

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## WRAPPED IN DEEP SILENCE.

### The True Story of the Meadow Brook Tragedy Must Ever Remain a Mystery.

John E. Sullivan Meets Death Without Making any Public Acknowledgement of his Part in the Tragedy of Last September—His Stoical Calmness Remains Unbroken Until the End—Last Sad Scenes in the Tragedy.

DORCHESTER, N. B. March 11.—Dorchester is alive tonight. The interest in the fate of Sullivan has reached the culminating point and hundreds of people are wandering about aimlessly. Some with the hope that they will hear something of a confession, others eager to get a chance to see the last and closing scene of his life, while the majority have simply that morbid interest in the preparations that always attend the execution of a criminal.

Sullivan has not given any one the satisfaction of a direct confession. The strain



JOHN E. SULLIVAN.

on him today must have been terrible, and hardly less so on the officials that have his fate in charge tomorrow morning.

This afternoon a large number of people arrived on the Atlantic express many of them being newspaper men and officials. Chief Clark of St. John was among them and all have received most courteous attention from High Sheriff McQueen and his assistants. All of them have been busy for the greater part of the week in preparing to carry out the law tomorrow morning, and at this late hour all may be said to be ready for the execution of John E. Sullivan. The condemned man has dismissed his priest for the night, and announced his intention to sleep until five o'clock in the morning. The execution is fixed to take place at seven thirty in the morning, at the prisoner's own request. He had the naming of the hour, and he said he wanted it as early as possible so as to get the affair over. He has made up his mind to die and it appears that the short space of grace that he might enjoy tomorrow morning is of no concern to him. Chief Clarke was the last person apart from Father Cormier, to see him tonight and the prisoner was as firm as a rock when he left him. Perhaps his interview with the condemned prisoner was the most remarkable that has been held today save those with Sullivan's family. When the Chief entered his cell, Sullivan did not need any introduction but said he knew him and was glad to see him. Clarke told him that he was there in a professional capacity and proceeded to examine his head and to inquire what effect liquor had upon him. Sullivan answered his questions readily and said that this was the first time in his life that a key had ever been turned upon him. He blamed his present position upon wine, women and rum. The opinion of the chief, after his interview was that he was not a hardened criminal. His head indicated anything but that. He seemed to have no fear, looked him in the eyes without finching and the only nervousness he displayed was in the twitching of his hands and shoulders.

Father Cormier was with Sullivan most of the day and evening, and he gave the press a most interesting interview about nine o'clock at the prisoner's request. Sullivan was fearful that, seeing the score of newspaper men would unnerve him so he asked Father Cormier to give them a last interview which in effect was as follows: Father Cormier said Sullivan would like to

have seen all the reporters, but he was afraid their questions would agitate him, and work on his nerves so as to prevent him having the good rest he anticipated enjoying tonight. He wanted to go to bed at 10 o'clock and sleep soundly until 7. Sullivan told Father Cormier he hoped tomorrow would be the grandest day in his existence. "I have too much confidence in God's mercy," he said, "to think it will be my worst day."

Father Cormier considered Sullivan was an admirable man, and since his confinement he displayed remarkable fortitude and courage. "Today when he was saying farewell to his father, brothers and sisters," continued the clergyman, "it made me break down entirely. The little girl, Sadie, held on to John's neck and sobbed until I thought her heart would break. We had to loosen her arms from around John and lead her away after he had lovingly kissed her. A tear dropped down John's cheek, but all he said was 'Sadie, you go home to mother and tell her I am happy and will be all right.' He spoke to his brother Charlie of the evils of card playing, drinking and all vices, and advised him to be a good boy. He is anxious that Charlie should become employed in the I. C. E. yards. 'Just now when I left him, Father Cormier went on, he was smoking a cigar, 'we had been reading religious books before that. He did not want me to stay all night with him, but advised me to seek some rest.'

Father Cormier spoke of the agony a criminal on the eve of death, must endure when he hears the gallows being erected, but he says Sullivan bore up splendidly. He remarked to him: "Father, I will build my hopes on the thought that every nail in the scaffold will be one in the cross of my Saviour for my sins."

Father Cormier could hardly trust himself to speak to Sullivan of tomorrow, but John seemed to read his thoughts and asked, "Has the sheriff given you the program?" The priest felt worse than Sullivan when he replied in the affirmative, but the prisoner's only remark was, "Let it be done as early as possible, as I want to get away from this place and the curious crowds about my cell."

Father Cormier believes that Sullivan will walk to the scaffold with a firmer and steadier step than most of those who will accompany him. He said with a laugh to Father Cormier this afternoon when the priest appeared downhearted. "I will have to cheer you up, as I guess you are breaking down."

Sullivan has not any of the characteristics of a criminal as had been shown in Buck, and if there was such a law in Canada that Sullivan, having seen his folly," said Father Cormier, "could be put out in the world, he would become a remarkable man and I would become his bondsman with my life. I believe that if he had pleaded guilty and not listened to the wrong advice that was given him, and had told the thing just as it happened, he would have been sentenced to five years imprisonment at the outside. He has made a sacramental confession to me, but only the Creator knows what that is. If the trial were commenced over again things would be different, and if he had not taken the risk he did, and had pleaded guilty, as I said before, his sentence would have been five years. If he had told me he was innocent I would have believed him, and I would not believe that he was a murderer in the way the evidence shows him to have been. Tonight, it will be my duty to talk with him about the crime, about which we have not yet conversed, and I will tell him that the church teaches that to acknowledge what you do wrong before God and man shows more of a penitent spirit. If he tells the whole thing as it happened, in my opinion, he would have to make a whole speech.

Father Cormier says if Sullivan confesses to him tonight and gives him permission to

tell it he will, but if John requests silence the world will never know from him the story of Sullivan's troubles. Buck told him his name before he died; he would part with his life rather than break his promise and divulge it.

Rudcliffe is also here and a more cold blooded specimen of a man it would be difficult to imagine. He talks freely about his business and his apparatus. He mingles with the crowd all the time, becomes hail fellow well met with all who wish to cultivate him; has an especial fondness for newspaper men and looks as if he liked his business. He has no sympathy from anyone and few care to meet him a second time. Perhaps his calling makes him appear in a worse light than he would otherwise, but certainly he looks much as one would expect him to.

About seventy-five passes have been issued. About a score of them are to the press and the rest to officials, jurors, etc. Sullivan's two brothers were around the hotel tonight, and from their talk and their looks they felt very badly. Both of them have seen their brother during the day and his words of advice must have sunk deep into their hearts. They smoked and talked with the guests, answered questions and appeared more quiet and well mannered than would naturally be expected of them. They are fine looking fellows, and indicate that there is superior trait in the family.

Father Cormier is firmly of the opinion that Sullivan is not so black as he has been painted, and his statement, that, if he were allowed to live he would go his bondsman with his life, is a remarkable one from such a man, for Father Cormier is certainly a superior man. He has had experience with Buck and Jim and he does not place Sullivan in the same class with them. Buck was not so bad as Jim, in his opinion, from a criminal standpoint, and Sullivan shows but few of the bad traits of either.

Sheriff McQueen has a somewhat different opinion of Sullivan. He has talked with him many times and came to the conclusion that he is a ready liar, but has not made all of his stories tally.

It is well known that Sullivan denied all knowledge of the crime and yet in a recent interview with the sheriff he said there was "no robbery, no murder, no arson." "How do you know John? If you say that you must have been there. 'Well I was there,' said Sullivan, and then he stopped and later told some story of how he had got drunk and remained outside all night. Then today when asked direct if he was guilty or innocent he gave an evasive reply and said that he would not answer that question if he was at liberty. The conclusion tonight is that he will make a confession but that it will be for Father Cormier's ears alone.

DORCHESTER, N. B. Mar. 12.—At seven forty-five this morning Sullivan paid the penalty of his crime. He was hanged in the presence of about one hundred people while three times as many gathered outside of the building. The prisoner passed a quiet night retiring at 11 o'clock and resting if not sleeping until five o'clock this morning when he arose, remarked on the fitness of the morning, and after a few moments had a light breakfast of toast and coffee. Father Cormier and Father Roy were with him and had prayers.

