

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY MAY 4, 1901.

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FIVE CENT

## SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY.

### Halifax Has a Case of Suicide—An Act That Has Caused Much Excitement.

Suicides, like troubles never come singly. On Thursday the daily papers contained the information that two parties had become tired of life and took exactly the same means of taking their departure to their eternal homes. One of these sad events took place in St. John, the other in Halifax. The latter is surrounded in the greatest mystery inasmuch as the principal is unknown. It is the general belief that one who commits suicide must be insane, whether this is a fact or not, it must be said that almost every case of taking one's life has surrounded it the strongest proof of a deliberate attempt to commit the deed with the greatest certainty and in the quickest manner possible. Most suicides have given evidence that they consider the revolver the best weapon for accomplishing their object. The lady who shot herself in Halifax on Wednesday, Mr. Wilson who took his life here on the same day and Mr. Connor whose suicide occurred a time ago, all used the revolver as their instrument of transport into the unknown regions. Many other cases could be cited if necessary. The revolver may truthfully be called the suicidal weapon.

The Halifax tragedy cannot but be looked upon but as the act of a lunatic. A lady arrives from Boston, registers as Mrs. Eastman, Quebec, at one of the leading hotels. Apparently she was in the best of circumstances. On her arrival she purchases a revolver, returns to her room, destroys every trace of her identity, pays her hotel bill, sits down in a chair, puts the revolver to her head and blows out her brains. This is the story of the taking of a human life, told in brief. The unfortunate woman attended to everything down to the minutest details. It is not every person, who intended going on such a long trip who would have been so particular about paying a board bill. There are not a few who take much shorter journeys than this woman, who would have forgotten such a little matter.

Then who is this Mrs. Eastman is a question that is puzzling everyone. That the name Eastman is assumed is taken for granted, otherwise the woman would never have taken the precaution to destroy all letters and erase her name from her clothing. It is a peculiar circumstance that at this very time in the States, a Harvard professor by the name of Eastman, is undergoing trial for the shooting of his brother-in-law. The theory may be advanced that the Halifax murderess has been taking too deep an interest in this Eastman trial. She got her mind to such an extent that the mind became unbalanced. It is an undisputed fact that persons of a suicidal tendency, frequently become demented on reading or hearing of the taking of human life. The supposed Mrs. Eastman is probably one of those characters. As it is the Halifax misfortune must furnish a lot of thought to the average searcher into the depths of the mysterious.

The suicide of Mr. George E. Wilson on Wednesday in this city, sad as it was, is not so mysterious. Mr. Wilson like Mrs. Eastman blew out his brains with a revolver. But his case is but a repetition of many other suicides. The ravages of disease on the human mind, producing a state of despondency which finally turned to insanity accounts for the taking of human life in this instance. Mr. Wilson was a well known young man and his early death under such sad circumstances is to be regretted. St. John has had many cases of suicide in the last few years. They have all been sad and to sorrowing relatives a community may well extend sympathy.

It is probable that the identity of Mrs. Eastman will be established within a very short time. Such mysteries are generally solved sooner or later. Enquiry made points very strongly to the fact that the lady came from St. John not from Boston. On Saturday last a lady registered at the Dufferin Hotel under the name of Mrs. Mary W. Cross. She remained at the Dufferin until Tuesday when she took the C. P. R. for Halifax. Telegrams be-

tween the two places as to the description of this Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Eastman point out pretty clearly that it is one and the same person. Those who met Mrs. Cross while here speak of her as being a quiet and very lady-like person and one apparently in very good circumstances. She registered as coming from Wollboro, N. H., and that place was communicated with.

The Associated press on Friday morning received in answer to the inquiry a dispatch saying: The supposed identification of the woman who killed herself in a Halifax hotel yesterday, as Mrs. Mary W. Cross, of Wollboro, N. H., is not cleared up here. No person of that name lives in town, but it is remembered that for several summers a Mrs. Cross and her daughter, the latter known as Mabel, came here as visitors. It is thought the daughter married a commercial traveller of Boston, and the latest report of the couple that friends of the young woman here remembered was that she was not living with her husband. The mother, at last accounts, was living in Chelsea. The description of the dead woman, as printed in the paper, tallies with that of the Miss Cross who came here as a summer visitor.

### The Futuroscope.

The Futuroscope after a rest of several days has been able to grind out a few interesting paragraphs this week. From a paper of July 1912 the following item is taken.

"The St. John hook and ladder truck purchased some years ago, still stands as an ornament in the fire station. There is some talk of levelling the streets of the city in order that the horses may be able to draw the 'elephant' should a fire occur at any time.

August 1904—Lieut. Weldon McLean had a good breakfast, dinner and supper today. He expects to retire at ten tonight and rise about seven in the morning.

May 1912—Mr. George Robertson expects to take a trip to England shortly in connection with his dry dock scheme. It is said that St. John may see the beginning of the building of a dry dock some day if the water in the harbor does not dry up in the meantime.

Sept. 1914—It is expected that the freedom of the city will be granted to all persons who fail to pay their taxes before the first of next month.

### Our Chief Will Go.

The city has decided to send Chief Clarke to the New York convention of police chiefs. Our gallant chief will no doubt reflect credit upon his city at that important gathering. He should make the New Yorker stare as he proceeds down Broadway with his military stride decked out in one of his magnificent uniforms. The chief desired \$125 for expenses, but the council wouldn't give more than \$100. Why it was found necessary to take off \$25 is one of those mysterious proceedings that St. John city council has become famous. If it is necessary to send Chief Clarke to New York it is but right that he should go properly and cutting off \$25 is not an action that reflects much credit on the city.

### That Truck.

One of the city aldermen expresses the opinion that the new hook and ladder truck is "an elephant on our hands." There is not a few citizens who think very much the same as this City Father. That the new truck requires more than two horses to haul it is a foregone conclusion and a fire apparatus that requires three or four studs to carry it to its destination is not one of those progressive articles that people care about having in this enlightened age. The truth is that the new truck is not suitable for a hilly city like St. John, but it is not the first expensive and useless toy that the ratepayers have had to pay for, and probably it is not the last.

### Lumbering at Loch Lomond.

Mr. Robert Moore, who is sometimes called the mayor and king of Loch Lomond, has shown his energy and aggressiveness by getting a large portion of his log drive

down to Misep all ready. His lumbering operations this year were extensive, amounting to \$500,000. This would not be considered much in the extensive lumbering districts of the provinces, but for Loch Lomond it is a most considerable cut. Mr. Moore has many operators with him who are quite capable of doing the work that is allotted to them.

### TWO FAMED CANNONS.

Colleges Which Possess Prizes of Much Value.

Dalhousie college has been presented with an old cannon, which is said to be of great antiquity, having been taken from the harbor at Louisburg where it is supposed to have been sunk many years ago during one of the old British-French hostilities. New Brunswick University also possesses a very old cannon. So in this particular the two colleges have a prize of similar value. No doubt both of these cannons have their interesting history. The one possessed by the Fredericton University, is said never to have seen the light of day. Every Encoenia night it is taken from a hole in the ground, fired off by the graduating class, then handed over to the next class who immediately bury it, and this performance is repeated annually. Dalhousie's cannon is not to be surrounded by so much mystery, as it is to be put up to the public view. The New Brunswick cannon has become valuable not so much on account of its antiquity as on account of its exclusiveness. Nobody but the graduates of the University has seen the cannon and then it has only been seen in the dark.

### Honor Well Merited.

On Tuesday last Dalhousie College conferred the degree of L. L. D. on C. F. Fraser, the superintendent of the School for the Blind, Halifax. Dalhousie has been very conservative with its honorary degrees and it can be said of that institution what cannot be said of all seats of learning, that it has never made a mistake in presenting its honorary degree. Mr. Fraser's case is no exception. Few men have done more for the advancement of education than has the Halifax Superintendent. When he took charge of the school over which he now presides it was in a small and weak condition. But today, under the most able management the institution has come to be one of the leading seats of learning in Canada. What Mr. Fraser has accomplished for the blind cannot be told in a short article. By conferring the degree of L. L. D. upon Mr. Fraser, Dalhousie has honored itself.

### Wealthy Bondsmen.

The suit of G. S. Mayes against Mr. Connolly, to recover \$92,000, will be watched with interest by St. John people. Mr. Connolly it will be remembered was arrested here a short time ago. The big contractor had no trouble to furnish bondsmen. Mr. James McAvity, Mr. Geo. McAvity, Joseph Likely and M. A. Finn, it is understood, became the responsible parties as Mr. Connolly's bail.

### Disgraceful Streets.

The streets of St. John are in a disgraceful condition. Last Thursday the dust blew in clouds in all directions. It is about time the streets of St. John were receiving some little attention. If tourists are expected here this summer, it will be just as well to give them the most favorable impression of our town. No one could certainly have a very high opinion of the city while the streets remain in their deplorable condition.

### Deaths.

The death of Geo. S. P. Hawker was heard this week with much regret. Mr. Hawker was a young man of many good qualities and his demise at such an early age calls forth much sympathy for his grieving parents and relatives. The death also of Thos. Patton on board ship came as a blow to his many friends. Mr. Patton who up to a short time ago resided with F. G. Lansdowne of Sussex, was well known in this city. His early death leaves many sad hearts.

### Moose Comes High.

The "budget speech" in the New Brunswick legislature disclosed the interesting estimate that the average cost of capturing a bull moose, taking into account, of course,

## EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

### Mr. Timmerman's Removal to Ontario—Many Items of Interest to "Progress" Readers.

The removal of Mr. H. P. Timmerman from St. John to Ontario is to be regretted by the people of New Brunswick. For many years Mr. Timmerman has been the chief superintendent of the Atlantic Division of the C. P. R. and in consequence of that important position, he has been brought into contact with our leading business interest. The development of the winter port necessarily brought him and the citizens together on several occasions to discuss matters of the most important interest to St. John. In all these meetings Mr. Timmerman showed himself to be a man equal to the occasion while always looking after the interest of his great corporation he ever displayed a friendliness to this city. The C. P. R. is always ready to recognize ability in its employees and the promotion of Mr. Timmerman to the important position of superintendent of the Ontario system speaks more to his credit than anything that could be written. The chief business men here intend giving Mr. Timmerman a farewell dinner. The undertaking is a commendable one and will meet with approval everywhere. Mr. Osborne who comes to take the superintendency here, will receive a welcome and all will wish him the best of fortune in his future career.

### A Corroboration.

A daily paper finds fault with PROGRESS for stating that a former secretary treasurer of York County who was behind in his accounts afterwards became clerk of the House of Assembly. The daily paper says the attack is unfair, that the Secretary Treasurer had been robbed by the employees of his office and in that way his accounts became short. This no contradiction of the story published in this paper, but a corroboration PROGRESS did not accuse Mr. Rainford of doing anything wrong. It simply stated the fact that he was behind hand and the Daily paper acknowledges the truth of the statement. In stating the truth it is difficult to see wherein there is an unwarranted and unfair attack, especially when the one that criticizes agrees with the statement.

### Mr. Robertson's Return.

The result of Mr. Geo. Robertson extended trip to England in connection with the Dry Dock is awaited with interest. So far little is known as to the success or failure of his visit. Mr. Robertson is known as an energetic and enterprising gentleman and so many feel that he does not come home empty handed. Of course it is not to be expected that he comes back with a dry dock scheme in his pocket. There are no doubt many conditions requiring fulfillment before St. John can hope to have its much coveted dock but if Mr. Robertson has accomplished the way by which the scheme can take practical shape his trip will be termed a highly successful one.

### A Good Sized Reptile.

Mr. Rudman Allen's store Charlotte street contains a curiosity which has been exciting much interest this week. A snake measuring thirteen and a half feet is not a reptile seen in St. John every day. This is what Mr. Allen has been exhibiting to the public this week and his visitors have been many.

### Moving Day.

The first of May was a busy day for many people in St. John. Moving is not a desirable undertaking, but the weather bureau was in its good behavior so the white man's burden was not as difficult as it might have been. It was a harvest day for the truckman and so some people were made happy.

### Dinner to Lt. McLean.

Lt. McLean was given a complimentary dinner at the Union Club Thursday night, by a number of his friends. The usual good time was put in and speeches of a happy order made. Mr. McLean leaves St. John followed by the best wishes of its citizens.

### Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Forged.

68, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

John A. McEwen, to George  
April 10 Watson Smith, to Katie  
10, Malcolm Russell to Elizabeth  
3, Stephen E. Morrel to Etta L.  
6, Malcolm McKinnon, to Mary  
17, Wm. W. Walker to Miss Ida A.  
April 10, Wm. A. Johnson, to Alma  
April 10, Robert Derris, to Annie  
Alex. Murphy, to Helen  
17, George Jollymore to Jessie  
L. April 9, Nelson McKenzie, to  
9, Rev. Thomas Davies, to Made-  
April 18, Wm. C. Bosnyan, to  
April 17, Alvin W. Ramsey, to

## DIED.

T. C. Shreve, 82  
April 13, John Reid  
Mary E. Clancy  
John Barrett 19  
Alfred Gudden  
April 13, H. H. Reid  
16, Ralph Clay, 8  
18, Bess Landry, 49  
70, Wm. H. Hunt, 44  
Frank K. Wyman, 61  
April 7, Delma McNayr.  
John D. Musgrave.  
7, Annie Baker, 59  
Richard Christie, 81  
Francis Dimock, 72  
Margaret Brown, 65  
Janis M. Clarke, 31  
4, James F. Scott, 63  
14, Francis Stokes, 16  
Joseph B. Bennett, 74  
17, Edward Seman, 83  
Hannah McDonald, 73  
April 18, Israel Hervey, 63  
16, Wm. Clarence Dushy.  
Capt. Hugh D. Cann, 74  
April 14, Emily B. Emerson.  
April 16, James J. Kehoe, 40  
April 10, Sarah Alice Jay.  
April 6, Thomas Steele, 83  
April 15, John Thompson, 13  
April 15, Rev. G. F. Currie, 42  
April 13, Thomas Furrow, 80  
19, Leonard Schraeder, 83  
April 11, Arthur McWilliam.  
April 11, Valentine Chisholm, 78  
April 4, Chester Brynson, 6  
April 13, Missie Robertson, 20  
April 15, Elizabeth Ann Odell.  
April 13, Sarah Cossaboon, 63  
14, Mary Ann Fitzpatrick, 66  
1, Daniel James Downie, 64  
April 17, Arthur Bewick, 37  
March 30, Samuel R. Munroe, 62  
April 10, Alexander McLeod, 77  
March 25, John Macdonald, 77  
April 11, Mrs. Byron Churchill, 56  
April 17, Harriet Catherine Camp-  
bell, Queens Co. April 6, Alexander

## RAILROADS.

## ADIAN PACIFIC

## n-American

## POSITION

## UFFALO, N. Y.

## t to November 1st.

## a for the Round Trip.

## st to June 30th. Return 15 days from

## Agents in the Maritime Provinces can

## can Pacific Short Lines.

## on any station. Time Tables, Sleep-

## etc., write to

## A. J. BEATH,

## D. P. A., C. P. R.,

## St. John, N. B.

## W. L. C. MACKAY,

## City Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

## BURBAN SERVICE.

## JOHN AND WELSFORD.

## ing June 10th, there will be a greatly

## in service between the above points,

## early morning train from Lunenburg

## at St. John at 7:30 a.m., standard.

## cars apply to

## A. J. BEATH,

## D. P. A., C. P. R.,

## St. John, N. B.

## W. L. C. MACKAY,

## C. P. A., C. P. R.,

## St. John, N. B.

## Colonial Railway

## er MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains

## (Sundays excepted) as follows—

## WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

## Point du Chene, Campbellton

## 10:10

## Halifax and Pictou

## 12:15

## Sussex

## 12:30

## Quebec and Montreal

## 17:00

## Train for Halifax and Sydney

## 12:11

## ing car will be attached to the train

## John at 17:05 o'clock for Quebec, and

## Passengers transfer at Moncton.

## ing car will be attached to the train

## John at 22:10 o'clock for Halifax.

## Dining and sleeping cars on the

## Montreal express.

## WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

## 10:35

## in Quebec and Montreal

## 12:25

## on Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene

## 10:00

## in Halifax and Campbellton

## 18:15

## various stations from Pt. du Chene and Moncton

## 17:40

## April Monday.

## cars are run by Eastern Standard time

## hours notation.

## D. POTTINGER,

## Gen. Manager

## N. B., March 6, 1901

## 177 THE BERT OF FIVE

## 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

DOWN IN CHARMING JAMAICA. A Trip Through the Historic Environment of Kingston.

The traveler who comes to Jamaica and only visits Port Antonio is like a man having a ripe orange and never tasting the fruit; he never sees the inside of things. To really know something of the native life one must leave this partially Americanized town and go through the interior.

A railroad runs from Port Antonio to Kingston, with branch lines to Montego bay and Ewarton thus opening up sections practically inaccessible to the ordinary tourist before. At first this road was owned by a private company; but, as they were unable to support it, the government took charge and has been running it ever since 1884. There is first and third class, some of the cars being arranged like those in use on the continent.

Leaving Port Antonio, the line skirts the coast for some miles until reaching Annotto Bay, where it strikes southward, crossing the range to Kingston. Acres and acres of banana cultivation are passed. Everywhere one is impressed by the density and luxuriance of the vegetation. Jamaica is remarkable in this respect. Unlike the other West Indies, it has always been well taken care of; plants not indigenous have been brought here from foreign lands and found to flourish. No wonder, then, that the island has the reputation of having a greater variety of plants than any other country of the same size in the world. A noted English botanist after a visit here of five weeks left with two thousand different species. Surely a paradise for the scientist.

The railroad is riddled with tunnels. No sooner do you come out of one than you are whirled into another. This is especially noticeable from Bog Walk on. As you pass over the backbone of the island and down the southern slopes there is quite a difference in the country. The soil becomes arid and the mountains assume an Arizona type. The climax is reached at Kingston, situated on the edge of this sandy stretch known as the Liguanea Plain. If you want to become a salamander, or die in the attempt, just go to this capital of Jamaica and begin the process. It is the quaternary of heat and has the not enviable reputation of being one of the hottest cities on the globe. The day of our visit was no exception. The sun beat down relentlessly on the low white houses and narrow, dusty roads.

The best way of seeing the town is to go around the belt line by trolley and make side trips to Constant Spring and Rock Fort. Most visitors do not tarry long in Kingston unless on business. Let us do likewise and hasten northward into the mountains.

By rail to Ewarton, thence over Mount Diabolo to Moneague, is but a matter of a few hours. The drive from Ewarton is one of the most beautiful in Jamaica. As you rise higher and higher up the mountain the broad fertile valley of St. Thomas, in vale, expands beneath. The great masses of the Blue Mountains, culminating with the main peak at 7,835, spread out in languorous east to east. The vegetation changes with the altitude. At 1,800 feet the palm ceases to flourish and gives place to pimento, or native allspice, wild fig and oranges. The tropical luxuriance of the lowland has been left behind. The country now more nearly resembles our own New York state in summer, although, of course the mango, akee and ponciana are constant reminders that we are on the 17th parallel.

Moneague is beautifully situated up in the hills looking for all the world like an English village; in fact, it is the color of the inhabitants were several shades lighter the deception would be complete. Alas! Every paradise has its serpent; the ticks are very bad here and one cannot tramp the woods regardless. These tiny insects work themselves under the skin and suck blood until they become about six times normal size. This kills them and forms a most annoying sore. There is also a species of plant lice which sets you almost frantic. I could not wish my greatest enemy a worse fate than to be covered with these crawling, creeping things.

Leaving Moneague we drive over the Ocho Rios (Eight Rivers) road to St. Ann's Bay, through the loveliest section of the island. The first point of interest is Fern Gully, a great rift running from the mountains to the sea. The principal point about it is the tremendous amount of growth. Here vegetation seems to run rampant and in its wild flight has covered everything in living green. For 500 feet up on both sides of the road one sees a mass of trees, banana, bread fruit, mango fig and many others growing side by side. Hundreds of trailing vines cover these so that often one cannot distinguish what kind they are. Far up silhouetted against the sky line are groves of cabbage and coc-

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario. MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

OBJECT OF THE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY is formed to advance Canadian trade with England in dressed poultry, ducks, turkeys and geese, dressed meats and other farm produce that the company may deem it advisable to deal in. This is the great object of the Company. It will be no monopoly and it cannot be made one; its success means the Farmers' success. The farmer who wants to make money must first become a shareholder in this Company, which is the only company of its kind, and by so doing show that he means business, as his money being invested, his interests and the interests of the Company are the same, and then raise poultry, turkeys, ducks and geese for the Company. This Company will buy only from its own shareholders; therefore, with care and attention every farmer and every farmer's wife and every man, woman and child of ordinary intelligence in Canada who has fifty dollars can buy ten shares and become a shareholder, and by beginning in a small way and saving his profits make himself wealthy, like Mr. Taylor has done. Who Mr. Taylor is explained in the following extracts from a story told by Professor Robertson, the well-known Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada, to the standing committee of the House of Commons:

"Well-to-do farmers fatten chickens. I learn also that there is money in the business. I had got the name of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the leading poultry dealers in London. When I got to his place I found Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer. He had begun life as a farm laborer without capital. When I visited him he had a fine farm-stead and was doing a prosperous business. I would not like to say how much money the chicken-fattening business brought him in, but I would not be surprised to learn that his annual net balance was over a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars a year)." This man had begun life as a farm laborer and by sticking to this business had made money out of it.

The Promoters are now arranging to establish not less than twelve receiving and shipping stations in Canada to be fitted with plants necessary to make the exported article as perfect as possible. The number of stations in each Province will be as nearly equal as possible, having regard for the size of the Province and the number of shareholders in each. The operation of the Company to be confined for the present to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Company is also engaging the most experienced help to be found in Canada and England and making arrangements in England to get the very highest price for its shipments.

The Buyers of this Company will commence operations, it is expected, on or about the first of June, 1901, when they will call on the shareholders and arrange with them as to the continuous supply—that is, the number each shareholder will raise and supply each month to the nearest receiving station of the Company. It is therefore necessary that all intending shareholders send in their subscriptions for stock at once, as the Company will only buy from its shareholders and the lists will be closed.

This is a grand chance to make money for either farmers or their wives and those who either cannot afford to keep up a large farm or who, through some infirmity or poor health, are not able to attend to the heavy duties of heavy farming.

Prices to Be Paid.—This Company will pay the very highest prices to its shareholders, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market. and year out by selling at the high prices to be obtained in England, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market.

Great Prices in England.—Chickens shipped to Liverpool, England, met with a ready sale at eight-pence (sixteen cents) per pound. As they weighed eleven pounds per pair, they sold for one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair. Just think for one moment—one dollar and seventy-six cents for a pair of chickens in England, and yet it is only a fair market price there, and the profits are equally as good, if not better, on turkeys, ducks and geese. The consignee wrote as follows about the shipment: "I was agreeably surprised at the all-round excellence of your small experimental shipment of Canadian capons (chickens). On opening the cases the birds were found to be in beautiful condition, and presented a most salable appearance. After the birds were uncased I hung one to find out how long it would retain its bright appearance, and found that it became milky white as soon as it had dried out of the chilled state; today, five days later, it is as nice looking as a fresh killed bird. I think the price obtained will both please and pay you. It is a fair market price."

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Raising Poultry Pays.—It pays better to fatten them, and it pays best to ship them to England. The shipment sent to Liverpool, England, above described brought one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair; the farmer sold them to the shipper for fifty-four cents per pair, which is above the average price, as often he does not get more than thirty cents per pair; can anything be clearer than that the farmer is failing to make enormous profits? By becoming a shareholder you will commence putting the money in your own pocket.

Success.—This Company is a natural outgrowth of the great and wonderful cold storage system. Before "cold storage" became known it would have been an impossibility to carry on this great business, but now the great success of cold or chilled storage is the maker of this enormous business, which will prove a money-maker for its shareholders. Space will not permit giving a description of the great arrangements to be made, of the many receiving and shipping stations, abattoirs, cold storage plants, offices and agencies this Company will establish in the different Provinces of Canada and in England, or of the numerous employees it will engage to do the buying, killing, plucking, packing and shipping; the instructors the Company will engage will give to the working shareholders such directions and assistance as they may desire.

The Head Office will be at Hamilton, Ontario, and from there MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. Mr. Gilmore is already well known to many Canadians, but for those who do not know him and who would naturally like to know something of the man who is to direct the affairs of the Company in which they intend to invest their money the following extract from a letter written by the celebrated firm F. W. FARMAN CO., LIMITED, the greatest pork packers and provision merchants, and probably the oldest established firm of its kind in Canada, to the proposed bank of this Company, will be of interest:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of Mr. W. S. Gilmore I write to advise you that we have known him for many years, and have had during that time continuous dealings with him as one of our customers. He is a practical provision dealer and butcher of many years experience. He is about fifty-five years of age, but active and progressive, and as a judge of poultry, live or dressed, he is certainly the equal of the best in Hamilton. As to his personal character, respectability and integrity, we believe he is fully to be relied on for anything he will undertake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every shareholder in this Company is not obliged to raise poultry simply because he is a shareholder—anybody can buy stock in the Company, and the net profits will be divided between all shareholders alike, and it is safe to say they will get large dividends for their money.

