREE

GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK

The Only Complete Authorized Work By America's KING OF HORSE TRAINERS, PROFESSOR OSCAR R. GLEASON, Renowned throughout America and recognized by the United States Government as the most expert and successful horseman of the age, The Whole Work, comprising History, Breeding, Training, Breaking, Buying, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, Doctoring, Telling Age, and General Care of the Horse.



You will know all about a horse after you have read it. No one can fool you on the age of a horse after you have read it. Prof. Gleason has drawn larger crowds than the great P. T. Barnum, with his big show, ever did. 416 Octavo Pages. 173 Striking Illustrations' Produced under the direction of the U. S. Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his most wonderful methods of training and treating horses 10,000 SOLD AT \$3.00 EACH. But we have arranged to supply a limited number of copies to our subscribers ABSOLUTELY FREE. First come, First served.

OUR Offer. Regardless of the fact that thousands upon thousands of these books have been sold at \$3.00 each, we have by a lucky hit arranged to send will for a limited period send a copy free, post paid, together with The Progress for one year, on receipt of \$2.00 the regular yearly subscription rate. Old subscribers can also receive a copy of the book by sending \$2.00 and have their subscription advanced one year.



The spring gaities regarding which there was much speculation and prophecy during the winter season, have not materialized and the present season is the dullest, socially speaking that the city has known for a long time.

Among the invited guests from St. John at the ball given by Major Hemming and officers of the R. E. C. I., Fredericton on Thursday evening were Capt. Smith and officers of the Rifles, Lieut. Col. McLean and officers of the 62nd Fusiliers and Lieut. Colonel Jones and officers of the 3rd Regiment.

An excellent concert was held on Thursday evening in St. Mary's church school under the auspices of the Y. P. A. of that church. An excellent programme was rendered the various numbers being very much enjoyed.

A quiet wedding took place Tuesday morning at the Church of the Assumption, Carleton, when the Rev. J. J. O'Donovan officiated in marriage Miss L. Toie, daughter of Mr. F. Toie of Fairville, to Mr. James E. McGrath of Gardiner, Me.

Dr. W. Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson of New York are spending a little while in St. John. Messrs. James Barnes and Fred W. Wedderburn returned to Hampton from Ottawa the beginning of the week.

Mr. R. Boach spent Sunday in Woodstock. Mr. D. Russell arrived home from Montreal the first of the week for a short stay. He returned to the upper provinces yesterday.

Mr. Gershon Hayes paid a short visit to Ottawa recently and was a guest at the Russell house during his stay. Miss Lou McAuliffe who has spent the past year in Europe returned this week via Montreal; her father, Mr. John McAuliffe who has been visiting Philadelphia, met her in that city and returned to St. John with her.

Professor A. Bell of telephone fame was in the city last Saturday en route to Bras d'Or C. B. where he has a magnificent summer residence. Mr. H. Short of the Bank of British North America has been transferred to Slocan City, B. C., and will be as much missed in that organization as by his numerous friends throughout the city.

the benefit of Miss Travers' health are expected home this week. Miss Travers' friends will deeply regret the news that she has derived little benefit from the change.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Street are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Black of St. Stephen before going to their future home in Vancouver, B. C.

Dr. Hetherington was in St. Stephen for a day or two last week. Miss Ida Northrup of Moncton spent a few days in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. North and Miss North of Northport, N. S. are here for a few days visit.

Mr. James Maxwell came from New York this week via St. John and the provinces. He was accompanied by Mrs. Maxwell.

Mr. B. D. Scott left the middle of the week for Ottawa as one of the delegates to the National Council of women which meets at the capital next week. Mr. Scott has been in Ottawa since the opening of parliament.

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Mrs. Puddington, Miss Puddington and Miss Hanington arrived home Saturday from the West Indies, having come by the Plymouth Castle. They enjoyed their Southern trip immensely.

Mr. John F. Heald of Portland Me., was in the city for a day or two during the week. Mr. Herbert McLean who has many friends here having once been connected with the Bank of Montreal here but more recently in business in Dayton, O., has gone to the war as a captain of cavalry.

Miss Doherty has returned to Campbellton, N. B. after a lengthy and very pleasant visit to her brother Mr. Doherty of British Columbia.

week or so before returning to this city to take up a permanent residence. He is largely interested in the Yukon trade, and with Col. Domville will leave early next month for Dawson city. The many friends Mr. Burpee has made in Vancouver will wish him a pleasant trip to the Atlantic sea board, and he can rest assured of a hearty welcome when he again reaches the shores of Burried Inlet. He will be a valuable addition to our citizenship.

Mrs. Fitzgerald wife of Judge Fitzgerald of Port Arthur is paying a visit to her sister Mrs. Charles Holden.

Mr. J. D. Hazen returned the first of the week from a trip to Ottawa.

Mr. Wallace Kendrick of Quebec made a short stay in St. John during the week.

The following was received this week from a city correspondent: "This week Mrs. John Rubins received the news of the death of her niece Alice Tilley McDougall wife of John H. Nevill and daughter of John McDougall, at Dorchester Mass., on Sunday. The deceased was a general favorite with all who knew her kindly disposition and bright sympathetic nature endearing her to a very large number of friends and relatives. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved father relatives, husband and infant son."

Miss R. A. Cotter who has been visiting friends in Halifax and Kentville returned home last week.

Mr. J. W. Beckwith of Bridgetown, N. S. spent last week with friends here.

Last Tuesday's Union Advocate of Newcastle records the arrival in that town of Mrs. H. D. Peters and family have gone to join Mr. Peters.

Mrs. Ernest Hutchinson and daughter arrived from Newcastle the beginning of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Green are rejoicing over the first arrival in their family—a little daughter who made her debut in the home circle on Sunday May 1st.

Mr. J. G. Whitacre of Toronto was in the city for a day or two during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James MacFarlane of the North Shore arrived here this week to spend the next few weeks with city relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gans of Yarmouth were in the city for a day or two last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ebbot of Gagetown were also visitors to the city last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hail are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby daughter. Mrs. L. W. Johnston of Fredericton is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Hail.

Capt. Earle was hastily summoned to Fredericton this week by the news that his mother had been stricken with paralysis. Late reports say that Mrs. Earle is resting comfortably, and there is a very noticeable improvement in her condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Odour Sharpe have come to this city to reside Mr. Sharpe having been transferred to a bank here. This will be very pleasant for Mrs. Sharpe whose home is here, and who has a very large circle of friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ashe and their little son Master Joseph of Malone N. Y. arrived this week on a visit to Mrs. Ashe's parents Mr. and Mrs. John McCann of the North End.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carter are being congratulated on the advent of a baby boy in their home which event occurred on Tuesday of this week. Mrs. Carter and the tiny stranger are both very well.

There was a pleasant gathering at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Dunlap, City Road, last Tuesday evening, when a number of friends called to congratulate them upon the sixth anniversary of their marriage. Rev. J. W. Clark on behalf of the company presented Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap with a handsome onyx table and silver ornament. During the evening supper was served and later games and other amusements were indulged in until the hour for departure, when with good wishes for continued prosperity and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap the party dispersed.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Business is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Tremblay's.

MAY 11.—An "English GalajDay" is the name of an entertainment to be given in the Curling rink the second week in June, by the ladies of the society of "Trinity Workers." The plans for it are most elaborate and it is anticipated to be the finest affair of the kind ever given here.

Miss Mabel Murchie has gone to Boston to visit her brother Mr. Guy Gummer Murchie and to bid him farewell before he leaves for Texas. Mr. Murchie has enlisted in the regiment of the Harvard Volunteers and that regiment has been ordered south and probably will see actual service.

Rev. C. G. McCully lectured in the Baptist vestry last evening to a large and attentive audience. The subject was modern Rome and was most ably handled by the talented lecturer.

Dr. Hetherington of St. John was in town professionally during the past week.

Mr. Horace King of St. John recently made a brief visit in Calais.

Mrs. Louis Dexter has returned from a delightful visit with friends in Providence Rhode Island, and other cities.

His honor Judge Stevens gave a very interesting lecture on Monday evening to a large audience in the Y. M. C. A. The subject was "Scottish Covenanters" and was delivered in a most able manner the Judge holding the attention of his appreciative audience for more than an hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Thompson are spending a few days with Mr. Hugh Thompson. Mr. Charles E. Hayden left today for Boston. Captain Howard McAllister has returned from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mrs. E. G. Vroom who is quite ill is reported today much improved. Through the energy of Miss Alice Crilley a most charming entertainment was given in Elder Memorial hall last evening by the children of the mission band connected with the Presbyterian church. There was a large audience present although there were several other entertainments in other churches, and the theatre in St. Croix hall. The recitation of Miss Lila Ladin was pretty and well given and showed a great deal of dramatic talent in one so young. It was most interesting evening and was much enjoyed by all who were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hyman are registered at the St. Croix Exchange, and expect to make their home here during the summer. Mr. Charles F. Beard has been enjoying a week of fishing at Grand Lake stream. Lieut. Col. Ernest T. Lee returned from Augusta this week, being obliged owing to the condition of his health to resign his position of Colonel of the Second regiment of the State of Maine. Miss Victoria Vroom is recovering from her illness, and has already been able to walk out as usual. Miss Watson who has spent the winter with her cousin Mrs. Charles N. Vroom, has opened her own home and on Tuesday returned to it, and will probably occupy it during the summer months. Mrs. Hance of Eastport made a brief visit in Calais this week.

Have You Seen The Fine Bicycle

Offered to the Users of Welcome Soap?

Gilliam Padded Hygenic Saddle, Adjustable Handle Bars, Color Maroon. Highly Nickeled Parts, Quick Repair Kit, Handsome Tool Box, Complete Combination Rubber and Rat Trap Pedals; Ladies Wheels fitted with Brakes; Guaranteed Single Tube Tires: In fact, the whole wheel and every part of it is guaranteed, and up-to-date in every particular, and the price;

The Wrappers from Two Boxes of Welcome Soap (200) and \$35 Cash

for the most stylish model and best wheel of the season. No wonder so many people use the old reliable Welcome Soap and ride a Bicycle.

THE GREATEST PREMIUM OFFER OF THE YEAR.

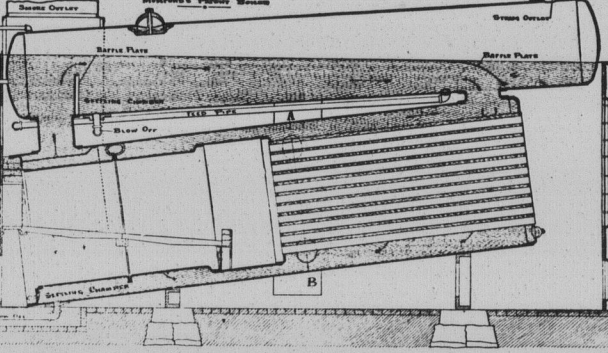
The Welcome Soap Co., St. John N. B.

Save and Wear

Don't throw a single thing you have to wear (except shoes) away until you try those absolutely fast, brilliant, quick, clean Home Dyes of highest quality—the Maypole Soap Dyes. They come in all colors and they won't dye the hands. "Save the wearables" and dye them with

Maypole Soap Dyes.

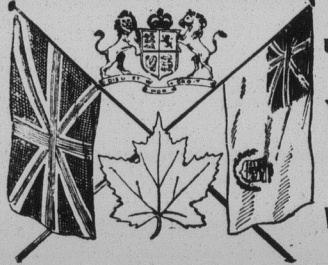
Free Book all about how to Dye at Home if you will send to the wholesale Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.



Mumford's Improved Boiler

Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd Amherst, N. S.



Under the Direction of Mr. Charles A. E. Harris.

Victoria Rink,

St. John, N. B. Wednesday Afternoon, May, 18th, at 3 o'clock.

The Garter King of Bandmasters

Lieut. DAN GODFREY

AND

England's Greatest Military Band

.....OF.....

40 Most Famous Bands- men in the World. 40

Sale of seats opens May 9th, 9 a. m. at A. Chipman Smith & Co's., Charlotte Street. Prices—\$1.00, 75 and 50 cts. 500 Childrens tickets at 25 cts.

See Illustrated Book and Programme for further particulars.

Excursion and Reduced Rates from Outside Towns.

Hot Weather Coming

Thirty day's are just ahead of us—ready to quench that 'thirst with a healthful, cooling, refreshing drink?

Stowers' Lime Juice is recommended by eminent doctors for its great purity and wholesomeness.

Concentrated, hence most economical to use. "No musty flavor to

Stowers' Lime Juice.

Progressive grocers sell it.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

MAY 11.—This has been a week of musical entertainments and nothing else apparently. Friday evening the benefit concert for Mr. Crossman was given in Besthoven hall by the pupils of Miss Sara Jeeves.

Mr. Brander the only gentleman taking part, gave an air and recitative from Handel's Messiah. Mr. Brander has a pleasant quality of voice with good base tones but the selection was entirely too heavy for him.

Saturday evening a recital by the advanced pupils of Miss Susan Cogswell was given at her house. The performers were Miss Francis Harris, Miss May Wells, Miss Helena Estabrook, Miss Cole, Miss Mundy and Miss Bessie Carter.

Friday evening a recital by the closing exercises was the graduating recital of Miss S. A. Borden piano pupil of Mr. Wootton director of the Lyric conservatory. The young lady who is a daughter of Mr. R. A. Borden, Moncton, looked very charming as she stepped on the flower decked platform.

Sunday evening the congregation of St. Paul's church had the unusual pleasure of a fine solo during the offertory, Miss Constance Chandler, who was the guest of her cousin Mrs. J. F. Allison kind-

ly gave "O rest in the Lord" from Mendelssohn's Elijah in a very finished manner. Her beautiful full round, tones were much admired. This is the first time Miss Chandler has sung publicly in Sackville and it is very much hoped she will do so again soon.

Mr. Murray that bright particular star in the Sackville musical world is to sing at the hospital benefit concert in Moncton, Friday.

Mr. Andrew's geology class had a pleasant excursion to the Joggins Saturday. Miss Jeeves and several students of the ladies college were of the party.

Mr. Sprague one of the teachers of the academy, twisted his ankle badly while playing base ball Saturday. He has been attending his classes since with the aid of two crutches.

It is rumored that N. F. Davin, the brilliant orator, may speak at the Mt. Allison closing exercises.

Miss Sprague leads the large class of '98 and delivers the valedictory at the university closing. Miss Sprague has been not only a generally clever student, but has completed the full mathematical honor course, something which has not been done before at Mt. Allison by a lady.

Friday evening a recital by the closing exercises was the graduating recital of Miss S. A. Borden piano pupil of Mr. Wootton director of the Lyric conservatory.

Miss Edith Gregory, white silk, lace and pearl trimming. Miss Annie Phinney, white silk with lace and pink roses. Miss Sherman white muslin and Valenciennes lace.

Invitations are out for a dance to be given by the attached officers of the military school at the barracks tomorrow evening.

Miss Blair is here from Ottawa visiting her sister Mrs. East Randolph.

Capt. A. H. Macdonell, of the R. R. C. I. who accompanied the Yakon force as far as Ottawa returned to the city yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Sydney Brooks of London England is in the city the guest of his aunt Mrs. Clifton Tabor.

Mrs. Leonard W. Johnston, is in St. John visiting her daughter Mrs. Chas. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hall of St. John are receiving congratulations on the arrival in their home of a baby daughter.