The incidents of the morning were few. The jailer was a careful guard over the privacy of the priests and the prisoner, and when the press representatives were admitted all was nearly ready for the execution. Rudcliffe accompanied by Peter Carroll, put in an appearance, and began the final arrangements with the scaffold. Word was received then that Sullivan was impatient and that his nerve which had been of iron up to that time was giving way. But he showed no fear as he walked to the scaffold, coming with a steady step keeping pace with those in the procession. His last words to the priests were spoken in a loud but quivering voice. Then many of those about shook hands with him. He turned and took a steady look at the rope, the weight and the hangman. The black cap was placed upon him, the rope adjusted the word given, and in an instant the body of Sullivan shot in the air. There was no struggling, the bonds and Radcliffe preventing that; but the leaving breast showed that life was not, as yet, a short time. The doctor pronounced him dead and Coroner Chapman held an inquest and returned the usual verdict.

The crime for which Sullivan paid the penalty with his life was committed the

eleventh of last September at a lonely place about half way between Moncton and Dorchester. In this place lived Mrs. Eliza Dutcher and her two children Harrison and Maggie, the latter a child of eight years. Mrs. Dutcher sold liquor, and her house in consequence did not stand in good repute. About 2 o'clock on the morning of Friday the eleventh of September, the Dutcher home was discovered to be on fire, the alarm being given by Mrs. Jane Green, whose husband was away at the time. Hugh Green, Mrs. Dutcher's brother, was the first to enter the burning building and succeeded in rescuing little Maggie Dutcher, who had managed to crawl to the door. All efforts to save the other inmates were unavailing and they were left to their fate.

When it became fully established that a murder had been committed, suspicion at once pointed to John E. Sullivan, a mill hand, who had been seen in the vicinity on the evening of the fire. He was free in the expenditure of money, displaying a quantity of American silver, very rare in that part of the country but of which it was subsequently proved Mrs. Dutcher had quite a large quantity on hand. When the various facts become noised about Sullivan went quietly to some friends in Maine but was brought back to Moncton, without any resistance. The only direct evidence against Sullivan was that of little Maggie Dutcher, who identified the accused as the man she had seen in her mother's room on the fatal night, and gave a vivid description of the assault upon herself, her mother and her brother. Maggie had been too ill to give evidence at the preliminary examination and her statement at the trial was the first authentic information the public had beyond her nurse's testimony as to her talk in delirium, that there was a living witness of the crime.

On Wednesday, Jan. 27th, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and Sullivan was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, March the 12th.

### THE JUDGES WERE ANGRY.

And They Were Undisguised Enough to Show That They Were Real Mad.

HALIFAX, March 11.—Any one seeing our supreme court judges on the bench would ordinarily be struck by their courteous and dignified bearing to each other. They address one another as "My learned brother," and they generally soften and tone down any allusions they may make when differing in their judgements. But judges, like other people, are human, and they have their little differences as well as others. There are sometimes rather heated discussions in the judges' room, off the court room, where occasionally almost angry voices may be heard through the closed door. The feelings that sometimes find expression among the judges in the secrecy of their room in the court house, once in a while bubble over in public, sad to say. An instance of this occurred one day this week, when what seemed to be very like ill feeling was exhibited by members on the bench.

All the judges were present except Judge Weatherbe, delivering judgements. One case, in which a new trial was ordered, was that in which a verdict for damages had been given against a Pictou county doctor for negligence. Judge T. delivered the first opinion in this case. He said, in extenuation of the conduct of the Pictou county doctor, that we should make allowance for the circumstances attending a country doctor compared with those in the case of a city physician. It might be much more excusable for a doctor in the country, travelling long distances and with difficulty of communication, to come prepared with all the appliances for good work that might be available for a city doctor, and on some such circumstances be based a possible excuse for the apparent negligence complained of in the Pictou county case.

The chief justice concurred in the opinion of Judge T. that there should be a new trial. Then Judge G. rose, and in preliminary remarks to a brief opinion made a statement that caused a lot of trouble. He said in effect that he could not agree with the statement that there should be a different standard of medical treatment in town and country.

The chief justice remarked that he had not construed the remarks of Judge T. in that way, for if he had he would certainly not have concurred.

Judge T. appeared to be much mortified at the remark of Judge G. and at his interpretation of what he had said on this point, and he delivered himself practically to this effect.

"I think the remarks of the honorable Mr. Justice G. in this matter totally uncalled for, and a way aside from the point. I made no such comparison as he has attributed to me. I thought my judgement would be interpreted with common sense, and I will leave it to any person of common sense whether my words conveyed any such meaning as has been attributed to them. I repeat that the remarks of the judge were totally uncalled for and should never have been uttered."

Such a deliverance as this, from one judge regarding another who sat beside him, had never before been heard in our halls of justice, and the silence in the court room which followed was painful. A disjointed discussion between the two judges something very like this was what followed:

Judge G.—"I don't think I misunderstood my learned brother. I thought I had caught the full import of—"

Judge T.—"I don't care what anyone 'understood' what I did say was—"

Judge G.—"If my learned brother will bear with me for a moment I think I can—"

By this time the excitement on the bench and at the bar had become intense, and the scene could hardly be called a judicial one. Several attempts were made by both judges to talk, strangely enough at the same time, ending with an abrupt statement by one of them: "I don't want to hear more; go on with the judgements."

This incident, on our supreme court bench, shows how human everybody is. Even judges sometimes must fight; and what great excuse there must be for more frail mortals.

### MR. RUELAND EXPLAINS.

Says he Had a Good Precedent in the Window Opening Case.

EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In your issue of March 6th, you published under the heading "Took out the windows" an article which is very misleading and calculated to give your readers a wrong impression of the case four correspondents dealt with.

A lot of sympathy was wasted on a family whose actions during a whole season, were such that they exhausted the patience of those who tried by every means in their power, to deal with them charitably, and a duty, which he your correspondent described as "hard-hearted," he blames on one who was entirely ignorant of the whole affair; while the real principal in the case, who is the writer of this epistle, considers that the course he pursued was honest, straightforward, and right. The real facts of the case are briefly as follows.

I, acting as sub-agent of the tenant opposite the Halifax hotel, rented in November last the apartments to a family named "Boyd"; in the same building several families live, and on the Monday following their moving in, the other tenants complained to me that Boyd was drunk Saturday, and all day Sunday that he beat his wife and that the cries and noise was such that they would leave the house unless the Boyds were ordered out. I told Boyd what the tenants said, and warned him to keep quiet or I would put him out. Every Monday I was met with the same complaint once he kicked the top of his stove filling the house with smoke; the police had to be called in to quiet him, some of the other tenants have come to my house at midnight saying they were afraid he would kill his wife, or set fire to the house.

Complaints were constant and all my remonstrances with Boyd failed to get him to act differently, and I could not succeed in getting him to move. I employed a bailiff instructing him not to levy on Boyds furniture who up to this time had paid no rent; but to get them out. He failed. Then I got the assistance of the sheriff who advised the wife to go into the poor's asylum for the winter. He failed to get them to leave. Boyd was still drinking and causing a disturbance in the house. I threatened them as a last resort to send men and have the windows taken out which although rather an unusual proceeding was I think in this case justifiable and also a means of eviction with a Halifax precedent in the case of Fleming in which the present Recorder of the city of Halifax was the plaintiff's agent; in that case as in this the windows were to be taken out on a cold day, also the doors of their hinges.

The rest of the story you know, although I may mention for your information that the charge for \$15.00 and the \$10.00 subscribed by the "generous boarders" of the Halifax hotel were not used to liquidate the rental. Boyd enjoyed the sum of \$10.00. J. H. H. H. Halifax, March 9, 1897.

Why Suffer from a

## COUGH OR A COLD?

This is their favorite season, and very few escape from an attack. It is so easy to contract a cold.

But it is also easy to cure yourself. You have but to ask a druggist or dealer for a bottle of

# HAWKER'S Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry

And take the remedy according to directions. Whether you are just taking cold, or have been suffering for days, or are troubled with a distressing cough that "hangs on," HAWKER'S BALSAM WILL CURE YOU.

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And who are never without it in the household, are the evidence that proves HAWKER'S BALSAM to be the remedy you need. No need to multiply words. A trial costs so little that none can afford to pass it by if they need relief.

Small Bottles 25c. Large Bottles 50c.

**ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.**

Music and The Drama

The annual meeting of the St. John Oratorio Society was held last Monday evening. It is a pleasing fact, that while the financial showing for the year just ended was not quite what would be desired there is nothing in the present condition that need give rise to alarm.

Next week in accordance with their practice for some years, Harrison's Orchestra will hold their annual benefit. There will be two evenings of music and song devoted to this purpose this year.

The musical treat following Miss Torbett at the Harrison Orchestra concert will be the now somewhat famous Chicago Marine Band, at the Opera House on the 25th inst.

Later on, and in the next month, will be given the annual concert of Prof. L. W. Titus, at which the famous alto of St. Patrick's Cathedral New York—Mary Louise Clary—will be heard for the first time in this city.

Negotiations are in progress with a view to secure Miss Ella Russell to appear with Mr. Grau's company during his western tour and his supplementary season in New York next month.

It is now announced that Herr Xavier Scharwenta's new opera "Mataswintha" will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, on the 23rd inst., by the Damrosch Opera company.

Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky will sing the title role in "Mataswintha," Scharwenta's opera when produced. She is now actively engaged in the study of the part with the composer.

Madame Teresa Carreno who is before the world now as a pianist, appeared at the Boston theatre in 1876 as a vocalist, and sang the role of Zerlina in Don Giovanni. Titiens, Beaumont, Orlandini, Barili and Brignoli were the other chief singers.

The Boston matinee girl is said to delight in cadet shows, and performed notes as well as nosegays are sent to the comedians. In this connection it is remarked, as a curious fact that the most favored are those in female dress, even the feet and ankles of many on the stage in Simple Simon, says a critic, excited the envy of women in the audience.

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that in the burlesque Simple Simon the actors are all young men. Even though "Mr. Lane as Curly Locks was an adorable vision of loveliness—Lillian Russell with a soul and keener mind."

Madame Nordica the prima donna, has recently stated that she will not sing at Covent Garden, London, this season, and the reason given is that Jean de Reszke requires an apology from her.

Madame Calve has been engaged to appear in fifteen concerts to be given in principal cities of the United States after the supplementary season of opera, and it is stated she has been guaranteed in the vicinity of \$3000 per concert.

Miss Susan Strong, it appears, is not to sing with the Damrosch opera company after all. She will appear at the Covent Garden London, under Maurice Grau's management next spring.

"Il Trovatore" is the opera that has been presented at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week with Miss Clara Lane as Lenora.

For the operatic novelty soon to be produced at the Tremont theatre, Miss Christie McDonald has been engaged to create the Soubrette role. The piece is called "They Walking Delegate."

Herr Seidl, the well known musician will go abroad next month and there is a well authenticated rumor that he will direct the performances of "Paraisal" at Bayreuth.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The dramatic critics of Boston differ somewhat in their opinions of the work of Miss Mary Hampton in "An Enemy to

Grip in the Air

THE CITY FULL OF IT. LIKE A COLD, ONLY STUBBORN.

The symptoms of LA GRIPPE as described by physicians are so like a COLD as to be fit for the skilled practitioner. First a slight fever with chills, followed by a catarrhal condition of the head, descending to the throat and even to the larynx and bronchial tubes.

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Taken early, cuts it short. Taken during its prevalence, preoccupies the system and prevents its invasion. Taken while suffering, relief is speedy and cure certain. "77" cures stubborn COLDS that "hang hang on" and do not yield to treatment. Relieves in a few hours—cures in a few days.

the King" which E. H. Sothern is producing in that city. Some classify it as "marked by intelligence throughout" while another opinion is that it is "very uneven and irregular."

John Hare, the English actor, who is at present entertaining Boston theatre goers in a repertoire of plays, is said to have been more successful financially than any other English actor visiting America this season.

"Secret Service" the name of Gillette's new play is on at the Boston Museum this week. As previously stated, it is a war play and love is the dominant motif of its story.

As soon as they arrived in London Mr. Bourcier took his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, who had an unpropitious American tour, to the south of France to recuperate.

Ethel Sydney, a charming English girl who was here in the United States, appearing in "His Excellency" is now playing in pantomime in Manchester, Eng.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is credited with an artistic success in her recent production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in New York.

It is said that Miss Julia Arthur who for some time past has been a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, will tour the United States and Canada next season as a star in "A Lady of Quality," a new play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

In a recent production of "Antony and Cleopatra" at Manchester, Eng., the place of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who was ill, was taken by Miss Janet Achurch.

The death of Nelson Wheatcroft the actor, has caused much regret among the members of the dramatic profession.

"The good Mr. Best" is the name given to McNally's latest farcical comedy, which will be produced at the Garrick theatre, New York next season.

Miss Mary Hampton is very much interested just now in an elegant little summer home she is having built at Rockport, Mass.

An attack of influenza from which Ellen Terry is suffering, has caused the postponement of the production of "Sans-Gene," at the Lyceum theatre, London, Eng. A revival of "Richard III." was given by Sir Henry Irving instead.

James J. Hackett will play the title role in "The Prisoner of Zenda" again next season when Dan Frohman's stock company starts with it on tour next June. Mr. Frohman will have two other companies doing it on the road.

Miss Odette Tyler, one of the pretty girls of the stage is playing a principal role in "Secret Service."

In three acts is done a piece to which has been given the name "In Gay New York." It was presented to a Boston audience last week for the first time in that city. A critic scores it thus "There is absolutely nothing to commend in "In Gay New York." It is vulgar, often repulsive, entirely uninteresting, and the company, one and all, seem possessed to accentuate its coarseness.

"Joe" Brennan who has been seen here as a member of Harkin's Summer company and whose good work was always recognized is at present playing in Boston as an important member of Gillette's "Secret Service" Company.

Al Lehman, manager of "The War of Wealth" company, has been stricken with paralysis, and is now in St. Joseph's hospital in St. Paul, Minn.

Augustin Daly has again changed the name of his adaptation of Meg Merrilies, from "The Witch of Darnley" to "Meg Merrilies" or "The Witch of Ellangowan."

Mary E. Wilkin's novel "Madelon" is to be dramatized by Stephen Coleridge and Norman es.

One J. A. Loening an elocutionist, has quite a new idea regarding the character of "Hamlet" and considers him as a messenger of righteousness, not crazed or simply filled with a desire for revenge.

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It is often cultivated as an ornamental tree, both in its native country and in other parts of the globe, notably in certain gardens in the Indies. Its fruit looks on the outside something like a melon; it is formed exactly like that of our native euphorbias, of sections, which at maturity separate violently with so intense a report that it has been compared to the sound of a pistol throwing its seed to a considerable distance.

With the fruit a very pretty sandbox can be made by cutting a circular opening in the upper part, extracting the seeds and then covering the opening. The opposite side is perforated with little holes. A sandbox thus made is very difficult to keep for the time always comes when, aided by the drying process, the sections suddenly split, with a characteristic sound.

depends upon the unequal extensibility of the elements of the effect due, to it at the precise moment when the sutures, the lines of least resistance, are opened by the progress of desiccation.

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Dominion of Canada, Province of Ontario, County of York. In the matter of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. To Wit: I, Burton Morris, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, do solemnly declare that (1) I am shipper for the firm of Edmanston, Bates & Co., proprietors of Dr. Chase's family medicines, and am familiar with the quantity of goods sold and shipped by said firm, (2) During the months of September and October respectively there were sold in the Dominion of Canada 6,576 and 11,689 bottles of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1855."

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY:

ASTHMA FOR YEARS.

"I have suffered very severely from asthma for over twenty-five years," says R. G. Moore, of Hamilton. "If I ventured away from home the change of air would bring on such bad attacks that I was afraid I would suffocate at times. A short time ago I found it necessary to go to Paris, Ontario, on business. On the way home several times until I got a bottle of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. It relieved my asthma, and although I have been away from home several times since, I experienced no more trouble. I regard my quarter as well spent, and intend to send some more after it."

A BANKER'S EXPERIENCE.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson, of the Standard Bank, now of 11 Melbourne avenue, Toronto. "It proved very effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

A PREVENTATIVE OF COLDS.

"I have been a chronic sufferer from severe colds for a long time," says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. "Usually at this season of the year I did not know what it was to be free from them. Nothing did me much good until I got a bottle of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. It not only cured my cold, but I have not had another since. I ascribe the credit wholly to Dr. Chase."