Exclusive Privilege.—The Company extend an exclusive privilege to those who hold ten shares or more of the Company's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, etc., for the Company, to supply the great demand, and to this class of shareholders the Company will pay the very highest prices for their birds. They will be given the great advantage of careful instruction, free of charge, in the art of raising and fattening poultry, as well as receiving their share of all the profits of the Company, and, as the promoters wish to make this a Company by the farmers and for the farmers, all the servants and employees of the Company will be chosen from among the shareholders and their families.

The Capital Stock of this Company is divided into shares worth five dollars each, and of this only a limited number of shares are offered for public subscription, but no subscription will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). If you wish to become a subscriber lose no time, but send in your subscription at once, as the stock will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the APPLICATION FORM given below, be careful to state how many shares you want and the amount of money you enclose, sign your name to it and then fill in your address and send it by registered letter to Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ontario, accompanied by a marked cheque, postoffice order or express order for the full amount of your subscription, payable to the order of Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, President of the Company. The promoters reserve the right to change the name of the Company if the Government requests them to do so as a condition to the granting of Letters Patent under the Great Seal incorporating the proposed Company, and also at the same time to ask incorporation with any other amount of capital stock than named in their discretion.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

nut palms.

Emerging from the mountains at Echo Rios, we follow the ocean for several miles. The Caribbean sea is here wonderfully blue, vying in color with the famous Mediterranean. You also see long lines of coral reefs which guard most of this north coast. Our next stop is Roaring River Falls, which have a charm all their own. I cannot compare them with any other falls; they are unique. Resembling a great piece of lace hung against the hillside, the water rushes out at the top of a bluff and comes down, not in one drop, but in a

series of graceful cascades. A peculiar feature is the trees, which grow right in the water, seeming to form but stepping stones to the main portion of the river. It is a long way from St. Ann's bay to Bog Walk, but when the trip is made on market day one wishes the time might be prolonged indefinitely. It is more than interesting to visit these inland towns at such times. One feels as though he was pushing back the gates of native reserve and seeing the real life. At certain distances outside the towns there are sign boards, which are the market limits; that is no one

can sell inside of the signs, except in the market place. Miles away from the town one sees lines of natives with their wares. They carry everything on the head from a jug of water or a coconut to a whole bundle of yams, weighing perhaps fifty pounds. The use of hands seems to be entirely foreign to them. The women do most of the work and all the selling. The men spend Saturday amusing themselves with frequent visits to the rum shops. Alas! so far, education has not proved successful in Jamaica. When a native is taught to the point where he looks down

upon work there is going to be trouble. Only when he is shown how that work can be put to greater use, will he be content to go on with his former occupation. After passing through the towns of Ewarton and Linstead, in the parish of St. Catherine's, through the long bamboo avenues, we reach Bog Walk, at the entrance to an impressive gorge which extends for some miles through the mountains. It is here on the Rio Ocho that the power is obtained to run the electric cars in Kingston, over twenty miles away.

Continued on page three.

Music The

The Strat Master events in which much The production Instigate occurred Friday of this week, writing the prospect were excellent. Francis Wilson h pany he ever had, a his new sensation 'T to Boston.

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Music and The Drama

JONES AND UNDERBONES.

The Stabat Mater is one of next week's events in which much interest is taken.

The production of Evangelina at the Institute occurred on Thursday and Friday of this week, and at the time of writing the prospects for big audiences were excellent.

Francis Wilson has the strongest company he ever had, and in May will bring his new sensation 'The Monks of M'abar to Boston.

Jean de Reszke is to create the role of Young Lohengrin in Richard Wagner's opera in Paris next February. The cast will include Acte, Delmar, Renaud and Lafitte in the roles respectively of Brunhilde, Wotan, Alberich and Mime.

At the musical festivities attendant upon the birthday of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, at his palace in Paris, the accompanist, was a Boston woman, and the soloist was a young American girl who is pursuing her studies in Paris and who has already created a furore in Parisian circles.

The will of D'Oyley Carte, the late manager of the Savoy Theatre, London, and the Impresario of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, shows him to have been worth £240,817. Among other bequests is one of £1,000 to Rosina Brandram, who created all the contralto in the operas sung at the Savoy.

Some additional particulars, concerning the death of M. Paderewski's son, are given in the London Sunday Times. His name, it appears, was Alfred, not Hippolyte, and he had just arrived at Heilanstalt, a watering-place near Augsburg, Germany, to undergo a course of treatment at the hands of a certain Dr. Hensing who has effected some remarkable cures of spinal diseases. However, before the treatment had been started, the young fellow died in his sleep from heart failure, and the sad news reached M. Paderewski at Bilbao, just as he was about to start out with his agent, Mr. Adlington, for Madrid. He at once ordered a special train, caught the 'rapide' for Paris at Bordeaux, and, travelling on to Augsburg, brought back the body of his son from there to Montmorency, near Paris, where the funeral took place.

'Le Roi de Paris,' an opera in three acts by Henri Baubert, the score by Georges Hue, was produced last night at the Grand Opera House, Paris. M. Hue, the composer of 'Le Roi de Paris,' was entitled to a production on the foremost lyric stage from the fact that he won the Prix de Rome. But he had to wait his turn for twenty-two years, like Theodore Dubois. 'Le Roi de Paris' is rather a gloomy subject for the composer of 'Rubens' and 'La Bell au Bois Dormant'. The scene is laid in the days of the Ligue. All Paris conspires against Henri and proclaims the Duc de Guise its king. His love for Jeanne de Noirmontiers makes the Duc de Guise hesitate. Longue, the Gascon, tries to abduct Jeanne for Henri, but fierce rebuff. The court flies to Blois, and the Duc de Guise remains sovereign of Paris, till one day he is foully murdered.

While the Italians have been exporting operas to England for over two centuries, they seem disinclined to accept anything English in return. Concerning the first Milan performance of Isidore de Lara's opera, 'Messaline,' the correspondent of the London Telegraph wires that there was a large and imposing audience, numbering in its ranks many well-known musicians and critics. At frequent intervals a great uproar arose. Those who admired the opera applauded; those who did not imagined the applause to be insincere, and strove to shout and hiss it down. Tamango is said to have made a great personal success in the part of the Hares, and had to repeat two pieces. But the reception of the opera, generally speaking, seems to have been far from cordial, the composer's appearance being the signal for demonstrations of the noisiest character. The verdict of the critics is that the music of 'Messaline' is monotonous and wanting in inspiration.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Jere McAuliffe Company have been occupying the Opera House stage this week, and the performances have been most enjoyable. Jere, as usual, is a prime favorite, and his singing specialties are applauded to the echo. The engagement will close tonight.

Miss Marie Furlong is playing an engagement in Chicago with The Christian Company.

The Hermann Stock Company will begin an engagement next week at the opera house.

The organization has been touring Nova Scotia, and are said to be especially strong both in respect to legitimate work, and in vaudeville features.

The delights of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin', are still sufficient to fill the N. Y. academy of music at every performance.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will soon be seen in London in an English version of 'Mariana' prepared for her by James Monteith Graham.

Lillian Burkhart the popular vaudeville star, returns to the legitimate stage for one week in May to originate the ingenue role in C. S. Dickens new play 'The Girl we Love' when it is first produced in Brooklyn.

Clyde Fitch's pastoral play 'Lovers Lane', after four months of remarkable prosperity at the New York Manhattan, has been transferred to the Theatre Republic where its New York run will be extended until hot weather.

Mr. John Davidson is to prepare a new version of 'Ray Blas' for Lewis Waller. He ought to produce a romantic play with doing and hearing. Mr. Waller also has a version of Don Caesar de Bazan written by Gerald Du Maurier.

Charles Frohman who is now in London announces that he hopes to arrange American tours for Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Cyril Maude and Miss Winnifred Emery. Sir Henry Irving of course and Charles Hawbreay he has already secured.

When Grace George reappears in New York at the Theatre Republic next autumn she will have a repertoire of three new plays; one a comedy drama of fashionable life that deals with an antique social problem that has hitherto escaped dramatic discussion.

Miss Marlowe expects to appear in three important plays next season, one of them a sumptuous revival of a Shakespearean tragedy. The second a famous play of modern life which has been a favorite with several of the greatest actresses of the day

in Europe and the third an entirely new drama of modern life concerning which she will say nothing.

Edgar Bruce who died in Wales the other day was prominent in London many years both as actor and manager. He first began management in London in 1875. It was he who in 1876 produced the dramatic version of Bleak House. His latest ventures were made at the Prince of Wales's theatre of which he remained the proprietor until his death.

The Mandarin is the name of a new melodrama by Alisia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova which has just made a hit in London. It is an up-to-date adaptation of recent events in China and the central figure is a renegade Orientalized Britisher who redeems himself at the last by killing himself together with all the foes of his avenging countrymen. The whole thing is intensely jingoistic and 'patriotic.'

An interesting proof that Julia Marlowe intends to continue her season at the New York Criterion theatre very late this year, is afforded by the fact that orders have just been given to her dressmakers for a complete set of 'Summer weight' dresses to be used in 'When Knighthood was in Flower.' The fabrics originally made for this production are very heavy and the new ones, while duplicating them in fashion, will be very light, as a result of an ingenious device by which light fabrics are given the proper effect of weight by mounting them on muslin.

The old Olympic theatre, in London, which has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, was, at latest accounts, undergoing the process of demolition, and by this time probably has vanished from the face of the earth. Many brilliant memories were associated with it. There Elston played and thither Fred Robson attracted all London, in his brief, meteoric, and miserable career. Charles Mathews, Mme. Vestris, G. V. Brooke, Helen Faucit, Alfred and Horace Wigas, Kate Terry, and Ada Cavendish all trod the boards of that secluded little house at one

time or another, and helped to give it fame and occasional prosperity. It was there that one of the most successful melodramas of the century, Tom Taylor's 'Ticket of Leave Man,' was produced, with Henry Neville, as the unfortunate hero. It made fortunes for a few and ruined many.

A number of interesting anecdotes have been printed of the arrangements of theatre managers and the advance devices of seat seekers for Mrs. Fiske's engagements; and in many of the minor Western cities it may be said that there is a concert for the comfort of patrons and a desire for fairness, not usual with managers in the great cities in cases of extraordinary demands for tickets. For instance, at Ann Arbor the manager of the theatre in which Mrs. Fiske appeared kept the lobby of his house open and lighted all night to accommodate the throng that waited opportunity to buy seats in the morning.

Amelia Bingham has read during the past few weeks upwards of a hundred plays. As she expresses it:

'I want American wares I shall not look across the ocean for my inspiration unless the light here goes quite out. I want another all around play that will give equal opportunities to all the members of my company, as does 'The Climbers.' I have no desire to read a manuscript and then appropriate all the best lines and situations. It will never be my policy to watch at rehearsals and 'cut' Miss Ambitions chances for a bit. The more individual bits the greater is the combined success.'

It is not improbable that in the early future Paris may see 'Mistress Nell' done into French. Mrs. John B. Schoeffel between whom and Mme. Bernhardt there have long been friendly relations while luncheon with the latter the other day suggested to the latter that she ought to see the play with a view to a French version of it Bernhardt followed the advice and not only went to see Miss Croaman's performance in Boston, but she has read the play, and negotiations are

Parsons Pills advertisement with logo and text: 'The safest and surest cure known for Biliousness and Sick Headaches and for Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints, is Parsons Pills. ONE PILL IS A DOSE. They make new, rich blood, prevent and cure Skin Eruptions and Blemishes. Enclosed in glass vials. Postpaid - 25 cents a bottle; \$1.00 for six. L.S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.'

said to have been begun between her and its author for a French translation.

'Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss,' is the alluring title of a new play which is to be tried by Mrs. Brown-Potter and her Scott Buists, at Brighton, England, this week. The plot runs somewhat as follows: Two wives, unknown to each other, are waiting at Southampton for the arrival of the Indian liner with their husbands on board. The one, who has not seen her husband for twenty years is blowsy and coarsened by age, her illusions gone with her hair; while Mrs. Willoughby, separated for eleven years, is awaiting her husband's return with the passionate sentiment of new-made wife. A man enters, and, in the growing gloom she kisses him warmly, receiving his ardent kisses in return. Then, as lights are brought in, they start apart. He is not Mr. Willoughby, but the ill-assorted husband of the other woman, while Willoughby is equally ill-matched, a brutish boor. This opening situation promises interesting developments, especially as the two couples live in adjacent flats in West Kensington. But, though the play borders on tragedy throughout, the catastrophe is ingeniously averted at the finish.

There is a great chorus of praise for Mr. Esmund's new comedy, 'The Wilderness,' which has just been produced in the London St. James's Theatre by Mr. George Alexander. In the plot itself there is nothing new, but the old materials are said to be handled in a very fresh and effective way. A worldly mother trains a clever daughter to angle for a wealthy husband and the girl, bettering her instruction, succeeds in catching one by a stroke of utterly selfish and unscrupulous diplomacy, in which she provokes the wealthy but diffident lover to a declaration by using the penniless adorer, to whom she is inclined, as a decoy. Married, she learns to appreciate her husband and to love him very devotedly, and at the same time realizes how very badly and shabbily she has behaved. Meanwhile her husband has discovered how he has been deceived, and is in despair, until she proves to him by full confession that he is, at last, loved for himself alone. It was this scene, which is said to be strong and affecting, that seems to have clinched the success of the play.

DOWN IN CHARMING JAMAICA. (CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

Five miles from Bog Walk is Spanish-town, the former capital. There is an interesting church with some old tablets dating back to the time when the town was called St. Jago del Vega and the history of the island begins to grow dim. The king's house still remains, a mute witness of bygone splendor. Even the furniture has been packed up and the sightless windows look out appealingly. Only the oleanders in the court yard whisper tales of great banquets and gorgeous levees, and how the prince from the 'old country' danced through the pillared halls, which now only echo back the deathly stillness. In the kitchen one sees great pots and spits built into the walls, used, no doubt, in serving up many an English dish. At right angles to the king's house is Rodney temple, a semi-circular peristyle, while directly opposite are the government buildings, now deserted except a few offices.

Now we have finished our weeks tour of the island, not complete, to be sure, but yet giving us a fair idea of the whole. The sun was fast setting when we left St. Margaret's bay, night was coming down like a blanket over land and sea, there being no twilight in these latitudes. As we stepped out of the train at Port Antonio it was with a feeling of satisfaction in having a broader, more thorough knowledge of what lay beyond the hills.

Bizzer—What are you looking so sour about?  
Bizzer—Oh, I just heard a lecture.  
Bizzer—What about?  
Bizzer—'The Sunny Side of Life.'

E. H. Wilson advertisement: 'This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures colds, coughs, and croup.'



THE VICTOR CROWNED.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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Discontinuances.—Remember! at the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4.

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

TOWARD THE SOUTH POLE.

On March 21st there was launched at Dundee the stout ship Discovery, which has been built for the British Antarctic Expedition.

If there were anything in a name, that which has been given the British ship should be a good omen.

From these and other expeditions into the Antarctic regions no material benefits are anticipated.

BOOKS TO ENJOY.

In the public library of a New England city a room has recently been set apart for a thousand volumes making up a collection known as "The Standard Library."

The librarian has hoped by this device to turn some readers from their insatiable devouring of the newest fiction, good or bad, and to convince others that, besides imparting knowledge, literature can perform a high mission in communicating enjoyment and power.

A New York librarian says of it: "The good that it does will be among the 'browsers,' especially children. If these are allowed the freest kind of access to the standard shelves they will probably sooner or later open some good books that will prove fascinating to them."

What the libraries can do in a large way every household can attempt in a small way. If it happens to possess more than a few books, why not separate the best—that is, the enduring—from the works of the day and hour, and let the younger members of the family be led, through precept and example, to regard these chosen

volumes as worthy of the trust intimacy and respect? The men and women who learn as boys and girls to cultivate their gifts of imagination, humor and sympathy through mere enjoyment—not necessarily study—of the best literature are armed with the truest weapons of delight and strength.

The Curious Cassowary.

'The cassowary is a curious bird.' This random bit from the diary of that darling child, Marjorie Fleming, is quite accurate as far as it goes.

Another notable peculiarity of this bird is his ability to perform a sort of waltz over any particular object that attracts his attention.

While he was at the height of his enjoyment a larger cassowary came up and interfered with him.

The two were very ill matched in height one of them being about five feet high and the other a foot or more shorter.

Forward kicks were the main feature of the fight. At first the blows were delivered chiefly on the breast, and did not hurt much, but eventually the smaller bird knocked the other one out with a masterly stroke delivered by the long, sharp claw of the inner toe on the wattles of his antagonist.

No fatal injury was done, but the aback must have been terrific, for the big bird uttered a peculiar cry and retired in confusion to his corner, while the victor resumed his war dance.

He also had been severely punished, but says the London Express, from which this account has been transcribed, one could almost imagine him saying to himself: Beneath the bludgeonings of Fate My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Improving His Grammar.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying 'have went.'

The teacher kept him in one night and said: 'Now while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times.'

When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was, 'Have gone fifty times.' On the other side was written, 'I have went home.'

Repartee Ab Ovo.

'Hello!' exclaimed the egg that was still intact, you appear to be all broke up.'

'Nevertheless,' replied the one in the bowl of eggnog, 'I'm in good spirits.'

The Pan American exposition grounds at Buffalo, are again a scene of life and activity. Inspection of the grounds shows that not nearly so much damage has been done as was anticipated.

On the night of April first, last Mrs. Alma Douglass was shot at by her husband Axel at 835 Lexington ave., New York one shot entering her body and the other her head, resulting in her death.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Opening Day. 'Play ball!' Again the cry goes up. From where the umpire stands, And forward strides a husky chap,

Again the batsman makes his pose, The pitcher makes a fit; Then with the ball the ball caresses,

Another husky chap appears, And at the pitcher grins; Again the ball is fiercely banded,

Then from all sides come boots and jeers, And howls of rage and grief; The rosters at the umpire's feet!

The stern is hushed, the game proceeds, Touch of the umpire's foot; The ball is banded, and thrown, and tossed,

The season's on and now for months All hands will talk baseball, And pennant hopes will often rise.

Who hides beneath a root today, If he may see his foot abroad, Along the woody outland way,

There is no thing in all the land That does not seem articulated; The graves, hills, and undulating

Tall pine-tops into pine-tops breathe In sighs murmurous as the sea; And through the birchen copse beneath

While over all, for all to share, Flashed pure and wild and high, Mut windowed by the searching air,

Then grip the oak-staff, ye who may. And set the pilgrim foot abroad! There, willing, wide within today

In the gleam and gloom of the April weather, When the snows have flown to the brooklet's foot, And showers and sunbeams sport together,

The bolsters west wind flies to meet her, And hails her smile with a cheerful shout, The saplings lovingly bend to greet her,

Her fragrant petals their beauties showing Creep out to sprinkle the hill and dell, Like showers of stars in the shadows glowing,

A single word of heaven may make A weary flower laugh; And music gives a thrifty heart

The whistle-tree. The whistle-tree is growing in a green and sunny nook, In the low and warby meadow where there flows a silver brook;

Let others sing of oak and birch and all the evergreens, Or on the elm and maple bright, adorning country scenes;

Then hurrah for the meadow! Hurrah for the tree! And hurrah for the whistles

When morning crowns the distant downs With veil of auree gossam; When black bats wheel, and twilight steals

The first was he on the family tree Of canny professional laddies, In Pinto's halls he lingers for balls,

Then fly the green tho' fit and keen To drive like soaring rockets, You'll search till dark for balls you mark—

When through the gray the dawning day -lains over gorge and heather, When sun has set and grass is wet,

When morning crowns the distant downs With veil of auree gossam; When black bats wheel, and twilight steals

Then fly the green tho' fit and keen To drive like soaring rockets, You'll search till dark for balls you mark—

When through the gray the dawning day -lains over gorge and heather, When sun has set and grass is wet,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

News of the Passing Week

It is said that Count Tolstoi will reside in Paris.

For work on the Congo 1,500 Cubans have been engaged.

Mme. Pauline Lucca, of Commune trouble fame, is dead.

The Imperial war loan so far offered has been covered seven times.

At Vienna the International Art Exhibition was opened Saturday by the Duke of Abruzzi.

M. Delcasse, French Minister at St. Petersburg, has conferred the Grand Gordon of the Legion of Honour to Grand Duke Michael, the heir presumptive.

Cardinal Rampella has resigned the office of Papal Secretary of State, and will be succeeded by Cardinal Ferata.

Herr Meroko, a German millionaire, who was cruising in his yacht, and Herr Caro, his private secretary, were recently murdered by natives of the Island of New Britain.

The London Daily Express asserts that the financiers for whom J. Pierpont Morgan is acting are ordering ten big liners and that the Americans will spend \$50,000,000 upon new vessels during the coming five years.

A Madison avenue, New York, electric car running at a high rate of speed struck a Fifth avenue stage coach Monday at 89th street.

A special to the Indianapolis Sentinel from Marion, Ind., says David Nation, husband of Carrie Nation, was robbed of \$78 in cash, some jewelry and his return railroad ticket at Wichita, Monday.

Five thousand dollars will no longer be paid by the city of Omaha for Patrick Crowe's body, dead or alive.

A single word of heaven may make A weary flower laugh; And music gives a thrifty heart

Dietrich Welland's attack upon Emperor William at Bremen still weighs heavily upon the kaiser, who whenever he comes to talk upon the subject, is said to lose his self control.

Benj. Levy, alias Benard Leroy, was Monday convicted of bootmaking before Recorder Goff in New York and remanded for sentence.

The conference between the Newfoundland premier and Mr. Chamberlain, regarding Newfoundland, says the London Daily Chronicle Tuesday morning, 'have achieved nothing.'

Ass't Sec. Spaulding in Washington, Monday, wrote a letter to the secretary of state asking him to request of Lord Pouncefort an explanation by the Canadian government of the seizure on April 23 at Yanoimo, B. C., of the barge 'Ajax' belonging to a firm in Seattle, Washington, which was sent into Canadian waters to raise the

wrecked steamer Williamette, which is said to be in violation of the Canadian laws.

Baldomero Aguinaldo and Pedro Aguinaldo, relatives of Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo and five other insurgent leaders have surrendered.

Admiral Rodgers aboard his flagship, the New York, has cabled the Navy department, Washington, the announcement of his arrival at Colombo.

Seven fresh cases of the bubonic plague were discovered in Cape Town and five Europeans and two colored persons died from the disease Tuesday.

About 400 members of the Stone Workers' Union held a meeting at Lanesville, near Gloucester, Mass., Tuesday night, and voted to postpone action in the matter of a strike for one week.

The jewels of Prince Henry de Croy of Belgium, seized on his arrival in this country were Tuesday appraised at the appraisers' stores, New York. They were estimated to be worth less than \$1,000.

A telegram has been received from Sec. Hay, now on the President's train, addressed to The Christian Herald, New York, announcing that the President had subscribed \$100 towards the fund that paper is raising for the benefit of the famine sufferers in China.

The census bureau, Washington, has issued a bulletin announcing that the centre of population in the United States, excluding Alaska and recent territorial accessions on June 1, last, was six miles southeast of Columbus, Bartholomew county, in southern Indiana.

The Navy department, Washington, has decided to take steps immediately to ascertain the facts as to the connection of Lieutenant Townley with the army scandals in Manila developed by his testimony before the court martial. Admiral Remy being absent from the station, an order will go forward to Admiral Kempff directing a report and probably a court of inquiry immediately.

An explosion of gas occurred Monday in the mine of the McAlester Coal Co., at Alderson, I. T., by which five men lost their lives, seven were injured and another is reported missing. The killed; Emanuel Taylor, colored; Wiley Clark and brother colored; Andrew Pehool, Dominico Westley. It is not definitely known how the gas ignited. The dead were all asphyxiated. No damage was done at the mine.

Emperor William recently gave orders for a long list of newspapers to be laid before him daily instead of clippings as heretofore. Besides perusing upwards of two score of German papers, he glances every day at two French journals, two English, one American and three Austrian. This change in his habits he is said to have had in contemplation for some time.

The old Salon was practically opened in Paris Monday with the official visit of Pres. Loubet. The general opinion seems to be that the pictures despite their immense number are above the usual level. The Transvaal war inspired a number of the pictures including several depicting incidents of Mr. Kruger's visit to France.

The sudden and unexplainable disappearance of jurymen Patrick Farrell in Boston, has caused a singular complication in connection with the prosecution in court of James R. Hamilton, a Roxbury restaurant keeper, accused of receiving for a year or more almost daily, large quantities of cigars, tobacco and cigarettes stolen from McGreenerly Bros. & Manning, by three young men who, last week admitted their guilt. The jury reached a verdict after court adjourned Friday and brought in a sealed verdict which should have been opened Monday, but Farrell

[Continued on Extra Page.]