Mr. W. Jones of Woodstock is in the city, for a few days the guest of his sister Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Mrs. Clifton Tabor gave a delightful whist party last evening of seven tables in honor of her nephew Mr. Sydney Brooks of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis of New York have arrived in the city and will remain for some weeks.

Major Andrews of Nova Scotia is here for a short course at the military school.

Mrs. F. E. Bilyard is visiting her sister Mrs. Grosvenor at Bel River.

Capt. H. J. Lancaster of South-sea, England is in the city the guest of his mother-in-law Mrs. Medley.

Mrs. G. F. Fowell living with her daughter of Hampton and Capt. Earle arrived here last evening, having been called on account of the very serious illness of Mrs. Earle; all are guests at St. Paul's.

Mrs. Earle still remains in a very critical condition. Mr. Wayland Porter expects to leave about June for a trip abroad.

Rev. H. A. Porter brother of Messrs. F. W. Porter and A. C. Porter of this city has received a unanimous call to occupy the pulpit of the Calvary Baptist church during the summer vacation.

Mrs. McKinley of Picton, N. S., is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. G. Loggie.

Mr. Donald Fraser, the senior proprietor of the Aberdeen mill, returned on Monday from a visit of six weeks to Great Britain.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Sharp have removed to St. John. Mr. Sharp having been transferred to the bank here.

Miss Harriet Rainford is expected home from Fall River this week for a short stay before going abroad for the summer vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Sharp of Maryville left yesterday for Montreal their future home, where the doctor has entered into partnership with one of Montreal's most successful practitioners.

Mr. Ernest Powers returned on Thursday from a trip to Montreal.

Rev. J. A. McLean of Harvey paid a visit to the city this week.

Mrs. Ernest McKay and children of Harvey have been spending this week here with Mrs. McKay's brother, Mr. H. Wiley.

Mr. Jack Beckwith has returned from Boston where he spent the winter.

Mr. Will E. Cooper of Kansas is at home on a vacation.

Mr. James Lemont is visiting his home here.

Mr. Goldstream of New York city is among the visitors in town.

The very sudden death of Mr. Walter McFarlane a leading citizen of St. Mary's which occurred at an early hour on Sunday morning was a severe shock to the community.

Mr. McFarlane retired in his usual health on Saturday evening and shortly before midnight awakened his wife saying that he was ill. Dr. Mullin was immediately summoned but before he reached the house Mr. McFarlane had ceased to breathe, neuralgia of the heart being assigned as the cause of his death.

Mr. McFarlane leaves a widow and three daughters, his daughters are Mrs. Robert B. Adams, and Mrs. Robert Howie of this city, and the third who is quite young resides at home. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon and was a very large one there being over 100 carriages in the procession which was a mile long.

The pallbearers were Messrs. John Black, Jas. S. Neill, Joseph Thoburn representing St. Andrew's society, and Messrs. Joseph Smith, Daniel Babbit, and Spencer Inch representing court St. Mary's. The floral tributes were very beautiful and included:

St. Andrew's society of pink and white carnations, violets and ferns, with a royal blue ribbon, from St. Andrew's society.

Miss Sherman, Miss S. Rainford, Miss Woodbridge, Miss Crookshank, Miss Edith Gregory, Miss Sherman, Miss Annie Tibbits, Mr. A. J. Gregory, Mr. C. W. Spinnery, Mr. M. Wiley, Mr. R. Webster, Mr. M. Aiken, Mr. F. S. Sadler, Mr. H. F. McLeod, Mr. R. W. Brecken, Mr. A. R. Tibbits, Mr. Jas. Tibbits, Mr. J. J. F. Winslow, Mr. Owen, Mrs. P. Dever, Miss Partridge, Miss Carrie Winslow, Miss Jeannette Beverly, Miss Bailey, Miss Phinney, Miss Sadler, (Chatham) Mr. E. Powers, Mr. J. S. Campbell, Mr. C. H. Allen, Mr. W. L. Shaw, Mr. R. W. McLeellan, Mr. E. Sewell, Mr. A. B. Wilmut, Mr. C. W. Beckwith, Mr. F. F. Hat, Mr. L. W. Bailey, Jr., Mr. F. Dever, Mr. Simonds,

The costumes, though not so elaborate as on some former occasions were, very pretty.

Mrs. Taylor wore black brocade satin decolette, with jet and crimson roses.

Mrs. Allen, black satin and chiffon, decolette, and gold ornaments.

Mrs. J. W. Bridges, green striped silk with trimmings of pink chiffon.

Mrs. Sherman, black moire with lace and cream roses.

Mrs. O. S. Crockett, pink silk and jewel trimmings.

Mrs. Dever, black satin and jet.

Miss Sadler, (Chatham), white silk with pearl trimmings, cream and pink roses.

Miss Partridge, yellow silk.

Advertisement for Monsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea. THE VALUE. The leaves that each package of Monsoon contains are grown in the finest tea producing country in the World but housekeepers pay no more for MONSOON.

Advertisement for 'What Do You Think of it?' A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. R. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50.

Advertisement for PELEE ISLAND WINES. When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for E. G. SCOVIL. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. Wreath from I. O. Forrester, Scottish Clan of Stanley. Wreath of white lilies and roses with the word "Father," from the family.

Advertisement for MAGNETIC DYES. Springtime and the old standby. Experts are constantly trying to get a dye better than the Magnetic. THEY CANNOT DO IT.

Advertisement for 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.

Advertisement for BELMONT HOTEL. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity.

Advertisement for QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livestock Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Advertisement for LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

Advertisement for THOS. L. BOURKE. You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then don't do. Ask for a bottle of Halloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain.

Advertisement for Coleman's Salt. THE BEST. Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market.

Advertisement for Bushels of Soap. In my West Window, ranging in price from 3 CAKES FOR 5c. OLIVER'S STANDARD PURE SOAP, 5c. a lb for 25; 7c., four for 25c and 10c., three for 25c.

Advertisement for Cases of Toilet Paper. In my East Window. Special prices in dozen lots. Allan's Pharmacy. 35 King Street. Telephone 239. Everything marked at lowest prices.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

GOODS AT SECOND HAND.

THE PLACES IN ST. JOHN WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE KEPT.

Their Lines of Goods and How They are Bought by the Proprietors—Some Incidents of the Sale of Articles—In a Woman's Second-Hand Clothing Store.

To most people the second-hand shop is simply a name, or at most a place where furniture, bric-a-brac and clothing which have seen their day and must be pushed aside for something more up-to-date, may be disposed of, with a little—in the majority of cases, a very little—financial profit to the owner.

There are twelve of these places in St. John and a large number they constitute the only clothing houses in the city. It is on Saturday night that the second-hand place does its most rushing trade, and when in full blast there is perhaps no better place to study the character of the lower strata of the city's population than inside its doors.

Those who visit the place then do not come to sell, as is usually supposed, but to buy—something to wear on Sunday. The stock of men's clothes as a rule comes from the cheapest clothing stores, though to be sure there are many half worn pants, coats and vests that have been turned over to the second-hand man for a few cents.

The frequenters of these places are from the very poorest classes, though occasionally some well dressed individuals find his way in, and barter his watch and chain, or some other personal belonging for the price of a night's lodging, or it may be for a few tickets when fortune smiles again he redeems his property; that is if she smiles within eight days. If at the end of that period the owner doesn't appear to claim the article "in soak" it is sold to the first person who wants to buy it.

There are no pawn tickets given out in the shops here, and no red tape business in conveniently raising a small sum in this way. The name of the owner is simply entered on a great big ledger and when the wheel of fortune has taken a lucky turn it is only necessary to give the name and a correct description of an article and pay the amount required. The proprietors of places here are very careful not to make themselves amenable to the law by any violation of their license, and as one result nothing is bought from children, or any one under eighteen years of age. Much of the stock of these stores comes from auction rooms and a pretty dilapidated, heterogeneous collection it is.

Occasionally something worth buying is happened across in the general melee like the piece of genuine Belleek ware found under a great pile of old clothes in one of these places the other day. The dainty thing was almost transparent in its fragility and thinness, and its lovely shell-like beauty contrasted strangely with its surroundings.

It had a history no doubt and an interesting one too, if it were but known, for Belleek is rare on this side of the Atlantic, and one could not but speculate on the chance that had so changed its fortunes, and brought it finally to the obscurity, not to say ignominy of a second hand shop. The price asked for it was very small, and as the article was carefully wrapped up the dealer recalled the fact that he had bought it from a woman nearly a year ago, who at the same time sold him a small silver watch and a large revolver.

The revolver has been disposed of but the watch still reposes in the window, though it is one of the higher makes. On the back of the case is the initial "J"—and on the inside is engraved "Barbara from John—Sept. 2, 1884."

People who have something to sell do not always come to the shops. They usually send a postal asking the proprietor to call at their residence, and then they dicker away with as much vim and energy as if they too were in the business for a living.

"See dat posel card," said a dealer in second hand goods the other day as he held out a card from a lady informing him that in house cleaning she had come across some things that she wished to dispose of. "Well she have sent us card like dat for long time. Sometime say furniture, sometime say cloes." She want big price all de time the, an' won't give poor man's no chance to live. Sometime we take article for one dollar and have to sell him for seventy-five cent. Lots of business in dat lady an' she ought to be in de second hand business for good. I like de mans best to bargain with. Dey don't say nothings when you tell dem price you

give for coat or vest but jus' bundle it up an' take de money. A lady most time she talk talk, talk, an' all de time she say she want more money. We have a lot of swell folk sell us good an' dey always gits de full value of everyting."

Sailors and mill hands are excellent customers of those places of business. They never, or very seldom indulge in "beating down." They take whatever is offered first and pay the price asked. Lately trade has fallen off and this the old clo' men say is due to the war which has affected many of their best patrons, through the closing of several mills.

In one place where ladies cast off garments are a speciality a thriving trade is done all the year round. It is much neater, than most other places of the kind, and its contents are a study. The one window is given up chiefly to show kinds of garments. A white satin bodice heavily trimmed with pearl embroidery, a pink silk waist, a grenadine evening dress over green silk, a white embroidered muslin, a pale yellow china silk and various other things were laid out with the greatest care. Some of the dresses had seen better days, though the greater number were fresh and bright looking, but all had had their day, served their time of usefulness and though they can scarcely be said to have reached old age, have been relegated to a place in the second hand clothing store. The gowns are very frequently recognized by passers by as having once belonged to some particular member of sweldom, but evidently the ladies do not mind this in the least for there is seldom any change in the trimming or arrangement of a gown, or in fact any effort made to conceal its identity.

Who buys this cast-off finery? When this question was asked lately, the proprietress gave a shrug of the shoulders, elevated her brows and smiled a significant smile. She wasn't just sure where they went but she had a suspicion.

The commoner kind of clothing is eagerly bought up by the women and girls who work in factories and mills and by many in domestic service, who are always on the lookout for something cheap and serviceable.

The dealers in second hand stuff say that there is very little in it for them; in fact that they eke out only the scented kind of an existence. This statement would seem to be borne out for the most part by their surroundings which do not betoken any great financial gains in their chosen work.

WHO THE CARLISTS ARE.

How They Base Their Present Claims to the Spanish Throne.

The talk of Carlist risings in Spain, and particularly the rumor that the person known as Don Jaime de Bourbon proposes to put himself at the head of the Carlist party, may incite a curiosity in some to know who the Carlists are and what they stand for in Spain. Ferdinand V., who came to the throne of Spain after the earth had settled from the Neapolitan earthquake, married for his fourth wife, Maria Christina, daughter of the King of Naples, a sister of the Duchess de Berri and a niece of Queen Marie Amelie, wife of King Louis Philippe of France. Ferdinand, always a miserable creature, like most Spanish monarchs, become more miserable after his fourth marriage. He fell completely under the domination of his handsome, energetic, ambitious and thoroughly unprincipled wife, says the Kansas City Star.

Queen Maria Christina was determined that the crown of Spain should descend to her family. But governing the descent was the decree of Philip V., which had been law in Spain for 120 years and which declared that no woman could reign in Spain while there lived a male descendant of Philip IV. In default of male heirs from the marriage of Ferdinand V. and Maria Christina, the lawful successor under the decree of Philip V. was Don Carlos, Ferdinand's brother. As it turned out, the first child born to this couple was a girl, Isabella, who fourteen months later, was followed by a sister. Even before the birth of Isabella, the Queen Maria Christina began a movement for the setting aside of the law of Philip V. Ferdinand, for a considerable period resisted, but yielded at last, and on April 6, 1830, ordered that an incomplete decree by Charles IV., in 1789, which appeared to repeal the Salic law, should be published and made perpetual. All the Bourbons protested, and the King endeavored to undo his action by what was called a "de-

creed of derogation," but on his deathbed he declared that his act was, therefore, null and void. This restored his act intended to make his daughter Isabella his heir. When Ferdinand died Marie Christina was reigning as queen regent and the little girl Isabella was the heir apparent, just as the Marie Christina reigns in the name of the little boy known as Alfonso XIII.

The brother of Ferdinand, usually known as Don Carlos, but who indulged in the name and title at home of Carlos Maria Isidor de Borbon-y-Borbon, infant of Spain, entered his protest before the death of Ferdinand against all the proceedings setting aside the Salic law admitting the female line, and declared himself the lawful heir-apparent to the throne of Spain. Immediately on the death of Ferdinand the northern provinces of Spain arose and declared for King Charles, as he was styled, and these people were called Carlists, a name which continues to exist. Those who adhered to the existing government, of the queen regent, were popularly called Christians.

The cause of Don Carlos, dear to the Spanish heart as standing for bigotry and despotism, seemed at one time likely to triumph, but was betrayed by one of its generals, Morotto. Don Carlos fled from Spain, and in 1844 abdicated in favor of his son, the second Don Carlos. Cabrera invaded Spain in 1849, but he neglected his former practice of murdering and mutilating his prisoners, and his efforts were not supported with the former enthusiasm. The second Don Carlos attempted to enter Spain in 1848 and again in 1860, when he was arrested and signed a renunciation of his claims to the Spanish throne. The present pretender is a third Don Carlos, grandson of the first, a son of Don Juan. He has made several attempts to overthrow the government of Spain; the most formidable beginning in 1873 and lasting until 1876. The Don Jaime, who is described as desirous of mixing in Spanish affairs as head of the Carlists, is the son of the third Don Carlos. It is a noticeable fact in Spanish history that no real curse ever permanently departs from Spain. One of the permanent afflictions of Spain is what may be termed Carlistism. In no other country is such a party as the Carlists possible. It is a party willing to shed its blood for a government of the worst type of the fourteenth century. There have been many Carlist risings, and they are perpetually expected.

A FIREMAN'S PATRIOTIC HEROISM.

How He Refused to Squeal in the Hearing of Spaniards.

No incident connected with the loss of the Maine and her gallant crew exceeds in tragic pathos the fate of Mike Malone, second-class fireman. It is vouchered for by three officers, all of whom were eyewitnesses.

Malone was the finest specimen of physical manhood on board the ship. Six feet in height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, a giant in strength and a child in gentleness, he was the idol of his shipmates and enjoyed the respect of all his superiors.

The fireman was sleeping in the berth deck.

The explosion hurled him up from below a frightfully mangled mass of humanity. One arm had been torn from its socket, both legs were broken and his throat had been torn open.