A CROUPY COUGH.

"My little boy had a bad croupy cough," says Mrs. Smith, of 256 Bathurst street, Toronto. "My neighbor, Mrs. Hopkins, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I did so, and the first dose did him good. One bottle completely cured the cold. It is surprising the popularity of Chase's Syrup. It appears to me it can now be found in every house."

PROVED MOST EFFECTIVE.

"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 254 Bathurst street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine soothes and heals the affected parts, relieves the over-charged membrane, relieves congestion of the air passages; arrests the progress of fever and inflammation. It is prepared from the finest demulcents and expectorants from the prescriptions of Dr. Chase, and is specially effective in Croup.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 13

A measure has passed the Territorial Council of New Mexico providing that "every sleeping car shall carry a fire and burglar proof safe for the storage of valuables while passing through this territory." Most people, doubtless, will imagine that this proposal is intended to protect passengers from the rapacity of the porters, but the intention seems to be to render the lot of the train robber as precarious as possible. It has been the distressing habit of these inconsiderate robbers to wait until a train reached some lonely spot in the territory and then to force the inmates of sleeping cars to line up along the track while their valuables were removed from the car. Many of the victims of this relief agency have never become accustomed to enduring the night air in such scant attire, and their protests have resulted finally in the remedial legislation. It is believed, doubtless, that by storing all the valuables in the safes the passengers will be permitted to sleep and only the safes will be removed.

Kaiser WILHELM has launched his scheme for a great German navy with considerable eclat. Vice Admiral VON HOLMANN, the Kaiser's Minister of Marine, was evidently instructed to speak plainly, which he did by demanding from the Reichstag grants for ten cruisers, five dispatch vessels, two gun boats, five ironclads, two monitors, two floating batteries and twenty-two torpedo boats, adding that "our influence and power will go to the devil unless we exert pressure with our fleet even in the most distant seas." The vice admiral's speech is said to have produced consternation in the Reichstag; but from the temper in which the proposal was received by the members it may be inferred that the money to be voted in furtherance of the programme will be in inverse ratio to the indignation aroused.

Investigations concerning the great sea wave which suddenly swept in upon the coast of Japan with terribly disastrous results last June have, it is reported, convinced Mr. Ito of the Japanese College of Science that the cause of the phenomenon was a volcanic outburst at the bottom of the ocean. He locates the point of explosion about 200 leagues east of the coast of Foshihama and thinks it was comparable with the great eruption that blew the island Krakatoa to pieces in 1883. It is said that the temperature of the sea water in the neighborhood of the place where the explosion is thought to have occurred was found to be three degrees above the normal.

The controversy as to the kind of whale that swallowed JONAH is still being waged with great acerbity in New York. One ancient mariner, who has arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace since he abandoned the briny for less exciting pursuits on terra firma, is quite certain that it was not the right whale that engulfed the prophet in its maw. He is equally sure that it was not the wrong whale, for in his opinion there was a fish manufactured to order with especially devised apparatus for deglutition made necessary in swallowing a prophet of Jonah's size.

Sons Nova Scotia sportsmen are having a newspaper controversy as to the relative merits of one eye shooting and two eye shooting, one hunter holding that the proper way is to keep both optics open while the other expert closes the left eye. The women solved the question long ago by shutting both eyes.

The New York book keeper who confesses to having stolen \$140,000 need not feel proud of it. There are plenty of bigger thieves who don't think their achievements worth mentioning and indeed resent all publicity.

The English war office declares that in the recent South African troubles "every

Kafir killed cost \$626." The Kafir is probably the most expensive game ever hunted by a civilized nation for its own amusement.

Preachers seem bent upon defining the ideal paper, and there seems to be reciprocity on the part of most editors. Their search after ideal ministers knows no rest, and defies the discouragement of continued failure.

The earthquake at Niagara affords a subject for some budding MILTON. An earthquake and that roaring old Titan of a cataract, make a rather stunning combination.

"MODJESKA milks cows" announces an Upper Canadian exchange, with pronounced emphasis of large type as if indignantly denying a report that she milked goats.

When twelve jurymen declare a man guilty, and then petition the judge for clemency, it is difficult to understand in which instance they are acting with intelligence.

In some of the large cities of Europe, with smells in proportion, it is said the nose is required to furnish a rapid transit for 14 000 microbes an hour.

Considerable surprise has been expressed because Colonel INGERSOLL didn't abuse the churches in his last lecture. It is likely he has run out of epithets.

"MISS" CLAWSON ESCAPED.

Despite the Presence of a Detective and Several Constables.

The most prosaic occurrences of life often cause considerable commotion. No one would consider that such a very natural act as the coming of a pay car to this city on the I. C. R. would put the townspeople in a stir, yet such is the case, particularly so on Monday last.

When the car reached the Union depot, the workmen along the line between here and Rothesay were on hand waiting for their month's wages. Many store keepers were also on hand, waiting for the storesaid wages. No less than five constables occupied the platform and kept their eyes levelled on every man as he went into the car, and came forth again, burdened more or less with so called filthy lucre.

Beside the strong box in the car sat a keen visaged detective, his elbows resting on his knees, and his face placed between his hands. Through the spaces between his fingers he eyed the men as they came in for their cash. To all intents and purposes he was asleep, but was actually so wide awake that not the least movement escaped him.

The five constables and the detective were on the watch for a young man named Clawson, who was suspected of stealing from the I. C. R. He had not been arrested, and it was thought by the constables and detective that he would walk right into the lion's jaws, so to speak, or practically into the arms of the detective. At the worst, it he failed to be thus caught, the phalanx of five constables would scoop him in somewhere near the car. But they didn't. The Montreal detective was keen witted—the St. John constables were wide awake as usual, yet Clawson walked through the crowd—entered the car asked for his money, but was refused it. Was he arrested?

Clawson has a girlish appearance. He looks so much like a girl that he is often chided by his fellow workmen because of it; but it stood him in good stead this time. He had determined on leaving the city and knowing that all the cars were watched by Chief Clarke's men concluded that he would have to take Jeff Davis' plan and don female attire.

He went to the depot to take the train, arrayed as a rather neat young lady. He did not expect to see the pay car in the yard, but it was there and one of those peculiar phases of mind occurred with him where prudence was thrown to the winds, and rashness took its place. He determined to enter the pay car.

He got a power of attorney, entered the car, and applied for the wages of Jared Clawson, presenting the power of attorney and claiming he was the sister of Clawson, that individual being away from the city. The Montreal detective pricked up his ears, the cashier examined the credentials, passed them over to the detective who studied them for a while then returned them to the cashier.

"We cannot pay you the money on this," said the cashier, "you will have to wait till next pay, when Mr. Pottinger will decide what to do."

"Miss" Clawson stepped politely out of the car, and passed through and out of the depot, the argus eyed constable not in the least suspecting that their prey had so easily cheated them. Now they are being chaffed on every hand, and the next young lady that enters the pay car will, almost certainly be more closely scrutinized.

ONE GAME WAS ENOUGH.

The Halifax Wanderers Didn't Want the Second Game of Hockey.

St. John was honored this week by a visit from the Wanderers hockey team of Halifax, composed of the swiftest "puck-chasers" to be found in that city. Before the team arrived in the city it was arranged that they should cross sticks with two St. John teams—the first composed solely of members of the St. John B. and A. club, while the other was an aggregation of players picked from the various clubs.

It was generally conceded by local hockey enthusiasts, that the picked team was the stronger and some even hinted that St. John would play her best card last, so that in the event of losing the first game the team would have a chance to retaliate in the second match. The Wanderers arrived in the city on Monday afternoon, accompanied by a number of Halifax men who came prepared to cheer their team to victory.

The first game was played according to agreement and, although, the accompanying Haligonians cheered, and admonished their team by turns, their efforts were unavailing for the Wanderers met a signal defeat at the hands of the B. and A. team.