BAKING POWDER  
and wholesome

Week

Steamer Williamette, which is in violation of the Canadian

Aguiñaldo and Pedro Aguiñaldo of Gen. Emilio Aguiñaldo

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ny department, Washington, has is- take steps immediately to ascer- tain to the connection of Lieut.

with the army scandals in Manila by his testimony before the

Admiral Remy being ab- the station, an order will go

Admiral Kempff directing a re- probably a court of inquiry im-

losion of a gas occurred Monday of the McAlester Coal Co., at I. T., by which five men lost

seven were injured and another missing. The killed; Eman- uel; Wiley Clark and brother

Andrew Pobol, Dominic Wes- not definitely known how the d. The dead were all asphyxia-

William recently gave orders list of newspapers to be laid be- sides pursuing upwards of two

erman papers, he glances every French journals, two English, ican and three Austrian. This

his habits he is said to have had ap- lation for some time.

Salon was practically opened in- day with the official visit of Pres. The general opinion seems to be

pictures despite their immense re above the usual level. The war inspired a number of the



Socially there has been very little of interest throughout the city during the week. Two or three small teas are reported but they, although pleasant were of a very informal nature.

Moving and housecleaning are the order of the day, the air resonates with the beatings of carpets and shaking of rugs etc. and it will probably be some two or three weeks before the ladies of the household begin to settle down to their former serenity.

To the younger element the coming presentations of Evangeline and Stabat Mater have been the chief topics of conversation and the daily rehearsals for the former have been attended with much interest.

Many of the young ladies taking part in Evangeline will also assist in the choruses of Stabat Mater.

There were at a premium for the two performances of Evangeline on Thursday and Friday evenings where could be heard expressions of appreciation and delight at the efforts of the young people and the audience.

Evangeline was every Miss Frances Travers, soprano, indeed represented pretty brunettes and very well chosen and very generally well carried out. Applause was only bestowed on the principals.

The story of Evangeline is always interesting, but just now the interest seems to be universal, and one can scarcely pick up a paper without reading of Evangeline readings, Evangeline lectures etc. It seems to have taken the popular fancy as did the Nell Gwynne craze of less than a year ago and while the revival of interest in the famous English court beauty is deplored by many high minded people, the story of Longfellow's beautiful maiden will ever appeal to the intelligent, be they descendants of the romantic Academics or direct from old England.

Rossini's Stabat Mater, under the auspices of the Oratorio Society, will be sung at the opera house on next Thursday evening.

The principals and those taking part in the choruses have been steadily practicing for many weeks and without doubt there is a rich musical treat in store for those who attend.

Following is a complete list of those taking part in the opera.

- Miss Frances Travers, Soprano. Miss Grace Manning, Contralto. Mr. J. A. Kelley, Tenor. Mr. Robt Seely, Bass. Mr. Earnest du Donnie, Violinist. Miss Nana Stone, Pianiste. Miss Bessie Mathew, Accompanist. Miss Wilson, Organist. Mr. Collinson, Conductor.

CHORUS OF LADIES. SOPRANO.

- Miss Lilly Adams, Miss Gladys Campbell. Miss Laura Brennan, Miss Bessie. Miss Blossom Beard, Miss Elsie Holden. Miss Vroom, Miss Thos. Miss Emma Thos, Miss McGuire. Miss Nana, Miss Lamb. Miss Dunham, Miss Trentowsky, Mrs Davidson, Miss Markham.

ALTO.

- Mrs McNeil, Mrs Skinner. Mrs Kee, Mrs Titus. Miss Ella Payne, Miss Constance Arnaud. Miss Theresa Duff, Miss Magilton. Miss Campbell, Miss Lily Markham, Miss Bateman.

TENOR.

- Rev Mr. Dickier, Mr Sydney Younce.

Present indications are that golfing will be as popular an amusement this season as ever. The ladies are already beginning to grow quite enthusiastic over the subject, and a very successful meeting was held on Monday afternoon. Financial matters were discussed and some arrangements made for the entertainment of the members this season.

- Mr Harry Dunn, Mr Lanney. Mr Lee, Mr Brennan. Mr W Beer, Mr Hajdon. Mr Tremaine Garde, Mr Stewart. Mr Arnold, BASS.

- Rev R Mathers, M A Burnham. Mr Craig, Mr Paul Lonsley. Mr E Markham, Mr Jack Suberland. Mr Ken Bostwick, Mr Royden Thomson. Mr La B Sharp, Mr Fred McNeil. Mr Belyea, Mr Cameron. Mr Smith.

The election of officers then took place and the following result obtained:— Mrs. George F. Smith, president, Miss Helen Sid- ney Smith, secretary; Mrs. Frank Stetson, Mrs. G. K. McLeod, Mrs. J. F. Roberson, Miss Mabel Thomson, Mrs. J. D. Hazen, Mrs. C. J. Coster, Mrs. John H. Thomson, and Miss Burpee, execu- tive.

Miss Margaret Keefe of Halifax, who has been spending some months here as a guest of the Misses Lynch, Paradise Row, has returned home. Mrs. D. Lynch accompanied her to that city where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Stuart Leslie were passengers on the Montreal train on Saturday, enroute to their home in Kingston, Ont. While here Mrs. Leslie (nee Miss Dever) received her friends at her parents' home on Chipman Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. A. George Blair are spending a short time at Ottawa and Montreal.

Mrs W. T. H. Feney of Fredericton is here, visiting Mrs Maurice Paddock, Sewell street.

Early next month Dr. Fraser, superintendent of the School for the Blind, Halifax, accompanied by Mrs Fraser and Miss Gertrude Conihard of Fredericton start on an European trip, which will probably last several months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith have moved from Ger- main street and are now quite comfortably settled in their pretty new home on Carleton street.

Mr J. Noel Scovill leaves on Monday for Boston, where he will probably remain for some time.

The visitors who arrived in the city dur- ing the week were Mr and Mrs E Frank C Carpenter in, the week, from West Co, England. They are stay- ing at the Park Hotel and are enjoying the delectable of our loyalist city.

This week many city families have moved to places along the I C R and C P R, where their sum- mer residences are situated. Thus moving early they are enabled to enjoy the country when nature is at its best. Among those who went out this week were the families of Mr Barclay Boyd, Mr Watson Allan, Mr George F Calkin and Mr A Kirkpatrick.

Mr and Mrs Geo. Curry of Halifax spent the week here. They are enroute to Boston. Mrs Wetmore of Free- rickton is making a short visit with friends in the city.

Miss Grace McLeod is on a few weeks vaca- tion in Boston and New York this week from a Mr Andrew Dean returned from Boston. Mr Thomas Loney, who came to attend the funeral of his mother, has returned to his studies at McGill. Mr. Lanney is visiting re- latives in the city and vicinity.

Miss Lydia Moffatt of Amherst is here spend- ing some weeks the guest of friends in different parts of the city.

Miss Alice Byron who has been spending some weeks with friends here has returned to her home in Sussex.

Miss Almon of Halifax is paying a visit to her sister Mrs James Morton of the North End.

Mrs John Bayley (nee Bell) will receive her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon next at No 411 Main street, North End.

Mrs J Burton of Sussex arrived here on Wed- nesday and will spend some weeks with friends on Sydney street.

Mrs Lovitt who has been visiting here for a short time has returned to her home in Annapolis, N. S.

Miss Mary Hayes, of the St. Malachi's school staff, who has been very ill for many weeks is now convalescent. Her many friends are glad to hear this.

Mr. Fred McCready and his bride, who was Miss Gertrude Johnston of New York, formerly of this city, passed through here on Wednesday enroute to Point De Bute, where they will spend their honey- moon. Mr McCready is a traveler for the S H Hay- ward Co. and after returning from his wedding trip he and his bride will reside in the city.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book- store of O. S. Wall, T. E. Atkinson and J. Vroom and in Calais at O. F. L'Amour's.]

Mrs Hugh McKay has been quite ill for several days. The St. Croix whist club is to be entertained this week in Red Men's hall by the Misses Washburn and Miss Berta Smith.

A number of society ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a drive to the stone house on Tuesday evening. Mrs G F Young of Somerville Highlands, Mass., spent a few days in town this week and returned home on Tuesday, accompanying her parents, Mr and Mrs Daniel McDonald, part way on their jour- ney to British Columbia.

Miss Annie Chase of St Andrews has been visit- ing friends here.

NEWCASTLE.

APRIL 30.—Mrs. Harley and Miss Harley were visiting friends in St. John for a few days this week. Miss McCurdy has returned to Truro, N. S. Mr. Chas Mitchell accompanied by his mother left on Monday night for Medicine Hat, N. W. T. Mrs. Mitchell will reside here. Miss Mary Kane of Millerton is visiting Miss Hogan. Walter Scovill of St. John spent last Sunday in town. Miss Maggie Holland of Bathurst, who has been visiting Mrs. Quinn returned home on Saturday night.

HARTLAND.

MAY 2.—Mr and Mrs A F Connolly of Woodstock were in town. W F Boyer of the Plaster Rock hotel, has been visiting his old home and friends here. Rev and Mrs G B Trahan, of Marysville have recently paid a visit to their Hartland friends here. Charles Hurst, was taken violently ill again

while at his work in Carrs store on Wednesday. Miss Bertie McCain of Florenceville, who has been stepping in town all winter has returned to her home.

Mrs Ralph Seelye of Port Fairbaird, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs Geo M Shaw, re- turned home on Thursday last.

The many friends of Burton W Morgan will be glad to hear of his return from St John to spend the summer with his parents. He has been study- ing with Rev Dr Fraser and Rev T F Forthing- ham, St John, the past winter, preparing for a course at McGill.

Miss Helen Pipes spent last week in Halifax and Kentville.

Mrs Flett of Campbellton has been the guest of her mother, Mrs Alonzo Hillson, Eddy street. Miss Nellie Chapman has returned from Truro, where she has been taking a course in shorthand.

The Halifax Operatic club visited here last week and were greeted with a good home, and received considerable applause, the whole being a rich musical treat.

Mr C J Willis and family are removing this week from Sackville into the house on Victoria street vacated by N B Steele and family.

Mrs Hayes, wife of Dr Hayes of Parraboro, was in town this week for a day or two. Miss Bessie Curry, who has been enjoying the winter in Boston and vicinity, has returned home.

Miss Mamie Dunn, who has filled the position of telegraph operator, at the I C R depot most accept- ably, has entered upon her duties in the office of the Great North Western at Montreal, and Miss Lena, daughter of Mr J Jouty, has taken the position vacated by Miss Dunn.

Miss Lida Moffatt is visiting friends in St John. Mrs Hillson leaves next week for Sydney, where she will in future reside.

Mrs Hayes, wife of Dr Hayes of Parraboro was in town this week. Mr and Mrs C J Willis and family, of Sackville, are getting settled in their new abode, the residence on Victoria St lately occupied by N B Steele.

Mr George Ellsford, of river Hebert who has been spending a few days with her daughter Mrs Stern has returned home.

Mrs A F Cassidy of St John, who has been spend- ing a few weeks with her parents and friends, re- turned home Monday last accompanied by her niece Miss Lloyd Ross of Oxford, N S.

Miss Minnie Weir spent a few days at her home here recently. Rev Mr Estabrook was in town last week.

Miss Florence Nelson, who was the guest of relatives here, returned Saturday to her home in Truro.

Mr L S Gove and bride were at the Terrace for a short time last week.

WINDSOR.

MAY 2.—Mrs Wm Curry, Halifax and Mrs Bauld, Halifax, spend Sunday in town. Miss Kate Hill, Halifax, is at Edgell taking charge of the art department during Miss Shaver's illness.

Mrs Foster Parker, Walton, purposes visiting her old home, London, this spring. Mrs P is a sister of Mr R M Pooley, Millford.

Misses Anna Annand, Millford, and Etta Mc- Donald, Gay's River, after spending the winter in the United States, have returned to their respective homes.

Mrs Joe McDonald and little son, Kenneth, of Wolfville, are in town the guests of Mr and Mrs J C Smith. They leave on Saturday next for Boston accompanied by Miss Emma Smith. Mrs McDon- ald remains a month while Miss Smith will remain until the fall with her brothers.

Mr J S Burgess, a graduate of McGill Univer- sity, and son of Mr John Burgess of the Halifax city, a job printing department, passed through Herald Saturday morning on his way to New Windsor. He has been working in Sydney for some time and is here to accept a more lucrative position in the U. S.

Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. My eyes once glowed a- gain, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Thy red lips kisses would I have, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Thy teeth were white as precious pearls, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. The sunlight kissed thy golden curls, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. O! you were just the girl of girls, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann.

The birds would pause to catch thy song, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. As breezes bore the notes along, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. In dumbest ecstasy they sat, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Their envious little eyes they'd blink, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. And wish that they could sing like that, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann.

I loved to bask within thy smiles, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. And even that did not suffice, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Was captive to thy witching wiles, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Thy voice to me was music sweet, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. While sitting on a grassy seat, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Low at thy pretty 3 B feet, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann.

Oh in the moonlight we would stroll, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Hand clasped in hand, and linked to soul, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. The stars would at each other wink, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. And at our acts their eyes they'd blink, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. But did we care? Well, I don't think I, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann.

Can we forget that night in May, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. When to my plea you said: O. K.; My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann? I kissed thee once, thou kissed me twice, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. And even that did not suffice, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. There's silver in thy once red hair, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Thy bloom is lots the worse for wear, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. But deep down in thine eyes so bright, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. I see the same soft loving light, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Enkindled on that springtime night My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann.

For worlds I would not lose thee now, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Though wrinkles web thy wily brow, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Thy loss would plunge me in distress, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. Would leave me in an awful mess, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann. With seven kids to wash and dress, My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Special 27 Waterloo.

D. & A. Corsets  
Feel Fine.  
Fit Fine.  
Straight front and are recommended by discriminating users.  
Ladies' tailors are particularly pleased with the results obtained by the use of these Corsets.  
MADE IN WHITE AND DRAB.  
Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 pair.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc.  
At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,  
158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697.  
H. L. & J. T. McGowan  
We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.  
WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. WHITE'S  
Caramel Snowflakes  
Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

CROWNED BEST OF ALL.  
Every lady who has worn Corticelli Skirt Protector crowns it the best of all protectors.  
Its soft, porous, elastic texture, of pure selected wool outwears the skirt, sheds dirt and dust, dries out quickly, Steam shrunk in the yarn, cannot pucker the skirt, cannot fade—no frayed edges, no cut-bottoms, no pulling away from the stitching.  
Sewed on flat, not turned over. Every dress goods shade. Sold everywhere.  
Stamped with this trade mark: Corticelli  
Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL,—"Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL, Toronto, Canada, 62 Union Street.

FOR ARTIST'S. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLOURS, WATER COLOURS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colonies to His Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents for Canada.

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

Pulp Wood Wanted WANTED—Understand saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY,

Fry's Cocoa Is Pure.  
The absolute purity of Fry's Concentrated Cocoa is acknowledged by the leading Medical Journals and physicians of the day. Its great purity makes it the most economical Cocoa to use. The delicate richness of its flavor and its healthfulness make it an ideal table drink because it stimulates and nourishes, yet leaves no ill after effects. FRY'S COCOA IS PURE.  
A Quarter lb. Tin Makes 50 Cups. Sold everywhere.



USE THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER**  
THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME  
FOR THE  
**HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH**  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

**BRIDGETOWN.**

MAY 1.—Mrs J. R. Pudey and master Hugh left on Saturday to visit relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Mr W. F. Longley, has returned from Boston.

Mr W. Herman Morse arrived home from Montreal yesterday, having completed his second year in the faculty of applied science at McGill College.

Mrs Knodell of St John has been visiting her relative here during the last week.

Mr (Dr) I. B. Freeman was unexpectedly summoned to her home in Newcastle, N. B., by the sudden death of her father, Mr. Murray.

The marriage of Miss Fanny Hoyt, daughter of the late George Hoyt, to Mr Sydney Abbot, took place on Thursday last week at the home of the bride in the presence of their immediate relatives and friends. A short honeymoon was spent in St John. Mr Abbot is in the employ of the D. & A. R.

Mrs George Hoyt and daughter, Miss Estelle are moving from the homestead and will reside with the family of Mr Jesse Hoyt.

Mr J. W. Ross returned on Monday morning from a trip to Halifax.

Mr and Mrs French of Sharon, Mass. are visiting Mr and Mrs J. E. Sanction.

Mr and Mrs F. J. Reed returned last week from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Rev H. S. Davidson attended the closing exercises at Pine Hill, Halifax this week.

John Ervin Esq, went to Truro last week to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law, Mrs David B. Fletcher of that town.

Miss Fannie Troop of New York has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs H. Troop, during the past week. She leaves for Pictou tomorrow.

Mrs Wm Thomas and her daughter, who have been spending the winter with Mrs E. E. Daley, have returned to their home in Canada.

Mr and Mrs N. B. Burrows left last week for Matilda, Haute Co., where Mrs Burrows will spend the summer with her parents.

**WOLFVILLE.**

APRIL 30.—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gowe left on Monday last for their future home, Vancouver, B. C., where Mr. Gowe will engage in newspaper work.

Mrs. C. A. Patrin left last week for a short visit to Cambridge.

Mrs. J. E. Burgess and family of Kentville will reside in Wolfville this summer.

Emmerson Franklin has returned from McGill, where he has been taking a course in electrical engineering.

Mrs. Cunningham has engaged the H. R. Sleep house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Elliott Smith have returned to their farm after having spent the winter in the city.

Miss Annie Fitch is visiting in Halifax at her sister's Mrs. Jack.

Prof. T. Harwood Pattison of Rochester Theological Seminary, has been secured to deliver the baccalaureate sermon and senate oration at the June closing at Acadia.

**ANNAPOLIS.**

APRIL 30.—Harry and Lizzie Edwards from Boston and Jack Edwards from Sydney who arrived home too late for their brother's funeral have returned home.

Miss Carrie Harris is in Toronto visiting her sister Mrs. Pratt.

Mrs B. B. Miller returned home on Wednesday last.

R. Manford Mills, of the C. P. R. shops at McAdam Junction is home on a short visit.

We understand the band intend holding a concert in the Academy of music on an evening of May 24th. The programme will consist of selections by the band, cornet, clarinet and violin solos, vocal solos and quartettes, etc. The proceeds are to go towards the purchase of new instruments and uniforms.

**WESTVILLE.**

MAY 1.—Miss Graham has returned from a very pleasant trip to Boston and vicinity.

Miss Ella Maxwell spent Sunday in Ferrona.

Bert Logan of Pictou was in town last week.

Miss Jessie Douglas, New Glasgow, was in town on Monday.

Miss Bessie Brown spent last week in New Glasgow visiting friends.

John J. McDonald spent last week in Glasgow with friends.

Miss Bertha Pope, Pictou, is in town, the guest of her uncle, R. H. Pope.

Mrs. Ben Roy and Mrs. Thomas Chew left for Fort Hood on Tuesday. There is quite a Westville colony at Fort Hood now.

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

**MONCTON.**

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hatt's Tweedie's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

MAY 2.—Mrs S. C. Goggin of Elgin is in town visiting her parents.

The Moncton Amateur Dramatic club was never seen to better advantage than in the production of "Fast Redemption" at the opera house last Friday evening, and the piece was an unqualified success. Every seat in the house was occupied and there were few, if any, among the large audience who were not most agreeably surprised at the manner in which the piece was presented. All the principals portrayed their characters in professional style, and also the first bit of nervousness had worn off in the opening act, they took their parts like stage veterans. "Fast Redemption" is a pretty four act drama in which there is room for the best of acting.

Mr and Mrs T. W. Bell and family of Truro, N. B., have moved to this city and will for the future reside here. Mr Bell is connected with the Massey-Harris agency.

Mrs A. T. Burt of Shediac, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs Charles Harper and her daughter, Mrs Smith of Shediac, were here for a few days this week.

Among the graduates of the Baltimore College of

Dental Surgery this year is Mr Frederick S. Lodge. Mr Lodge is a son of Rev W. W. Lodge formerly pastor of the Central Methodist church in Moncton.

Dr G. T. Smith and Mrs Smith leave shortly on a trip to England, to be absent from the city two or three months. They will be accompanied by Mr A. S. Knight of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Miss Aggie Wilson of Salisbury returned home Saturday from a visit with friends in Moncton.

Mr Harold Brown, organist of St David's church St John, and a brother of Mrs George Palmer of this city, spent Sunday in Moncton.

Mr Arthur Bourque, brother of Dr Bourque, who has been on the steamer Edward's home on a visit.

Mrs J. J. McDonald left last evening for New York, to obtain patterns and novelties in millinery for the summer trade.

Mr Frank Hogan, a former Moncton boy, who for some years has been employed as conductor on the Boston street railway, is in the city. Mr Hogan will remain two or three days and on his return will be accompanied by Mrs Hogan and her little son who have been spending several weeks here.

**WOODSTOCK.**

MAY 2.—Mr and Mrs Geo W. Inman, Hovilton, were at the Aberdeen Friday.

Mr and Mrs A. J. Phillips, Bath, spent Sunday in Woodstock.

Miss Jennie Hay has returned from a three weeks visit to Millville.

Mr Ashby Stubbs son of Dean Stubbs of England is in town, a guest of Archdeacon Neale.

Miss Mame McLaughlin, Florenceville, returned on Monday from St John where she has been visiting.

Miss Louise Perley of Andover who has been visiting at Mr J. T. Garden's, returned home yesterday.

Miss Jessie Denison arrived home last week from Vermont where she has been visiting for the past two months.

Mr and Mrs James Stewart, Watson Settlement, have returned from Victor, Col, where they have been living for two years.

Miss Corkey of the Buckton Hospital, near Woodstock, who has been visiting her parents in Woodstock, has returned to Brockton this week.

Mr and Mrs A. E. Garden returned from their wedding trip on Monday and have taken rooms at Porter's, Connell street, for the present. They will occupy the Tapley house sometime in May.

A quiet social event took place Wednesday April 24th at the residence of the bride's mother, Broadway, Miss Anna Belle Jackson, was united in marriage to William A. Johnson, a popular fireman of the C. P. R. Only a few of the immediate friends of the bride were present. The bride was prettily arrayed in white. The ceremony was performed by the Rev J. W. Clerk. After the wedding Mr and Mrs Johnson left for Montreal on the express. They returned on Monday. They will occupy the Charles Burpee house on Richmond street which is better fitted up for them.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**

The caller looked around her upon a condition of general usefulness. "I'm doing my own housework now," announced the hostess. "Oh, are you?" said the caller, "I hadn't noticed that it was done."

"The trouble with your society novel, my dear young woman," the publisher said, handling the manuscript back to her, "is that the conversations are so stupid. They are evidently taken from real life."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which the human body is liable. The germ of disease being such that were the germ of one and differently seated the would relieve one ill but would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when administered in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on the system, which restores the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making a necessary remedy in all cases of debility, nervousness, indigestion, and all other ailments which naturally demand increased strength—improved appetite, North's Quinine Wine of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and are, in the opinion of scientists, "the wine approach nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it."

"As you get older do you notice that your memory weakens a little now and then?" "A little? Huh—I've got so that I don't even remember that I wanted to remember something."

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Asthma Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be lost advanced in consumption.

"That grandstand of ours seems to look somewhere. I guess it does. I know we took in 300 tickets at the door, and then gave out 100 rain checks."

Head La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypto Oil and used it for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

Teacher.—Thomas, give me your idea of the difference between a curve and an angle.

Tommy Tucker.—My aunt Ann is all curves, and my aunt Hopsy is all angles.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves sane and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Farnell's Vegetable Pills in restoring the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

Friend.—I suppose that you always try to throw as much life in your pictures as you can?

Artist.—Not always. I've painted 32 pictures of the Dead Sea in my time.

Known to Thousands.—Farnell's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to directions they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong and their various callings, many of them know the value of Farnell's Vegetable Pills in restoring the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

"We've got poets in this neighborhood," said an uptown druggist to one of his regulars.

"Why?"

"I find girl from some place came to here this morning and asked for 'glory of rhyme.'"

"And what did you give her?"

"A chance to go back and find out what she wanted."

"And what was it?"

"Chloride of lime."

Branding the Best.

Savages are apt either to overrate their own abilities or to underrate the skill of the civilized man. A Canadian explorer in the country of the Eskimos tells how he

**IF YOU CATCH COLD.**

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the discharge of mucus from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgement and breeds.

Great numbers of people disregard cough at first, and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well known remedy, and it is the safest and quickest cough cure known to day. It does not deceive by dragging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. 25 cents.

Be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

**astonished a native**

I had been diligently exercising myself in the art of harpoon-broving, and one day, having become somewhat expert, was thus amusing myself when a party of natives came along. One of them, doubtless supposing me to be a novice, and cried out in Eskimo, "Go ahead! Throw!"