He staggered to the rail and clutched hold of one of three sailors who had escaped with less serious injuries. They were shouting for help in terror-stricken tones.

Dying as he was the big fireman begged them to desist.

"Don't let these Spaniards hear us squeal," he gasped. "Let us die like men."

The spectacle of this Spartan standing amid that terrible wreck was inspiring. His comrades were instantly shamed into silence.

Poor Malone's agony became so great that he begged the sailors to kill him. "Knock me on the head," he cried. For the love of God put me out of my misery. Don't let me linger like this, boys. It is only a question of a few minutes. Kill me, somebody, for God's sake; but don't let the Spaniards know I weakened."

A boat put out from shore was being rapidly rowed toward the wrecked battleship. It came alongside as Malone made his pitiable plea that he be killed. Those in the boat scrambled aboard the shattered deck of the Maine, with the assistance of the sailors who were not badly hurt. The dying man was lowered down. His tremendous strength and vitality still sustained him and the relief that he begged for would not come. Again he implored them in the name of humanity to end his sufferings; and then, finding no response, he leaped backward and threw himself into the waters of the harbor. He sank at once.

METHODS OF INDIAN CRIMINALS.

Robbery by the Use of Drugs Reduced to a Fine Art.

Judging from a passage in an interesting report on the police administration of the central provinces, which has just been issued, it would appear that while introducing Western methods of government into Asia we have also brought into the East some of the choicest growth of Western climes. It is recorded that at Khandwa a guileless cooly employed on the waterworks was accosted by a friendly fakir, who expressed a desire to see what government rupes were like. The unsuspecting innocent handed over a couple of specimens to the fakir, who dexteriously substituted false coins for them when handing them back. Surely this is an Oriental version of the old familiar "confidence trick," which is played in various forms in the purlieus of London every day! But in this instance the cooly was able to turn the tables on his deceiver. He did not discover the fraud for some time after, when he found he had been duped he "lay low and said nuffin." One day he again met the fakir, who this time asked for change for a rupee. He promptly seized the holy man and gave him into custody, and a false rupee being found in the fakir's possession he was deprived of his liberty for the space of two years.

But the pages of the criminal records of the central provinces also contain examples of numerous crimes which are peculiar to the East. For instance, at Jubbulpore recently a man felt highly indignant at the severe treatment he had received at the hands of his landlord. Accordingly he seized his own child by the legs, and dashed it on the ground, killing it instantly in the belief, it is supposed, that its blood would be on the head of his persecutor. Such appalling attempts to secure revenge by vicarious sacrifice are, happily, unknown to the Western world nowadays.

Dacoities, of course, form a prominent feature in the report, and in at least two instances clever captures of dangerous gangs were effected by the police. Robberies after administering drugs, though by no means unknown in Europe, are practiced in a far more systematic manner in India. One particularly daring offender was brought to justice in the central provinces last year. He "wandered about the district poisoning people right and left," and afterward relieving them of their belongings. His usual method was to strike up an acquaintance with a traveler, and surreptitiously to introduce drugs into the food. His most bare-faced exploit was carried out right in the center of the market place at Hinganghat, where he drugged three men with datura and got clear away with their valuables.

The Hinganghat outrage, however, was his last, for his career as a poisoner came to an end directly afterward in a remarkable manner. In his disguise of respectable traveler he had driven around the Wardha district in a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks. After the robbery in the market place he appears to have concluded that he had accumulated enough spoils to warrant him in retiring into private life, and he disappeared, leaving his cart behind him. A constable drove the conveyance round the district seeking the owner. While on his wanderings he came to a place called Khapri, and as he was passing

through it a woman rushed out of a house and declared that the bullocks belonged to her husband. The constable discreetly retraced that they now belonged to his uncle, and quietly went to an adjacent railway station and telegraphed to his inspector, who came by the next train. By a singular coincidence the poisoner joined the same train at the point nearest his native village he was recognized by the inspector owing to a curious bracelet he wore. He had the proceeds of the robberies in his possession and his wife's innocent exclamation will cost him fourteen years' imprisonment.—Times of India.

BISMARCK AND THE SERGEANT.

The Iron Chancellor Declares That He Does Not Intend to Die Just Yet.

On the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Prince Bismarck's entrance into the Prussian military service, the Second Regiment of Foot Guards, of which the Iron Chancellor is an honorary Colonel, sent him a present and an address. The person selected to convey the regiment's greeting was Sergeant Karl Sielhoff, an interesting account of whose experience is given in the Berlin Borsen Courier. The Sergeant presented himself at the Castle in Friedrichsrub at 9 o'clock in the morning of March 25 and announced his errand to Dr. Schweninger. While waiting for a reply in the hall the Prince's body servant came to him, and in the course of the conversation found out that the Sergeant came from the neighborhood of Varzang. He told the Prince of this, whereupon Bismarck exclaimed: "If he is a fellow countryman of mine I must have a look at him," and Sielhoff was admitted to his presence.

Bismarck was sitting on a lounge by the fireside. On seeing Sielhoff, who is a broad-shouldered fellow 6 feet 2 in height, enter the bedroom, he cried out: "Donnerwetter, these Pomeranians are all stout fellows!" Then he beckoned to the sergeant and told him to take a seat while he examined the present and read the accompanying letter. He then began to write an answer, interrupting it with questions about Sielhoff's Colonel, his captain, his family affairs, and so on, till Dr. Schweninger warned him that he must not talk too much. The Prince kept on, however, speaking of the pains in his face, from which he had never been free during forty-three years, and saying that now gout in his legs had been added to them, but his body was still sound and for the present he had no intention of dying.

When he had finished his reply he called for one of his photographs, wrote on it his name and the date, and presented it to Sielhoff, asking him to greet his commanding officer and the Second Footguards for him. As the sergeant rose and fell in position for the salute, Bismarck nodded to him and said, "Come here and give me a good, strong handshake as a good-by," after which he gave orders that Sielhoff should have breakfast in the castle before leaving.

Explained.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked a traveller of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet.

"Am I a what?"

"Are you a native of the town?"

"Hey?"

"I asked if you were a native of this place?"

"At that moment his wife, tall, slender and gaunt, appeared at the open door of the cabin, and taking her pipe from between her teeth, said, acridly: "Aint ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you was born, or wuz ye born before you begun livin' here. Now answer him."—Harper's Bazar.

Advertisement for Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The text describes the medicine's effectiveness for various ailments, particularly those related to blood purification and general weakness. It includes a testimonial from a woman who suffered from severe skin conditions and found relief through the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The advertisement concludes with the instruction to 'Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.'

* A TANGLED WEB. *

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

For several days Sir Jordan Lynne did not leave his rooms in South Audley Street without pausing at the door and looking round carefully. But the woman with the wan and sorrowful face, though she may have haunted his dreams, did not trouble him with her actual presence. Neither he nor the friendly policeman who kept a look out for her, saw her again, and Sir Jordan, though he still looked about him as we have seen him on the first night of our introduction to him, was not looking for her.

His manner, indeed, resumed its wonted calm and serenity, and the large audience, which gathered at Exeter Hall to hear him make a speech on behalf of the Society for the Reformation of Outcasts, declared that he had never been in better form. He made an admirable and thrilling speech, so touching indeed that he was quite melted apparently by his own pathos and eloquence, and there was even more than the usual number of wet eyes and pocket-handkerchief business.

Everybody was charmed with him, and the ladies spoke of him as 'That dear good Sir Jordan, you know.' He made, too, another effective speech in the House, before it rose, and the newspapers hinted pretty plainly that some place in the Ministry should have to be found for a politician who had rendered such good service to his party.

The autumn season was over, and everybody was anxious to get away from London, that had become sloppy and damp and altogether used up. The Marlows, with Audrey, had already gone down to the Grange. Lord Marlow had a very nice place of his own in the adjoining county, and would have preferred to go there, but Audrey had asked them to spend Christmas at the Grange; and though Lady Marlow might have withstood her coaxing Lord Marlow could not. He was, as his wife said, little better than a child where Audrey was concerned; and indeed he never could make anything but a show of resistance to the will of the imperious young beauty.

There was to be a big party at the Grange, for Lady Marlow liked to be surrounded by bright people, and among the guests Lord Lorrimore had been included.

'I hope you'll come, Lord Lorrimore,' Lady Marlow had said. 'I don't know whether we can offer you any inducements to set against Monte Carlo; but I believe the pheasants have been looked after, and there are some horses, so that you can hunt when it doesn't freeze. Pray, come if you can.'

Lord Lorrimore hesitated, then raised his grave eyes.

'Does—forgive me, Lady Marlow—but does Miss Hope wish me to come? I know it's her invitation as much as yours.'

'Bless me! yes; it's her own house, you know.'

'Yes, I know. But do you think she really wishes me?'

'My dear Lorrimore, Audrey asked me especially to ask you.'

'Very well,' he said; 'of course I will come, and thank you very much. I should come if—well, if there were no pheasants, no hunting, no anything.'

'Except Audrey,' put in her little ladyship, with a smile.

'Just so,' he assented in his serious way. 'You know how it is with me. I'll be down on the eleventh.'

Audrey smiled half irritably when Lady Marlow described Lord Lorrimore's manner of accepting the invitation.

'He's too absurd,' she said. 'I'm almost sorry you asked him. Now he'll bother me all the time; I know he will.'

'Are you really sorry, Audrey?' asked Lady Marlow, looking whimsically at her.

'If you doubt it, I'll send him a note asking him not to come!' cried Audrey, with pretty defiance.

'Oh, don't do that, or he'll go off to the other end of the world for years.'

'Perhaps it would be better if he would,' retorted Audrey, with a laugh. 'No, let him come. I daresay I can manage to keep him in order. Besides, perhaps he may fall in love with one of the girls who are coming; that pretty Miss Chester, for instance. I'm sure I should fall in love with her if I were a man.'

'Perhaps he may,' said Lady Marlow, with a smile, 'and if he should, you'll forgive me if I say—it serves you right?'

'You may say what you please,' said Audrey.

This conversation took place in the morning room of the Grange the day after their arrival, and the two ladies were standing by the window, looking out across the lawn and the park.

Lynne Court was divided from the Grange by the high road, and the estate ran parallel with Audrey's.

A thin line of smoke from the Court chimney rose above the trees, and reminded Lady Marlow of Sir Jordan.

'I suppose he will be down in a day or two,' she said.

'He? Who? Lord Lorrimore?'

'No, no; Sir Jordan.'

'Oh!' said Audrey. 'Yes, I suppose so. He said that he should follow us.'

'I should think he would find it rather dull in that huge place all by himself.'

Audrey shrugged her shoulders.

'He is used to it, I dare say. He never has any company.'

'No, I don't think there has been a party at the Grange since 'Sir Greville's death. I'm rather surprised at

that, for Sir Jordan is not an un sociable man. Perhaps we ought to have asked him, dear.'

'Oh, I don't know,' she said indifferently. 'It would seem rather singular, wouldn't it, as he has a house of his own so near?'

'Yes,' assented Lady Marlow. 'Do you consider—You know him better than I do.'

Audrey looked up quickly from frowning a big frown.

'No, I do not—that is, of course, I have known him since he was a child, but we never were intimate; he is so much older.'

'Not so very much,' said Lady Marlow, thoughtfully.

Perhaps she was thinking of Sir Jordan's immense wealth, and asking herself whether, if Lord Lorrimore had no chance, the millionaire neighbor might not be encouraged.

'Well, so much older than—than Neville's said Audrey, and a faint dash of color came into her face. 'He—Neville, I mean—and I were playmates—always together.'

'Yes, I know,' said Lady Marlow. 'It was from that young gentleman you learned all your tom-boy tricks, I believe.'

'Poor Neville!' said Audrey. 'I wish he were here to teach me some more.'

'I'm very glad he isn't, if that is what you would do, for you know quite enough. But it seems as if there was not much chance of his turning up. Sir Jordan tells me he has tried every means of discovering his whereabouts, and failed completely.'

'Yes, I know,' said Audrey in a low voice. 'But he may come back some day. Indeed, I'm sure he will. The world is such a small place, as uncle says.'

'Uncle was Lord Marlow, though there was no relationship between him and his ward.'

'Oh, if you're going to quote your uncle,' said Lady Marlow, with a laugh. 'How well you manage him, my dear! But you are dreadfully mean over it; with your flattery and your coaxing, you've made him a perfect slave!'

'He is a perfect dear,' said Audrey—'the dearest, the goodest person in all the world!'

'For whom may those lavish superlatives be intended, young lady?' said the viscount, entering the room at that moment.

He was a large, good-tempered-looking man, with a face and figure very much like those owned by Mr. Micawber. He was a very fair specimen of the English nobleman; an easy-going landlord, a good sportsman, not very keenly interested in politics, and not overfond of society. He put in an appearance at the House of Lords perhaps twice in the session, or when he was 'whipped' very hard; and now and then turned up at one of his wife's parties. He was quite content that the gray mare should be considered the better horse, and never interfered with his wife in any way. In London he almost lived at his clubs, as Lady Marlow said, with an affection of plainness; and in the country he spent most of his time out-of-doors, riding or shooting.

But for all that he possessed a will of his own, and it was only Audrey who could be said to have thoroughly enslaved him. Having no children, he had grown to love the daughter of his old friend as if she were his own.

'Who is the goodest and the bestest man in the world?' he asked.

Audrey left off fondling the dog and slipped her arm through his.

'Not you, you may be sure,' she said. 'Isn't it a lovely day? Wouldn't you like to have a ride, uncle? If you're very good and promise to let me have a real gallop, I'll go with you.'

'Sorry,' said the viscount. 'Steward's coming to go over books this morning.'

'Then put him off,' said Audrey, promptly, and laying her peach-like cheek against his arm.

'Oh? he said, hesitating at once, and patting the uppermost cheek.

'Well—But, oh! I say, you know I can't very well.'

'Oh, yes, you can,' she insisted. The idea of spending such a delicious morning over dusty books!'

'They're not dusty, miss. Checks keeps his books in beautiful order.'

'I don't care. Besides, we shan't have another opportunity of a good ride together all by ourselves; the people will be here directly, and then—well, I shan't have to beg for a companion, sir.'

The viscount laughed, and Audrey sprang to the bell and rang.

'Tell Mr. Checks that Lord Marlow cannot see him this morning,' she said to the footman. 'He'd better come—when, uncle?'

'Oh, to-morrow, I suppose,' said the viscount, rubbing his ball head.

'To-morrow,' said Audrey. 'And now I'll get ready. You see how quick I'll be! and she ran, singing, out of the room.'

'You spoil her shamefully, George,' remarked Lady Marlow.

'I know,' he said, with a laugh, 'and so do you, only you pretend you don't. I'd better go and see about the horses, I suppose. Checks will be awfully mad, though.'

No doubt Mr. Checks was indignant, but Audrey managed to soothe him and dispel his injured frown as she passed him on the road with his books under his arm.

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'It's such a lovely morning, Mr. Checks!' she said, 'calling up her horse and smiling down at him, 'and I persuaded his lordship to come for a ride. It's all my fault.'

'That's true, Checks,' said the viscount, with an apologetic smile. 'Never mind; come up to-morrow. Oh! by the way, has Sir Jordan arrived?'

'He comes this evening, sir,' said the steward.

'It would only be hospitable if we rode round and asked him to dinner—oh, Audrey?' said Lord Marlow.