Mr. Duffus of the Wanderers, who acted as sort of a business manager for his team at once made arrangement for the second game and even went so far as to order the necessary amount of printing and advertising. Whether the members of the team were afraid of a second defeat or whether the St. John climate did not agree with them is not known; at any rate they informed Mr. Duffus that they would not play game No 2 and that they had made arrangements to play in Amherst on Wednesday evening—the night when they were to have met the picked St. John team. Mr. Duffus naturally felt somewhat piqued at the failure of his team to comply with his wishes and stated the case to them in rather plain language. At first they would not listen to him, saying that they had arranged to play in Amherst on Wednesday evening and would play no where else. Then it was that Mr. Duffus got his ire up, and declared in emphatic language that if they cancelled their St. John agreement and went to Amherst they would do so on their own responsibility. He would not allow them to play under the Wanderers colors and threatened to lodge a complaint against them before the managing committee of the club on his return to Halifax.

The refractory members of the team then began to realize that their case was hopeless for should their angry manager carry out his threat there would be several awkward matters to explain on their return to Halifax. They thought that to play the second game with St. John and thus fulfil their agreement would be about the proper thing to do, however. Two of their number remained obdurate nevertheless and refused to play on any condition saying that they wanted to play in Amherst, and would not meet St. John again—at least not this year. A team was made up, however, with the assistance of Mr. McNeil of this city, who agreed to play for the Wanderers in order to pull the game off. The game was a good one but St. John came out ahead again, and the Halifax players went home disgusted. They have however learned one lesson which may stand them in good stead and that is that President Duffus is a hard man to fight against.

WAS CALLING ON HIS FRIENDS.

A Member of the Salvage Corps Is Absent From Duty When Wanted.

The members of the Salvage Corps have in their ranks one man in particular who is supposed to spend a large part of his time in the rooms, when not exercising the horses. He has a large number of friends in all parts of the city and often on quiet afternoons and evenings leaves the engine house where the Salvage Corps team is kept and takes a visit to some of his acquaintances. He incurs a considerable amount of risk however for should the fire alarm sound while he is out of his quarters he would be liable to be severely censured, with a possible suspension to follow. On several occasions, however, he took his chances on being caught, and enjoyed many short spells of liberty when he was supposed to be on duty. A few evenings ago he left the engine house for a few minutes and while he was away the fire alarm sounded for a slight blaze in a house on Sewell street. The Salvage Corps wagon did not respond to the call as it should have done and alarmed at the delay the captain hurried to the engine house where he found another man frantically trying to hitch the horses. The team was got ready with the aid of the captain and others and went to the fire. The delinquent did not appear however until after the team returned from the fire and every thing was quiet as usual. It is not known just what action will be taken

in the matter but rumor has it that the missing man will have plenty of time in which to call on his friends in future.

THEY FAILED TO CONNECT.

There Has Been Trouble at Hampton Over Post Office Matters.

There has been trouble at Hampton this week. The government had decided that Mr. Flewelling had had the post office there about long enough and concluded to transfer it from the control of that gentleman to the control of Mr. A. Hicks. This was all very satisfactory done. Mr. Hicks got his shop arranged for the mails and Mr. Whittaker of Her Majesty's Service visited the shiretown of Kings on February 22nd when Mr. Flewelling agreed to continue the service till Monday last, the ninth inst. when Mr. Hicks would be ready to act.

Everyone was pleased. This gave Mr. Hicks the chance to get all the official work done, all the preliminaries completed. He could be sworn in—his bonds completely arranged and on the ninth he would be able to step into the new office, a post-master with all the frills and fancies attending that very honorary position.

But as Bobby Burns said, "the best laid plans of mice and men oft gang a-gley" and the best laid plans of Mr. Hicks or Colonel Domville who was aiding Mr. Hicks in securing the position also failed to connect—to use the venacular.

The reason was not far to seek. Mr. King, post office inspector, had not completed all arrangements as he desired.

When Monday came Mr. Flewelling of course refused to act longer and Mr. Hicks could not because his bonds had not been properly executed; and the people of Hampton raged around the old post office and stormed around the new.

The postal cars came and went—they brought the mails but got none to take away—everything was all right up to a certain point but Mr. Hicks had not authority to open the bags, stamp the letters or act as post master in any way. Telegrams began to flash over the wires between St. John and Hampton but the bonds were not ready and because they were not the people could not get their letters.

"What is the matter with the bonds?" was the question asked.

So far as can be learned at this distance Mr. Hicks could go out in Hampton, or for that matter in any part of Kings county and get sureties worth tens of thousands of dollars. No difficulty at all for him to get all security the government could reasonably require, but this was not the trouble.

Some days before the ninth Mr. Hicks received a document through the mail bearing the title of the American Surety Association, offering to become his bonds and provide the necessary security asked by government if the enclosed papers were filled out and returned accompanied by three dollars. This document Mr. Hicks understood to be a part of the government's requirements and filled it out in good faith, returned it with the three dollars and thought all was right. But Mr. King, post office inspector, did not through some peculiar circumstances get Mr. Hicks' bonds on the American Surety paper till yesterday and could not therefore act.

So far as can be learned, on the 25th, February, Mr. Hicks received an official document from St. John on P. O. Inspector's office paper, informing him that he was appointed post master at Hampton—signed by S. T. King. In the same envelope was a communication, referred to above, from the American Surety association or company offering to be bonds for him if the enclosed papers were returned at \$3.20 premium paid. This was signed by S. T. King.

Now the question arises who is S. T. King, and what right has he to enclose his letter as agent of the American Surety company in an envelope also containing an official notice from Post Office Inspector King?

How is it that if these men are so closely connected in business as this would appear to show, that Mr. King inspector would not recognize the return of the signed document as the cash premiums as sufficient guarantee of the good faith of Mr. Hicks and at once go to Hampton and install him in office and no longer humbug the people?

It is also asked how was it that Mr. Whittaker offered to place Mr. Hicks in office a week since. There were no bonds then arranged.

How is it that there are many post masters in the province whose bonds are "private" bonds?

It is understood that the whole matter is being sifted to the bottom, and some very interesting developments are promised. As there are several Canada society companies doing business it will be learned why they are ignored in this case and the business given to an American concern. Many other features will be proved by Hon. Mr. Mulock.

IF YOUR PAINTS

look shabby send them to us. We sponge and tailor press them like new for 25c; full suits 50c. Ungar's Laundry and Dye works, Waterloo Street.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food analyst and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AN ALDERMANIC TILT.

An Expression of Opinion Between Two City Fathers.

HALIFAX, March 11.—The city council meeting on Tuesday evening was taken up almost exclusively with the granting of liquor licenses. The temperance men and the friends of the liquor dealers shouldered and elbowed each other in the struggle to get within earshot and sight of what was going on. It was a sort of parade of the respective strengths of the liquor and temperance elements in the council, for the edification of those factions in the assembled onlooking multitude. The display can hardly have been satisfactory to the temperance people, for three-fourths of the alderman in most cases voted the licenses through, no matter what the circumstances.

At times it was a lively meeting. There was one very interesting scene when Ald. Hubley and Ald. Hamilton crossed sticks in the matter of "records". Alderman Hamilton thanked heaven he had no such "record" as Alderman Hubley, even if the latter did pose as a temperance obstructionist. Alderman Hubley then told his assailant that something he had stated was a falsehood of the blackest kind, and that the alderman himself knew it. The crowd laughed and stamped at the fracas and Mayor McPherson took a hand in, saying: "If there is any further applause or demonstration I will order the police to clear out everyone in the crowd."

Then the dreary monotony of slowly voting through the licenses continued. There was a rather interesting contest between the Queen hotel company, owners of that building, and George Smith, of St. John, representing Mrs. Sheraton, widow of A. B. Sheraton. The hotel company put in an application for a license and so did Mr. Smith. The company had the strongest "pull" with the aldermen and their license was granted, while that to Mr. Smith was refused, on the ground that the power of attorney, given by Mrs. Sheraton to Smith, did not entitle him to come in and claim a license. There was an understanding, however, that if the courts decided that Mrs. Sheraton controlled the hotel that then she could come in and obtain a license. This reservation was made because of a statement by Mr. Smith, to his council, that an action is at once to be entered by Mrs. Sheraton against the Queen hotel company for damages and for a continuance to her for four years more of the lease.

INFORMATION WANTED.