Promptly accepting the challenge, I hurled my harpoon, which made so straight for the astonished man's breast that he did not know which way to jump, and barely got out of the way in time to save himself.

As the shaft passed him and went crashing through a flower-bowl behind where he had stood, his companion had a great laugh at his expense.



**A Delicious Tubbing**  
and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert."

**BABY'S OWN SOAP**  
and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL.  
Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

**APRIOL & STEEL**  
LADIES' PILLS  
A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.  
Superior: G. Blister Apple, Fil Cocchia, etc. etc.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVAN & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B.C., or Wartin Pharmacal Chemist, Southampton Eng.

**CALVERT'S**  
20 per cent.  
**CARBOLIC SOAP**  
Cures and prevents insect and Mosquito bites.  
The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.  
F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

**BRANDIES!**  
Landing ex "Corean."  
Quarts or Pints  
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10 Octaves  
For sale low in bond or duty paid.  
**THOS. L. BOURKE**  
25 WATER STREET.

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

**WANTED SALESMEN** to travel with most complete line of Farnell's, Colson's and Variables on the market. Jewel Refining Co., Paint Dept. ment, Cleveland, Ohio. 2-16-01.

**HUSTLING YOUNG MAN** can make \$50.00 a month and expenses, per a quick for next 10 days. C. H. & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

**The Mutual Life Insurance Company**  
OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,597,480 68
Assets,	304,844,637 52
Policy Reserves,	251,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year,	4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.  
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.  
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

**Job ... Printing.**

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

**Consult Us for Prices.**

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

**Progress** Job Printing Department.  
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

**CAFE ROYAL**  
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,  
56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B.  
WM. CLARK, Proprietor  
Retail dealer in.....  
CHOIC' WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

**THE DUFFERIN**  
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of it, House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.  
E. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Five sample rooms in connection. First class service by Stage, Coach, at trains and boats.

**Victoria Hotel,**  
51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Electric Passenger Elevator  
and all Modern Improvements.  
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

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each person interested in subscribing to the Progress...  
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DES...  
Tommy and  
ROOSEVELT'S  
(serial).  
DING DAVIS'S  
articles.  
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TER A. WY.  
The Workers".  
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ETON CLARK,  
T, HENRY MO-  
HT L. ELMEN-  
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address.  
NER'S SONS,  
New York.

NEWS OF THE PASTING WEEK.

[Continued from Page Four.]

could not be located and the verdict cannot be announced until the jury is in the box.

The notorious 'Jack the Ripper,' who has assaulted and mutilated 18 women, has been caught at Ludwighen, Baden, red handed by two detectives attired as a woman.

The Chicago Chronicle says: The gigantic consolidation of cigar manufacturers in this city will be announced Wednesday. The total capital in the combine will represent upwards of \$60,000,000.

The mass meeting held in Havana Sunday at Matanzas by the Democrats, the opening rally of the campaign, was largely attended. Senor Montoro, who received a great ovation, and the Cuban problem was an international one and that the Platt amendment was a wise measure.

The Independence will be raced at the Newport races and Thomas W. Lawson and the Hull Massachusetts Yacht club committee have decided to allow the three races to settle, so far as they are concerned, whether the Constitution or the Independence will defend the America's cup.

Official despatches have been received in Berlin, confirming previous despatches from Pekin to the effect that Maj. Gen. Von Guyl has been appointed chief of staff to Field Marshal Von Waldersee, succeeding General Schwartzoff who lost his life in the fire that destroyed Count Von Waldersee's headquarters.

Three bodies, two men and one woman, were found floating in the river at Toledo, O., Tuesday morning. All appear to have been the victims of self-destruction. A fourth body, that of a youth, was taken out of the river Monday evening. It was that of Albert Molosh, a suicide.

Prince Alexis Nicolaiewitch Dolgoroukoff, formerly secretary to the Russian embassy in London, attempted to commit suicide at a prominent hotel in St. Petersburg, Thursday last. His action was due to family troubles. He has been separated from his wife. The affair has been hushed up on account of the prominence of the family. His recovery is possible.

Hon. George H. Murray, premier of the Nova Scotia government leaves for New York to meet a combination of Canadian and American capitalists who are undertaking a contract to build a railway from Halifax to Yarmouth on the south shore of the province. The road will be subsidized.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: Wall street is still puzzled by the extraordinary demand for Union Pacific, R. R. shares. From well informed sources assurances are received that parties outside of the Harriman syndicate have secured a very large amount of the Union Pacific stock. Whether or not these parties have accumulated enough shares to give them control is a matter yet to be determined.

The president and attorney of the City National bank of Troy went to Little Falls N. Y. Tuesday afternoon, to investigate the validity of the \$9,600 stock in the National Herkimer County bank left as collateral with them by ex-Mayor Hadly Jones for a loan of \$8,000. They had with them an assignment of stock by Mrs. Jones in whose name the two blocks of 70 and 26 shares stand on the books of the bank. Those who saw the assignment believe it genuine.

M. Max. Regis the anti Semite Mayor of Algiers, and the editor of LaReven Che Du Peuple, each of which was accompanied by friends had a battle in an Algiers restaurant Tuesday over statements which M. Regis had circulated regarding the editor. The furniture of the restaurant was hurled about and then pistols and knives were used. M. Regis was hit in the head by two bullets and his brother and two friends were also shot, none of them, however, seriously. One combatant was stabbed twice and is believed to be dying.

The Nove Vremya, St Petersburg, considers the recent visit of M. Delcasse, the French minister of foreign affairs to St. Petersburg as opportune and important, because of the alterations in the new groupings of the powers in prospect, 'Australia, Hungary and Italy are no longer imbued with the advantage of the alliance with Germany, says the Nove Vremya, and the positions of Great Britain, the minor European states and the United States of America have lately suffered modifications. It is especially important at this moment to demonstrate the unshaken continuance of the dual alliance.'

No Time for Trifling.

An old couple, who had passed their lives in the quiet of a Derbyshire village, resolved to make a journey to London. The resolution was communicated to their neighbors, who gave them long instructions

as to the best methods of taking care of themselves and avoiding city sharpers.

The villagers gathered at the station to see the departure, and all went well until the train reached Bedford. There the old man, in an evil moment, allowed himself to leave the compartment, with the result that the train went off without him.

Fortunately an express was due in a few minutes, and the station-master, taking pity on the old countryman's distress, permitted him to board it, so that he was enabled to reach London fully twenty minutes before the arrival of his wife.

He was waiting eagerly at the station when the train came in, and seeing his wife, he rushed joyously up, crying out:

'Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see you again! I thought we were parted forever!'

The old woman looked at him suspiciously, and remembering all the advice that had been showered upon her, said indignantly:

'Away wi' ye, man! Don't be comin' yer Lunnon tricks wi' me. I left my old man at t'other station. Be off at once, or I'll call a bobby and hae yer locked up!'

ITS ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN INSURED.

A fire insurance policy has recently been taken out on the electric fountain of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The fountain is situated in the North Bay of the Exposition grounds. The policy provides that the companies shall not be liable for any loss or damage to the electrical apparatus caused by the electric current in the fountain.

There is a somewhat unusual clause in this policy, as well as in other policies covering property of the Pan American Exposition. This is what is known as the diminishing clause, by the term of which eight-tenths of 1 per cent. of the amount carried under each policy shall terminate at noon on the 30th of June, and upon each succeeding day of the exposition, until the date of expiration of the policy, which will also be the date of the closing of the exposition, Nov. 1, 1901. Thus while the full insurance will be in force on all buildings and exhibits on the day of the opening of the exposition, May 1, this insurance will gradually diminish after June 30, day by day, at the rate of eight tenths of 1 percent until on the day when the exposition closes no insurance will exist.

So far as the insurance on the electric fountain is concerned, the simple explanation is that the Pan American Exposition company holds that all contracts were entered into on the condition that fire insurance policies should be taken on all structures erected on the exposition grounds, and it declines to make any payments for work done until this condition is complied with. The electric fountain was considered no exception to this general rule, and hence a fire insurance policy was necessary before any payments could be made for the work done. When the contractor's interest ceases, it is possible that this policy may be cancelled as no longer necessary. As it stands, however, the insuring of a fountain under a fire insurance policy is something of an anomaly.

Milk Versus Water.

That milk is not equal to water as a steam producing agent was demonstrated one morning recently on the Erie & Central New York Railroad by passenger train No. 2. A Syracuse newspaper tells the story.

The train left Cincinnati at half past seven o'clock, and was due in Syracuse an hour and a half later. It stopped at the water pump in Cincinnati for a supply of water.

The water is pumped from a creek through a milk depot by the same pump, it seems, that is used to force milk into the large vats.

The fireman, a new employee, set the pump going, and after taking aboard what he deemed a sufficient quantity of water, stopped the pump and the train started.

The steam dropped rapidly, and such a spattering began about the gage that the engineer became alarmed, and a freetown telegraphed to the train despatcher at Syracuse that his engine had gone wrong, and requested that an extra be sent to haul his train to the end of the run. This was done, and the rejected engine was sent to the yards for inspection. There it was discovered that the boiler was filled with milk instead of water. The fireman supposes that he must have 'connected up wrong' somehow, and pumped milk instead of water into the boiler.

What Might Have Happened.

A sporty young gentleman of the city who drives a dainty runabout which is the envy of the other young men of his set, was driving down Main street the other day when he nearly ran over a six-foot country man. The countryman caught the bit and

'Brevity is the Soul of Wit.'

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—'I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely.' Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.



sat the horse upon its haunches without apparent effort, and then complacently remarked to the driver:

'Sonny, you had better be careful how you drive that doll buggy of yourn. If I hadn't collared this here horse you would a run that thing into me and smashed it all to kindling.'

His Hair Stood on End.

'Up to five years ago,' said a prospector to a St. Louis Republic reporter, 'I didn't believe in such a thing as a man's hair standing on end,' and then the old gentleman told the story of the fright that led him to change his mind:

I was in the mountain of Idaho with a friend, and we ran short of fresh meat, so one day I took my gun and started off alone. I went into a ravine and was making my way along a little brook, when I came suddenly upon a queer sight. Not four feet in front of me, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions, asleep.

For half a minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring at them with my heart in my mouth, every one of them sprang up with a growl. And they faced round at me, looking ugly, sniffing the air with their whiskers drawn back, showing the white line of their teeth, switching their tails and looking like demons.

As for me, I stood rooted to the spot. I couldn't move, from sheer fright. A queer, numb sensation began in my ankles and crept up my body, and I literally felt my hair rise.

I stood there motionless for several minutes; then one of the beasts dropped his tail and whined. The others followed his example. My presence mystified them. A few seconds later they turned about and crept away down the ravine, looking back stealthily two or three times to see me. When they were out of sight I began to breathe again. I didn't care to hunt any more that day, and made for the camp at top speed. That was the time my hair stood on end, and my scalp was sore to the touch for a week afterward.

A Tale of Sugar-Tongs

The Chinese servant is a very good one, as a rule, but he has his own ideas of things, and is very persistent in urging his opinions upon his employer. A former United States consul at Canton tells the New York Sun a bit of experience bearing upon this point.

When I first employed my head boy, Wong, says Mr. S., he said: 'Master have no got sugar-tongs.'

I merely remarked that I didn't care for sugar-tongs.

It is the custom at Canton, when one is invited out to dinner, to take one's own servant along to assist at the table. Soon after Wong's advent I went to dine with the British consul, and took the boy with me. The next morning, when Wong was serving my breakfast, he said:

'Velly fine dinner, master.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'it was a fine dinner.'

'Blitish consul fine house have got,'

said Wong, 'have got velly nice table. Have you sugar tongs.'

'Yes,' I admitted, 'the British consul has all that, and he has money to pay for things.'

Two days later I dined with the Belgian consul. Wong went with me, and the next morning he praised everything and ended with, 'He have got sugar tongs.'

'He's welcome to his sugar tongs,' I said, 'but I don't want any. I don't intend to have any, and you need not say sugar tongs to me again.'

Soon afterward I dined at the Italian consul's. On the following morning, as usual Wong praised the Italian consul's house, his table, his dinner, and ended with: 'He have got sugar tongs.'

I let the vials of my wrath loose upon Wong, and threatened to cut off his pigtail if he ever said sugar-tongs to me again.

I thought from his meek manner that the matter was settled, but the sequel proved that I did not understand Chinese persistency. Three days afterwards Wong came to me and announced:

'Top side Chinaman front side want to see master. Shall show him (fine side)?'

'Yes,' I said, 'bring him in here.'

Soon Wong ushered in a good looking Chinaman, who carried a small bundle in his hands. Wong retired. Then my visitor dropped on his knees, opened his bundle, and revealed a dozen varieties of silver sugar tongs.

Well, I took a pair, and from that day the words sugar tongs were never mentioned in my house; but I never looked at the tongs without laughing.

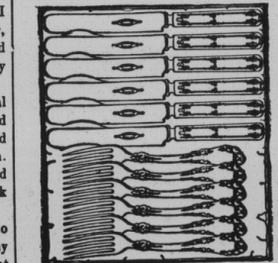
The police are again confident that they have once more cornered Mussolini, the Italian bandit.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladles, etc.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. - Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of tily trimmed Black velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56 fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 73c. 85 cents. Postage 32 cents. 36 39 inches. 87c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to " JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A case that is remarkable known is that of Charles street, who, with Charles street, burn has just received a lapse of seven recovery can re that occurred Dr. Washburn eastern Penn by not yet been to his statement the recovery of west in 1884, s to look up some left to him. H ago on the Chic road, but on was wrecked a Chicago. He sensation of bei but from that t memory, four v blank, or was Mrs. Washbu twelve years ago rival in the city him. But Mr. of his memory i or of the fact four children. of the people ten years, he neighborhood the same time, of his former Electric cars springing sud had but a dim lights were, novelty, with tiredly unacqu the city amaz every hand v newly-born ba

For the past burn had appa his retirement a contracting the grocery b store at 72 T G. Small of physician and abscesses or frequent bursts great pain.

On the night the floor of his tenely. A room with his lamp. Mr. as it fell, but mured, 'Oh, unconscious, bed, and Dr. the efforts of without result ed unconscious

When he next day the years were gained consc his memory h were: 'Was I m Mrs. Was time and rep he replied a and asked hi She laughi wife wherea her that she He then den to humor hi Small. Wh Washburn a conversation and telling four childre

'I'm not thing for wake up to be told children.'

'But you replied ed him a of the r ledged that 24 years of

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1901.

Double Consciousness.

A case that is said to be one of the most remarkable known to the medical profession is that of Charles Washburn, aged 41 years, who, with his family, resides at 92 Charles street, Allegheny. Mr. Washburn has just recovered his memory after a lapse of seventeen years, and since the recovery can remember practically nothing that occurred during that time.

Mr. Washburn's native home was in eastern Pennsylvania, but in what town he has not yet been able to recall. According to his statement to his doctors, made since the recovery of his memory, he left for the west in 1884, after the death of his father, to look up some property that had been left to him. He remembers leaving Chicago on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, but can only recall that the train was wrecked a short time after leaving Chicago. He remembers a crash and the sensation of being hurled through the air, but from that time until he recovered his memory, four weeks ago, his mind is a blank, or was at the time of his recovery.

Mrs. Washburn says she met her husband twelve years ago, a few days after his arrival in the city, and two years later married him. But Mr. Washburn on the recovery of his memory knew nothing of his marriage or of the fact that he was the father of four children. He did not recognize any of the people he has known for the past ten years, he did not know anything of the neighborhood in which he had resided for the same time, nor did he know anything of his former occupation, painting, nor of his present one, the grocery business. Electric cars were to him as something springing suddenly from the earth, and he had but a dim recollection of what electric lights were. An electric bell was also a novelty, with the use of which he was entirely unacquainted. The tall buildings of the city amazed him, and the sights on every hand were as strange to him as a newly-born babe.

For the past year and a half Mr. Washburn had apparently been ill. This caused his retirement from his former occupation, a contracting painter, and he embarked in the grocery business, conducting a small store at 72 Taggart street. Dr. Stanley G. Small of Taggart street has been his physician and was treating him for hepatic abscesses or abscess of the liver. The frequent bursting of the abscesses caused great pain.

On the night of Feb. 23 he was walking the floor of his dining room suffering intensely. A daughter, who was in the room with him, accidentally overturned a lamp. Mr. Washburn tried to grasp it as it fell, but as he reached for it he murmured, 'Oh, my head,' and fell to the floor unconscious. He was immediately put to bed, and Dr. Small summoned. But all the efforts of the doctor were apparently without result, as Mr. Washburn remained unconscious until the next evening.

When he regained consciousness the next day the events of the past seventeen years were entirely forgotten. He regained consciousness at the point where his memory had left him and his first words were:

'Was I much hurt?' Mrs. Washburn was in the room at the time and replied in the negative. Then he replied as to what hospital he was in and asked his wife if she was the nurse. She laughingly replied that she was his wife, whereat he grew indignant and told her that she was taking liberties with him. He then demanded to see the doctor, and to humor him Mrs. Washburn sent for Dr. Small. While awaiting the doctor, Mrs. Washburn again engaged her husband in conversation, calling him by his first name and telling him that he was the father of four children.

'I'm not married,' he replied. Nice thing for a man 24 years of age to wake up after a night's sleep and to be told that he is the father of four children.'

'But you are not a young man,' replied his wife, and she handed him a mirror. When he saw the reflection of his face he acknowledged that he did not look like a man of 24 years of age, but still did not believe

that he was married. He did not recognize the face as his exclaiming: 'My God, that is not me,' and pointed to a portrait, taken about the time of his marriage, as his own. Then Mrs. Washburn showed him their marriage certificate and brought in their children, which convinced him of the truth of her statement.

A few days later, when his condition allowed of his being taken out, it was made apparent how complete the lapse of memory had been. When he saw a trolley car he wanted to know what kind of wagons they were, running without horses. The information that they were electric cars was practically no information, as far as he was concerned, and it necessitated an explanation of how they were operated before he could be made to understand. When he called on Dr. Small his ignorance of recent events was again shown. At the doctor's front door he vainly tried to find the knob by which to ring the bell, and a woman who came up the stairs behind him showed him how to ring the electric bell. This, to the doctor had to explain, and he dimly remembered having once seen electric lights in New York. He did not know one of his neighbors, with many of whom he has been on intimate terms, and when after he regained his strength, it was proposed that he resume his occupation of painting, he astonished the doctor and his family by saying that he knew nothing about painting, and that he had never been a painter, notwithstanding that he followed this occupation for over ten years. On the streets and city he displayed ignorance not even knowing the name of the latter.

An astonishing feature of the case is that according to Mrs. Washburn's statement, during their entire married life she never noticed anything wrong with him. He acted rationally at all times, never smoked, drank but very little, and until the time of his illness began, had always worked hard and provided well for his family. He never did anything to lead her to believe that he was not in possession of his senses, and her surprise was greater than his when he recovered consciousness and did not recognize her.

About three weeks ago Dr. Small turned the case over to Dr. Edward E. Mayer, specialist on mental and nervous diseases at the West Penn Hospital and also assistant professor of the medical department of the Western University of Pennsylvania. Both physicians were at first reticent regarding the case, and it was only after being shown that it had already become public property and that reliable statements from them were better than the version of others, that they consented to talk about the case.

Dr. Small said that he had been treating Mr. Washburn for hepatic abscess for over a year. 'He seemed to suffer great pain in his right side,' said the doctor, 'and whenever he was touched he would fairly howl with pain. When he lost consciousness I thought it was the result of the abscess again breaking and was amazed after his recovery of consciousness that he did not feel the slightest pain. As soon as I arrived at the house I began examining him. He did not recognize me as any one he had ever seen before, and thought I insulted him when I said that he had an abscess. He insisted that there was nothing wrong with him, and when I handled him a bit more severely than usual he made no complaint of any pain. Nor has he done so since the recovery of his memory. He is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and his children, who range from 3 to 9 years of age, are also bright, not showing the slightest trace of there having been anything wrong with their father.'

Dr. Mayer though at first disinclined to talk, said: 'I took hold of the case three weeks ago. Amnesia, the complaint with which he was afflicted, is not uncommon. It is often seen in insane cases which present alterations in personality and double personality seemingly two minds in the same body. Cases of double consciousness, in which the one is suddenly obliterated, to reappear after a lapse of many years, are very rare. There is only one case on record of sudden and total loss of

memory. This is the case of Pastor Hanna reported by Dr. Boris Sidis, of New York, and published in his book on 'Psychology of Suggestion.'

'Mr. Washburn's case is not one of complete amnesia, as he always remembered his name. The case is of great psychological interest, as it is one of the few that enable us to study the synthesis of consciousness and the cellular action and disintegration of the brain. Also interesting is the re-education of the man to the impressions made during seventeen years and now lying dormant; the study of his dreams, the disassociation of the past from present impressions and their eventual combination. All of these furnish much material for study and observation. The method of treating the case which I am following is purely one of suggestion. This consists of gradually separating him from any impressions that have been left upon his brain by the loss of memory, working back to the time preceding it, and then bringing his ideas slowly up to the present time. There is no hypnotic influence or anything of that sort used in connection with the treatment. It is all done through simple suggestion and I believe it will lead to his ideas being eventually brought up to date.'

Arabia's Poorhouse.

Mark Twain compared the palm tree to 'a liberty pole with a haycock on top of it,' and the date tree may be called both a poem and a commercial product. To the Arab mind it is the perfection of beauty and utility. Rev. S. M. Zwemer, in his book on Arabia says that every part of this wonderful tree is useful to the Arabs.

The pits of the date blossom contain a fine curly fiber, which is beaten out and used in all Eastern baths as a sponge for soaping the body. At the extremity of the trunk is a terminal bud containing a whitish substance resembling an almond in consistency and taste, but a hundred times as large. This is a great table delicacy.

There are said to be over one hundred varieties of date palm all distinguished by their fruit, and the Arabs say that 'a good housewife may furnish her husband every day for a month with a dish of dates differently prepared.'

Dates form the staple food of the Arabs in a large part of Arabia, and are served in some form at every meal. Syrup and vinegar are made from old dates; and by those who disregard the Koran, even a kind of brandy. The date pit is ground up and fed to cows and sheep, so that nothing of the precious fruit may be lost. Whole pits are used as beads and counters for the Arab children in their games on the desert sand.

The branches or palms are stripped of their leaves, and used like rattan for the making of beds, tables, chairs, cradles, bird cages, boats and so forth. The leaves are made into baskets, fans and string, and the bast of the outer trunk forms excellent fiber for rope of many sizes and qualities.

The wood of the trunk, although light and porous, is much used in bridge-building and architecture, and is quite durable.

In short, when a date palm is cut down there is not a particle of it that is wasted. This tree is the 'poorhouse' and asylum for all Arabia; without it millions would have neither food nor shelter. One-half of the population of Mesopotamia lives in date-mat dwellings.

With Chinese Sauce.

Boys in China may be shut up in the wood-shed to learn to read the ten thousand books of Confucius backward, but there is no 'higher education' for Chinese girls. With them nature has her say.

A young husband took a friend home unexpectedly. There was no tea in the house, and a servant was sent to borrow some. The little wife arranged the teatable and put the water to boil. Very soon it boiled, and it became necessary to pour in cold water. This happened several times. The tea kettle finally over-flowed, and no tea had come. Then the wife said:

'As we don't seem likely to have any tea, you had better offer your friend a bath.'

Would any American 'girl graduate' have been so artlessly hospitable?

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

'I haven't seen your father for a long time. What is he doing now?' 'Eighteen months.'

Wreck of the Hornet.

Storms and logs of the past winter have been prolific of disaster to those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' one of the most notable wrecks being that of the steamer Rio de Janeiro, who went down in sight of San Francisco. This circumstance has recalled to the old timers the dreadful experience of the Hornet, which was written up at the time by Mark Twain. The story of their sufferings was recently retold by one of the two survivors, Mr. Frederick Clough of San Francisco.

Mr. Clough went to sea as a boy of 15. He was 20 years old when he shipped in Maine as an able-bodied seaman on the Yankee built clipper Hornet, bound for the Pacific coast with a cargo of mixed goods and two passengers, Henry and Samuel Ferguson, sons of a New York merchant. Captain J. A. Mitchell was the master.

The vessel had a fair voyage for 100 days, when she was 2 degrees above the equator and several thousand miles from the coast of South America.

On May 8, while they were lying in a calm on a blistering hot day, the cry of fire was suddenly raised. The first mate in drawing a bucket of varnish had ignited it with a candle. The flames spread to the barrel from which he was filling the bucket. The cargo included a quantity of petroleum and many cases of tallow candles. In a very few moments these had caught the flame, and the fire was beyond all control. Within a quarter of an hour the ship was untenable.

The crew and the passengers rushed to the boats. There were no confusion. Every man got away in the three boats, which were lowered at once. But so great was the hurry that only the most meagre stores could be placed in the three boats. The craft commanded by the first and third mates and which were eventually lost had almost nothing. The captain, however, rushed back in the face of the flames and brought out as many provisions as he could carry. The inventory was afterwards recorded at Honolulu. There were 4 hams, 30 pounds of salt pork, half a box of raisins, 12 cans of oysters, 100 pounds of bread, a few cans of assorted meat, 4 pounds of butter and 12 gallons of water. The other boats were eventually lost and have no part in the story.