'Very well; as you like,' she replied, not very warmly.

They rode down the Grange avenue and out by the gates into the road. The lodge-keeper had a large family, and a troop of chubby boys and girls bobbed and courted to his lordship and 'Miss Audrey,' and one mite ran beside her horse and clutched at her habit.

'Oh, it's Tommy, of course! I was forgetting!' she said; and with a laugh she bent down and lifted the yellow-headed urchin in front of her on the saddle.

'What memories children have!' she said. 'I always used to give this little fellow a ride, and he hasn't forgotten it, you see.'

'Yes,' said the viscount; 'horses and children have wonderful memories; they never forget a kindness.'

'Or a cruelty. But Tommy seems to have grown a great deal heavier,' she said, pretending to let him fall, at which Master Tommy was not at all afraid. 'There, I cannot take you any further! and she lowered him down gently, with a sixpence in his fist.'

They rode along the road for nearly the third of a mile before they came to the court gates. There was no children to meet them there, and the gate-keeper seemed particularly grave and sober.

Lord Marlow looked about him curiously as they proceeded up the drive. The drives were in perfect order, and were evidently kept in readiness for the owner, but there was rather a melancholy air about them.

'Some of these cedars want lopping or coming down,' he said. 'They make the drive dark and shadowy—oh, Audrey?'

'Yes,' she said; 'but Sir Greville liked them. He was not fond of sunlight, and I can remember, as a child, how dull and gloomy the Court seemed to me after the Grange.'

'No, it's a fine place, too,' remarked Lord Marlow. 'The largest, if not the finest, in the country. I suppose Sir Jordan must be proud of such a facade. And yet he is not here. What a place! and he looked admiringly along the front of the house, with its wide terrace and liberal windows.'

'Now, if you'll hold my horse, I'll leave a message.'

But a footman in dark livery opened the door and came down the steps before Lord Marlow could dismount.

'I want to leave a message for Sir Jordan. He is not here yet, I believe?'

'No, my lord. Sir Jordan comes to-night.'

'Got a piece of paper, Audrey?' the viscount asked.

Audrey pulled out an old envelope and offered it to him, then drew it back, as if it had suddenly occurred to her that she did not wish the invitation to come direct from herself.

'Oh, here's a card,' said Lord Marlow; and he scribbled a line on it. 'Give that to Sir Jordan immediately he comes, please.'

'Yes, my lord,' said the man.

He spoke in a subdued tone, and was as grave and joyless in his manner and appearance as the lodge-keeper.

'Now, let me see,' said Lord Marlow. 'I want to go into the town. Any objection?'

'No; we need not go back to the front gate; there is a road at the back of the house which will lead us to one of the last gates.'

'They turned to the left and made their way round the huge place, and Audrey looked about her thoughtfully and rather sadly.

'There is where Neville and I used to play. I remember climbing that old oak tree; he'daved me to do it, and I did it; and of course I fell.'

'And he was more frightened than you were hurt, I suppose?'

'No, I wasn't hurt, and certainly Neville wasn't frightened. He only laughed and called me a stupid clumsy girl. He used to get me into the most awful scrapes; for he was a dreadful boy. You see, he did not know what fear meant, and of course I didn't like to be outdone, and so I generally came to grief.'

'That's what happens when women try and rival men, my dear,' said the viscount.

'But, by Jove! this is very fine,' and he reined in his horse and looked at the house. 'This is the old part, I suppose, judging by the ivy. Very fine. Hallo! what's that?' and he pointed with his whip to a door high up in the wall and opening apparently into space.

'That is the door leading to Sir Greville's room,' said Audrey in a lower voice; 'the room in which he died.'

'But there is no way of getting down,' said the viscount. 'He didn't jump or drop it, surely?'

'Oh, no! There used to be a balcony like those one sees leading from the steps in a Swiss chalet. Sir Greville generally entered and left the house by that door. Sir Jordan had the steps taken away directly after his father's death.'

'Rather a strange old man, Sir Greville, wasn't he?'

'Yes,' said Audrey. 'Very strange; such a queer, silent old man. He always seemed so unhappy that it made one sad to be with him.'

'I've heard the story of his life,' said the viscount; 'a regular case of vendetta. When a man forgets who is it that says "Vengeance is mine," he is sure to be unhappy, even if he gets as much revenge as he can desire; and that was the case with Sir Greville, I suspect. But he altered a great deal before his death, didn't he?'

Audrey nodded.

'Yes, he was ever so much gentler.'

"Any old thing"

will do to clean with—some women think. Anything is good enough for them—if they can get a lot of it for little money. This is unwise, surely. Isn't it worth while to find out which will do the most work, and do it without harm to paint and woodwork and fine surfaces? Pearlina is the best cleaner. Pearlina saves rubbing—saves work and wear. Nothing is too good for it. It will wash and clean everything that water doesn't hurt.

Millions NOW USE Pearlina

People said that he was broken up by Neville's going away. They had a terrible quarrel, you know; no one—excepting Sir Jordan, perhaps—knows what it was about. But Sir Greville changed very much after Neville had gone. He was just as unhappy, more so, perhaps, but gentler to the people about him. I saw him a short time before he died and noticed the change. It seemed to me—' She paused.

'Well?' said the viscount.

'I was thinking whether it was fair to go on,' said Audrey.

'Why, did he say anything to you in confidence?' said the viscount with interest.

'N-o; scarcely in confidence. This is what he said: 'Audrey, if ever you are tempted to do wrong, don't wait until you are old before you repent of it and try to put it right; it may be too late then.'

'A solemn warning,' said Lord Marlow. 'Then, after a moment or two of thought, he added:—'

'Do you think he referred to Neville—to his having quarreled with him and having left him penniless?'

'I don't know,' replied Audrey. 'That was all he said. Of course I have remembered it. I never saw him again. I don't think he left his room afterward.'

'He died rather suddenly,' said the viscount.

'Yes.' She looked back with a little shudder. 'Let us hurry on, uncle; the place makes me feel sad. Isn't it strange that Sir Jordan has allowed the rooms to remain just as they were when his father lived in them?'

'Has he done so?'

'Yes; so one of the maids at the Court told my maid. That's how things get carried.'

'Trust women to gossip.'

'Thank you, dear. She said that Sir Jordan wouldn't allow any one but himself to enter them. Oh, thank goodness, here is the gate! Now let us talk of something else.'

'They quickened their pace, and getting on to some grass, let their horses indulge in a gallop which drove all the gloomy thoughts out of Audrey's brain and set her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling.

'This makes me almost wish we were going to be alone all the winter,' she said.

'Oh, what rides we would have!'

'I dare say,' laughed the viscount, immensely pleased. 'You appear to think I have nothing else to do than scamper about the country with a wild girl of the woods.'

'I'm sure you couldn't have anything better to do,' she retorted. 'There's dear old Stoneleigh! How pretty it looks; and there's the rector and old Miss Heaps! How nice it is to be back in the old place and among all the people one knows! Uncle, why don't we always live in the country?'

'I don't know; ask me another question; or, rather, ask her ladyship; she'd be able to tell you.'

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

to tell you, I expect. Now I'm going into the saddle. I suppose, as you've just come from London, where there are no shops, there are no end of things you want to buy, so that you can amuse yourself for the few minutes I'm engaged.'

'I don't want to buy anything,' she retorted, 'and I shan't get down; so please don't let your few minutes run into hours, as they usually do when you get into the saddle.'

'I admire the justice of that speech immensely, especially when I remember that I waited outside Marshall & Snelgrove's for you exactly eight-and-forty minutes the other day,' he said; 'and then I recollect you came out and said you hadn't bought anything.'

Audrey kept her horse still for five minutes, during which she had to bow and smile and respond to innumerable greetings and kindly welcomes; then the animal began to fidget, and she allowed him to walk slowly on.

She looked into the shop windows, and watched with much amusement a man trying to drive a couple of pigs down the road. Then she was about to turn back, when her eye was caught by a half-torn placard on a wall. It was headed "Wanted," in large letters, and in the center of the bill was a wood-cut portrait of a man. The wall adjoined the police station, and Audrey absently rode up to the placard and began to read it.

It contained the description of a man who had perpetrated two crimes. He had, so said the bill, been convicted of forgery, which was bad enough, and had broken out of prison, which, no doubt, the police would consider far worse.

Audrey was reading the description and looking at the villainous portrait, as one does look at such things in moments of writing, when a policeman came out of the office and touched his hat with a respectful smile.

'Audrey, as lady Marlow often complained, would speak to any one.'

'Good morning, Mr. Trale.'

'Good-morning, Miss,' said the inspector. 'Anything I can do for you, Miss?'

'Audrey laughed.

'You could only lock me up, and I suppose you wouldn't like to do that, Mr. Trale.'

The inspector laughed and shook his head, immensely gratified by Miss Hope's condescension and affability, and enjoying by anticipation his account of the interview over his glass of ale in the Lynne Arms that night.

'No, indeed, miss; you'd be missed too much. I thought perhaps I could hold your horse, or something.'

'No, thank you,' said Audrey. 'I am only waiting for Lord Marlow, who will be here directly, and I was amusing myself by reading this.'

'Ah, that's stale news now, miss,' said the inspector. 'It might as well come down for all the good it is.'

'Do you mean that the man has quite escaped?'

'I expect so, miss. Yes, got off clean and left the country, I should think. He was a very clever man, that, Miss Hope.'

Audrey laughed.

'You speak as if you were almost proud of him,' she said.

The inspector smiled apologetically.

'Did I, miss? Well, I suppose, as officers—he spoke in the tone of a man who belongs to a crack regiment—'do have a kind of sneaking respect for a man as baffles us. Besides, he was a native of this place, you know.'

'Oh, was he?' said Audrey. 'Then, of course, as he was so clever as to get away from you, you are naturally proud of him.'

'What an ugly face it is!'

'Yes, miss; Jim Banks wasn't much to look at, but he was clever, and plucky, too! We had a hard job to bring the forgery home to him, but we did think that when he'd got his seven years we were rid of him for a time.'

'And he escaped?' said Audrey.

'Yes, miss; fled through a bar in his cell window, and let himself down into the exercise-yard by a rope made out of his blanket.'

'Quite a like Jack Sheppard!' said Audrey.

'Quite, miss,' assented the inspector, much gratified by Miss Hope's evident acquaintance with criminal literature. 'And not satisfied with that, he actually has the impudence to come back here.'

'Here, where he was known?'

'Here, where he was known, Miss.'

'Poor fellow! though I suppose I oughtn't to pity him; but sometimes one pities the fox at the end of a run, you know. I suppose he came back to see his people.'

'Most like, Miss. There was only a daughter, and she'd left the town. He must have heard that, for he didn't go near his cottage. We should have had him if he had gone there, for we were on the watch.'

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE)

Sunday Reading.

The Stream of Life.
 The stream of life is going dry,
 Thank God that more and more
 I see the golden sands which I
 Could never see before.

The banks are dark with graves of friends,
 Thank God, for faith sublime
 In the sternity that sends
 Its shadows into time.

The flowers are gone that with their glow
 Of sunshine filled the grass.
 Thank God, they were but dim and low
 Reflections in a glass.

The autumn winds are blowing chill,
 The summer warmth is done.
 Thank God, the little dewdrop still
 Is drawn into the sun.

Strange stream, to be exhaled so fast
 If cloudy cares and tears.
 Thank God that it should shine at last
 Along the immortal years.

GENERAL BOOTH.

The society which to-day is doing probably the hardest evangelical work in the world—and doing it in the most robust way—was founded by one man. He never had military training, but he is the man of whom Lord Wolsley said, "I should like to have him for my chief of staff."

William Booth of Nottingham was, at the time of writing this article, in his country. At the age of fifteen he was a clerk in a store, with the prospect of a successful career before him as a business man; but already a consecrated heart burned in him and God's angel had touched his lips with fire.

Friends who witnessed his remarkable zeal and gifts as a religious exhorter when he was scarcely past his boyhood urged him to enter the ministry, but he was a slender lad, and the physician who examined him declared that if he took up preaching as a regular vocation, he would not live twelve months. Four years later he did begin to preach (on an allowance of twenty shillings a week), and after nearly half a century of incessant labor, he is still hale and strong.

During his earlier ministry—fruitful of results that would have satisfied most men the thought of the thousands whom he never saw at his meetings was continually in his mind. His hunger for the outcasts would not let him rest. The mass of his hearers and converts belonged to the church-going public—the more or less religiously instructed. This fact troubled him. There were human beings wretched enough, hopeless enough, to call out all the effort and sacrifice that he felt was in him. He seemed to have an "instinct for the uttermost"—a passion for the hardest cases. There must be "a fold for the black sheep" and he wanted to find them and lead them in.

He began to preach in the slums. In a low dancing hall in the East End of London the Salvation army really began. Its devoted troops have since marched into nearly every country under the sun. Their methods are extraordinary, but their peerless philanthropy and their loyalty to the banner of the Cross have made them a power.

Two of General Booth's anecdote illustrations reveal the ruling principle of his work and his sense of its recompense. A little girl whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her injected this into her bedtime prayer:

"O Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please don't let them! Oh, I know they won't! They can't! Amen."

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, 'cause—'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"We pray for souls threatened by the traps of Satan," said the general, "but that's not enough. We smash the traps."

Amid the terrors of a sudden shipwreck a returning miner, carrying thirty-five thousand dollars in gold dust in his belt, was about committing himself to the sea. "Oh, save me! save me!" cried a weeping child, whose protectors had been swept away. What should he do? The weight of both the gold and the child would sink him. He tore off his belt and flung it away, and bidding the little girl mount on his shoulders and clasp his neck and hold hard, plunged into the surf. This was renunciation.

Hours afterward he woke to consciousness in a fisherman's hut, and felt the patting of little hands and a kiss upon his cheek, and heard a small voice say, "Thank you for saving me, I love you."

The first article in the commission of General Booth and his wageless 'Army' is renunciation. Their reward is rescued immortal lives.

A truth always prominent in the history of greatness is that genius covets difficulties. Another, equally prominent in the history of goodness, is that Christlike love looks for the worst sinners.

General Booth is a living example of both. By a rare felicity, his passion for seeking the outcast and the despairing is matched by his capacity for the task—and by the efficiency of the world wide organization which he has created and trained to do it.

When Olive Schremer says, "The only form of Christianity which is a living force is the Salvation Army," we can pardon the exaggeration; for words are not measured in one's enthusiasm for the work of a religion which never meets a wrong without helping to right it, nor sees a tear without trying to wipe it away.

FRANCES WILLARD.

Some of Characteristics of the Late Remarkable Woman.

Miss Frances Willard, in many respects the most remarkable woman of the century was a flower of Puritan stock, and inherited the inflexible conscience and all the moral and mental vigor of her ancestry. Her preferences in childhood for masculine toys and athletic sports betoken strength and boldness too abounding for a life of mere conventional activities. The name "Eagle's-Nest," which she gave to a favorite eyrie of hers in an oak tree on her father's Wisconsin farm, and which, many years afterward, she applied to her own cottage in the Catskills, best described the only rest which her free and fearless spirit ever allowed itself. The healthy girl loved to climb and run, and shoot with bow and arrow, and the healthy woman (who learned to ride the bicycle after she was fifty years old) continued to believe in the "wheel" and the oar as wholesome privileges of the "gentler" as well as the sterner sex. She neglected no physical duty, and her muscle was like her mind educated to unflinching fortitude.