H. Shorey Co., of Montreal, are taking Pre-empt Measures to Enable the Readers of this Paper to get What They ask for.

We will send free of charge to any Lady or Gentleman one of the following useful and valuable articles:

- A desk tablet in leatherette with lead pencil, calendar and adjustable writing block, elegantly stamped in gold.
- A leather pocket match case with brass striker.
- A 100 pages alligator leather memorandum book, gilt edged and ruled.
- A leather and colluloid cigar case, calendar, very compact.
- An elegant canvass covered pocket wallet, bound in red leather, with memorandum book.

As a compensation we only ask, if you are a resident of a town or village containing the number of inhabitants mentioned below, to send the names of merchants who deal in clothing or Dry Goods and from whom you are unable to obtain Shorey's make of clothing or Rigby Waterproof Cloth or Clothing.

- From a village or town of 500 to 1200 inhabitants send 2 names.
- From a village or town of 1200 to 6000 inhabitants send 3 names.
- From a village or town of 6000 or over inhabitants send 4 names.

Our reason for making this offer is that as a consequence of making a superior class of clothing a demand has been created for our goods, and it has been claimed that it was sometimes impossible for people to get our make from their dealers who probably could make more profit by selling an inferior class of goods. We wish to investigate the matter and intend arranging that everyone shall be able to obtain Shorey's Guaranteed Clothing, no matter in how obscure or out-of-the-way place they may reside.

H. SHOREY & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Clothiers and Dealers in Rigby Waterproof Clothing and Cloth.



Lent is with us, and society has done the sack cloth and ashes. For the next few weeks there will be no more of the "world, the flesh and the devil" except in the mildest form. Every body is in moral trim, and trying to be so practically penitent, that no doubt ere the penitential season is ended they will actually get to be quite as good as they think are. Of course there will be quiet little teas, perhaps, an at home occasionally, but as a rule the majority of St. John's smart set will be glad enough of the opportunity to rest up a bit after the gaieties of an unusually gay winter. Most every one anticipated that "Parade" would be the dazzling finale, and in a certain sense it was, but just before Lent began there were several events that were accidentally omitted from the program last week, though very glowing accounts of them reached the office. It may not be too late to refer to them now. A dinner party that was perfect in all its details was given recently by Mr. F. Caverhill-Jones to several friends. Mrs. Charles F. Harrison chaperoned the following party of guests: Miss McMillan, Miss Dever, Miss Furlong, Miss K. Furlong, Mr. J. Richey, Mr. H. H. H. Robinson, Dr. S. Skinner, Mr. F. Jones, and Mr. C. F. Harrison. The same week Mr. Jones gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. White of Quebec who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. George West Jones. The table was beautifully arranged with pink roses, smilax and bows of pink ribbon at the corners; at each lady's plate was a pretty bouquet of roses, while the gentlemen had white carnations. Covers were laid for the following persons, Mrs. White, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel, Mrs. George West Jones, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. H. Thorne, Mr. Ruel, Mr. C. J. Coster, Mr. Richey, Mr. E. K. Jones. One of the largest and by all odds the most enjoyable sleighing party of the season was another of the festivities of a week or two ago. It was given by the young men who spared no trouble or expense to make it just what it was, a very brilliant success. The young people, with Mrs. C. J. Coster, and Mrs. George West Jones as chaperones, left the city at five o'clock for Robeson, and at 7 an elaborate dinner was served at the Bellevue, followed by a dance in the large dining hall. The party among whom were the following returned to the city about two o'clock the following morning: Mrs. C. J. Coster, Mrs. George West Jones, Miss M. Randolph, Miss Burpee, Miss Dever, Miss Warner, Miss Bob Warner, Miss Furlong, Miss K. Furlong, Miss Snowball, Miss DeBur, Miss Parks, Miss Mary McMillan, Mr. George West Jones, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Mr. F. Harrison, Mr. H. H. H. Robinson, Mr. J. Richey, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. S. Fairweather, Mr. H. Donville, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. B. Smith, Mr. E. F. Jones, Mr. C. V. DeBur, Mr. J. Thomas, Mr. G. Ruel, Mr. A. G. Blair, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. Gil Keator. A delightful little luncheon was given last week by Mrs. Isaac Burpee. The arrangements were perfect, and Mrs. Douglas Hazy, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. George F. Smith and Mrs. James Mack were among those to whom Mrs. Burpee dispensed her hospitality. Miss Snowball of Chatham is visiting Miss McLaren. Mrs. Stanley Ritchey has been entertaining Miss Randolph of Fredericton lately. Miss Burpee is home again from a visit, much to the satisfaction of her numerous friends. Mr. White is here from Quebec on a visit to his daughter Mrs. George West Jones and is being quite extensively entertained. Mr. J. Richey returned Wednesday to Halifax after a two weeks visit to St. John, during which he was a guest at several society functions. Mr. W. H. Fobson left this week for Montreal where he has accepted a position in the C. P. R. office. While regretting his removal from the city the good wishes of a large circle of friends will follow him to his new home. The Young People's Club spent a delightful evening at Miss Christie's, Wellington row on Monday last. Miss Wylie, a grand niece of Mrs. J. De Wolfe Spurr is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Spurr. Many St. John people will remember Capt. Wylie of the 14th regiment quartered here. A small but very smart and successful tea was that given by Mrs. H. P. Timmerman on Wednesday afternoon of this week for the entertainment of Mrs. White of Quebec. Despite the steady downpour of rain during the afternoon, most of those invited turned out, and perhaps at the end of the season were the ladies more prettily gowned. Mrs. Gardner Taylor and the Misses Bayard assisted Mrs. Timmerman in entertaining her friends, and in dispensing dainty refreshment. Among those present were: Mrs. White, (Quebec) Mrs. George W. Jones, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, Mrs. MacMillan, Mrs. L. B. Harrison, Mrs. Douglas Hazy, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. William Harrison, the Misses Bayard, Miss Nina Keator, Miss Robertson, Miss Florie Macmillan, Miss Grace Macmillan and Miss Bursaid. Last Saturday a merry sleighing party of about thirty young people, chaperoned by Mrs. Charles F. Harrison and Mrs. George West Jones, left the city about five o'clock and drove out to Golden Grove where one of Connolly's famous pancake suppers was served, and the evening delightfully spent. Among those who enjoyed the drive were: Mr. and Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Stratton, Miss T. McLaren, Miss Snowball, Mr. Teddy Jones, Mr. A. Adams, Mr. W. Robinson, Miss Josie Vassie, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Foster, Miss Adams, Miss Lollie Harrison, Mr. W. Harrison, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Mr. P. Clark, Miss Dever, Mr. Richey, Halifax, Mr. F. Jones, Miss Emma Tuck, Miss Parks, Mr. Thomas, Miss May Harrison, Mr. Harry Donville, Miss Bob Warner, Mr. Hart, Mr. C. DeBur, Mr. Sherwood Skinner, Mr. Bert Gordon, Miss Gerlie Skinner, Mr. F. Clinch. Mr. Jack Warner is home again from an extended trip and is regaling his friends with various experiences in "the wild and woolly west." X. X. Mrs. L. B. Wyman and Miss Edna Wyman of Yarmouth are here for the benefit of the latter's health. Mrs. George Davidson and Mr. Edgar Davidson returned to Annapolis last week after a few days spent with Mrs. Gilbert Davis of this city.