In this one, commanded by the captain were 15 men in all, including the two Ferguson brothers, the third officer and two sick men. One was a Portuguese, and he distinguished himself by eating a lot of bread before the others were fairly in the boat. This little crew and their precious provisions cast off from the sinking and burning ship and lay to, hoping that some passing vessel would be attracted by the glare. In launching they had stove a hole in the bottom of the boat, which had to be stopped with a blanket.

Fortunately they had a compass and a chart. The captain took his reckonings and determined to steer for the Clarion islands. He took stock of the food, calculated the number of days which they must sail and divided the food on that basis.

So they hoisted sail and steered in the direction of the islands.

The slender ration began to run low, and still there was no sight of land. Then the captain took stock again and decided that they must reduce even that scanty ration. The one selfish man in the boat had helped in the reduction of the provisions—that was the greedy and sick Portuguese who had eaten the bread on the first day. As the supply began to run low it was discovered that the bread did not hold out as was expected. Watch was kept, and the Portuguese was discovered crawling away from the bag one night. 'After that,' says Clough, 'we lay for that man by tying the neck of the bag in a peculiar knot and warning him that if we found it tied in any other way we would know that he has been at it and act accordingly. Some of us were for treating him as he ought to have been treated, but the captain wouldn't let us.'

When the starving voyagers came in to Honolulu, Mark Twain wrote the account of the journey in what he has since acknowledged to be his first newspaper story. He tells in a humorous way of the manner in

which the sick sailors turned over in their beds to 'cuss that Portuguese.' After 35 years Clough still burns with indignation when he tells how that man stole from his mates the food that was life.

It was the eighteenth day when the rations were cut down, and on that same day the three boats, which had been together all the time, decided to part company, the captain saying that by so doing one at least might reach the shore to tell the tale. He gave up one third of his remaining provisions to each of the other boats. The water ration in that burning sun was made a gill a day and the solids whittled down to a morsel of ham, a spoonful of bread crumbs and 12 raisins per day.

The rest of the story would not be quite clear except for the diary kept by the Ferguson brothers and which was to be cast adrift in a bottle by the last survivor. They drifted into rains again. It became certain that they had passed the Clarion islands, and they set sail for the American islands, set down on the charts as doubtful.

Delirium began to set in. They fought against it, and the gallant captain, unflagging in his efforts to keep up the spirits of the men, never relaxed his efforts to keep them entertained. The diary of the Ferguson brothers gives a vivid relation of the greatest discomfort suffered during those later days, greater even than hunger and thirst. There was nowhere to lie down except in the bottom of the boat, which was filled with salt water. The men therefore began to develop sores and great abscesses and became so stiff from their cramped position that when they lay down it was almost impossible to rise. In their dreams they were all haunted by the vision of sumptuous banquets.

On the thirty ninth day there was a little over a pound of ham and a tin of meat. That went. The next day they divided the bone of the ham, the cloth in which it had been wrapped and licked the staves of the butter firkin. For several days they had been eating the leather of their boots, and the last of these went on that day. Then the men began to broach that which they had thought in secret. The Portuguese, the man of all with whom they had the least sympathy, was very ill. They watched him hour after hour, waiting for his death. Only the captain would not give in to the idea.

But the Portuguese was a vastly long time dying, and the castaways began to whisper among themselves that they should draw lots to determine who should go first. 'I do not think that any one of us cared much which lot he drew,' says Mr. Clough. There was a fresh strong breeze blowing at the time.

The last day dawned, and the captain finally admitted their necessity. 'I will go on for one more day,' he said, 'and if there is no land or ship in sight let us draw lots, and may God have mercy on our souls. It is better that one should die than that one should be left to tell the tale.' That day only one man was able to raise himself out of the galling salt water in the bottom in order to steer the boat. That man was Clough. He says, 'I just managed to hold the rudder by lying on it.' The sail had been so without change for four days because no one had strength to trim it.

Even he, the strongest of the lot, was ready to drop the rudder, when he sighted breakers. In a voice which he describes as the shadow of a whisper he called to his companions, but they would not believe him. Finally the captain was induced to look, but even he was incredulous until he heard the breakers rolling over the island of Laphoehoe, a small member of the Hawaiian group. They tried to lower sail to escape the breakers, but could not. Even then, at the end of so much peril and suffering, they would have drowned had not two Kanakas who had seen them from the surf swam out and towed them into the harbor. They were cared for; they were given food in small quantities, the two white men in that section of the island seeing that they did not get too much. Mark Twain records that even at that time the Portuguese, who figures as the villain of this true tale, came near to meeting his end on the spot by eating four bananas before he could be choked off by his helpers.

Advertisement for Croix Soap featuring an image of a man and text: 'Snowy Whiteness', 'Give you a Clean Skin', 'FARM?', 'Field and Flower Seeds', 'Rudman Allan, Seedman, 87 Charlotte St.'

Advertisement for A.W. Chase's 25c. featuring text: 'A.W. CHASE'S 25c. BARRH CURE', 'Model 1492', 'JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS', 'E, LTD. TER, ENGLAND.'

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Advertisement for John Noble Knockabout Frocks for Girls featuring an image of a girl and text: 'JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS', 'E, LTD. TER, ENGLAND.'

Advertisement for E, LTD. featuring text: 'E, LTD. TER, ENGLAND.'

# A Man Misjudged.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART I.

## CHAPTER I.

Cleave? Well, yes, I should think so. The author of 'Necessities' is certainly that. Handsome? Yes; but not scrupulous. No, Bride, he's not, I'm sure.

'How do you know?'

'Well, it's not what I say; it's what everybody says. Even Val—and, of course, Val wouldn't say anything against his brother—even Val says he doesn't quite trust Neville. So you see I must be right.'

'It doesn't follow at all, and I call it mean to say things about people when you don't know. As for Val, I don't care a rap for his opinion.'

Bride McCarthy clenched her small hand and stamped on the ground in righteous indignation.

Her sister looked at her in amazement.

'Why, Bride, what's the matter? Surely you, of all people, are never going to stand up for Neville? Think how horrid he was about that wood—our favorite walk. We can never go there now, and all because of his wretched game.'

'I don't care. Why shouldn't he keep it private if he likes? You know quite well, Peg, you only dislike him because he stands in the way of your marriage with Val. If he were the younger son you'd like him well enough. Val isn't a bit fitted to be the owner of Ard-na-carrig. He'd lose all the money on the race course, and then the house would go to rack and ruin. Oh, yes, it's all very fine to talk, but Neville's worth twenty of Val, although he's so reserved and—and—'

'Uncivil. Yes, he is uncivil, and Val's the brightest, sweetest tempered—'

'Lazest good-for-nothing in Ireland. Faith, he's that; I can't help saying it, it is his my future brother in law. He's not good enough for you, Peg. No, he's not. Why don't you give him up, and marry Brian Tulvaney?'

Peggy tossed her head contemptuously.

'Brian Tulvaney! Why, he's as ugly as a toad, and has no more prospects than well, that we have.'

'And what prospects has Val?'

'Well, Neville is very delicate, you see, and anything might happen to him, in which case Val would be Sir Valentine; though I'd marry him without any prospects at all.'

Bride turned her head, and looked away over the heather, to where the sea lay, blue and still, below them.

Something like a mist seemed to rise before her eyes, and for a minute she made no answer.

Then she said—

'And you want him to die?'

Peggy became confused.

'Well,' she explained, 'of course, not that. But—, you see, if anything happened—oh! you're very silly, Bride—you know what I mean?'

'Yes,' her sister answered slowly, 'I do.'

Peggy jumped up from her seat on a little hillock of turf, and impatiently brushed a few sprigs of dried gorse from her serge skirt.

Her sister had an uncomfortable knock of making her feel embarrassed.

'Come home,' she said; 'it's late.'

As the two girls turned away, a young man, who had been stretched on his back on the other side of the turf wall, rose, and looked after them.

'So,' he said half-bitterly, 'I have one champion, it seems. Also, I am in Val's way.'

There was now a smile on his face—a smile half cynical, half sad; and as he looked into his eyes you saw there an habitual expression of melancholy; altogether he was not a cheerful-looking man, and he knew it.

'Ah, well,' he sighed, 'no doubt Miss Peggy is right in her opinion of me! I should be better out of the world. What good am I to anyone as I am? A miserable creature, with a weak chest and a crusty temper—it doesn't sound lively; and with a fine young fellow like Val waiting to step into my shoes, it's ridiculous that I should go on living. I almost think I'd blow out my brains. I almost think I'd wasn't a cowardly way of going out of existence—the sort of thing that broken-down gamblers and deceived lovers effect. A. Ffolliott must die like a man, however, he may live—it's a family tradition.'

He looked away over the sea at the distant horizon, against which the funnel of an outward-bound Conard liner sent up a cloud of thick black smoke.

The day was so perfect, the scene so lovely, that hard, bitter thoughts seemed singularly out of place; yet Sir Neville Ffolliott's thoughts were full of bitterness against his brother, against all the world, and more especially against himself.

'Why, could not Val and I have changed places?' he thought; 'then, as the younger son, no one would have cared if I had lived or died; the people would have loved him, whereas they hate me, and he could have wooed and married the fair Peggy long ago. That cursed Fate! What tricks she does play on us all, to be sure. To make me, a feeble, disagreeable wretch, the elder son, and gay, and sweet tempered, lazy, well-beloved Val the younger! What ducks and drakes he would have played with the estate! What a lady-killer he would have been! How the county would have resounded with his praises! And I—oh! it's sickening!'

He opened a book which lay on the grass beside him, and read one paragraph aloud.

'In the midst of this busy, toiling, selfish crowd of human beings, who are all striving for the same goal, there must, of necessity, be some who are overlooked by the rest. We cannot all be understood as we should wish to be—perhaps our own view of self is one impossible for outsiders, perhaps they do not think us worth the trouble of interpretation. Be this as it may, they pass us by with a casual nod, and we are left alone—alone in a world where there is barely standing room for each! So we give in, perhaps. It is hard to play to an empty house, and over graves the world writes the word "Failure".'

'Failure!' yes,' he said, with a short laugh; 'that, I think, describes me exactly. It is quite certain that no one has yet thought me worth the trouble of interpretation. Hallo, Larry! What is it?'

A man was standing by his side—a burly, drunken-looking ruffian in a ragged shirt and trousers which had long ago seen their best days, and now hung together, as it were, by a thread.

'If ye please, yer honor, I can't pay me rint. Me wife's bad ag'in, an' the child her's only jist got over the fever. I'm sarnin' nothin' at all this month or more, barrin'—'

'Barrin' what you've spent at the Tally Ho. No, you drunken scoundrel. I'm sorry for your wife and children; but this is the third quarter you've not paid your rent, and next Michaelmas out you go! Remember that.'

He walked rapidly away, leaving the discomfited Larry to shake his fist, and mutter curses under his breath, after the retreating figure of his landlord.

'Phwat's up, Larry?' asked a man who was digging potatoes in a field hard by.

'Indade thin, there's enough to trouble me,' was the angry Larry's retort. 'This a terrible hard masher he is, is Neville Ffolliott; the worst in all the land, as any man will tell ye. There's his brother now, Masher Val, as diff'rent as iver he can be, always ready to help the poor, an' let a man or the pig or the pratties are bad, or the pig or the pratties are bad, but this man, shure he's as close-fisted as a Jew. The old masher—God rest his soul—never thought to ax for his rint from wan year's ind to another, or if he did, 'twas only: "Larry, me boy, is the rint paid?'" 'Tis not, yer honor. "Then pay it immediate, Larry. I will so, yer honor, and no more about it, at all, at all. Be a better country, an' poor Thady Cleary would never have mit his death at last Cork Assizes—God rest his soul, poor bhoys!—for murdering Masher Mulcahy. And work too! I was working wan day in the pratie field whin up comes th'ould masher.'

'D'ye know, Larry,' says he, 'in the furrin country I've jist come from, where I've been thravelling for awhile, 'tis the women that does all the work.' 'Bedad thin,' says I, 'tis a bad country we live in. I'll do no more.' An' sorra a bit did I for the next month or two. But Sir Neville, had scan to him! comes shnakin' along with his ugly face, and pounces on yer all unbeknowst like. "Larry," says he, "there's a field waitin, to be dug over away to yer whast." An' dig it I must, whittier 'tis hot or cold, or even if I've a touch of the rheumatiz. Ah, 'tis a terrible hard masher he is, indade!'

'Tis a bad name he has, for shure,' agreed the other. 'All the country do be talkin' about him. An' yet, whin Mick Farraby's little gossoon was ill with the fever, they do say 'twas Neville Ffolliott saved his life intirely.'

''Twas to his own inds, thin, I'm thinkin', broke in Larry viciously, 'or niver a look wud the child have got. Ah! John Murphy, don't be belavin' thin stories ye hears. I tells ye that Neville Ffolliott's a dirty, black hearted villain, an' ivery wan jist knows it, too; and I tell ye this, John Murphy, 'tisn't much longer we boy'll stand by and see our wives and childer 'starvin' while that blackguard's livin' like a prince. We'll not be put down much longer, indade, not while there's a man in Ireland as has the soul of a man in him; and by the Holy Virgin, I swear that whin the deed's doin', Larry O'Leary won't be far behind. No; there's a day comin' jist whin we'll rid the country of all such black 'rkins; an' whin that day does come, it won't be the masher here that'll be the last to go. Good day to ye, John.'

Larry O'Leary turned away and strode homeward, still muttering curses against the tyrants of Ireland, and the local tyrant in particular.

On his way he paused at the Shamrock, one of the two rival taverns whin attract-ed such men as Larry hourly to their doors and there he spent his last remaining shilling, regardless of the wife and 'childer's home.

Meanwhile the object of his wrath was striding over the heather in the opposite direction, a scowl on his handsome face, and a hatred of life and all mankind rankling in her breast.

'A failure, indeed!' he said.

At the gate of the drive he met his brother, a taller, stronger looking edition of himself, with laughing eyes, and a careless, happy-go-lucky expression on his face.

'You look displeas'd, Nev,' he began jauntily. 'Anything happened to irritate you while you've been out?'

Neville was in no mood for jesting, so he answered shortly—

'Yes; that brute O'Leary's been telling me he cannot pay his rent.'

'Which means he doesn't intend to pay at all. Well, poor devil, he's hard up; suppose you let him off this once, Nev.'

Neville turned irritably away, and began to kick at the battered, disreputable-looking gate-post.

'You know nothing at all about it, you young fool,' he said crossly. 'It's the very deuce to get these people to pay their rent, whether they can afford it or no, and it's you that's always bothering me for money to pay your debts. Leave off your betting and steeple-chasing first, and then begin to talk to me of letting O'Leary off.'

Val flushed hotly.

He was the more annoyed as he knew that his brother was right.

'And you grudge me the only pleasures I have in life,' he exclaimed, 'when you have all you want and to spare, being the eldest, while I that could enjoy it all, and marry the sweetest girl in Ireland into the bargain, have nothing. Oh yes! You can look. I know you Neville Ffolliott, you and your speaking ways! It's little and young books, whether I'm starving or not; and yet you were left in charge of me. Ah, well, it's a cruel world, and there's no one to care what becomes of a younger son—barrin' Peggy herself, God bless her!'

He walked away, his foolish young head in the air, leaving his brother to meditate upon his words or no, as he chose.

'Young fool!' muttered Sir Neville; 'young fool! Think he knows the world already, when all he does know or care about is the racecourse. Well, after all, he's right in a way; I was left in charge of him, and this is how I fulfil my trust. Indeed, it is true I'm a failure; the only thing I'm able to do is to write a popular novel, and at home I can't even look after my own younger brother and keep him out of mischief. In future I must manage better.'

He slowly followed Val to the house, his head bent, his hands in his pockets.

'Yes, a failure!' he muttered again.

## CHAPTER II.

Lie had always gone hard against Neville Ffolliott.

His father, Sir Brian, was an easy-going, extravagant, reckless country baronet the son of generations of extravagant, reckless country baronets, who had let the place go pretty nearly to the dogs, and in his rash, susceptible youth he had fallen in love with, and married, a pretty English girl, with but a very modest fortune.

Poor Lady Ffolliott, a staid, demure young person, with conscientious ideas about duty and religion, had looked on saghat at the going of her much adored spouse; but being powerless to prevent them, and finding protestations vain, she had gradually become reconciled, and devoted all her energies to the up bringing of her eldest son in the quiet, respectable, but somewhat monotonous paths in which her father had walked.

She was entirely successful, and Gerald Ffolliott had grown up as the best of them; reformatory, and filled with ideas about the metaphysics of his idle tenantry into industries, peaceable folk, who neither drank, nor fought, nor cursed.

So intent was Lady Ffolliott upon the future of her first-born, that she gave very little thought to the education of her second boy—at least, such part of his education as was best to be taught and learned at home.

He went to school as soon as he was old enough, and won prizes over the heads of his other class mates.

But his mother was never greatly concerned about his doings, and his father was quite wrapped up in his youngest boy, Val.

Somewhat they neither of them seemed quite to understand Neville.

'He is a trifle well, unamplified,' poor Lady Ffolliott used to say, but he was fond of her all the same, and her indifference to him, and obvious partiality for Gerald, hurt him sorely.

When Gerald was nearly of age, he died suddenly.

His mother, who was in bad health at the time, felt the shock so much that she never recovered, and in six months' time she also was dead, leaving her two surviving sons to the care of their father.

After his wife's death, Sir Brian never cared to be much at home.

In the hunting season he rode six days in the week to hounds, taking Val with him, so that Neville, who had no taste for hunting, was left in undisputed possession of the library, where most of his time was spent.

At a very early age he had literary aspirations, and was always passionately fond of reading; so morning, noon, and night he was to be found in the old leather arm chair, before the bookcases, deep in some dingy volume, that, until his coming had stood unopened for many years upon its shelf.

Then he began to write himself, at first only essays, articles, short stories, for various periodicals, and then, as he was fairly successful at these, he determined to write a book.

It was about a month after this and some two years from the time of Lady Ffolliott's death, that Sir Brian was killed out hunting by a fall from his horse.

The animal in question was a vicious brute that he had been warned not to ride; but like all the Ffolliotts, Sir Brian was obstinate itself, and ride it he would, regardless of his friends' advice and Val's entreaties.

As he lay dying, he beckoned Neville to his side and bade him be a father to his young brother, and Neville promised, though he foresaw that his post would be no sinecure.

The promise however ceased the old man's mind, and he died peacefully enough

having sent for the priest to soothe his troubled conscience—for it was many a day since Sir Brian had attended Mass.

So, at twenty-one, Neville was absolutely his own master, as well as being lord of Ard-na carrig and its two thousand acres of land.

Unfortunately, he was not the sort of man to be popular with his tenants, nor did he greatly care for their affection, his whole mind being absorbed in the production of his book, 'Necessities.'

In due course it was published, and became the book of the season.

Everyone raved about it, and invitations rained in upon Ard-na-carrig, till finally Neville took to declining them all, and shutting himself up like a hermit beyond the reach of match making mamma and eligible daughters.

Val laughed at him, and took his place in the society of the district.

'You are a fool, Neville,' he said. 'Why don't you go to the county ball? It'll be splendid.'

'All very fine for you, a younger son,' returned his brother. 'Personally my years to seek some land where eligible young women are not. I won't have them thrust down my throat. I'm not a marrying man. Can't they see that?'

So things went on for some five or six years, till, at last, the fond parents retired from the field, and left the master of Ard-na-carrig severely alone, much to his relief.

Valentine, meanwhile, on an annuity of about two hundred pounds, had become engaged to the daughter of a neighboring doctor, Miss Peggy McCarthy, and his wife of hope and confidence that his marriage would be soon.

'And what are you going to live on?' demanded his brother, severely.

'On my annuity, and love,' replied Val cheerfully.

'Yet you, at present, keep two hunters and half a dozen setters, and go to every race meeting in the county. You think you are going to give up all this when you marry. Not much, my boy. You may for six months, but not longer. Then you'll fall back into your old habits, and there'll be weeping and a gnashing of teeth. Miss Peggy will wish herself home again, and your end will be the bankruptcy court.'

'So you wish me not to marry?'

'I wish you not to make a fool of yourself. Get some work to do, knock off a hunter and a few setters, and learn to look seriously at life. Then marry, if you like but not before.'

'All very well for you to talk. I don't suppose you've ever been in love in your life.'

'And I don't wish to be if it's going to effect my reason. No, no; the owner of an estate, however small, and barren it may be, must have a head on his shoulders and not lose it at the sight of a pretty woman. When I want a wife and an heir I'll marry, but till then I keep clear of the fair sex, and I advise you to do the same.'

This was sound advice, but Val was not going to profit thereby.

His devotion to Peggy was even strengthened by it, and that same evening he went on to the terrace in the moonlight, bent on the task of reading three pages long, beginning: 'Oh, fairest star in all my heaven!' and comparing her to a pearl, a rose, a lily and a dove in turn.

At twenty-four the blood runs warm, an Irishman's especially, and Val was really in love; so for two long years the engagement had continued, and the young people had alternated daily between the wildest hope and the darkest, deepest despair; but still the end seemed as far off as ever.

Val appeared to be absolutely incapable of any work, and even he realized that two people of remarkably extravagant tastes cannot live very comfortably on two hundred a year.

He was always hoping to win a fortune on the turf, but somehow the fortune never won; instead, he had been obliged once or twice to sell his hunters or to borrow money from his brother to pay his debts.

At the time when this story opens he was particularly short of means.

'Hang it all, man, why can't you give it up?' cried his brother one evening as they sat at dinner, Val eating next to nothing, but drinking far more than was good for him. 'Why don't you give it up? You know we Ffolliotts never have any luck, so why the deuce do you carry on the game?'

'No luck! What about your book?' growled Val.

'That made a bit, certainly,' replied Neville, 'but then, I worked at it night and day beforehand. Why, I was a year writing it, and I think I deserved the five hundred I got for it. Why don't you work, too, instead of betting on every race course? That's ruining your health and nerves, and spoiling the girl's life too. You're plenty of brains if you'd only use them the right way.'

'What can I do? I'm too old to begin now.'

'Not a bit of it! There's been plenty of offers made you, only you've been too lazy to accept them. Val, for the sake of the girl you love, why don't you think better of it?'

'Oh I shut up, and don't worry a fellow,' snapped his brother. 'Sure you know I'd die for her, but I'm the son of a baronet, and I can't demean myself by being a bailiff or a gamekeeper. No, no; I'll have the luck some day, and after all we're young yet and can wait.'

'And all this time you're ruining the girl's chances; she's twenty now or nearly that, and she might do well for herself if it wasn't for you.'

'And do you think she'd give me up for a richer or a better man? Not she! She's the truest little girl in all Ireland. God bless her!'

'All the more reason why you should consider her; still, go your own way, it's no business of mine. Perhaps, both you and she will be sorry one day; but one can't expect a fool to think of the future. Certainly, if she's all you say,

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was originated in 1810 by Dr. A. Johnson. Cures colic, cramp, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, biliousness, hiccups, indigestion, flatulency, coughs, colds, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, influenza, lameness, neuralgic affections, and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. In two and a half minutes it cures the most distressing cases of cholera and dysentery. If your dealer hasn't it, write to L. R. JOHNSON & CO., 250 Custom House St., Boston, Mass. One 4-cent paper box, sent free. "Treatment for Diseases and Cures of the Sick Room."

you'll do well to stick to her. Faithful women are none too plentiful, and if you've succeeded in finding one you're a lucky man, that's all I can say. Others, I fear, are not so successful.'

'Confounded old cynic!' was Val's inward reflection as he strolled off to the stable.

'What does he know of women or of love? He's never been in love himself—that sort of chap never is, he's too mighty superior. Well, evidently I can't get any more money out of him, so Croppy must go. What a shame it is that I'm not the eldest. I wouldn't have to wait for Peg then. Hi! Paddy!'

A groom came running out of the stable at his call, a bit, which he was cleaning, in his hands.

'Is it maddy yer honour's wantin'?' he inquired.

'It is, Paddy. Look here, I'll have to sell Croppy, I find, after all. What did the colonel offer for him?'

'Tis fifty pounds, yer honor, he was mentionin'.'

'Very well. Tell him I'll take it, and ride Croppy over tomorrow. Don't forget, now, and he passed on into the stable.

'Poor Masher Val!' murmured the groom, looking after him. 'Shure his heart'll be broke intirely, he jist does on that craitur. 'Tis a shame, now, the masher wouldn't give him the money, an' him that can't sell sford it, too. Why wasn't the young one born older, begor?'

## CHAPTER III.

Peggy and Bride were paying calls.

Calls were by no means congenial to Bride, but Peggy liked well enough to dress in her best frock and big Sunday hat, and go sedately round to the neighboring houses, there to partake of tea and gossip.