But her strong physical qualities were not the whole of Miss Willard. She was by no means an armed Minerva and nothing else. With all her robust traits, she was a person of winsome presence and rare sweetness of character. Tenderness itself in her home life, and in all the intimacies of affection and offices of charity, she was one of the womanliest of all leaders of women. The friendships that survive her would alone embalm her name, and in them are the thanks of thousands whom her influence purified and saved. With the genius of a commander and the breadth of a statesman, she was great: but the world loved her, and will love her, chiefly because she was good. Her Christian life was one of exalted devotion, and so practical that every other life it touched felt it and revered it. Over her fine culture and her marvellous sum of gifts shone always the glory of her faith. "It is all worked into the woof and warp of my spirit, the result of the sweet old ways in which I was brought up," she once said. "I should have to deny myself in my inmost heart if I did not believe what mother taught me at her knee; if I did not reverence the voice that calls to me from the pages of the Bible."

Unhappily it is the lot of those who are born to do greatest work to break down at last under the burden. Miss Willard's athletic frame—her magnificent physical outfit—gave way under supreme strain. The presidency of the International Woman's Christian Temperance Union with all its administrative duties and anxieties,—the endless flood of correspondence, the pushing of obstructed plans, the wrestling with financial trials, the harmonizing of a vast constituency on two continents,—all this, devolved upon her single self, was too much, and she died before she had passed her prime.

We remember the warning given to Moses by his father-in-law: "This thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone." Capable leaders are naturally over-laden because they are capable, but one longs for a relief, such as Jethro's advice proposed, to divide the weight and save the untimely crushing of a choice spirit.

A Friend in Need.

The Church Union gives a story of Phillips Brooks which illustrates his thoughtfulness toward all who needed friendly aid. A lady was travelling from Providence to Boston with her weak minded father. Before they arrived he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him.

His daughter endeavored to quiet him but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair, when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eye he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "you are in trouble. May I help you?" She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked. She told him, and the large man, leaning toward the troubled man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had shaken her hand, and was about to closed the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door she said:

"Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

Walking With God.

The religious life is a progressive life. In these days of rapid transit, of steam and electricity, walking may seem to be a slow method of advancement, and yet the triumphs of walking are almost as great as those of steam or electricity. Think of the moral achievements to be gained not by flying, but by walking with God. God has given wings to angels, but feet to men. What we reach is reached by this method of living.

Heavenly Visions.

Every heaven sent influence that tends to soften the feelings and intensify the sympathies is a heavenly vision to which we should be obedient. Whatever awakens the conscience, strengthens it and enhances it is a heavenly vision to which we cannot wisely be disobedient. Whatever strengthens the soul against the alluring power of evil is such a heavenly vision.

The Church and Society.

God forbid that anyone should say that Jesus was the best man that ever lived. I pity the man or woman who has not known souls as pure and beautiful as Jesus of Nazareth. There have been hundred and thousands, and perhaps millions, that have been pure and good like him, but who have not been called upon to manifest so greatly their worth or to minister, in so wide a field.

The Profession of Faith.

No public profession of faith, no baptism, no church membership, is essential to good character, but I believe a man injures his character by not publicly professing his faith if he has it. Baptism is simply a method of professing faith. I do not see that it has any particular effect on character. Some of the best characters I have ever known were Quakers, and not baptized.

Man of Public Spirit.

Now, the man that is influenced by disinterested love, by the unselfish spirit, has at the very roots of his living the noble principle of an enlightened benevolence. He is a thorough well wisher to his fellows, and so endeavors to discharge every social and relative duty. In a word, he is a man of public spirit.

The Queenly Young Woman.

The queenly young woman appreciates the worth of true womanhood to society. Many a principle of righteousness that has borne fruit in some humanitarian enter-

MRS. GEO. ADAMS, UXBRIDGE, ONT.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her of Fainting Spells, Partial Paralysis and Heart Trouble After the Doctors Had Given Her Up to Die.



The beginning of this year very few people in Uxbridge, Ont., thought Mrs. Geo. Adams, a well-known and highly respected lady of that town, would be alive to see the incoming of spring. She was so weak and wasted, her appetite was gone, there were dark circles under her eyes, her heart was bad, those terrible faint spells and smothering sensations came over her so frequently that it seemed to be only a matter of time till she would pass to the great majority. More than that, there were times when she became partially paralyzed, and the doctors who were in attendance had given up all expectation of her recovery. At this time a friend in Toronto, hearing of Mrs. Adams' serious condition, advised the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. It was the last ray of hope, and Mrs. Adams concluded to try the remedy. On February 3rd she got the first box, and started taking them. That was a Thursday. Friday night the first good effects of the medicine were made evident in Mrs. Adams getting sound, refreshing sleep, the first good night's rest she had had in months. From that time on every day found her improving in health and getting stronger. The terrible pains that used to shoot through her head and arms disappeared, the spells of numbness and partial paralysis that came over her at times bothered her no more. Soon she was able to resume her household duties, and in addition bake her own bread, a thing she had not attempted for the past two years. To-day Mrs. Adams is thankful to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for sparing her life to her children and husband, and under date of April 4th, 1898, wrote as follows: "I had given up all hope of recovering, and frequently thought I could not live through the day."

"Fainting spells, numbness and partial paralysis came upon me very often, sometimes seven spells in half a day. I was in this helpless and hopeless condition when a friend advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I secured at Mr. Nicholls' drug store. I had not taken them long when I noticed a great change for the better, and before I had used half a box I was up doing my own housework. "By the time the first box was completed I was able to walk down town and back quite easily, a distance of half a mile each way. "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as they saved my life and restored my health." ELIZABETH ADAMS. T. C. Nicholls, B. A., the popular druggist and stationer of Uxbridge, who sold Mrs. Adams the pills, is ready to vouch for the truthfulness of the above statement. This case of Mrs. Adams is only one of the thousands that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are curing all over Canada. Anyone afflicted with weak, palpitating, throbbing heart, nervousness, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, pale sallow complexion, thin watery blood, dyspepsia, weakness, loss of flesh, spinal disease, St. Vitis Dance, etc., will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the remedy indicated. For women they are especially beneficial, imparting a rosy color to the pallid cheek and giving relief from pain and weakness. Growing girls and nursing mothers have heavy drains on their systems, and will find in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the very elements that are needed to keep up their health and strength. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of prices, 50 c a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

prise or reform legislation was first instilled into the life of the child by a womanly mother, who had room enough in her heart to take the world into her affections.

Goodness and Salvation.

There is no end to the plans of saving people in other ways than by making them good, but the vital question is whether goodness constitutes salvation. This is the one question in theology. In this our everyday life on this world the good man is the saved man. He has the respect of the community and the love of his friends.

Keeping Secrets.

Keep natural and confident secrets. Be unwilling to receive them when their is no obligation to do so, for secrets are like red-hot plowshares. To keep secrets under the cross fire of questions and curiosities which harass the world is not easy.

The Sabbath Day.

A tendency has developed to make the Sabbath simply a day for physical relaxation. This is all wrong. Sunday is the day that connects the minor ends of life with the supreme. For this, if for no other reason, the Sabbath should be kept standing out distinct from all other days.

One View.

"What does yer reckon 'dis country'll do," said Miss MissigBrown, 'ef Spain

keeps on with dis here troublesomeness?" "Well," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I reckons it'll be jes' like it is wit us folks in Foggy Bottom. Ev'ry once in er while we has ter git together an lick dat Turkey Level gang so we kin be lef' alone ter fight among ouahselves in peace."—New York World.

SKIN ON FIRE.

Torments of Torments—Is there scrofulous tendency? Is there irritating eczema? Is there unexplainable itching, stinging skin eruption? Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a sovereign balm for all such. One application soothes and patient treatment produced a baby-like softness of the skin. It destroys the disease germ effectively. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure piles in from three to six nights. 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. Large vial, 20 cents.

The Important Points.

Patent Medicine Man—"This new cough syrup of Dr. Bolus is an infringement on our patent. The ingredients are exactly the same."

His Partner—"I wouldn't mind about the ingredients, but he has imitated our label and the shape of the bottle."

Success.

In business comes when thorough satisfaction is given to the public. That's why Nerviline sells so rapidly. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Pain, internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Try it.

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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.

Notches on The Stick

We know not who may be the writer of the editorial paragraphs, "Note and Comment," in "The Metropolitan," (Montreal) but we do not wish to know him by his self-selected title, "Old Fogey," which is not well applied. He does not mope or mow over the editor's desk, and, if he continues, his audience, if intelligent, will not be found napping. He says: "It is in England that the works of Gilbert Parker are appreciated; it is in the United States that Roberts, a true poet, who sings at once with the note of strength and beauty finds his audience. It needs not merely a homogeneous population, but settled institutions, and a well-defined national type, before we can look for a native literature. Canada is passing through a formative stage. She has only awakened to the consciousness of self. She has hitherto been engaged in the struggle for material existence. She has been conquering the wilderness and bridging rivers, and laying a shining track across mountains and through forest, and evolving out of primeval lawlessness and desolation a human society, crude and ungainly, but hopeful through the wholesome elements that compose it. The time will come, doubtless, when we shall have our own literature and our own writers, finding fame and fortune by throwing the spell of their genius over the scenes and events of our national history."

The following is a reprint of a poem by John McFarlane (John Arbory), one of the sweetest of Scottish American poets, resident at Montreal:

The Two Prayers.
 'Twa men gaed into the kirk to pray'
 (Twas the Minister the stery said,
 In the sudden time when the unco guid,
 Had forsook his gown an' baid,
 'The aye was an up-stittin' body, asteel,
 W' an unco conceit o' himself';
 The ither a menseless taro-ither chiel,
 W' ane muckle guid to tell.
 The up-stittin' body spak' lood an' lang,
 As he he threipit the Lord fu' salr,
 That he wasna aye like ither men,
 But had go' a' grace to spare.
 But the menseless chiel w' aheid doon huncr,
 Had little ar rocht to say;
 But he placed his haun on his beavin' breist,
 An' his hert was sad an' wae.
 An' the Lord aboon, whose heavenly ear
 Can hear tho' the lio be dumb,
 Had a smile o' peace for his errin' bairn,
 That cam' as a bairn, suld rome.'
 JOHN ARBORY, In the Scotsman.

The lineaments of Ibsen are well depicted in the following sketch by an acquaintance: "If one were to ask me of my personal impressions of Ibsen, I should say that the first glance at his mighty forehead, his shaggy hair, his sharp eye, his firm mouth, his ruddy complexion, his compact build, made me feel that there was a tremendous power behind it all, and that Henrik Ibsen was a man of intense thought and passion. Ibsen's facial expression is remarkable. Under intense feeling his face hardens, color deepens, and his eyes blaze. Instinctively one looks for shelter, feeling that the storm is about to burst. Quickly the skies clear, the face softens, the eyes twinkle merrily, there is a suggestion of dimples at the corners of the mouth, and an expression at once very droll and very winning plays upon the features. He is a man of moods."

The University of Pennsylvania possesses an unique treasure in the portrait of Wordsworth, painted in 1844 by Henry Inman, and which has been presented by George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia. It was originally in the possession of Henry Reed.

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FOR
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AND
ALL BLACK
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Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

one of the Professors of the University, for whom it was painted.

According to a paragraph in the Commercial, Bangor, the statue of the late Judge Hughes, which it was decided should be the form of public memorial to the well-known author of Tom Brown's School Days, will not be erected at Bangor until toward the end of the present year.

Mr. William B. Chisholm, in the Home Journal, New York, quotes from Mrs. Elizabeth B. Browning's letters: "The sin of Sphinxine literature I admit. Have I not struggled hard to renounce it? Do I not, day by day?" Upon which, Mr. Chisholm observes: "Poor Mrs. Browning! (but why 'poor?') How has the same 'Sphinxine sin' increased since her day of literature, till, like a mighty river, it threatens to engulf and was away everything! Yet observe that the complexity now attaches itself to the subject rather than the style. Who can help an obscure style, save by assiduous practice in simplicity, when an obscure style chances to be the natal curse?" Verily! We can endure this fault in Browning who is able to reward us for our pains with him; but what shall we say to the smaller fry who have been dominated by this tad, and seek to saddle it upon others? It is the modern method of originality, and will succeed, in most cases and in the long run, just as it deserves to do. Simplicity in poetry is ever in place, and will not yet be an outworn or an outlawed virtue.

Henry James says of Hamlin Garland: "Fiction as yet in the United States strikes me as most curious when most confined and most local; this is so much the case that, when it is even abjectly passive to surrounding conditions, I find it capable of yielding an interest that almost makes me dread undue enlargement. There are moments when we are tempted to say that there is nothing like saturation—to pronounce it a sater thing than talent. I find myself rejoicing, for example in Hamilton Garland, a case of saturation so precious as to have almost the value of genius. There are moods in which we seem to see the painter, of whatever sort, so to speak, the soaked sponge of his air and time; and of Mr. Hamlin Garland—as to whom I hasten to parenthesize that there are many other things to remember, things for which I most impatiently wait the first occasion—I express his price, to my own taste, with all honor I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin."

The 'Outlook' says that Prof. C. D. Roberts, in his 'History of Canada,' has striven to show, stage by stage, the making of a nation in British North America, in whose progress some of the greatest problems of history have been pressed to a solution; and on whose further development our future as an empire may in no small measure depend. For this task Mr. Roberts has exceptional qualifications, his knowledge of Canada's records, old and new, is at once wide and thorough. He is master of an admirable style, clear, cultured, free from artifice, but often instinct with the poet's touch. Above all he loves his country fervently.

We are favored with a copy of a lecture on John G. Whittier, by the well known poet professor, Benjamin F. Leggett, of Ward, Pennsylvania. It is sympathetic in its treatment of the Quaker Bard,—as might be expected from a man of poetic gifts and gentleness of heart, as well as of Quaker lineage,—and is on the whole an excellent delineation of the great poet's character; whose memory is destined to be for ages to come sweet as ointment poured forth.

Augustine Berrell, in 'Literature,' says: "Living authors, though they despise the critics, still clamor to be criticised; but from the critic's point of view it is hard to forget that the only English critics who have any reputation chiefly concerned themselves with authors who were no longer living" when they (these critics) wrote. Dryden, Addison, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Bagehot, Arnold, were great critics who did not worry overmuch about their contemporaries.

Indeed, one wonders whether it would be possible to fill even a thin volume with criticisms of authors written by their coevals which would be worth reading. I doubt it."

We present the following from the pen of a lady who has from time to time been mentioned in these columns.—Mrs. H. M. Bryan, of Memphis, Indiana.

Uprisen From the Spanish Main.
 With pictures painted by the wind
 On the blue canvas of the sky,
 With vapors from four quarters blown,
 My wide unpollared gallery
 Is decked, and sculpture quaint and rare
 Is mine the waste and wandering air,
 Who give the empty, vague and formless air,
 The semblance of my passing thought.

My fair ships from Ports Divine
 That anchored lay, in Sunset Bay
 Upon the far horizon line,
 Spread their white wings, and far away
 Below the blue rim of the West
 They sail; and where Mr Argoey
 At anchor swung on ocean's breast,
 Hooked lightly on his heaving breast,
 A towered citadel I see.