Mr. Samuel Wilson is in Annapolis visiting Mr. Howard McOilly. Mrs. Wm. Sandall who was severely injured by falling down stairs in her residence on Prince's street a short time ago is reported as improving. Miss Helena deBury left Monday for Lowell, Mass., where she will enter a hospital training school. The Misses Thomson are in Ottawa, guests of Mrs. A. G. Blair and the Misses Blair. Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart of Woodstock were in the city this week. Bishop Jaggan of Cincinnati, Ohio, was here for a day or two lately. Mr. Fred W. Heath of Toronto was in the city this week. Hon. A. F. B. Endolph paid a brief visit to the city this week. Mrs. Stetson and son are spending a short time in Boston. Messrs. D. C. Russell and E. G. Russell who have been visiting their parents at St. George were in the city this week en route to their homes in Depew, N. Y., and Watertown, N. Y., respectively. Mrs. J. W. Hickman of Halifax is a guest of Mrs. W. L. Waring. Capt. Warren Cheney and Miss Cheney of Grand Marais, were in the city for a few days lately. Miss Whitney returned to Montreal the first of the week. Mr. C. W. King of Calais, Me., spent a day or two here lately. Mrs. F. B. Ellis left the first of the week on a trip to Boston. Mr. J. H. McFadden of Sheldiac who has been visiting here has returned home. Mr. J. D. Paxton of Montreal was here for a day this week. Mr. W. L. Waring returned the first of the week from a trip to Montreal. Mr. James Robinson M. P. for Northumberland was here for a short time this week. Miss A. Corbett of Campbellton and Miss M. Brown of Richibucto paid a brief visit to the city this week. Mr. Arthur Murphy of Halifax is in the city on a brief visit. Miss Ada Watson has returned to Woodstock after a few weeks visit to city friends. Mr. Charles B. Robertson arrived last Saturday from a trip to England. Mr. A. E. Thomson of Montreal spent Wednesday in the city. Mrs. Wm. T. Bell has engaged rooms at the Windsor Hotel, Dorchester, and will spend the summer in that pretty town. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Baker of Fairville left this week on a three months trip that will include a visit to California and other parts of the west. Mr. H. P. Wetmore of Halifax spent a few days in the city this week. Mr. James R. Gordon of Montreal is spending a few days in the city. Mr. A. Russell Fuller of Londonderry N. S., was here for a few hours on Wednesday. Mr. John A. Woods of Boston spent Tuesday in the city. Mr. T. M. Baker of Toronto is spending a day or two here. Hon. John Costigan was in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall of Chatham, spent several days here lately. Messrs. A. E. McLean and F. E. Norton of Montreal, have been here for several days. Mr. G. E. F. Schwartz is here from Halifax on a short visit. Miss Ida Hudson of Richibucto, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson for the last three or four weeks, expects to return home in a few days. Mr. W. J. Draper of Bathurst was among the city visitors this week. Mr. James Wishart came down from St. Martins for a short time this week. Mr. F. G. Tylor of Galt, Ont., was in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. W. R. Benson of Brantford Ont., was here for a few hours on Wednesday. Mr. J. Corkery has returned from a trip to Boston. Mrs. S. Thorne is in Amherst visiting her parents Capt. and Mrs. Lovett. Mr. F. Lawton has returned to Woodstock after a short stay with friends. Mr. Thomas Lavers has been paying a week's visit to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lavers of St. George. Mr. A. H. Robinson of Havelock was here this week. Mrs. E. Downing and Miss Beale Downing of Maryville are visiting Mrs. P. A. Smith of Waterloo street. Mrs. Frank Starr is visiting Fredericton relatives. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Richards are visiting city friends. Mr. Thomas Williams of Moncton spent Wednesday in the city. Miss Lake's friends are congratulating her upon having received the position of leading soprano in St. Stephen's church. Mr. Frank Risteen—our Alderman Risteen it is now—was here from Fredericton for a day or two this week. Mr. and Mrs. Greenville James were here Wednesday enroute to Woodstock from Nova Scotia. The smoking concert with which the officers and members of the St. John R. S. company entertained their brother officers of the different corps and friends, on Wednesday evening proved a most delightful success, and was greatly enjoyed by all present. The room with its drappings of bunting; and flags looked very cheerful and inviting, and it is unnecessary to say that Capt. Smith and his officers did all in their power to promote the pleasure of their guests. During the evening the following numbers were rendered in an excellent manner. Opening march, piano, A. S. Cook; solo and chorus, Corp. Cochran and other members of the corps, harmonica solo, Pte. Allison; vocal solo, J. N. Sutherland of the C. P. R. mandolin solo, A. S. Cook; physical drill to music and bayonet exercise, squad under command of Lt. Tilley; solo, Death of Nelson, Serjt. Craigie; barjo solo, E. N. Dearborn; recitation from Kipling, Capt. Smith; Capt. White, artillery; solo, Pte. Allison. During the evening excellent addresses were given by Mr. Robertson, J. V. Ellis, M. P., Lt. Col. Tucker, M. P., Lt. Col. Armstrong, Major Markham, Capt. Pratt, E. N. B.; Major Armstrong and H. A. McKeown. Among the military men present were Lt. Col. Armstrong, Major Gordon, Capt. Baxter and White, Lts. W. Foster, E. Foster, Armstrong of the artillery; Major Markham, Lt. Markham and Parks of the cavalry; Lt. Col. Tucker, Majors Magee and Edwards, Surgeons Walker and MacLaran, Capt. Manning, Lt. Dunsmuir, Robt.

Banker, Macmillan, Miles, Kaye, Wm. Rankin, Sharp and others of the Fulliners, and Major Armstrong, district paymaster. Mr. Phillip Barry of Halifax spent a day or two in the city lately. Dr. N. G. D. Parker of St. Andrews spent a short time in the city this week. Mrs. S. E. Barry of Fredericton was in St. John on Thursday. Miss Minnie Davidson of Newcastle is in the city on a visit. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kimball of Boston and Mrs. L. E. Robinson of New York were a party of Americans who spent Wednesday and Thursday in the city. Mr. Jos. E. Ross of Rivar du Loap is in the city on a brief visit. Mrs. Lucy E. Morehouse of Halifax is spending a week or two with Mrs. L. F. David, St. John. FEDERICTON. (PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.) Mar. 10.—Colonel Mansuelli, Colonel Gordon and officers of the R. R. C. I. gave a dinner at the officers mess on Thursday evening for General Montgomery Moore which was spoken of as having been exceptionally enjoyable; among the visitors present were Colonel Collard, Lieutenant Governor McClellan, Mr. E. Byron Winslow and Mr. O. Man M. P. F. The general and Colonel Collard left for home on Friday. Since Lent is come in we have been very quiet except in the way of little wild parties and a few afternoon teas. The Long Eye whist club met with Mrs. T. G. Loggie on Thursday evening. Mrs. Frank Starr of St. John is visiting relatives in the city. Mrs. Henry Chestnut and Mrs. Steadman gave an At Home yesterday afternoon which was a very enjoyable function. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Richards are spending a few days in St. John. Mr. Herbert Vavasour is here from Mexico and is a very welcome visitor at the home of his mother Mrs. Vavasour. Miss Aggie Neil has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. John Burpee at St. John. Colonel Mansuelli leaves tomorrow for Boston, where he is going to meet his daughter Miss Nan Mansuelli who is returning from quite an extended visit in England. Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Randolph and the Misses Randolph leave very shortly on a visit to England and expect to be absent about four months. Mrs. McClellan, Mrs. Emmerson and Mrs. Ferris leave tomorrow for their homes, their husbands remaining here a few days longer. Mrs. Sterling who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Thorne intends leaving on Saturday for her home in Boston. The downtown whist club meets this evening with Miss Block, hostess. Capt. and Mrs. Flait have the sympathy of many friends in the loss of their eldest child, Jean Jacques Cyprien, whose death occurred quite suddenly from an attack of influenza. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harrison of Margerville, N. B. have suffered a like bereavement in the death of their only daughter Agnes Charlotte, which occurred on Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Hartley who has been so very seriously ill during the past week, is now considered out of danger. Mr. John T. Gibson of Maryville has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in St. Andrews. CHICKEE. MONCTON. (PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.) Mar. 10.—The quiet of Lent has settled down upon the city after the glidy whirl of gaiety which marked the past few weeks, and the contrast is of course very sharp. An effort is being made to contend the skating parties, but they of course are dependent largely upon the weather which has not been propitious for the past two weeks, and as we can scarcely count upon much more skating now, most of the ladies are turning to the more substantial pleasures of the past. The ladies' prizes were a silver candlestick. There have been so many victims of that fell, though not always dangerous disease "grippe," in town that even if it were not Lent, I doubt if anyone would be feeling much in the spirit of gaiety, or if there could be enough thoroughly well people gathered together for even a small festivity. Two of the victims of grippe who have been more than ordinarily ill, are Mr. Leo Reid of the Merchant's bank of Halifax, who has been laid up some weeks, and Mr. F. P. Reid of the firm of F. P. Reid and Co., who has been quite seriously ill. Mr. A. H. Jones is another victim and Mr. H. Higgins, and nearly all of his staff have been laid up for some days. Prof. N. Hill Nesbitt who has accepted a permanent position in St. John, left town last week for his new sphere of work. Mr. Nesbitt has made numerous friends in Moncton during his residence here, who will wish him all possible prosperity in his new home. Mr. Nesbitt intends joining her husband in a few days. Miss Cooke, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in Parrboro, returned home last week. Mrs. R. Barry Smith and daughters left town last week for New York, to join Mr. Smith, who has been in that city for some weeks past and who intends residing in the great metropolis in future, and engaging in the practice of his profession there. Mrs. Smith and the Misses Smith leave many warm friends in this city, who while deeply regretting their departure, will follow them to their new home with every good wish for the future. Miss Hannagar, who has been spending a month with friends in St. John, returned home last week. His Lordship Bishop Kingdon preached at St. George's church, both at morning and evening services, last Sunday, and drew large congregations. Bishop Kingdon was en route to Halifax, to sail for England where he intends spending some months. Miss Gailie Benedict of Mount Allison Ladies' College accompanied by her friend Miss Wright of Summerside, spent Sunday and Monday at her home in Moncton. Rev. I. N. Parker of Queen's county, was in town last week visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Price. Mrs. Thomas Evans returned last week from Val de St. George, where she was called to attend the death bed of her sister, Miss Ethel Harper. Miss Tilney, who has been spending a month at her home in Toronto, returned to Moncton last week. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.) Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed, 27 Waterloo.