Best clothes and afternoon calls suited her, with her trim little figure and patrician features; to Bride they were not so becoming.

In her scarlet jacket and Tam o'Shanter her dark locks flying loose, and her big eyes dancing with glee, she might almost be considered pretty; in drawing-room costume, however, she was distinctly common place—neither plain nor pretty, and only monosyllabic in her replies.

She was waiting on the steps when her sister came out buttoning her gloves.

'Where first?' was her brief and pathetic question.

'Kane's,' was Peggy's reply.

'They set off, Peggy radiant and dainty; Bride cross and awkward.'

At the gate they met the two Ffolliotts—together for a wonder—and Val stopped to accost them with a beaming face.

'Hallo, girls! Where are you off to?'

'To Colonel Kane's,' replied Peggy, blushing prettily at her lover's greeting.

'Where are you going?'

'Also to Colonel Kane's,' he answered gaily. 'That goes without saying, Miss Curiosity.'

'But you were going the wrong way,' suggested Bride.

'All roads lead to Rome'; still, I'm thinking I'll be doing better to go your way. Come Peg.'

And the two started off together, leaving Bride and Neville in the middle of the road gazing vacantly after them.

'Er—you are going to the Kane's, too?' inquired Bride, after an awkward pause.

'I wasn't,' said Neville; 'but I suppose I can.'

Bride's face flushed.

'What a rude fellow!' was her unspoken comment; aloud she said icily—

'Don't on my account, pray.'

'Why not?'

'Because I don't care whether you go or not,' she said defiantly.

'But suppose I care?'

'Oh, well, please yourself! she responded, turning on her heel, and proceeding to follow the others.

Neville hesitated for a moment, then he quietly joined her.

For some time they walked in silence. Bride's rather tip-tilted nose high in the air, Neville rummaging his eyes on the road.

Then at last Bride broke the silence by saying in exasperated tones—

'If you're coming you may as well talk! He looked up, and their eyes met; in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

And Tumors also may be cured by homeopathic medicine.

**CANCER**

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Sunday

GUINNESS

Dark Superlatives

Britain's protection Coast, West Africa been done still the superstitions and doing herculean work, the marriage, wretched, and his estate. This man as black as ebony house of Ga and a Ahuma, and is given task of abolishing tices revolting to purpose he invokes spirit and of the He seeks to inflict the infant slayer as derer, making it a the death penalty to the killing of a for one thing. He the villages to rep and to bring the cetic priests set work with the de see their age long slipping from their villages a fetich p Ahuma's agent, a nal for a general negroes.

Ahuma himself dealt with than his and people are af the sword of the witch men say the over him. At on whole band of v Ahuma could nev man to face him, approaching, the saddle down abut was that Ahuma's him, that he coul No evil spell or powerful will an

As another p murder the chistians have a reception of tant If a mother's ten at its birth, if deavored to kee never again be home village. therefore given that they will re these decimal them. Mothers tenth infant go birth, remaining child is three m turn to their ho well, as though They might be take the little therefore abund so hard when t nine other bla erintendent kee it adopted out

One of the v the Guinea Go witchcraft. It as the history flourishes to evil-blossom blasing sun of little superstit Englishman, Guinea negro which as yet l He himself h men's schools from the kno stitions. But partly drawn Prince Ahum people, ignor have an actua of nature the people. He explanation e far been un the witch ma kill cattle an even at a di destroying th hended and court on she had al craft, but law to d discharged. spells, she d of herself, a but which a completed other, and the was Personal east afraid

Sunday Reading.

Dark Superstitions and Fetich Rites Still Flourish There.

Britain's protectorate, the Guinea Gold Coast, West Africa, is despite all that has been done still the home of many dark superstitions and fetich rites. One man is doing herculean work in stopping infant murder, the marriage of little girls, and witchcraft, and his experiences are interesting. This man is a native, with a skin as black as ebony, a prince of the royal house of Ga and a Christian, Rev B. R. S. Ahuma, and is giving himself to the hard task of abolishing among his people practices revolting to civilization. For this purpose he invokes both the sword of the spirit and of the flesh.

He seeks to enforce British law against the infant slayer as against any other murderer, making it a crime punishable with the death penalty for all who are accessory to the killing of a babe at its birth—that for one thing. He sends his agents among the villages to report cases of child murder and to bring the criminals to justice. The fetich priests set themselves against his work with the desperation of those who see their age long powers and prerogatives slipping from their hands. At one of the villages a fetich priest spat in the face of Ahuma's agent, a native. This was a signal for a general attack on him by the negroes.

Ahuma himself would be even worse dealt with than his agent only that priests and people are afraid of him. It is here that the sword of the spirit intervenes. The witch men say their spells have no power over him. At one village he visited was a whole band of witchmen with a leader. Ahuma could never induce this head witch man to face him. If he saw the clergyman approaching, the leader would dodge and saddle down another path. His explanation was that Ahuma's spirit was to strong for him, that he could not look him in the face. No evil spell or fate may prevail against a powerful will and a pure heart.

As another plan for diminishing child murder the missionaries the native Christians have established creches for the reception of tenth babies and their mothers. If a mother's tenth child was not strangled at its birth, if on the contrary she endeavored to keep and rear it, she would never again be permitted to live in her home village. The missionaries have therefore given notice among the villagers that they will receive into their creches all these decimal babies, as one might call them. Mothers expecting the coming of a tenth infant go to the mission before its birth, remaining there afterward until the child is three months old. Then they return to their homes without it, and all is well, as though nothing had happened. They might be killed if they endeavored to take the little one back with them. They therefore abandon it, which is perhaps not so hard when the poor woman has already nine other black babies. The creche superintendent keeps the child till she can get it adopted out somewhere.

One of the wierdest, most mysterious of the Guinea Gold Coast practices is that of witchcraft. It is as old among the natives as the history of the tribes themselves and flourishes to day among them in all its evil-blossoming and fruit in face of the blazing sun of civilization. Ahuma is as little superstitious as the most enlightened Englishman, yet he confesses that these Guinea negro witch people possess a power which as yet he is unable to understand. He himself has been educated at white men's schools, which has withdrawn him from the knowledge of his own race superstitions. But from well established facts partly drawn from his own observation, Prince Ahuma concludes that the witch people, ignorant as he is in most things, have an actual command over certain forces of nature that is unknown among white people. He believes there is a scientific explanation of the matter, but he has so far been unable to find it. At any rate, the witch man or woman can blight crops, kill cattle and work evil to human beings even at a distance to the extent indeed of destroying their lives. A negro approached and brought before the British court on the coast confessed that she had slain nine persons by witchcraft, but there being today no English law to deal with witches she was discharged. Asked how she wrought her spells, she declared that a power outside of herself, a power stronger than herself, compelled her to curse, kill, bewitch or otherwise work injury to certain persons, and she was compelled to obey.

Personally Prince Ahuma is not in the least afraid of the power, though he is forced to believe in it. The prince himself once witnessed in a field a witch performance which he has been puzzling ever since to find an explanation for. It was near the village where the band of witchmen lived. Two of these were youths, and by persistent and long continued persuasion he at length induced them to give him a sample of what they could do. At the appointed time, exactly a quarter past midnight, the two young men led Ahuma to a certain spot in a field. He took the precaution to have with him two servants and an intelligent friend, arguing that though one person might be deceived or see wrong four were not likely all to be deluded. The youths stipulated that under no circumstances should the prince call them by their names while they were under the power. It he did, they told him they would not be able to come out of it and back to their normal state. He agreed, and they proceeded to invoke the witch spell. They would not tell him what they did, and, with all his mind bent on discovering, he could find out nothing. They stood in one spot and waved their arms about. That was all he could see. Suddenly at the end of from seven to ten minutes, there in the presence of four persons, flames began to spout from the witch boys' mouths and apparently from all over their bodies, playing lambent about them till they were enveloped in fire. Civilized prestidigitators, with all the resources of modern science at their command, are able to produce something of the same effect but it is likely these ignorant wild negroes understood the use of electricity, phosphorus or luminous paint? The black boys had no appliances at all. After a time they came duly out of their spell, and the prince was as much mystified as ever.

The children of the Guinea witch people are often born with their parents uncanny power, whatever it is. The ability to practice witchcraft may also be easily acquired. If you pay a witch a penny, he or she will invest you also with the power, and you can make use of it with the best of them. But there is this danger—once under the diabolic influence you are bound to do, and its promptings are to evil and destruction. A painful, pathetic result follows when, as sometimes happens the witch becomes converted to christianity and seeks to put off the old man and his ways. There ensues a struggle as tremendous as that of christian with Apollon as long enduring as that of the man in Bulwer's tale of Zanoni and his disciple, the man who had given himself over to the Terror. The Guinea people become earnest christians and immediately strive to abandon witchcraft utterly, but find it almost beyond their strength to do so. The 'power,' they say, constantly prompts them to cast evil spells and do wrong deeds, and their lives are thenceforth an agonizing struggle against this implement. By faith and prayer and mighty striving they seek to escape the devilish thing, which is ever on the alert to pounce upon them. The story recalls old monkish legends.

Bishop Call to Preach.

Bishop Matthew Simpson has told in a most touching manner the story of the early struggles that led him to the ministry. As he left boyhood behind, the conviction grew upon him that he must preach. But how could he? He was halting in speech, with a harsh voice, and with an impossible manner of declamation—the last one to face an audience.

After turning the question over in his mind many times, with increasing discouragement, he at length reluctantly dismissed it, and took a three years' course in a medical college.

But the idea of entering the ministry haunted him day and night, so that it almost seemed to him, as he said, that if he "did not become a preacher he could not be saved."

This led him to pray over the matter, and as a result, the morbid anxiety that had grown upon him vanished entirely one day at the sight of a scripture text: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." The words had been written on purpose for him, he said to himself; and from that time he felt content to let God decide his course.

A day came when his obedience to the divine direction was tested. The impression came upon him very strongly that he ought to speak at a certain prayer meeting, because the minister was away. "But how can I?" he said. "I shall make a fool of myself. What will my friends say—and my wife?" Above all people, young Matthew dreaded that old uncle.

Afternoon came. He was trembling with indecision. To his amazement his uncle looked up and said: "Don't you think you could speak to the people tonight?"

"But do you think I ought to?" "Yes. I think you can do good," was

the grave reply. The young man spoke. He carried the crowded audience with him. His words had power because they came from a full heart.

The experience of that evening was like a revelation. After those three years of unwilling study, he recognized his 'call,' and in no uncertain voice. But even now he was troubled, so that he did not dare to decide 'yes.' His mother was a widow, and Matthew felt that it would break her heart to have him change his profession and leave home. After many struggles he decided to tell her what he thought God required of him.

"Never," he said, "shall I forget how my mother turned upon me with a smile, and said: 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.'"

Then she told him how she and his father—who was then a dying man—kneeled beside the infant in the cradle, consecrated him to God, and prayed that he might become a minister. And she added that not a day had passed but that the repetition of that prayer had mounted to the throne of God.

And yet that mother had never intimated to her son the secret of her heart's desire. She was one of the reserved women of the older times. That talk crystallized the young man's purpose, and young Simpson went forth to his wonderful career.

Japan in America.

Near Mountain station, New Jersey, a suburb of South Orange, is perhaps the quaintest bit of Orientalism to be found on this continent. Here a party of skillful Japanese gardeners, calling themselves the Japanese Horticultural society, have laid out a Japanese garden as a permanent exhibit of their native flora. The garden is situated at the base of the Orange Mountain, in a little clump of woodland. Its four acres are surrounded by a bamboo fence, ingeniously built without nails yet strong as any American fence.

Inside that barrier the visitor finds all the curiosities he would see in a similar garden in Japan itself. Stone lions, a pedestal bearing a stone lantern over two hundred years old, done by a noted Japanese sculptor, and a statue of Jizo, a Buddhist saint, regarded as a goddess, are some of the treasures which Japan has parted with in order that America may enjoy a few of the privileges which she herself prizes so highly.

There is an artificial lake in the garden, spanned by three different kinds of Japanese structures. By the side of this lake, closely aged, lives a tsuru, or crane. The bird is about five feet in height. It is said to be an exceedingly rare bird, few specimens being found outside the royal palace and Imperial Zoological gardens.

According to the Japanese, nature does not give to the tsuru a red crown until he has reached the age of one hundred years, and as the years advance the color deepens. The red-headed tsuru is therefore an emblem of longevity in Japan. This New Jersey specimen has a very dark red topknot, and is supposed to be about three hundred years old.

In that respect the tsuru is more than matched by one of the plants in the garden. This is a chabo-hiba, one of the oldest on this continent. Its age is given as seven hundred years. No wonder it is valued at ten thousand dollars.

The origin trainer of the tree is not definitely known, but it is supposed to have been one Genbo, who was the most famous artist during the later period of the Kamakura reGENCY in the twelfth century. The tree came into the hands of the family of Suzuki about the middle of the sixteenth century, and has been handed down by them to the present time. Its trunk is seven inches in diameter, and its height is only four and a half feet. It belongs to the cedar family, and has foliage resembling sprigs of ferns closely set together in the form of a cone.

Sometimes the unbeliever questions the age of this plant, but such overwhelming evidence is offered in support of the Japanese gardener's assertion that the objector is silenced.

A Japanese tea house where real Japanese tea is served by Japanese girls in their native costume, and a Japanese jirikisha are among the attractions of the garden.

Dogs Wear War Medals.

Two Gained Recognition for Gallantry in Battle.

In the annals of the British army two dogs only have worn war medals gained for gallant comradeship and valour in battle. Both were Crimean heroes.

There was "Fighting Bob," of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and a sea-going old dog named Bruce. Both were the Crimean and Baltic war medals for valiant service.

"Bob," was the interesting canine character with a bear taste for soldiering. He originally belonged to a butcher at Windsor, but he was a Scotch Terrier, and in

Dr. Chase Prevents Consumption.

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumption if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally occupied. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma. It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the light chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant avenue, Dear Park, Ont., writes: "I have suffered

in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit; 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

1853 he joined the Scots Fusilier Guards. He did not ask his master's permission to enlist—for he knew he wouldn't get it if he did. In point of fact Bob was a deserter—from the shop, but was ever faithful to his battalion.

His master repeatedly captured him at the head of the regiment and took him home in ignominy to guard the shop. Bob was a black and tan terrier of by no means lofty lineage. He was 'just a dog,' as Mark Twain says. His desertions proved too much for his owner's patience, who gave up trying to reclaim him. So Bob 'listed, and was more punctual on parade than any other man of the regiment.

When the Scots Guards were ordered to the Crimea in 1854 Bob followed his comrades at arms, and was the first to step aboard the troopship, H. M. S. Simoon, at Portsmouth.

His military career was here nearly nipped in the bud, for the first lieutenant's question, 'Whose dog is this?' remaining unanswered, the order was passed to 'throw him overboard.' But the regiment rose to a man, and the canine recruit was spared to serve all through the Crimea.

Much to the grief of the Guards poor Bob was reported 'missing' at Alma, but he turned up—nobody knows how—as fresh as paint at Balaklava, and was awarded a war medal for conspicuous bravery in pursuing spent shells and cannon, as though they were croquet balls.

He served in the trenches until the fall of Sebastopol, and marched at the head of his battalion's triumphal procession through London. His demeanour, on this occasion, suggested "see the conquering hero comes, I won the battles—the generals were not in it."

He did his best to settle to quiet barracks life at the Tower, but it was rather dull after the roar and din of his Russian experiences.

'Crimean Bob' was well known to all the steamboat skippers and invariably got a free passage on the river and plenty of provender from admiring fellow travellers.

After nine years' active service this canine veteran was run over and killed by a cart while marching out at the head of his regiment. He died like a soldier at his post, and his body interred in a glass case, is the pride and glory of the regiment's orderly room of the Scots Guards at Whitehall. In the midst of militarism, and surrounded by his regimental colours, left there for safety while his battalion serves in South Africa, Bob looks every inch a soldier, and carries his head at attention as becomes a veteran.

He wears his white buckskin collar studded with the regimental buttons—but the war medals he wore are gone, nobody knows where.

A dog of the 2nd battalion of the Scots Guards persisted in following the regiment to South Africa, just as Bob followed it to the Crimea. Again and again the dog was turned off the outgoing South African troopship. But at the last moment when the gangway was actually moving, he sneaky up quietly, and went a soldiering with his barrack-room brothers.

The very owns a rival to Bob in 'Bruce' who served before the mast on H. M. S. Leopard in the Black and Baltic Seas. He is described as 'a kind of Skye terrier with nearly black, hard hair, more like a dandie.'

Piles

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain cure for Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all other ailments of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

He was a fine old salt, and as good a dog as ever took passage on a flagship. He rejoiced in running after the round shot as these came through the ship's side—just as though he were snapping sugar plums. His collar was hung with medals. The medals were inscribed 'The Captain's Dog,' and the collar is smartly covered with light blue and yellow ribbons belonging to the medals he won.

Bruce rarely condescends to friendship with the 'fools,' but was the constant companion of 'the captain,' afterwards Admiral Sir George Giffard, K. C. B.

But Bob and Bruce carried their honours like simple soldiers, and wore their medals with an air of 'England expects her dogs to do their duty—and we did it.'—London Express.

THE NEW BOARDER.

He Gives His Fellow Diner Pointers on the Landlady.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

'I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?' he said to the other man.

'Yes. Quite awhile.'

'How is it? Any good?'

'Yes; pretty fair. I have no complaint to make.'

'Landlady treat you decent?'

'Well, perhaps I ought to—And then he hesitated.

'Oh, never mind, old man,' said the new boarder. 'That's all right. I'm on. But say, mebbe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in awhile. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, cozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without being asked for a cent. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time tomorrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Prob'ly got tied up to some John Henry who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?'

'N-no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband.'

When the Baby Cries at Night.

There is a cause for it. Perhaps it is gas on the stomach, may be cramps or diarrhoea. Don't lose sleep, anticipate such contingencies by always keeping handy a bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Just a few drops in water given inwardly, then rub the little one's stomach with a small quantity of Nerviline, and perfect rest is assured for the night for both mother and baby. You may not need Nerviline often, but when you do need it you need it badly. Get a 25c. bottle to-day.

Poisonous Weeds.

The cattlemen of the northwest have been complaining for many years about the growth of poisonous weeds upon their ranges, and last summer the secretary of agriculture sent out a couple of botanists to make an investigation. They found six plants of a poisonous nature growing wild in different parts of the territory, all fatal to cattle. Antidotes were discovered for three of them, but the other three thus far have no cure.

Systemic.

'Your poetry,' we ventured, 'is eminent by healthy!'

'It should be!' rejoined the poet, with dignity. 'I am always studiously careful to boil my Florida spring water before drinking, or, rather, quaffing it!'

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment and other medical products. Includes text like 'for Pain', 'Dr. Chase's Ointment', and 'Cancer'.





Muzzle on the Russian Press.

Attempts to minimize the gravity of the recent disorders in Russia have failed to carry conviction to the minds of even the impartial. And this can hardly be wondered at when one considers how the Russian press is strangled by the censorship.

Article 140 of the Russian Press Statute runs as follows. "When the Imperial government considers that the discussion of any public question is undesirable, the minister of the interior may direct the censorship authorities to advise the newspapers and periodical publications of the fact, and to prohibit men from mentioning the subject in question."

This provision may be, and is construed in a very wide sense, and the punishment for disobeying a prohibition of this kind is the suspension of the right to publish the offending journal for three months. A Russian journalist once observed that the only subject which he could safely write about was 'Cockroaches in Colorado.'

Not long ago the Nordisches Tagblatt was suppressed altogether for publishing an article describing how the Emperor Nicholas lives at Livadia. The tone of the article was loyal and respectful, and the emperor's mode of life was spoken of in terms of the warmest admiration, but the censorship authorities were inexorable.

About the same time the Novoe Vremya published an article describing some evils connected with the police in the provinces. The next day the official Gazette contained a notice to the effect that the police officers who had been found guilty of the charges brought against them by the Novoe Vremya had been summarily dismissed.

On another occasion the Novoe Vremya published statistics of the number of political exiles who had been banished to Siberia by administrative order without any trial. The next day the censor gave the editor the alternative of acknowledging that the figures given were erroneous or of being banished to Siberia himself by administrative order.

The enactment that no paper may appear of which the editor has not been approved by the censorship authorities is a potent weapon against the freedom of the press. When the editor of a journal which the censorship authorities dislike retires from his post they refuse to approve of any successor to him.

Bad as is the condition of journalists in St. Petersburg, it is infinitely worse in provincial towns, where they are literally the slaves of the local authorities.

Apart from the political censorship in Russia there is a religious censorship exercised by special priestly tribunals under the supervision of the Holy Synod, the supreme authority in spiritual matters.

These tribunals are entrusted with the task of preventing the circulation of any books in any language which may damage the spiritual authority of the Orthodox Greek church over the people.

The last action of the Holy Synod that has attracted universal attention was, of course, the excommunication of Count Leo Tolstoy. In reply to the letter of Countess Tolstoy, in which she protested against the synod's action, Antonius, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, wrote an extraordinary epistle, explaining and justifying their conduct.

ought long since to have given expression to your painful indignation. And your husband is, of course, not perishing because of a slip of printed paper, but because he has turned away from the Fountain of Everlasting Life. A Christian life without Christ is not to be thought of, for according to His own words, whoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

"Of him, therefore, we can only say that he has passed from life to death. Herein lies your husband's ruin, but he alone is to blame for that ruin, and not anybody else. The church to which you belong consists of those who believe in Christ, and for the believers, its members, the church blesses in the name of God all the most important moments of human life—birth, marriage, death, the grief and joys of men. But this it never does, nor can do, for the unbeliever, the heathen, the slanderer of God's name, for those who have fallen away and who do not wish to receive either prayers or blessings from it—in short, for those who are not its members. And from the standpoint of this church the decree of the synod is quite natural, comprehensible and clear as God's day. The love of God is infinite, but it does not forgive all and everything. Slander of the Holy Ghost is forgiven neither in this nor in the other world. Matthew xii, 32. As long as your husband lives one cannot say that he is lost, but with full truth it has been said of him that he has fallen away from the church and is not a member of it as long as he does not repent. In saying this in its decree the holy synod has only confirmed an accomplished fact, and therefore only those can be indignant about it who do not know what they are doing.

"You have received from the whole world manifestations of sympathy. I am not astonished, but I think that this is no consolation to you. There is a human and a divine glory. 'For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away,' I, Peter, ii, 24. When news spread last year of the Count's illness, the question rose in the minds of all servants of the Church: Is he who has fallen away from the faith and the Church worthy of Christian burial and prayers? The synod was asked and gave the servants of the church the secret answer and indeed, the only answer it could give: He is not, should he die, without having returned to membership of the Church. In this there was no threat against anybody. And indeed, I do not believe that any priest, even a dishonest one, would be found to take upon himself to give the Count Christian burial; and should one be found to do it, such burial of an unbeliever would be a criminal profanation of the holy rite. Moreover, why should one force your husband, who, no doubt, himself does not desire it, to have Christian burial?"

"If you are a living being, and regard yourself as a member of the Church which is indeed a bond of living reasonable beings in the name of the Living God, then your statement that the Church is to you an abstract conception becomes itself weak. It is wrong of you to reproach the servants of the Church with wickedness and violation of the supreme law of love given to us by Christ. The action of the Synod involves no violation of that law. It is rather an act of love, by which your husband is summoned to return to the Church and believers called upon to pray for him. The shepherds of the church are appointed by the Lord. It is not they themselves who, as you say, regard themselves in their pride as standing at the head of the church. They wear mitres set with diamonds and stars, but this is not the chief thing. Even in coarse raiment, hunted and persecuted, they remain, and will remain, shepherds, however they may be insulted and called the most abominable names. In conclusion, I beg to apologise for not having answered you at once, but I waited till the first vehement outburst of your affliction was over. God bless and keep you, and forgive the Count, your husband.

An interesting pendant to this letter of the St. Petersburg Metropolitan is that addressed to the Czar last December by Count Tolstoy. This letter is now being privately circulated in Russia, and its contents have become so generally known among all well-informed people that there can hardly be any doubt as to its authenticity. The request made on behalf of certain Russian women who ask to be allowed to leave their present place of abode, evidently refers to their wish to

join their husbands in exile somewhere in the remotest parts of Siberia. The letter, which was written when the Count was very ill and bedridden runs as follows: Your Imperial Majesty Gospodar Nicholas Alexandrovich:

Kindly read through the enclosed letter yourself and alone; it was not at first intended for you, and it is short. Listen to the promptings of your own good heart and act accordingly.

Nine young women living at liberty, with sufficient for their needs, and two old matrons beg as a special favor, after selling all they have accumulated by hard work, to be allowed to give up a free and comfortable existence and to go to the most horrible place of exile, surrounded by the most painful conditions. What must have been the sufferings of these people during six years of separation, living alone, in the most difficult circumstances?