Oh a bold seaward-leaning steep,
 Broad-based in the unshattered blue,
 Barabaca, basement at a keep
 My ghastly masons give to view.
 In deep embrasures starry gleams,
 Above each turret, cressets twain;
 'Tis the Castle of my Dreams!
 Joy! The Castle of my Dreams,
 Uprisen from the Spanish Main!

Upon the parapet I see
 My heart's dear lady, pacing slow;
 Her gemmy mantle flutters free,
 Upon her fingers tapering snow
 In circuit bright a ruby gleams;
 She waves a beckoning hand to me.
 Oh, lady of my early dreams!
 Fair Chateaufaine of Castle Dreams!
 I come to thee! I come to thee.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, it is said has ingratiated himself with the Indians, and has become a favorite with them. He passes some portion of each summer in their company, in the northwest, "enjoying the free life in the open air and gathering material for his fiction." Many of the chiefs have bestowed upon him substantial tokens of their regard.

The "Boston Academy," edited by Rev. Alfred Wright, D. D., is the organ of the Boston School of Correspondence; the object of which is the assistance of young clerics who are unable to obtain a university education, but who are desirous of advancement in language, literature, aesthetics, criticism, Philosophy, Theology, and Bible Greek. The scheme is found to be a helpful one, and this journal sets forth its excellence.

SAVED HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.
 A Woman Becomes Temporarily a Bull Fighter to Excellent Purpose.
 A woman's presence of mind and quick and determined action in the face of peril saved her husband from death at the Corning farm on the river road below Kenwood says the Albany Express.

A prize bull, one of the finest of the celebrated Corning stock, registered as King Coffee VI, an animal of excellent blood, but untamed qualities, came near causing its keeper's death.
 James Kievet, who has charge of the Corning stock, has only held his position a few days, and therefore was not well acquainted with the peculiarities of the animals. Yesterday he took King Coffee VI out for exercise. The bull had a ring in his nose, and attached to the ring was a pole to lead him. After giving the animal several runs up and down the large barnyard, Kievet returned to it to its stall and incautiously removed the stick before he had chained the bull. As soon as the stick was removed the bull reared and made a plunge for Kievet, landing his forefeet on him so as to throw him to the floor of the stall. The animal then gored the man as he lay on the floor, inflicting several gashes in the groin.
 Mrs. Kievet happened to be in the barnyard, and hearing her husband's screams, rushed into the barn, seized a pitchfork,

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE
SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY
OF WASH DAY

and began furiously to prod the bull. The brave woman finally drove the animal into a corner. She then seized her husband and dragged him from the barn. Just then another farm hand came upon the scene. He locked the door of the barn and then carried the injured man to the farm-house.

GRANT IN THE WILDERNESS.
 A Wounded Soldier's Close Study of the Great Commander.
 "Oh, it was an intensely interesting study—my study of Grant at close range in the Wilderness!"
 The speaker was the Rev. Theodore Gerrish, a Maine veteran of the civil war. "Ah! I can never forget that terrible day in 1864, when was fought the first of the two days' bloody battles of the Wilderness," continued Mr. Gerrish. "I at the time lay wounded under a tree, close to Grant's headquarters in the field, and hour after hour watched Grant.

"While serving as a private in my regiment, I was severely, though not dangerously wounded, and, like a great number of others, was taken to the rear. I was placed under a small tree, and, as it happened, within a few rods of the spot where the leader of that mighty host of Union warriors was conducting the battle. In fact, I was so near to Grant that I could see every motion he made, and critically study him in the momentous, fearfully responsible role he was playing.

"And such a study!
 "Why, it is not hyperbole to state that it was worth all the pain and disability I endured then and thereafter from the effects of my wounds.
 "There stood the 'silent man of destiny' in front of his little tent; a man plain and unpretentious, holding in his hands not only the fate of his vast army, but the life of our nation as 'one and inseparable,' yet as cool and self-possessed as if he were merely reviewing a brigade of militia on training day. All about him was wild excitement and seeming chaos. In front of him, and for miles in extent, the unceasing roar of artillery mingling and alternating with the rattle of musketry, the bugle calls, the shouts of the contending troops, now nearer and more terrible, now seeming farther away; anon the crashing of a shell in dangerous nearness, causing a temporary scare in the vicinity of its fall.

"Everybody was agitated, except him who had most cause for travail.
 "Staff officers would gallop up every few minutes, to each of whom he would give a brief written order for transmission to some brigade or division commander, perhaps involving the fate of thousands of brave men. Orderlies were dashing hither and yon. General Meade, on his alert charger, was so nervous that he could not long remain in his saddle, but would dismount and pace the ground a while, remount and sit a short time, then off and walk as before, his handsome face wearing a worn and troubled look; and yet, through these long and terrible hours Grant never once lost his head, but kept constantly in his mind's eye all the details and intricacies of that stupendous plan which devolved on him alone to carry out—the solution of that mighty problem, the key to which lay in his right hand, which held the fateful pencil.

"Yes, Grant knew precisely what he was about, and he knew, moreover, that a cool head and well balanced mind were all essential to the great work in hand.
 "The lesson of that day's study of Grant was, that he was one of the most wonderful men this century has produced."
 Well Met.

Years ago a little periodical was published in England entitled "Captain Rock in London, or the Chieftain's Weekly Gazette." Naturally it was full of Irish ideas, and so not entirely agreeable to the existing government. One morning, while it was in full swing, two gentlemen met accidentally in London's Green Park. One of them was the editor of the seditious paper, and the other an Englishman who seemed to be greatly interested in public affairs. They drifted into talk on Ireland, and at its conclusion the stranger presented his gold snuff-box to the editor.
 "Take this, my friend," said he, "as a

little memorial of the most useful and instructive conversation I have ever had on Irish affairs; you will not value it the less when I tell you I am the prince regent."
 "Will your royal highness," said the Irishman, "permit me, in rendering my grateful thanks, to name myself, for I fear your royal highness has heard of me before."
 "By all means," said the prince, a good deal amused at the assurance of the intrepid Irishman. "Tell me who you are."
 "May it please your royal highness, I am Captain Rock."
 And in those days the captain's name was equivalent to that of a dynamiter. Needless to say that the new acquaintances parted with no talk of a future meeting.

Twelve Business Maxims.
 The president of the London Chamber of commerce gives twelve maxims which he has tested through years of business experience, and which he recommends as tending to ensure success:

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.
3. Master all details.
4. Always know more than you are expected to know.
5. Remember that difficulties are only made to overcome.
6. Treat failures as stepping-stones to further effort.
7. Never put your hand out farther than you can draw it back.
8. At times be bold; always prudent.
9. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
10. Make good use of other men's brains.
11. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.
 Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

The Difference.
 "What!" said the Judge, "you expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flat-irons at him, and he only threw one at you?"
 "Yes, that's all right," Judge, said the irate woman; "but, then, the one he threw hit me!"—Tit-Bits.

Mistaken Souls.
 First Klondiker (turning his other side to the fire)—Well, I wonder what's the news down in the States.
 Second Klondiker (piling more logs on the fire)—News? There ain't any. Everybody's waitin' to hear from us!"

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1847. ROGERS BROS.
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GENUINE AND GUARANTEED
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LAXA-LIVER PILLS

A vegetable remedy for diseases arising from Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels, such as Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Feeling of Languor, Distress after Eating, etc.

Mrs. CLARA HOWE, Moncton, N.B., says: "I used Laxa-Liver Pills for Headaches and Liver Trouble, and they not only relieved me but cured me. They do not grip or sicken and are easy to take."

Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Vial or 5 for \$1.00.

Woman and Her Work

If one may judge by the nature of the controversies which have been appearing with great regularity week after week in the woman's pages of the weekly papers, as well as in the columns of those journals which are exclusively devoted to the affairs of women, the pendulum shows a decided inclination to swing back to its original position since the tension of the last year or two has been relaxed. In short the mind of lovely woman seems to have wearied of wrestling with obtruse problems, such as the best way of proving the mental and physical superiority of woman to the inferior animal man, the length to which the proper privileges of the New Woman should extend, and the degree of emancipation that marvelous product of the century would be justified in claiming and recovering its elasticity it is going back to first principles with a vigor that is truly refreshing.

"The Woman who is most pleasing to man," is the healthy title of a recent article in a woman's journal and a column and a half is devoted to a thoughtful discussion on "How Shall She Hold a Man After She has Caught Him?" engages the attention of a writer in the New York Sun last week throughout a whole column, and such titles as "The Woman Who Charms Men," "What Wins a Man's Heart," and "How to Retain a Husband's Affections," meet the eye in every paper one takes up.

Coupled with the unusually abundant crop of receipts for making herself beautiful which form a feature of this season's literary output, I take this as a decidedly hopeful sign, and it really begins to look as if woman was thinking of letting extraneous matters alone for a while, and attending to her own affairs again. Perhaps—who knows?—she may be missing the incense she has become accustomed to from long use, and finding the cool shades of intellectual superiority in which she has elected to dwell of late, rather chilly when contrasted with the cheerful sunshine of masculine admiration and masculine love, which is her birth right but which she has been trying her best to trade off for a mess of rather indigestible pottage which seems to have already palled upon the palate and turned to dust and ashes like the famous, but not very authentic Dead Sea apples. Ah girls, deny it as you may, repress (the felling as you will) for the time being, there [is no gainsaying the fact that the approval of the other sex is still something to be desired, and that in her secret heart the New Woman is just as fond of making conquests and keeping them, as the old one was.

The dog has been having his day for ages past while kicks and cuffs have been all that fell to the lot of poor pussy whose life has been one long apology for the presumption of existing though she was often far more useful than the more favored canine. But now the tide seems to have turned, and there is every prospect that kitty will be permitted to enjoy those "nine afternoons" which are supposed to be as much her right, as the dog's whole "day".

A few years ago a cat show was something unheard of, while now it is almost as common, and quite as popular as the dog show, and people are no longer ashamed to confess to a liking for cats lest they should be branded as hopeless old maids or bachelors. In fact puss is rapidly becoming re-habitated and if she has not exactly reached the position she held amongst the ancient Egyptians, (she is at least thoroughly respectable, and occupies a definite position in society. She is even considered an acceptable present for one friend to offer to another, especially if it comes of aristocratic lineage, and the man or woman who should promise a friend an Angora, Persian or even a Maltese kitten would be sure of meeting with as much gratitude as if the prospective gift consisted of a thoroughbred pup or a supernaturally hideous dachshund. In most families now, the cat is no longer a despised, dependent but an honored member of the domestic circle, and it is nothing unusual to hear a person say—"We are so worried about our cat, she has been ill for several days and we are going to lose her; we have had the veterinary to see her, but he does not give us much encouragement." Once, and not long ago either, a sick cat was regarded by people who considered themselves humane, as something to be hustled out of doors and very likely killed as quickly as possible; sickness on the part of a cat being looked upon as unheard of presumption, for which the only adequate punishment was death. My love of all animals and my champion-

ship of poor kitty in particular, are so well known that my friends often ask me for advice when their cats are ill; knowing that I have nursed so many feline sufferers back to health, and smoothed the way to the grave for so many others, a sick animal being always cared for as tenderly in our house, as a human being. Therefore for the benefit of those who think their cats worth caring for, I reproduce the following simple, and excellent suggestions on the subject.

The Care of Cats When Sick.

"Cats are by no means as hardy as is suggested by the old adage that each cat has nine lives," remarked a veterinarian who makes a speciality of treating sick cats. "But there is no reason why, with proper care, a pet cat should not live to a very green old age. Cats should be fed regularly and at least twice a day. Bread and milk or oatmeal porridge and milk, the milk having a little hot water and a trifle of sugar added to it in chilly weather, should constitute their breakfast. Bread and broth with a little cooked meat is quite sufficient for their dinner. A little fresh fish may be given occasionally, and now and then a morsel of uncooked liver and meat, care being taken to remove all fat. Any vegetable for which the cat shows a fondness may be given with discretion."

"Remember to see that a cat always has access to plenty of fresh water and fresh grass, grass being a genuine panacea for all its minor troubles. The diseases of cats include, sore throat, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption which are especially prevalent among them, as they are very susceptible to dampness. One of the first symptoms of illness is a rough and untidy coat. If this be accompanied by restlessness and languor it is safe to administer a dose of castor oil and provide the cat with a sheltered place until the effect has worn off."

"Where the presence of any kind of poison is suspected prompt and energetic action is necessary. A liberal dose of lukewarm water slightly salted generally has a good effect, but it is safest to give at once sweet oil or melted lard. After such an experience a course of cod liver oil is advised, with a generous diet. A little powdered sulphur made into a paste with lard or unsalted butter, and smeared upon the front paws, is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition, but care should be taken to keep it from all exposure to dampness until the effects of the dose disappear."

"Never scold, frighten, or shake a sick cat. It matters not how cross they may be at first, they soon come to understand the treatment is for their own comfort, and will quietly submit after a short while. Care must be taken to guard against their bite, however, as the bite of a cat is always a serious thing. In giving medicine the sick animal should be rolled in a sheet, its paws at its side, the mouth pressed open, and a bit of wood laid across the lower jaw just behind the eye teeth."

The leafy month which is always associated with roses and weddings will soon be with us, and of course the expectant bride is thinking about her trousseau, to the exclusion of all other mundane things. In fact the bridal trousseau forms such an important part of the early summer fashions that it is responsible for many of the most striking varieties of the season. There is simply no end to the variations which may be evolved just by the different cut of the skirts and the changes in trimming.

Of course the regulation wedding gown is now, as it always has been, of heavy silk or satin, but very many other wedding dresses, quite as pretty and much more becoming are made of white lace over taffata silk, or even of organdie muslin, if expense is an object to the bride. Nothing could be more dainty and girlish for a young bride than a simple dress of white organdie over taffata, or even China silk, and trimmed with lace and ribbon. But satin is the material most used and after all a satin dress which does not require to be veiled with anything and need not be lined with silk is not necessarily very expensive, as a satin of excellent appearance, and quite sufficient wearing qualities for such a purpose may be purchased at any of the best shops for seventy-five cents a yard. Narrow ruffles of tulle or chiffon form a most effective, and yet inexpensive skirt trimming for such dresses, and a panel front of plaided chiffon or lace is a very popular mode of finishing them. A tiny wreath of orange blossoms across the foot of this panel adds very much to the beauty of such a skirt which is otherwise perfectly plain. A guimpe neck and sleeves of lace or chiffon are a special feature of this season's wedding gowns, and they are not only very new, and dressy for summer weddings, but really a most economical fashion, if, as is usually the case they are made detachable as there is a perfectly finished evening dress all ready for use as soon as the guimpe and sleeves are removed.



Fashion dictates

from three centres—Paris, London, Berlin, and fashion stamps Priestleys' Black Wool, Figured Fabrics as correct in style and originality of design, this season. But that is not all—for fineness of texture and durability of weave

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Black Wool Figured Fabrics

in large and small designs, Matalasse effects, Armures and Pebble Cloths are unequalled. Ideal in their draping qualities. Chic and stylish in the effects they yield.

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses Everywhere.

The organdie gowns are usually ruffled, elaborately trimmed with lace insertion and edging and finished with a sash of taffata silk and a bunch of orange blossoms on one shoulder. Some of the very latest wedding gowns of satin are made in princess style and open at one, or both sides over a panel of lace. Narrow revers covered with narrow puffed frills of white chiffon turn down from a yoke of lace, and the sleeves are perfectly plain, with little frills of lace at the top.

The very swell bridesmaid's costume is occasionally made of white satin, but colors are usually preferred no matter whether the material may be silk or organdie. Corded silk in pale yellow, pink and green makes ideal bridesmaid dresses with wide chiffon sashes ruffled across the ends, and tucked bodices with narrow frills of lace at intervals on the tucks. These gowns are usually accompanied by white chip hats in shepherdess shape trimmed with white plumes, and real flowers tucked under the brim. A very odd costume recently worn by a bridesmaid had a skirt of white cloth trimmed with folds of the same, and a tucked bodice of white taffata silk. The groups of tucks were outlined with guipure lace, and a striking touch of color was given by a jaunty little cape of heliotrope velvet falling from one shoulder. A white chip hat with white feathers and lilacs at the back, completed this odd costume.

Amongst the general features which distinguish both trousseau dresses, and regular summer outfits, a very special one is the piping of white, black or some contrasting color which nearly always appears as a finish on the bodice, or an edging for the folds on the skirt. Sometimes a silk cord is employed to give the same effect. Gathered ribbons, fine cordings, and tucks are seen everywhere and on every kind of dress. A very novel use of tucks is shown in a lately imported gown of gray nun's veiling which is tucked around the waist in vertical lines a little over five inches long. These tucks are very narrow, and separated by fully twice their own width, but they give the fashionable appearance of slenderness to the wearer, which is so much to be desired.

Hand sewing of all kinds is another distinctive feature of dress decoration this season, and it is especially desirable in the form of drawn work. Silk and nun's veiling are both especially adapted to this kind of trimming, and flounces have drawn threads worked over, just as the linen tray clothes, and table covers have. Silk collars, frills, cuffs and different pieces for finishing dresses have this open-work line above a narrow hem. The hem itself is often added to the main portion with an open-work stitch of silk, and the corners are notted together, just exactly as you would finish a bureau cover you were working.

Grenadines and nets of different kinds, satin finished foulards and taffatas are the leading materials on the list for dressy summer costumes, not only for brides, but for everyone else.

ASTRA.

A GIRL'S DISCREETMENT.

She Saw Beneath the Exterior and Appreciated the Man.

John Marshall, even while Chief Justice of the United States, was negligent in dress. "His cravat—white by courtesy—was twisted into a creased wisp by his nervous fingers, and the knot was usually under his ear. He wore his coat threadbare and not too clean, his shoes were untied and the laces trailed in the dust, and his hat was pushed to the back of his head." His negligent dress was in keeping with his awkward figure and ungainly

manners; but the manners did not betray, nor the apparel proclaim, the man. Neither his awkwardness nor his untidiness was thought of by his family and admirers when they were in the presence of the statesman and the jurist, the husband and the father, the friend and the neighbor.

One person, a girl of fourteen, was not misled by John Marshall's clothes or manners when he was a young man and a captain in the army of the Revolution. Marion Harland, in "Some Colonial Homesteads," tells how Mary Ambler saw beneath the disguise of manners and dress, and appreciated the character of the tall, ungainly, ill dressed soldier of twenty-six.

In the winter of 1781-2 a ball was held in the neighborhood of York, Virginia, to which Captain Marshall, reputed a young man of genius and bravery, was bidden. The fair damsels of the district, excited at the prospect of meeting him, began sportive projects for captivating the young soldier. Mrs. Carrington, the sister of Mary Ambler, the discerning maiden of fourteen, narrates what ensued.

"It is remarkable that my sister, then only fourteen, and diffident beyond all others, declared that we were giving ourselves useless trouble, for that she—for the first time—had made up her mind to go to the ball,—though she had never been to a dancing school—and was resolved to set her cap at him and eclipse us all."

"This, in the end, was singularly verified. At the first introduction he became devoted to her. For my part, I felt not the slightest wish to contest the prize with her. She at a glance discerned his character, and understood how to appreciate it, while I, expecting to see an A. Louis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners and negligent dress."

Two years afterward they were married, the bride being under seventeen, and the groom twenty-eight years of age. They lived during forty-eight years an idyl of wedded bliss. She, within a year or two of their wedding, became an invalid, and until her death never knew a day of perfect health. He was the most chivalric of lovers, and his attention became more tender as her invalidism became chronic.

On each Twenty-second of February and Fourth of July the Marshall chariot was brought to the door in the early morning, and the judge, lifting the fragile woman into it, accompanied her to the house of a friend in the country, there to pass the day her nerves being too weak to endure the noise of cannon and guns.

The day before Mrs. Marshall died she tied about her husband's neck a ribbon to which was attached a locket containing some of her hair. He wore it always afterward by day and night, never allowing another hand to touch it. It was the last thing taken from his body after his death in July, 1835. Folded in his will was a paper on which was written a tribute to his wife on the first anniversary of her departure. An extract, quoted by the author already referred to, reads:

"December 25, 1832. This day of joy and festivity to the whole christian world is, to my sad heart, the anniversary of the keenest affliction which humanity can sustain. On the 25 of December, 1831, it was the will of heaven to take to itself the companion who had sweetened the choicest part of my life, had rendered toil a pleasure had taken all of my feelings, and was enthroned in the inmost recesses of my heart. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be, during my existence, devoted to her memory.

"Having felt no prior attachment, she became at sixteen, a most devoted wife. All my faults, and they were to many, could never weaken this sentiment. It formed a part of her existence. Her judgment was so sound and so deep that I have often relied upon it in situation of some perplexity. I do not recollect once

to have regretted the adoption of her opinion. I have sometimes regretted its rejection."

A Washington mother, who had forbidden her children to mention the name of the evil one, was not able to attend church a few Sundays ago, and when her little boy, 8 years old, came home after service she asked him the subject of the sermon. He answered promptly: "It was about Jesus being taken up into the mountain by the—by the gentleman who keeps hell."

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

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THE IDEAL MATTRESS

Must, of course, be eminently soft, buoyant, and comfortable. In addition, it must be durable, non-absorbent, vermin proof, and so well made it will not work out of shape.

All these good qualities are found in the Patent Elastic Felt Mattress made only by THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Ltd., 290 Guy St., Montreal, and obtainable through any respectable furniture or bedding dealer.

If substitutes are pressed upon you write direct to the makers and you will be promptly served.

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CORSETS

Stand every strain. Always comfortable and absolutely unbreakable, every active woman needs one. Unvalued for golfers and bicyclists. Cost only 25c. more than regular D & A styles, and made in all sizes. Ask to see them.

NOTABLE LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Incidents in the lives of men who once moved the world.

A little incident will sometimes show the character of a man more clearly than a great act. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in a magazine article, tells a story of Edwin Booth that reveals the kindly heart of the man whom the world knew as a famous actor.

Mr. Hutton called upon Mr. Booth one afternoon at the Albemarle Hotel, in New York, and found him in an easy chair, with a pipe in his mouth. The long chat which ensued was not undisturbed. Mr. Booth was in great request, and before a long waiter entered and put a card into his hand.

"Tell the lady that Mr. Booth is engaged," was the quiet answer, and an influential leader in New York society went away disappointed.

A few minutes later a second caller—a man honorably known throughout the country—turned away without seeing Mr. Booth. Yet another card was sent down with the statement that 'Mr. Booth was engaged,' and a gentleman and his wife, whom few people would have refused to receive, became convinced that the actor was an exception to the rule; but at last came a name that met with a different fate.

"Show the lady up," said the now interested actor, and Mr. Hutton put on his overcoat to leave the room. He was not allowed to depart. The lady was a friend of his, and he would be glad to see him, he was assured.

Thereupon he waited, curious to discover the identity of the person who could obtain an audience with the man who had been too tired to see the daughter of one of the most distinguished men of science in the country, or a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, or a bishop and his wife. The door opened, and in walked black Betty, the old negro servant who had nursed Mr. Booth's daughter when she was a baby, had taken the most tender care of his wife when she was slowly dying, and had been a lifelong friend to them all. She had left Mr. Booth's service after his daughter's marriage, and had been recently married herself.

She kissed 'Massa Edwin's' hand, shook hands cordially with Mr. Hutton, and let herself be placed in the most comfortable rocking chair. Then she began to talk familiarly about her own affairs and Mr. Booth's. She could not afford to go to the theatre 'no mo,' she said, but she wanted her husband to see 'Massa Edwin play.' Could she have a pass for two that night?

He wrote the pass at once, and put it into her hand. She read it and returned it with a shake of her head. 'They was only niggers,' she said. 'The do-keeper wouldn't let no niggers into the orchestra seats; a pass to the gallery was good enough for them.'

A second paper she received silently, but with another and still more decided shake of her head. Glancing over her shoulder, Mr. Hutton read, 'Pass my friend, Betty Blank, end party to my box this evening, Edwin Booth.' And Betty occupied the box.

Tennyson, while an undergraduate at Cambridge, was noted for his insight into character, and his subtle, terse criticism. He once quoted Hallam, the historian, as pronouncing Shakespeare "the greatest man." Fitzgerald, subsequently the translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, objected that so sweeping an assertion was rather presumptuous for a philosopher.

"Well," said Tennyson, "the man one would wish perhaps to show as a sample of mankind to those in another planet."

One day several students were looking at the portrait of an elderly politician in his bland, family aspect.

"It looks rather like a retired planter," said Tennyson.

On some one among the friends making a dogmatic assertion, Tennyson remarked, "That's the swift decision of one who sees only half the truth."

Some one asked the young poet what politics he held and he replied, "I am of the same politics as Shakespeare. Bacon and every sane man." He hated the narrow ignorant Toryism of that day, revered the great traditions and the great men of past ages and eagerly sympathized with the disabilities of his fellow-men. England was then, 1830, in a state of ferment. Some were hoping for, and others dreading, the Reform Bill. Farms were fired and rocks burned. At one of these fires Tennyson heard a farm laborer say, "Now we shall get our taters cheaper."

"You fools," retorted Tennyson, though he sympathized with the laborer's demands, "you are all going the way to make taters dearer."

The young poet was an athlete—six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, with hands as soft as a child's, but of great strength and size. He was fond of "putting the stone," and could hurl the crowbar farther than any of the neighboring farm laborers. Once when showing a pet pony he took it up and carried it, whereupon a friend remarked, "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo."



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Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

He Meant the Policy.

Reporter—Did you carry any insurance, Mr. Flannery?

Flannery—Loike a big foel, Oi didn't know enough to carry it. It wor in th' soild-board drawer an now it's burned up wid th' house. Oh, phwat'll Oi do, phwat'll I do!—New York Truth.

Not Miracle, but Muscle.

When a certain big barbarian seized a bull by the horns in a Roman amphitheatre and, holding him still in his tracks twisted his neck until it broke, and the animal fell dead on the sand, many of the spectators shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!"

But it was no miracle—it was muscle. The man was stronger than the bull; an exceptional circumstance, to be sure, yet perfectly natural. In earlier ages people were apt to account for wonders by attributing them to angels or to devils—according as they were good or bad wonders. We won't discuss the question whether what we call a miracle ever happened; we will content ourselves with saying that no living person has ever seen or experienced one. So far as the wisest and most observant of men can tell us, the order of Nature has never been exceeded or reversed. That is the only working hypothesis for us. Once there were men who toiled hard and long to transmute the baser metals, such as iron and lead, into gold. But they never had any luck. Dr. Conan Doyle says his "Mr. Raffle's Ham" did it; but inasmuch as Mr. Haw perished with his machinery and his secret, there is room for a reasonable doubt whether the whole thing was not a mere product of Dr. Doyle's imagination.

Nevertheless, modern chemistry developed from ancient alchemy, just as modern medicine developed from ancient charms and magic. But we have radically shifted the ground. The alchemists failed to make gold and the charm-dealers failed to cure disease. Therefore we say, there is no certain cause for any and all complaints, and we must cure by abolishing (if we can) that cause.

It was on this principle then that Mrs. Emma Clow, of the good old town of Bury St. Edmunds, was rescued from a most painful and wearisome ailment which had laid her on her back in the summer of 1896, and how it might have ended no one can tell. She was certainly failing fast, when at last a medicine was found that reached the root and source of the trouble. "At first," she says, "I merely felt weary and tired with the least exertion. I had no relish for food of any kind, and what little I ate caused me much distress. I had pains at the chest and between the shoulders; also at the back and thighs. I was much swollen around the waist and had a feeling of tightness at the chest and sides."

"From headache and dizziness I was scarcely ever free day or night. I got no proper sleep or rest and felt quite worn out and lost my strength rapidly. Month after month I continued in this way, growing weaker continually."

"I took various kinds of medicine, but obtained no relief from any of them. About this time a friend spoke to me of Mother Seigel's Syrup and urged me to try it. After I had taken this medicine a few days I felt so much better that I was like another woman. The sense of fulness and the pain were less, and I felt lighter and brighter. I continued with it, and soon my food agreed with me, and I was well and strong again. By taking a dose now and then I keep well. Many friends whom I have told of this have also used Mother Seigel's Syrup and been benefited by it. You may feel free to publish this statement for the general good."—(Signed) Emma Clow, wife of Mr. G. C. Clow, Tobacco and Cigar Dealer, 34, Brantford Street, Bury St. Edmunds, November 10th, 1897.

The medical men of olden times knew little or nothing about the internal structure of the human body, and, therefore, little or nothing about the diseases which affect it. Their treatment was, consequently, at the best, mere guesswork. The knowledge we now possess is the fruit of comparatively recent study, examination and experiment. While there is, no doubt, much yet to be learned as to the nature of disease, we know enough to deal intelligently with many complaints, and among the things we know with a high degree of accuracy is the fact that most complaints arise from indigestion or dyspepsia. This was Mrs. Clow's trouble; and, in curing it, Mother Seigel's Syrup delivered her from the pains and local distresses which are its effects and symptoms. Thus, as we understand Nature's ways, we are unable to work wonders on the lines of her own laws.

A Pleasant Arrangement.
 Bride—Now, my dear, how shall we manage about the church? We belong to different religious denominations, you know. Shall I go with you, or you go with me?
 Groom—I'll tell you how we'll fix it. You tell your minister that you are going to my church, and I'll tell my minister that I am going to your church. Then we won't be missed and needn't go anywhere.

Mrs. Hoon—It seems to me that Mrs. Swellington's new seal-in has a brighter look than such garments usually do. Hoon—probably it was made from an educated seal.

HAVING FUN UNDER FIRE.

Amusing incidents in the Franco-Prussian War and the Riel Rebellion.

A retired Major of a foreign service was talking the other night of experiences under fire. He declared that it was not at all serious work. He said:

"I have had fun when soldiering, and that, too, under fire on the skirmish line. I remember once in France during the Franco-German war, when we were with Bourbak at Montbelliard, I was surprised to hear some of my men laughing when we were about 400 yards from the Germans and while we were lying on dirty, damp ground and with just the smallest incline in our front to protect us from the enemy's fire. We were hungry and cold, and were obliged to dig the dirty ground in order to get cover. It was no place for hilarious amusement, and yet the men kept laughing, and they laughed so loudly, that I am sure the enemy heard them.

"I could not stand up with any safety, and the only way I could reach the men was to crawl, which I did, and after crawling about twenty yards I found myself in a good-sized depression in the ground, where there was fair shelter, and there I found out the cause of all the amusement. We had been out on our post eight hours, and had used up a good deal of ammunition, and I had ordered the men to keep what they had left for an emergency that I expected any minute. This gave the men leisure to grumble or make fun, just as they thought best, and in this case it was all fun.