And how moral and strong must they be if, in the midst of their sufferings, they think not of themselves, but of one another and of how to be true to their marriage vows. But these are not the only people who are suffering there. Hundreds of such Russians, the best of the people, are undergoing still worse suffering from religious persecution, which, through some astonishing misunderstanding, continues to be practised in Russia, and is even on the increase at a time when all enlightened persons and governments have long ago recognized the futility, absurdity and cruel injustice of such persecution. I have long had it in my mind as a sacred duty before I die to try to open your eyes to the senseless and terrible cruelties which are perpetrated in your name. The accompanying letter from the Dukhobors has determined me to put it off no longer. Thousands of the best Russians, sincerely religious people, and therefore such as constitute the chief strength of every nation, have been already ruined, or are being ruined in prison and in banishment, or have been sent out, or are being sent out of Russia.

The flower of the population, not only in the Caucasus, but also in Russia proper, 10,000 Dukhobors, notwithstanding all hardships and privations, have quitted their fat fatherland forever, not only with regret but in terror from the remembrance of all they have had to undergo there. Several thousand Molokani in the district of Kara, as many in Erivan, whose petition to be allowed to emigrate I have already submitted to you, the Molokani of Tashkent, and some 10,000 persons in the provinces of Kharkeff and Kiev who are persecuted for their faith—all these wish and pray for one thing only, and that is, the permission to leave Russia and to go where they may safely worship God as they understand Him, and not as ordered by the authorities most of whom recognize no God whatever.

If you do not know of all the absurd cruelties which are committed in your name, then allow me to tell you here that my words will be confirmed by any just person whom you may commission to investigate the matter. But once knowing that your name is used to justify the infliction of suffering upon the innocent and the best among the people, and that you are able to prevent it, you cannot have peace of mind until you have done this. Do not take counsel with the men who have arranged this ill treatment, to be guided by them, neither with Pobiedonostzoff, who is a man behind his time, cunning, obstinate and cruel, nor with Sipagin, who is a man of mediocre abilities, frivolous and unenlightened.

Such people will tell you that I am a visionary, an Anarchist, and a godless person, and that all I say and advise is unjust, but what I say is not from my own point of view. I speak from the point of view of your Majesty, who is able to put an end to the crimes committed under the guise of legality, and to destroy the bases on which such crimes are founded. Therefore I take the liberty of advising you as follows: First, to revise and abolish the contradictory and shameful laws now existing in regard to persecution in the name of religion, which have long ceased to exist in every other country except Russia; secondly, to put an end to all persecution and punishment for departure from the religious creed of the State, and to liberate all persons imprisoned and exiled on account of their faith; and thirdly to reconsider the question of how to reconcile the requirements of conscience in religious matters with the demands of the State—as, for example, the refusal to take an oath and to perform military service, not to punish such dissent as a crime, but try to reconcile the inconsistency, as was done in the case of the Mennonites, by a compulsory labor in exchange for military service, and a solemn declaration to speak the truth in court as law instead of the usual oath.

Forgive me if I have not explained my self clearly; my only motive was, the good of the people in general and of yourself in particular. I know and feel all the weight

and responsibility of your position. I believe that the cruel religious oppression practised in your name, besides doing harm to yourself in the opinion of the people of Europe, and the judgment of history, lays upon you a tormenting responsibility. By abolishing this religious persecution and by making its repetition impossible you will not only relieve yourself of this responsible consciousness of having done a good work.

God help you to do that which pleaseth Him. And in doing this you do the greatest good for the Russian people and for yourself. Your loving LEO TOLSTOI. Dec. 15, 1900.

MRS. JONES AND THE BRIGAND.

The Colorado Woman who got Lowest cut Rates on a Captured Husband.

Quartz specimens were piled everywhere. The assayer swept a hall peck on the floor, opened the door of the little corner cabinet and got out the cigars—fairly good cigars for a Colorado mining town.

"Yes," he began, "any one who knew Mrs. Jones in these diggings knows that she can be relied upon to hold her own. Did you ever hear the Athens story—about Mrs. Jones and the Greek brigands?"

"Well, when Jones struck the Big Pony lead in the hills north of town here he sold out within a month for \$3,000,000 in gold, payable in London. You've no idea what a thoroughly undertrodden mortal he was before his ship came in. He was a mover, that's all—had been everywhere from Texas to Oregon and from Missouri to the ocean.

"They came down here and stayed a week before they took train for New York—had \$50,000 advance on the millions. Jones himself was for opening up in style, but the woman's life of hard scrimping had made her a thorough miser. He managed to unload a couple of hundred dollars that week, but she kept cases on him all the while. When she climbed onto the steps of the smoker she wore the same rusty black dress and faded little bonnet that she'd worn into town five years before. Jones—well, what Jones were doesn't matter. He got more appropriate new tags in Chicago.

"I caught them in New York and we sailed together. In London they got their money and I helped them invest it. Mrs. Jones was for having it in gold and keeping it with her, but I got around that by telling her what three millions weighed. Then they went away to see Europe. How they ever heard of Athens no one seems to know, for they were going about the Continent haphazard, as they'd gone over the West—just moneyed movers. They were fetched up in the Greek capital somehow, though, and the Joneses took the old fever for the hills and went powling about as if they expected to find another Big Pony.

"The landlord at their hotel told him that the place was full of brigands and that he'd be a rich prize for them, but Jones couldn't see any difference between Greece and Colorado. So he kept on prowling until, one day, he failed to come back.

"Two days went by and nothing was heard of him. Mrs. Jones didn't worry much, though he was big enough to take care of himself and hoped he wouldn't be extravagant. Finally a letter came to the hotel by a roundabout way—letter saying that Sardanapalus Hieronophaleus or some such gout—biggest brigand in those parts—had got Jones, and that he would be returned in good order for \$5,000. Mrs. Jones refused to pay the landlord for translating the letter.

"By and by another came. Jones would be returned for \$6,000 provided the money was sent before the end of the week. He had gone up a thousand on account of the delay. In case the money was not in hand by that Saturday night Jones's left ear would be cut off, in consideration of which depreciation in value he would come down to the first named price \$5,000.

"Mrs. Jones was immovable. At nightfall of the last day of grace Mr. Hieronophaleus sent word that he would amputate Jones's ear at sunrise the next morning, and sure enough, at sunrise she was notified that the ear had been cut off and that Jones had dropped to the first named quotation. Furthermore, Mr. Hieronophaleus would begin a series of reductions on the morrow, both of prices and of Jones.

"These would be made according to a schedule that he inclosed. Jones's other ear would follow the first the very next day, with a reduction to \$4,500. Twenty-four hours later he would lose his nose and be marked down to \$4,000. Then his tongue would be abstracted, price dropping to \$3,500, while in consideration of the loss of two thumbs at \$3,000 each and his feet at \$1,500 the pair he would be further dropped to \$1,000.

"Beyond this there would be no reductions whatever—in price at least.

When the final figure had been reached Jones's head would be forwarded to her, and she might have the rest of him for the cost of delivery.

"Some tourists who knew Greece and its ways came to her rescue and tried to help her. The only way in which they could be of service, however, was in translating letters and advising her to send the sums demanded without further delay. Mr. Hieronophaleus was dreading for the grim way he had of keeping to the letter of his announcements, the landlord said. But Mrs. Jones refused to pay a single dollar for her husband.

"Regularly each nightfall she was informed that a part of his anatomy had been amputated and at what figure the ransom then stood. By cuts of \$500 the price came down until it had reached the figure beyond which it was not to go. Then Mrs. Jones offered to meet the brigand chief and talk the matter over. They took her blindfolded into the mountains and a long conlab was held.

She offered \$200 for her husband and Hieronophaleus stuck out for his original \$1,000. Then she came up to \$225 and he dropped to \$900. For five hours they sat in a little mountain cavern and dickered steadily. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. Then a deal was closed where by Jones was to loose twelve of his teeth and was to pay \$390 for the residue of him. So he was delivered to her then and there and they both left Athens the next day.

"Jones—Oh, of course not. No, not at all. You see, Mr. Hieronophaleus had an agreement with the Governor of that province. The romance of brigandage means a good deal in money every year to the hotels and tourist haunts of that part of the world—is its main attraction, as it were. So the Governor entered into pact with Hieronophaleus. He was to have whatever he could earn at his trade, less a certain percentage to his Excellency and in return was to operate unmolested. But under no circumstances was any one to be mutilated. That counteracted the romance.

"If Hieronophaleus could work his end by purely theatrical means he was at liberty to burn unlimited red fire, but no single drop of a captive's blood was to be shed, no matter how high the ransom. Now, whether Mrs. Jones knew of this pact no one has ever found out. But I am inclined to believe, from what I knew of her here, that she was simply waiting to buy him in at what she thought was a reasonable price."

Horses in South Africa.

A South African bred horse keeps his condition best, as he will get his head down and nibble whenever you get off his back. He is less excitable, too, than most English horses. An imported horse bred north of the equator takes at least a year to get used to the change of seasons, not to mention the change of food.

When campaigning, it is not the fast work which kills the horses, but the long hours, heavy weights and want of sleep and food. It is as well, therefore, to halt if possible where there is grazing and to dismount whenever you halt even for a few minutes.

The safest way to secure the horses of a patrol on the veldt at night is to place about a dozen in a circle, each one being tied by the rein to the head stall of the next horse on his left, allowing an interval of only a foot between their heads.

In this way the horses cannot, of course, lie down, but they keep each other warm and cannot get loose without breaking two reins instead of one. If a horse is dead, best, he can of course be knee haltered or tied up by himself.

He Had Melted.

"That fellow is a bird," said the admiring stranger as he looked after the fresh young man.

"Not now," replied the native, "but there was a time when your description might have been justified."

"When was that?"

"The night we tarred and feathered him about a year ago."

AWAY WITH CATARRH! It's Loathsome, It's Disgusting.

Instant Relief and Permanent Cure Secured by the Use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's strong evidence of the quickness and sureness of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "For years I was a victim of Chronic Catarrh, tried many remedies but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. First application gave me instant relief, and in a few days I was completely cured."—James Headley, Dundee, N. Y.

(Continued from page 14)

there was a faint twinkle in her eyes. "I didn't know you served."

"Well, I don't like to be retorted. No? I couldn't help it for you to speak. And now I've done so, she about that!"

Their road had cliffs, and they were broad Atlantic. Far away, like the Head of Kinross, rose the black mass. Neville looked, "Yes," he said, "doesn't want to English isn't an Englishman."

"I certainly Irish I think as expressive as you think so?" He looked at her Sunday clothes, animated, her eyes for the moment, "I think you are Her eyebrow—"

"How on earth could I don't know your eyes and you? You'd know cause." She grew rather him. There was a eyes.

"What—what minded. I am so sorry couldn't help it wall, and only end of the con hear the end of like to come of Bride; there's I'm really with there's another the wood—"

"Thank you couldn't think to listen, you we are at the Peggy and at the gate. Aren't you? Deed I'm and I aren't He's been eye left, and I st was trouble. Miss McCart Coming with—"

"Yes," said Miss Bride, as he took her. "What did inquired Peggy walked up to her. "Oh, lots sively. She was said to her. "If only I ated mental hope—it was 'Is Mrs. The ques servant who in upon her."

Mrs. Kather bald was a strain ungainly e She was hand was her convene of the vulg ing she was to Day girls with they read told them earnest to "Have "Well, n down at for you. that color coming to till I tell "It's co to her sit "You I obliged dirty rare a good d hood P housema Just this ple! M istry's a mon lat there's way, an there's to kill "to die a bad l "It's har eight. ness."

"I do saying nantly the F The old la tray, "O! once. go. Bri ly— "Si not c "N thou cour neigh "Th tion in g "Y

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
there was a faint twinkle of amusement.
'I didn't know you wished me to,' he observed.

'Well, I don't like walking with a stick,' she retorted.
'No? I couldn't guess, could I? I waited for you to speak, you see.'

'And now I've spoken, you can go on doing so,' she laughed. 'There, talk about that!'
Their road had wound out upon the cliffs, and they were looking out over the broad Atlantic.

'Far away, like a grim old sentinel, lay the Head of Kinsale, and on the horizon rose the black smoke of a passing steamer. Neville looked, and gave a little sigh.
'Yes,' he said, 'it's grand, but one doesn't want to talk about it somehow English isn't an expressive language, you know.'

'It certainly isn't,' agreed Bride, 'though I think we Irish have the gift of making it as expressive as it can be made. Don't you think so?'
He looked at her, and, in spite of the Sunday clothes, her face was so bright and animated, her eyes so lit up, that she was, for the moment, absolutely pretty.

'I think you are expressive,' he said.
Her eyebrows went up in surprise.
'Yes?' she exclaimed ungrammatically.
'How on earth can I be expressive?'
'I don't know,' he pondered. 'It's your eyes and your voice,' he said at last. 'You'd know how to plead a fellow's cause.'

She grew rather red and looked hard at him.
There was a faint smile flickering in his eyes.
'What—what do you mean?' she demanded.
'I am so sorry,' he said penitently. 'I couldn't help it. I was asleep behind the wall, and only woke up in time to hear the end of the conversation. I didn't like to hear the end of it—but I thank you, Miss Bride; there's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm really awfully obliged to you. And there's another thing if you like to go into the wood—'

'Thank you, said Bride haughtily. 'I couldn't think of it. If you're mean enough to listen, you needn't talk about it. Here we are at the Kanes.'
Peggy and Val were waiting for them at the gate.
'Isn't you coming in?' asked Bride.
'Deed I'm not!' laughed Val. 'Old Kane and I aren't the best of friends at present. He's been evicting his people right and left, and I stood up for them. Then there was trouble. Well, good bye, Peg; bye, Miss McCarthy; good bye, Miss Bride. Coming with me, Neville?'
'Yes,' said his brother. 'Good bye, Miss Bride, and forgive me,' he whispered as he took her hand.

'What did you two find to talk about?' inquired Peggy, as she and her sister walked up the drive.
'Oh, lots of things!' returned Bride evasively.
She was thinking about what she had said to her sister on the previous afternoon. 'If only I could remember!' she ejaculated mentally. 'I can't; but I hope—I do hope—it was nothing to show—'

Val is often at our house, Sir Neville is really so wrapped up in his work that he has very little time for visiting, and so as Bride says we seldom meet. He and father rather disagree, too, about various subjects—religion and that sort of thing.
'Religion, dear? Why, Sir Neville is a good Catholic, is he not?'
'Well, yes—' began Bride, but Peggy interrupted her.
'No; he's not. At least, father doesn't think so. He says that, for a boy like that, he's got far too many ideas. Father thinks young people should believe whatever they're told to believe.'

'No doubt he's right, dear. Why,' she added, going to the window, 'how dark it's getting! I don't want to hurry you, but really, I think you ought to be getting back.'
'Yes, indeed!' cried Peggy, jumping up. 'Good bye, Mrs. Kane, and I hope you'll get through your boycotting safely. If you want anything, mind you send to us. There's no fear of our being boycotted—father's the idol of the country side.'

The two girls hurried away, and walked rapidly down the drive.
At the gate Peggy discovered that she had left her umbrella behind her and ran back to it, leaving Bride alone in the twilight country road.
Hardly was her sister's back turned, when she fancied she heard a slight rustling in the bushes behind her, and her heart began to beat a trifle violently, for those were unsettled days, and the road was very lonely.

However, she possessed no small measure of Irish pluck, and setting her teeth, she told herself that it was fancy.
But the rustling began again, and as her eyes scanned the bushes anxiously, the latter were suddenly parted, and a wild face peered out at her, while a voice exclaimed, in a loud whisper—
'Whisht, Miss Bride! Is it yourself?'
A LAME BACK.

CAUSES MR. C. H. WILCOX YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.
Injured His Spine While Lifting, and the Doctors told Him he Would Never Fully Recover—But He is Once More Free From the Trouble.
From the Brockville Recorder.
In the Western section of Leeds county there is no man better known than Mr. Charles H. Wilcox. He has resided in the vicinity of McIntosh Mills for years, and during much of that time has conducted a very successful saw milling business. All of Mr. Wilcox's neighbors know that he was a great sufferer for years from a lame back, and most of them know that this affliction has now happily passed away. Mr. Wilcox says he owes his happy release from pain to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who know him will not for an instant question the sincerity of his statement. He gives the story of his suffering and subsequent cure in the following statement:—'One day while working in the mill, and engaged in lifting lumber I had the misfortune to severely wrench my back. I was so badly injured that I had to be carried home, and for six months I was practically unable to move, and I suffered great torture. The doctor told me that I had injured my spine and that I would never fully recover from its effects. But at last I was able to go about again, but I was far from being the man I had been before. For years I suffered almost continually from pains in the back, and was unable to lift any heavy weight. At times the pain was so bad that I was unable to work at all, and I was often confined to the house for days at a time. During this time I was treated by four different doctors but their treatment did not seem to do me any good. They told me that owing to the injury to my spine my back would always be weak. Seeing that the doctors were unable to help me, and having read of the many cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a trial, and procured a supply. Very soon I could see that they were relieving me a little and this encouraged me to continue their use. In all I took about ten boxes and when they were finished my back was as strong as ever. The pains that had racked my body for so many years had entirely disappeared, my back felt as strong as before the injury. It is now two years since I discontinued the use of the pills, and in all that time I have not had an ache or pain, so that I may safely say that my cure is permanent. I would advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for knowing what they have done for me, I am confident that they cannot be less successful in other cases.'

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not take any substitute or any other remedy alleged to be "just as good."

Phillips Brook as Teacher.
After his graduation from Harvard College Phillips Brooks became a teacher in the Boston Latin School. And here, on the very threshold of his career, he met with failure. So much had been expected of him that his want of success was naturally a subject of much comment at the time, and after he had become a great preacher his early failure was still referred to, and sometimes was used to point a moral.

It was a turbulent class that Phillips Brooks had to teach. Before he took charge of it, three teachers had been driven away. The man who followed Mr. Brooks to fill out the year, confessed him self so wearied by the frequent resort to corporal punishment that he was obliged

to betake himself to the mountains for the summer to recuperate his strength. The boys were certainly in fault; but the blame was not wholly theirs, and long since they may be supposed to have repented of their mischief.
Phillips Brooks was then not yet twenty years old, little more than a boy. Naturally, perhaps, he made mistakes. On one occasion, says his biographer, he punished a boy who had committed no fault.
After Mr. Brooks had become Bishop of Massachusetts, as he was moving in his majestic dignity across Boston Common, he met this boy, then a mature man occupying a post of trust and influence. Neither man had forgotten the incident.
Looking down upon his old pupil, the bishop made a certain appeal for forgiveness. 'Tell me, now he said, 'that I did not punish the wrong boy.'

'Yes you did make a mistake. You punished the wrong boy,' was the answer; 'but I have missed so many punishments that I deserved that I ought to be grateful for that one, which I did not deserve.'

Colored Diamonds.
The mention of diamonds makes every one think of a translucent, white gem; but not all diamonds are white. The most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It surpasses the ruby in beauty, and is exceedingly rare. A few specimens are on record, one of which, weighing ten carats, was bought by the Emperor Paul of Russia for one hundred thousand dollars. Dark blue diamonds, differing only from sapphires in quality and in the beautiful play of colors peculiar to the diamond, are handsome gems. Besides the Bismarck and Hope diamonds, there are only two known specimens in the world that can be properly called blue diamonds. Black and rose-colored diamonds are also rare, while the green varieties are not so uncommon. The grass-green is scarce, and when it does occur is more brilliant than the first emerald.

There are several varieties of green-tinted diamonds at the Museum of Natural History at Paris, but the best known specimen is at Dresden, and is considered one of the five paragons of its kind.
The most perfect collection of colored diamonds is in the Museum of Vienna, and is in the form of a bouquet, the different flowers being composed of diamonds of the same color as the blooms represented. These stones were collected by one Vigil Helmreich, a Tyrolean, who had passed many years in Brazil among the diamond mines.

In early times the diamond was worn rough, or polished only on its upper surface. It was in this form that it was used to decorate temples, goblets and crowns. Such stones are still infinitely preferred to any others by the natives of India. Many of the jewels presented to the Prince of Wales during his Indian tour were in an uncut state.
Among historic diamonds, one, the 'Pigott,' has gone out of existence. The story of its destruction is a tragical one. It was said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. The diamond came into the possession of Ali Pasha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle.

He was wearing it when he was wounded by Reshid Pasha. Knowing that his wound was mortal, he immediately retired to his divan, gave orders that his favorite wife should be poisoned, and then delivered the diamond to Captain D'Anglais with the order that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. His command was obeyed, and the beautiful gem utterly destroyed.

When Booth Laughed.
William Mestayer, the comedian, once said: 'I never saw Edwin Booth laugh heartily but once. We were playing "Julius Caesar" at Baldwin's in Frisco. Booth was Brutus, McCullough was Cassius, Harry Edwards was Caesar and Charley Bishop and I were plain everyday citizens. It was the last night of the run, and we all felt frisky. So when Caesar spoke the well known line, 'Let me have men about me that are fat,' Bishop and I, both fat men, walked boldly up to Caesar and shook him heartily by the hand. It broke Booth all up, and he laughed outright.'

The Truth at Last.
'Oh, doctor, is it very dangerous to swallow cement?'
'Very dangerous indeed.'
'And gutta serena, doctor?'
'Very serious.'
'And porcelain—oh, doctor, is it very poisonous?'
'Excuse me, madam; have you attempted suicide?'
A SPRAINED ANKLE is not an uncommon accident. Pain Killer relieves and cures almost as if by magic. The greatest household remedy. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Parry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

NEW USES FOR SAWDUST.
Machinery Invented to Extract its Valuable Products.
Scientific men have long been engaged in the study of methods of utilizing waste products, such as sewage, garbage and many other things, formerly thrown away as worthless. After it is certain that what these materials contain that can be utilized ingeniously men set their wits to work to invent machinery and devise processes by which the valuable commodities may be extracted. In this way many million dollars' worth of oils, fertilizers and other useful substances are now saved, and the world is so much the richer.

A great deal of sawdust has always gone to waste, though many mills have used it to supplement their fuel supply. Chemical analysts have been at work on the sawdust problem, and it has been shown clearly that it contains very useful elements that are worth saving, and now machinery has been invented to extract these materials.
The experiments have proved that 1,000 pounds of sawdust will yield about 160 pounds of charcoal, which is practically the same as charcoal and equally serviceable; 180 pounds of acids, 160 pounds of tar and a quantity of gases that have been tested for heating and illuminating and found to be excellent for both purposes. While the acids, tar and charcoal are the products particularly desired, it is said the gases are of commercial value.

A machine has been invented in Montreal for the purpose of distilling sawdust and obtaining the desired products. Consul General Bittinger writes that the machine treats about 2,000 pounds of wet sawdust an hour. As Canada manufactures enormous quantities of lumber, it is expected that the utilization of sawdust in that country will be an important source of valuable commodities.

There are 20 places in Europe where oxalic acid is extracted from sawdust. In Scotland sawdust is used to make floor-cloth, coarse wrapping paper and mill-board, which is a kind of pasteboard used by bookmakers in the covers of books. Thus sawdust, once thought to be a good deal of a nuisance, is beginning to be considered quite a useful article.

Motion of the Solar System.
One of the chief problems of the Lick observatory has been to determine the motion of the solar system in space from spectroscopic observations of the motions of stars in the line of sight. Professor Campbell, director of the observatory, has just pointed a preliminary determination of this quantity. It is derived from 280 stars north of 30 degrees south declination, and the stars are not symmetrically situated with respect to the line of the sun's way. For these reasons the result is preliminary. A definitive solution can only be reached after securing like observation upon a large number of southern stars.

Professor Campbell concludes that the sun and the whole solar system are moving in space toward a point whose right ascension is 277 degrees plus 5 degrees and whose declination is plus 20 degrees plus 6 degrees, with a velocity of 19.89 plus 1.52 kilometers per second (12.5 plus 0.9 miles per second). This result for the apex of the sun's way is in substantial agreement with previous determinations. The sun's motion is directed toward a point somewhat to the south of the brightest star of the constellation of the Lyre, Vega.

Wasp, the Inevitable.
From early ages to the present time the 'fery darts of the wasps' have furnished illustrations of invincible attack. In the Bible the Lord uses the hornet to help clear a way for the chosen people: 'And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites.' Not only have armies been dispersed, but cities have been abandoned because of the onset of hornets. In 'Wasps and Their Ways' many interesting examples are cited.
In 'Cruden's Concordance,' in the introduction to the subject of hornets, we read

that 'a Christian city, being besieged by Sapor, king of Persia, was delivered by hornets; for the elephants and beasts, being stung by them, waxed unruly, and so the whole army fled.'
Moffat says: 'If we will credit Aelianus, the Phasians, in times past, were constrained to forsake their city, for all their defence, munition and Armour, all through the multitude and cruel fierceness of the wasps, where with they were annoyed.'