"They were playing ninepins with the enemy. And they did it this way: They made nine piles of mud in the form and about the size of sugar loaves, and they placed these at distances of about a yard from each other. Then they made bets as to which pile would be first hit, or which would be hit the most times, and as each pile was hit there was a laugh, but I found that each pile was named, after some unpopular member of the battalion, and when one of the pins were shattered the men laugh and say: 'There goes Long Legs,' or 'Sawbones is over,' or 'Fly-by-Night is dismembered,' and so on. I stopped the game.

"I remember an amusing incident during the Riel rebellion in the Canadian Northwest in 1885. The Indians and half-breeds had dug pits at Batoche, and we were pounding at them for three days with little or no effect. During that time our men were on the skirmish line all day, and at night they retired to the corral we had built immediately in our rear. But the half-breeds and Indians were evidently having fun at the expense of our youngsters."

"Of course, even our militiamen were prepared for the old ruse about putting a cap on the end of a stick, but the Indians made dummies, and they would suddenly expose a part of those dummies, the head or shoulder, or the side, or in one case the feet, and then our young fellows would begin an independent firing rapid enough to resist a charge of cavalry. But the best part of the joke was that a great many of the youngest soldiers who fired at the dummy were sure to say, 'I hit him!' 'I hit him!' while there is no doubt even the stoical Indians in their pits were laughing, and I, too, enjoyed the joke, for I had an excellent field glass and could see the dummies very plainly."

ODDITIES OF A WEALTHY MAN.

Queer Things Which Marked the Life of George H. Hopper.

George H. Hopper, who died lately on his Elmwood estate near Cleveland, Ohio, began life as a tinner, and made himself immensely rich through a contract for furnishing tin cans to the Standard Oil Company. About ten years ago Mr. Hopper purchased Elmwood farm, near Cleveland, and started in to lead the life of a gentleman farmer. Many amusing stories are told of him in this connection. He decided to turn it into a stock farm. The first thing he did was to purchase Bell Boy, a stallion, for \$51,000. Six months later Bell Boy and the stables were burned. Mr. Hopper became disgusted with the idea of raising stock and gave it up.

He was seized with the idea at one time that it was a proper thing for a gentleman of elegant leisure to own a yacht. He had one built, and christened it Florence, in honor of his oldest daughter. When the yacht was completed it was found to be too big to enter the creek at the farm, and there being no natural harbor at the place, it had to be kept at Ashtabula, twelve miles distant. Hopper hated the yacht from the day it was built. It was launched without ballast, and as it struck the water a big wave hit it, and it capsized and went to the bottom, with the crew on board. The yacht was raised, but Hopper never again put his foot upon it.

Hopper's whole career as a farmer was an amusing failure. He owned a beautiful orchard of peach trees, and a friend one day remarked that he would come down in the peach season and partake of some. "Do," said Hopper, "do," grasping him by the hand warmly, "but let us know when you are coming, so we can get some peaches from Geneva."

Hopper was of a nervous, restless disposition, and had lived such a busy life that it was agony for him to be idle. Therefore he employed men to build a stone wall around his park, not that the wall was at all necessary, but that it gave him something to superintend.



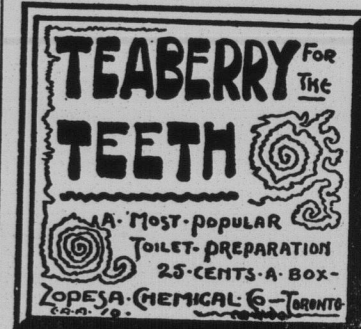
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If so, you know its unquestionable excellence.

The manner in which you buy it, in pound and two-pound cans, insures its purity and freshness. The Chase & Sanborn seal guarantees that it is a perfect coffee. If you have failed to use this famous brand of the best blend of Java and Mocha, you have yet to experience tasting the most delicious coffee imported into or sold in any country.



13
RUNNING SORES.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., found (Burlock Blood Bitters), a wonderful blood purifier and gives his experience as follows: "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months, finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time, from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B.; when one-half the bottle was gone, I noticed a change for the better, and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

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Mr. James Row, Belleville, Ont., suffered for nine years with terrible pain in the back, rheumatic pains, and pains in the bladder. He spent \$300 doctoring, but got little relief. Doan's Kidney Pills have completely cured him, banished the back pains, and all the other pains and aches.

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
'Where did he go then?' asked Audrey.
'Well, Miss, it's hard to say. He was seen inside the Court grounds—'

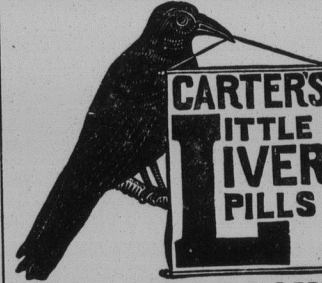
lighted up the table and a few yards around it only, and left the paneled walls and dark oak furniture in dense shadow.
'There were some portraits in the room. One of Sir Greville, as a young man hung over the heavily carved mantel. On the opposite wall of the room was a portrait of a fair-haired boy with blue eyes that seemed to dance with childish happiness. This was Neville.

the room was just as it had been on the death of Sir Greville. Sir Jordan set the candle down on the table and looked around him.
Sometimes affection impels a man to visit such a room, but there was not much affection written on Sir Jordan's face. It was dark and gloomy, and he looked troubled and annoyed into the bargain.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life. But to every lady who uses TURKISH DYES success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible.

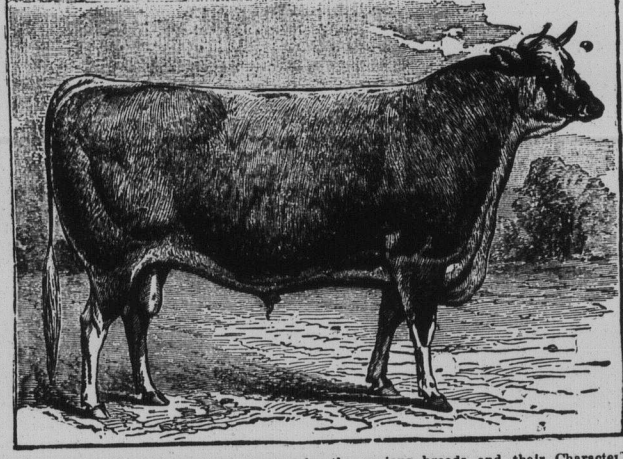
Kipling Anecdote Wrecked.
Kipling has described the travels of a plausible lie that has been properly launched and the difficulty of overtaking it with a denial. Now a bit of fiction that has been going the rounds for several years as a Kipling anecdote has just been vigorously denied by his father.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

PURE BLOODED HORSES.
Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone him up with ---
DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS
No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a full size package, as sample postpaid, for price 25cts.

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MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION
I began to study Latin, Greek and mathematics with a class of boys in the academy, many of whom were much older than I. Two prizes were offered in Greek. I strove for one and took the second.
'Now,' said I, 'my father will be satisfied with me.'
I rushed breathless into his office, laid my prize, a new Greek Testament, on the table, and exclaimed:
'There! I got it!'
He took up the book and asked me some questions. Then he kissed me on the forehead and exclaimed with a sigh:
'Ah, you should have been a boy!'
'Primp! up.'
Rastus—Pete, ain't ye through primpin' fo' de cake walk yet?
Pete—Not quite. Gotta git er little more aige on de razah.—New York Journal.

CHAPTER XI.
Sir Jordan arrived at Stonsleigh Station by the evening train, and the station master came forward and touched his hat, and the porters and the Court footmen hurried to the van to get the baggage; but though there was plenty of respect, no man greeted him with the cordial smile which had welcomed Lady Marlow and Audrey.

A handsome dessert was placed upon the table, of which Sir Jordan ate three grapes then the butler and his satellites noiselessly withdrew and left their master alone.
Sir Jordan removed to an arm-chair and drew a small table with his books toward him and fell to reading.
But presently his eyes wandered from the books to the two portraits, and he sat and gazed from one to the other with an inscrutable look. Then, as it made restless his pictured eyes which returned his gaze so unflinchingly and persistently, he rose and began to pace the room, his head bent, his large white hands clasped behind his back in his favorite attitude.

At times he was in the dark part of the room, at others he came within the light of the lamp, and at the latter times his face was not a pleasant one to look upon. It was, for one thing, anything but the face which one would imagine a successful man would wear.
The cheerful evening passed; the, at all times, faint noises in the house grew faint.
Sir Jordan took out his watch and looked at it; then he rang the bell.
'Tell Greene—Greene was the valet—that I shall not require him again tonight; he may go to bed,' he said to the footman.
The man went down to the servants' hall and delivered his master's message.
'Lively place, this,' he said. He was a new footman. 'Hanged if it ain't enough to give a man the horrors just to walk about the place. Don't think it will suit my constitution long.'

Nervousness
CELERY KING REMOVES THE CAUSES
THE GREAT NERVE TONIC
Pure herbs and celery—nature's cure for nerve disorders. Sold by all druggists. Large packages, 25s.
WOODWARD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CANADA

PROVING METTLE.

Robert Wilson, the young owner of the Spycrow ranch, had passed a busy day in preparation for the spring rodeo...

As Howard rode up to the camp, where about a dozen men had assembled, he was the object of many curious glances...

'Remember how you lost the branding iron, Bill?' said one of the men...

'Guess I do,' replied Bill mournfully; 'went back five miles over the roughest sort of country looking for the branded thing...

'Do you carry an iron when you are out on the range?' asked Howard, with some surprise.

'Bob does,' replied Bill promptly, 'and whenever he sees a likely orejano he claps the iron on it.'

'But how does he keep the iron hot?' said Howard incredulously.

He was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the men. 'You're altogether too easily fooled,' said Robert, endeavoring to suppress a smile.

'After swallowing a hasty breakfast of bread and coffee before daybreak the men brought the horses, which had been grazing in a field near by, and Robert at once saddled his own rode.

'Look out for him; he's dangerous,' he remarked as Howard's mount drew back with a snort at his too sudden approach.

'Why, what does he do?' asked Howard. 'Bucks like the devil; nearly killed a man last week,' answered Jack laconically.

'He doesn't look like a broncho,' said Howard, surveying the horse with some disfavor. 'No; he's a meek looking cuss, but these old stagers are the worst.

'The brush snapped and parted, and out plunged the cow, took one glance at the situation and plunged straight for Robert, who was the nearest.'

'He won't buck this time, but you can't trust him,' observed Jack gravely.

By this time all the men were in their saddles, and the party turned toward the scene of the days search. They were soon joined by Robert, who reigned up beside Howard and at once observed Borego's unusual hedgegar.

'Why did you put a blinder on that horse?' he asked, suspecting that some one had perpetrated a joke in his absence.

'Why Jack said he's a bucker,' began Howard, but stopped when he saw that Robert was smiling and the other men were chuckling silently.

'Didn't I tell you not to believe these fellows? Borego hasn't bucked in ten years, and I believe he's forgotten how you ought to have known that I wouldn't put you on a broncho.'

'You're a trump, Howard!' said Robert warmly as soon as the excitement was over.

'I'd have been badly hurt only for you. I thought I was done for when I heard that old cow snort behind me, but I believe I'd just as soon be killed outright as scared to death.'

'Well, I'm glad that you're only scared,' replied Howard. 'It was a pretty close call, though, and it's lucky I didn't miss.'

This incident settled Howard's standing as a vaquero. The man who rode with brilliant daring and threw his riata with unerring aim in the face of danger was worthy to take his place among the shining lights of the land.

The secret a woman is compelled to keep is untold agony.

A brief rest followed, and then came the work of separating the cows and the calves, parting the strays and marking and branding the calves.

'We have some lively work before us today,' remarked Robert to Howard as they approached the point of separation.

'The vivid fact about cancer is that it eats away the flesh. Knife and plaster have failed to cure our natural Home Treatment does cure. Full particulars in Stott & Jary, Bostonville, Ont. (stamp).

able to get out for two years. They are as wild as deer and take to the brush when ever a man appears.

With his three aids, Robert proceeded to the place where he expected to find the wild cattle.

Bill and Howard stationed themselves behind a lump of bushes and watched and waited, with ears straining to catch every sound.

'No use; it can't be done,' said Bill, seeing at a glance that the cattle would be in the ravine long before he could reach it.

However, Howard made the descent in safety, turned the cattle and drove them at a breakneck pace down the canyon, closely followed by the other men.

'You turned those cattle just in the nick of time. But you're the most reckless fellow I ever saw. I wouldn't ride down that hill as you did for all the cattle on this ranch.'

'Why, you said to stop them, and that was the only way to do it,' said Howard, evidently surprised that he had created a sensation.

'The peasants in Cherson were so convinced of the truth of this legend that they believed a strike against the landowners would be followed by intervention of the Czar and the division of the land among themselves.'

'How did the surprise party at the Cawkers' turn out? Was it a genuine surprise?'

'Indeed it was. Somebody had given the Cawkers a hint, and when we got there the house was dark and there wasn't a soul at home.'



THE CZAR'S EAR.

The Remarkable Credulity of Some of the Russian Peasants.

In the western districts of the Cherson province of Russia there recently occurred a strike of peasants, who resolutely declined to do any more work for the local landowner.

A picture of the present Czar was recently sent to all communal councils in Russia, including, of course, those in Cherson.

This led the peasants to believe that the Czar really possessed only one ear, and the loss of the other they thus account for:

When Alexander III. died, say these peasants, his widow and old advisers began to confer together, afterward inviting Nicholas II. to join them.

'The peasants in Cherson were so convinced of the truth of this legend that they believed a strike against the landowners would be followed by intervention of the Czar and the division of the land among themselves.'

Catarth and Cold in the Head are Quickly Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder - It's Painless - It's a Cure.

Says Alex. Edmonson, of Roseenth, Ont. 'I have been troubled with catarth for several years and suffered very much. No kind of remedies were used, but I can honestly say that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the only remedy I have used that has given permanent relief.'

'How did the surprise party at the Cawkers' turn out? Was it a genuine surprise?'

'Indeed it was. Somebody had given the Cawkers a hint, and when we got there the house was dark and there wasn't a soul at home.'



BORN.

- Truro, April 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyd, a son. Dartmouth, April 29, to the wife of E. H. Elmon, a son.

- St. John, May 2, to the wife of Johnstone Wilkes, a son. Fredericton, May 7, to the wife of Frank Everett, a son.

A Painted Floor

makes housekeeping easier. A dusty carpet keeps the whole house dusty. A rug can be easily shaken and the dust left outdoor.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT

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MARRIED.

- Dorchester, Mass., April 20, Harry Terry to Sarah B. Bickar. Amherst, April 28, by Rev. Father Mihan, Wm. Glenn to Mary Terrio.

DIED.

- Pictou, April 19, John Ross, 78. Tapperville, May 5, Sadie Bent.

RAILROADS.

Star Line Steamers

Mail steamers, 'David Weston' and 'Olivette' leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

STEAMBOATS.

Fredericton and Woodstock.

Mail steamers, 'David Weston' and 'Olivette' leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Monday the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.30 a. m.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

To The Klondike VIA ST. MICHAELS, ALASKA. Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer 'Danube' will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th.

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