A more modern incident is this: 'Eight miles from Grandie the muleteers suddenly called out, 'Marambunda! Marambunda!' which indicated the approach of wasps. In a moment all the animals, whether loaded or otherwise, lay down on their backs, kicking violently, while the blacks and all others ran in different directions, all being careful to avoid by a wide sweep the swarms of tormentors that came forward like a cloud.
'I never witnessed a panic so sudden and complete. The alarm was not without good reason, for so severe in the torture inflicted by these pygmy assailants that the bravest travellers are not ashamed to fly the instant they perceive the host approaching, which is of common occurrence in the campos.'

The Long and the Short of It.
The smallest man in this year's batch of conscripts in France comes from Cnel, near Montfaucou, in the department of the Meuse. He is named Emile Mayot, stands only 3 feet 9 3/4 inches in height and weighs 42 pounds in his clothes. He is, however, declared to be constitutionally quite sound and has never had a day's illness in his life. The biggest man comes from the department of the Herault. He stands 6 feet 6 inches and is named Eugene Casensa. As usual, a girl has been by some accident inscribed on the lists.

The King of Corn Cures.
Is Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, crowned by years of success, regal because unapproached and unapproachable, holding sway in this continent owing to its superiority, Putman's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on receipt of 25 cents.

On Agale, On Agale.
'Very well said she in a huff; 'all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters.'
'All right said he; 'I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning.'
'Oh, there's no killing hurry! Suppose you—or—bring them with you when you call tomorrow evening.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLETE CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WITH CATARRH!
It's Disgusting.
Permanent relief and Permanent Cure by the Use of Dr. Cattarrhal Powder.
The evidence of the quickness of that wonderful remedy, Cattarrhal Powder: 'For Catarrh of Chronic Catarrh—medicines but no cure was obtained and I was advised by Dr. Cattarrhal Powder. First application—relief; and in an hour—cure. For Catarrh of Head, Dizziness, N. Y.

### In Undress Uniform.

Sergeant Bob leaned his rifle against the stack, and sat down on an upturned, empty soap-box in the shadow of the tent, with a sigh of relief. He unbuckled his belt, and mopped his hot face with a red cotton handkerchief.

"There," he said, "that's done for one while! I shall not have any more guard duty for at least twenty-four hours, thank goodness, though we've got none too many men and extra guard duty is becoming the rule."

"Thought you liked it?" grinned the other sergeant, looking up from his occupation of poking a rifle-sharpened stick into the recesses of his rifle-breech in search of dust.

"Like it?" Sergeant Bob ejaculated ironically, with a disdainful wave of a grimy hand at all the surroundings.

From the scrubby hills to the east a dusty country road ran across the narrow valley, and disappeared in the hills to the west. The sides of the hills were covered with underbrush and second-growth timber, with here and there a little whitewashed house set down like a clearing. The valley was a marsh, with coarse grass and weeds; here and there a pool of stagnant water or a ditch-like stream; little hummocks of drier ground rose from it, covered with brambles and wild roses.

Through the center of this valley ran the long black line of a railway embankment, midway by the wagon road. In one of the angles formed by the crossing stood a country store, a one-story box of gray boards. In another angle was a great coal-tipple, its skeleton frame black against the sky. From this little railway straddled across the marshy ground on the high legs of a trestle, running back to where the dark mouth of a coal shaft yawned in the hillside.

Around the tipple were great piles of slack, waste coal-dust, screened from the dump. The store was built on slack; the railway embankment was made of slack; grimy hills of slack, cut through by the railway and the wagon road filled all the neighborhood of the tipple.

Some of the murky hills were on fire, smoldering at the base. They had been burning for years, and from them rose noxious gases. The stream that ran at their base was polluted by the drainage of the slack, and on the surface of the water floated an iridescent, metallic scum.

Along the wagon road, on either side, stretched rows of tents; another row was placed on a little strip of level ground at the foot of the railway fill; more tents stood in the shadow of the coal tipple. In front of the store a tent held a telegraph instrument, placed on a derrick and here a blue-clad operator listened to the busy ticking of the receiver. The waz-in sun of a hot June day shone in a sky of burning blue. The thermometer, hung in the telegraph tent, registered ninety-four degrees.

Now and then a long coal train rushed by, raising black dust in swirls, which settled again on tents and tipple and store. A wagon, dragging its slow course along the road, was half hidden in a gray cloud of dust. In the shade of the tipple or in the hot shadow of the tents lounged blue clad men, with blouses unbuttoned or cast aside, each one trying to get a breath of fresh air in that valley furnace.

Four infantry companies and a battery of the National Guard were encamped here; four miles down the railway were two other companies, and four miles in the other direction were two companies more. Sixteen miles of railroad were held and guarded by these two battalions. Beyond them were troops of other regiments, scattered here and there along sixty miles of road, until the railway reached the watches of the broad Ohio.

Night and day sentinels paced the track and squads of guards watched the bridges, the coal tipples and the mine buildings. Night and day watchful pickets along the hills waited with loaded rifles.

When the troops had reached the narrow valley, three days before, bridges and tipples were burning; loaded cars had been overturned and wrecked, and not a train was running on this section of one of the great railways of the country. All this was the work of rioters who found opportunities for mischief in a strike of coal-miners. The majority of the rioters were alleged, by the coal miners, to be ignorant foreigners, Poles, Hungarians, Slavs, Italians, deluded and misled by mistaken men.

But the great dangers of this strike, which has now been a matter of history for some years, were at an end. Now the bridges and buildings were safe; long trains thundered over the rails, and the men who had brought about order, panted in the sweltering heat by day, and shivered in the misty, chill air by night. By night, too, the rioters from the foreign settlement came across the hills and fired into the camp and at the center.

"The first night," this was done the bugle blew "To arms!" and the whole camp roused itself to repel an attack; now, even the pickets did not notice the firing unless the men came to near, or tried to cross the lines.

Then it was: "Halt! Halt! Who goes there?" "Halt, or I'll fire!" followed, it the man did not obey, by the report of a rifle, and then the crashing of bushes as the intruder fled.

"I wish we had been detailed for the upper post!" growled Sergeant Bob, who had got rid of his blouse and his leggings, and was now meditatively regarding his dusty shoes.

"Why? You don't bear any news up there; this is headquarters," said the other sergeant.

"Headquarters indeed! You can get passes up there to go into town and get a

bath. You don't have to loaf around in an atmosphere of coal-dust all the time. And they have a barrel of ice-water at the camp."

"What! Ice water! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do!" grumbled Bob. "The major's orderly told me so when he came down here. He had a bath yesterday, a regular swim, with plenty of water. We have to tramp a quarter of a mile to get drinking water, and not much of that! I tried bathing in one of those ditches. Stood in a wash-basin to keep from sinking in a mud. It wasn't a success, and I've got clean things in my knapsack, too. By George, we always get the toughest detail of the whole lot!"

"Oh, quit your growling!"

"It's all very well for you. You're not a duty sergeant, and don't go on guard."

"No; but I have to stay here, and it's 'Sergeant, do this, and that the other' all day. Then there are the reports and requisitions at every time one of you fellows wants to grumble you come to me. Yesterday you wanted to know why I did not give you coffee after dinner?"

"I didn't! I just asked if you expected us to live on canned beef all the time. We got fired on three different times at the bridge last night."

"Any one hurt?"

"No."

"Did you shoot any one?"

"Don't know. We fired back, but I guess we didn't hit anything. Speer of Company H, night before last, shot a man who tried to run the line; at least, that is what Speer reported in the morning; but I notice that Company H's eating fresh mutton, and the commissary hasn't issued any, either. Why can't one of our fellows shoot one of Speer's men? Lutz begged me!"

"Bob," said the other sergeant, "I'm dead broke, and my credit is not good at the store over there. They don't know me and—"

"They do not know you, you mean?" chuckled Sergeant Bob.

"Keep still! As I started to say, I have no money, and I'm tired of the food myself, I want to buy some crackers. Now if you any cash, and will get me a box of crackers, I'll tell you where you can get a bath, wash your clothes, and feel like a man and a brother once more."

"Sergeant, the crackers are yours! Where is that corner of Paradise?"

"Hold on! Don't be in such a hurry. You go up and persuade the commissary sergeant to give you a bar of that impure yellow soap, while I go and use my influence with one of the hospital corps to get a couple of big towels."

"Your influence? You've got about as much influence as a lance corporal, and that's next to nothing. Besides, I have a towel."

"So've I; but we want to do this thing in style. We'll take our blankets for togas, and do the Roman senator while our cuds are drying. And my influence is all right, because the big towels are hanging behind the hospital tent, and the fellow are at the hospital tent, hearing a lecture on bones. Skip along after that soap, now."

"Where is this place you're talking about?"

"Robert, you pain me! Can't you take it on trust? There is a well—"

"Yes, at home. And I wish I had a barrel of water from it now."

"Don't interrupt my eloquence. There is a well, a deep well, with clear, cold water, on a hillside near a ruined log house. By that well is a quarter section of a boghead, once used for watering cattle, now converted by my genius into a bath-tub. A big elm spreads its umbrageous arms over soft grass, where—"

"That will do! I'm going for the soap on a run," and Sergeant Bob struggled into his blouse and departed.

An hour later two blanket draped boys lay on the grass under the elm. The camp was out of sight behind a shoulder of the hill. On a fence near by various garments were drying. Flocks of sun light struggled through the leaves overhead, and made a gold and green patchwork of the grass. A barren cornfield, with last year's stalks cut close to the ground, stretched away up the hill to a fringe of bushes, the advance-guard of the forest. An old well curb, was near the trees. Against the well shed leaned two rifles, with bayonets, belts and cartridge-boxes hung on the ramrods.

"Now this is luxury," said Sergeant Bob, "but that fat lieutenant of the guard caught us outside of lines, we'd get into trouble."

"This is worth it, isn't it? As some one said once, you cannot take away the dinners we have eaten, and not even the fat—B-z-z-t! Something sang through the air like a bee, and struck the tree trunk near by."

"B-z-z-t! Another singing through the air, and two white streaks arose from the enveloping blankets and sought cover hurriedly. From a patch of bushes on the edge of the corn-field a little puff of blue smoke floated lazily upward."

"Now, who on earth can that be? Any one mean enough to fire at two peaceful children—Are you hurt?" asked Sergeant Bob, from behind the tree.

"No, I'm not, but I'm very uncomfortable."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, look at me!" said the other sergeant. "Here I am, lying in a puddle of ice water."

"Why don't you get out of it, then?"

"Get out of it? These old well boards won't stop a ball, and I have to stay flat on the ground behind this curb. I don't want to get shot. This is where you tipped over that bucket of water. I wish I had that villain!"

A shot from the thicket answered him as he shook his fist beyond the corner of the well. Sergeant Bob leaned against the tree and laughed; then he stopped laughing and wondered how long the unseen marksmen would keep them there, and if their absence from camp would be noticed at noon mass.

Every movement, it seemed, brought a shot from the bushes. Once in a while the man in the thicket turned his attention to the clothes on the fence and shot holes in them, while the owners howled at him from their cover.

"Well, I guess I can stand it as long as he can," commented Bob.

"Yes; you're not exposed to the wintry blasts as I am!" complained the other sergeant.

"Wintry blasts! Why, man, the sun's burning patches on me till I look like a tiled floor!"

"Well, you aren't lying in a small lake of well-water that is 'way below zero. Part of me is frozen; when I turn over the other part freezes, and a crash towel is small comfort, and I'm dirtier than when I came up here. Wouldn't I like to get a crack at that fellow!"

"Say," began Sergeant Bob after another half hour, "can't you get one of the rifles? The little snap of his gun can't be heard at camp, but if you could fire one of ours, the bang would bring the guard up in a hurry."

"I can't reach them from here. Every time I stick my hand out that reprobate shoots at me. Wait a minute! Is your rifle loaded?"

"No; but the box is hanging on it with the belt, and I've twenty rounds in it."

"The other sergeant looked round and poked a stick. Then he reached over and faked the stick through a crack in the boards, sawing it back and forth until he got it against one of the rifles. The gun came rattling to the ground, and he pulled it behind the curb. This brought out more shots from the man in the bushes."

"Is that my rifle?" asked Bob.

"Mine, and the best one in the company, too!"

"Well, you'll get your shoulder kicked off. You've got no clothes for padding."

"This rifle don't kick. No rifle does if you hold it right, and I'll make a pad of this towel. Of course you fellows who shut both eyes when you fire and hold the butt two inches from your shoulder get kicked, and no wonder."

"Shut both eyes? Who got the sharp-shooter's bar, I'd like to know? But go ahead! Blast away into the hill! Noise is all we want."

Bang! went the rifle, and a crack from the bushes answered it. Half a dozen times the sergeant shot, as fast as he could load and fire.

"That will do, I reckon," he said rubbing his shoulder. "They'll think there is a battle, and the two chucked as they waited for reinforcements and relief."

"Hi, there, you men! What are you doing here? It was the fat lieutenant, coming from behind the old log house."

"Get back, lieutenant!" both boys cried. "You'll get shot!"

"There's a villain six feet tall up in the bushes there, with a Winchester! He's kept us up here an hour," explained Sergeant Bob.

"Hey! and the lieutenant dodged behind the log hut. From back of him the guard looked out."

"We'll get your man for you. We reconnoitered, saw from where the shots came, and I sent a squad up over the hill. They'll come down on his rear. But what I want to know is what you two are doing outside of lines?"

"Taking a bath, sir."

"Taking a bath, eh? Well, I might overlook you coming out for such a commendable purpose, especially since you've been penned up already; but you've made me run up this hill in the sun, and you ought to be court-martialed. Hello! The other squad has your man."

There was a commotion in the bushes; then the corporal and the rest of the squad appeared. The corporal held in his hand a dingy little Flobert rifle. Two of the men led a small, shock-headed, dirty-faced boy.

"The lieutenant shouted with laughter. 'There's your six footed and his Winchester! Kept you here an hour! Oh, my! and the rest of the guard snickered audibly. Sergeant Bob and the other sergeant looked at each other and said nothing."

"What does he say, corporal?"

"Says he did it for fun, sir, and that he did not shoot to hit."

"He did it for fun, eh? Well, just bring along his rifle and keep it; box his ears and send him home. As for you two get into your clothes and come to camp at once. When you get there report at guard headquarters—that is, if you don't forget it," and the lieutenant smiled as he departed.

"Guess we'll forget it, won't we, Bob?" asked the other sergeant. And they did.

Getting Money Under False Pretences.

The comment of the village critic in Massachusetts, who remarked at a performance by the Chicago orchestra that it is a long way to bring a drum from Chicago just to hit it once, calls to mind the excitement in Kansas City at the first performance of Italian opera.

The sale opened at eight o'clock in the morning, and the night before half the town camped out in order to be early at the box-office. One of the richest men in the country round about was Uncle Andrew, and he shared in the general excitement, although he 'let on' that he was going merely to please his wife.

The night of the entertainment Uncle Andrew arrayed himself in his very best clothes and was one of the first to arrive. The opera was 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' and the cast was well divided among Italians, Germans, French and English. A few minutes before nine o'clock the street door of the rooms that served as a club in those days opened and Uncle Andrew appeared. He walked solemnly back to the end room pulled a chair before the grate fire and sat down to smoke.

"Hello, Uncle Andrew!" said one of the younger members. "I thought you were at the opera."

"Been," replied the old gentleman, shortly.

"Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Enjoy it? Uncle Andrew plainly showed his deep disgust at the question.

"Enjoy it? Why young men, the hell blame thing was in Latin!"

### DREYFUS AS HE IS TO-DAY.

Continued from page 12.

grace and imprisonment for it. Zola and Clemenceau published that letter with open eyes, knowing what abuse it would bring down upon their heads. There are many others who, in a greater or less degree, underwent calumny and insult in the cause of truth, and for them I feel more than I can express. Eventually the victory will be ours, complete and overwhelming."

People who knew M. Dreyfus well before his trial tell me that he has greatly changed; that his long imprisonment has ripened and sweetened his character; that he possesses a kindness, a tolerance, a broad-minded charity which was not part of his earlier character. Certain it is that an officer he was never popular with his superiors, equals or subordinates. Certain it is, also, that where he now lives he is loved by every one, high and low.

To some extent this doubtless arises from the happiness which the man exhales, for happy he is, and supremely so, despite the longing for the restoration of his honor that possesses him. His return to liberty and to the love of his family are still elements of active rather than passive joy.

Mentally, I cannot see that there is any evil effect of the strain of those long years of loneliness and torment. His mind is neither weakened nor dulled; but it does show a certain quality of absorption and concentration, evinced in his repeating any statement which he considers important several times over. His weakness and illness after his pardon brushed from his memory the acquisitions of years, so that he has forgotten nearly all the English which he learned from poring over his Shakespeare in his little hut on Devil's Island, and even his German has left him, and he told me that when the great Scandinavian poet, Bjornsen, came to see him the other day and spoke German he had to ask him to change to French, as he found great difficulty in following him, though formerly a proficient German scholar.

M. Dreyfus's great joy is in his family and especially in the association with his children. Jeanne and Pierre are both bright and exceptionally affectionate and attractive children, and both worship their father. To say that Mme. Dreyfus is a wonderful woman inadequate to the point of banality. A former schoolmate of hers tells me that she was a simple, quiet girl of whom nobody would have expected any unusual strength of character or depth of feeling. To the surprise and unbounded admiration of all this girl, who had never known a serious trouble, developed at the first shock of her husband's arrest into a woman of tremendous force of character.

That it was her unbending courage and unflinching moral support that saved M. Dreyfus's sanity and life is fully attested in her letters and in the diary from Devil's Island, which forms a considerable part of his book. Happy and at peace with her united family Mme. Dreyfus asks now of the world only the right to live free from intrusion and notoriety.

### BORN.

Mt. Dennis, April 14, to the wife of Oswald Lake, a son.

Kentville, April 17, to the wife of Arthur Flynn, a son.

Colchester, April 18, to the wife of John Bell, a son.

Hantsport, April 14, to the wife of Stockwell Alley, a son.

Halifax, April 13, to the wife of Joseph P. Porrier, a son.

Colchester, April 17, to the wife of John Simpson, a daughter.

Amherst, April 14, to the wife of Edward Allen, a daughter.

Parashoro, April 17, to the wife of W B Mahoney, a daughter.

Belleisle, April 20, to the wife of John Bent, a daughter.

New Glasgow, April 23, to the wife of C L Beck, a daughter.

New Glasgow, April 24, to the wife of Joseph Stewart, a son.

Granville, April 23, to the wife of Harry Goodwin, a daughter.

Amherst, April 15, to the wife of Dominic Gauthier, a daughter.

Hantsport, April 14, to the wife of James Faulkner, a daughter.

Hantsport, April 10, to the wife of E Churchill Parker, a daughter.

Upper Stewiacke, April 23, to the wife of Charles Hogg, a daughter.

Cape Town, South Africa, Mar 6, to the wife of F W Fyfer, a son.

Princeton, Mass, April 2, to the wife of Fred W Bryant, a daughter.

Rosbury, Mass, April 18, to the wife of Erwin B. Merrill, a daughter.

Colchester Co, April 14, to the wife of Harvey Gamble, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

Halifax, April 15, Roy Keating to Grace Smily.

Halifax, April 10, William Brut to Ethel Marriott.

Halifax, April 24, John S. Warry to Elizabeth Hill.

Windsor, April 10, Leonard Sheehy to Edith Toye.

Yarmouth, April 9, Ida Strang to Hesketh Snow.

Milford, April 16, Alex Murphy to Helen Roberts.

Yarmouth, Apr. 24, John Porter to Ruble Griffiths.

Windsor, April 10, Christian Umah to Nellie Bezanon.

Lower Argyle April 24, Ella J. Goodwin to Stephen Boyd.

Windsor, April 17, Rev. Thos Davies to Madelein Black.

Truro, April 20, Freeman McDonald to Mary Fraser.

Eastport Me., April 16, John McCarthy to Julia Knapp.

Tusset Wedge, April 24, Louise LeBlanc to Joseph Poirier.

St. Andrews, April 17, Alvin Ramsey to Bella J. Ramsey.

Cumberland, April 17, Frank Taylor to Ethel Gilbert.

Milton, April 24, Wm. G. Yorston to Catherine B. Christie.

Nelson, B. C. April 23, Robert Gordon to Gertrude Cakiner.

Woodstock April 17, William Johnston to Annie Jackson.

Chebogue Point, April 24, Edwin Crowell to Ethel Robbals.

Pette Riviere, April 14, Anziah Hubley to Martha Hazdon.

Halifax, April 17, Rector M. H. Goudge to Caroline Stimpson.

Halifax, April 16, William Swanton to Florence Drysdale.

Milford, April 20, Jacob Newton to Eunice Berj mia.

Port Elgin, April 22, Spurgeon A. Allen to Dora McCarthy.

Knoxbury, Mass., April 18, Mattie Gallagher to James Guilhop.

Lower Grandville, April 16, Edward Butler to Maria Birchill.

Broad Cove, C. B., April 11, Uriah J. Smith to Emma Eisenbar.

Lunenburg, Feb. 27, Capt E Edrige Spindler to Jennie Eisenbar.

### DIED.

Amherst, Apr. 25, Robert St. 81.

Alton, Apr. 22, John Stewart, 83.

Halifax, Apr. 15, John Lewis, 81.

Hants, Apr. 19, Amy Harve, 45.

Truro, Apr. 23, Henry Hattie, 28.

Queens, Apr. 6, Fred Dorsett, 23.

Truro, Apr. 24, Louise Muis, 18.

Halifax, Apr. 24, Catherine Gill, 82.

Halifax, Apr. 20, Lizzie Chambers.

Halifax, Apr. 23, Frederick Ingels.

Halifax, Apr. 13, Ann Kenough, 69.

Pictou, Apr. 11, Isabella Fraser, 31.

New Glasgow, Apr. 20, Annie Cook.

Dartmouth, Apr. 24, Ann Evans, 62.

Rockingham, Apr. 19, Clyde Studd.

Pictou, Apr. 6, William Simpson, 23.

Baltimore, Apr. 19, John Hunter, 46.

Halifax, Apr. 23, Patrick Cassidy, 68.

Stewiacke, Apr. 22, George Pratt, 73.

Shimulica, Apr. 27, Henry Fisher, 44.

Gabarus, March 25, George Grant, 36.

Minnesota, Apr. 9, Elezr Dickey, 61.

Hants, Apr. 16, Hannah McDonald, 73.

River John, Apr. 16, John McLeod, 81.

Yarmouth, Apr. 15, Deacon Hersey, 63.

Truro, Apr. 21, Elizabeth Fletcher, 87.

River John, Apr. 18, Mrs. Chisholm, 88.

New Glasgow, Apr. 22, Eliza Reid, 65.

Delap's Cove, Apr. 13, Ann McCall, 76.

Dorchester, Apr. 21, Annie McLellan, 18.

Port Mouton, March 23, John Wallace, 75.

Hemford, Apr. 14, Blossom Smith, 1 year.

Halifax, Apr. 13, Elizabeth Christian, 99.

Wallace Bay, Apr. 23, Rev. G. Tuttle, 72.

Parke's Cove, Apr. 22, Etta Graham, 23.

Gay's River, Apr. 20, Chas. McDonald, 26.

Annapolis, Apr. 20, Frederick Edwards, 23.

West Berlin, March 31, Edward Conrad, 78.

Lunenburg, March 24, Blanche Hardy, 2 years.

Mount Hope, Apr. 20, Mand Woodworth, 6 months.

### RAILROADS.

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D. F. A., C. P. R.  
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C. P. A., C. P. R.  
St. John, N. B.

### Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.00

Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.40

Express for Sussex.....18.30

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00

Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney.....22.15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2:10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.30

Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....18.30

Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15

Accommodation from Point du Chene and Montreal.....24.45

Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time

Twenty-four hours notation,

D. J. FORTINGBER,  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., March 8, 1901.

(77) 713 333 (33) C. P. R.

1 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL. XIII,

THE

Chief Clark E

Every man loves a c  
be poor; all men  
coward they can't endu  
So it was last Mond  
ed in to see the fight;  
ers met. For one it  
show was one of  
boxers' weight, 140  
Just eight rounds  
to his corner one box  
john had won the f  
stood defenceless at  
The laurel wreath  
St. John boy had p  
came the saddest,  
Clark essayed his p  
the bars the boxe  
from all eyes the  
gold.

What a crowd w  
show it was. Lou  
for the opening bot  
unwary every vant  
good position in th  
the scrap.

Men of all clas  
mechanic and the  
and the banker  
much in evidence.  
seen one individua  
while, on the othe  
the "say, dat's  
tink dat I know  
you can just go to  
about, see" sort

The school-pr  
employer jostled  
the lawyer and h  
a common cause

The place wh  
Sutherland's hal  
pal attraction w  
test between D  
and Billy Critic  
There were a fe  
of which little  
Cove succeeded  
of Darkest Afr

The big car  
body in a high  
boxers were  
Keefe. It w  
Littlejohn ha  
way; Critch  
the first round  
at the hand of  
the contest wa  
well-directed  
Sam's territor  
ten seconds s  
awarded to L