**Bicycles Free.....**  
SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS.  
**WELCOME SOAP**  
TRADE MARK  
Smooth on the Hands.  
WE WILL GIVE FOUR BICYCLES—two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—(Lady or Gentlemen's Wheels, at option of the winners), for the largest number of WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS sent in up to and including May 31st, 1897.  
The Bicycles are the celebrated "Red Bird" (new 1897 model), costing \$100.00 each, regarded as the standard high grade wheel of Canada.  
Cut out the yellow square in centre of the wrapper and send it in with your name and address as collected, or keep together and send in all at once at May 31st. Bicycles will be published and wheels awarded without delay. Wrappers taken from dealers' unsold stock will not be counted. Our employees and their family connections are barred.  
WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

**A Stylish Dresser**  
Priestley's Dress Fabrics  
must have a Mohair gown. Priestley's are the best. Prove their quality yourself by the lustrous effects—richness and softness—graceful draping qualities.  
Have become household words, noted for their richness and elegance, proved superior by their finish and brightness—combine style with durability.  
Priestley's name stamped on every five yards. 04

**New Fancy-Work Book**  
For 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centrepieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, their Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells just what shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also, rules for knitting Baby's Shirts and Cap and crocheting Baby's Bonnet. 96 pages, over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Corticelli Home Needlework."  
**BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S**  
Dolley and Centrepiece Book just published, the most up to date book on the subject, sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps.  
**Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd.,**  
53 Richelieu Street, ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.

**If You Like Good Cooking**  
Insist on having a ROYAL ART  
**THIS IS OUR LEADING RANGE**  
And is largely used by families throughout the city.  
Some of its Chief Points.  
The OVEN THERMOMETER informs you when the oven is ready for use.  
The DOCK ASH GRATE is easily worked and does not get out of order.  
The GRADUATE CHECK governs the draft and is a great saver of fuel.  
It is the BEST Range for the money ever offered. EVERY ONE GUARANTEED.  
**EMERSON & FISHER.**  
"Whisky of this standard of purity can be highly recommended and used with confidence." Says the Public Analyst for the Royal Burgh of Dundee  
**Watson's Dundee Whisky**  
BEST ON EARTH  
CHARD JACKSON & CO., ESTABLISHED 1815  
MONTREAL, Agents for Canada

**Coleman's Salt**  
BEST FOR TABLE USE  
BEST FOR DAIRY USE  
UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY  
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION, CLINTON, ONT.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale at the news-stand and at the following news stands and counters. C. S. DEFEYER, Brunswick street...

The rink party given recently by the officers of the staff and departments was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone on the large invitation list.

On Monday evening of last week Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a dinner and a small dance, the last before Lent. It was one of the pleasantest of the series, rather larger than the last one and with more married people among the guests.

Mrs. Blackadar gave a large at home on the evening, from eight to eleven, in her dining room on Pleasant street. The room was filled with guests, and there was no set hour for supper.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Fuller had quite a large tea, to which most people went after the rink. The table looked particularly pretty, and the rooms were not crowded at all.

Miss Turton, who has been spending some months at Government house, left last Saturday for England, and will be much missed in society.

Major Hamilton Smythe also left last week for England, on leave, and General Montgomery Moore has gone away again, after a short visit.

Now that Lent has commenced, progressive euchre and card parties will be few and far between, and the "light entertainments" will also be allowed to have a rest.

The ladies of Halifax will be delighted to learn that Miss Shaw and Miss Samuel, from the Decorative Art Rooms, Montreal, are going to continue giving lessons at the Lorne House next week and invite all to inspect the artistic work.

Mrs. John Loyal, Pleasant street, gave a very pleasant "At Home" on Thursday afternoon, and a card party in the evening.

PROGRESS is for sale in Turro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.

Mar. 10.—Mrs. D. B. Cummings' second function in honor of her sister M. A. M. Allen, came off last Thursday night. Progressive whist. The ladies first and second prizes were won by Miss Lawrence and Miss O. Smith, respectively.

Mrs. F. A. Lawrence, handsome gown of black and pink striped silk, cuffs in trimmings. Mrs. Phillips, black satin and jet.

A BICYCLE OUTING.



You are aware that you cannot go without food and still retain your strength; yet you do neglect the exercise and recreation necessary to perfect health and long life.

The Stearns is called the Yellow Fellow because of its orange finish; we finish it in black also.

E. C. STEARNS & Co., AMERICAN RATTING CO., MAKERS, CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS, TORONTO, - ONT., TORONTO, 65

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.

elaborate tea, last Friday afternoon, in honor of her guest, Miss Everett, of St. John, N.B. The hostess was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Geo. McLean, Mrs. E. T. Crair, Miss Kidney and Miss A. A. McLean.

The marriage of Miss Laura McDougall to Mr. E. Lock of Ansonia was quietly solemnized last Wednesday night at her mother's residence, Pleasant street. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present.

Mr. H. D. McDougall paid a flying visit to Springhill last week, returning to town Monday night.

The Whist club were entertained last Friday night by Mrs. J. H. McKay and enjoyed the pleasantest "evening" of the season.

PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.

Mar. 10.—Among the unusually large number of deaths during the past week, was that of Mrs. A. D. Taylor which occurred on Saturday afternoon from heart disease at her home on Hazelock street.

Following closely after comes the farewell ball given to Mr. Stevens, who has been an accountant in the Merchant's bank. It was held in Cunningham's hall and all spent a very sociable and enjoyable evening.

The concert given in the Assembly hall of St. Bernard's convent, for the building fund of that institution was in every way a complete success. Every one of note attended. The musical features:

Your anxiety is for your delicate child; that in spite of all your careful over-watching she grows thin and pale.

child needs Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites—not as a medicine, but as a food containing all the elements of growth.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S., Editor of "Health." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

of the event were of the highest order. The solos and choruses could not have been better, and the entire programme can be put down as a success, and those that took part in it can justly be proud.

The grand social event of the season was the C. M. E. ball and was the most brilliant affair that we had for a long time.

AMHERST. PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.

Mar. 10.—Among the unusually large number of deaths during the past week, was that of Mrs. A. D. Taylor which occurred on Saturday afternoon from heart disease at her home on Hazelock street.

WINDSOR. PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.

Mar. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. E. Norman Dimock have returned from New York where they have been spending the last two months.

Mr. H. S. Silver is in town this week. Mr. John T. Chisholm is in St. John on a business trip.

Mr. C. H. Dimock was in Halifax on Tuesday. Mr. J. W. Blanchard has returned from his trip to England.

Mrs. Alex. Forsyth returned from his trip to Halifax on Friday of last week.

The snow shoe club which was turned into a rink party, was continued on Thursday evening by the Misses Black. Among those who enjoyed the skating and substantial supper afterwards were, Miss Kinneer, Miss Cunningham, Antigonish, Miss Florence Bowman, Miss Maggie Bosanquet, Miss Minnie East, Miss Dexter, Liverpool, Miss Ethel Shand, Miss Nora Blanchard, Miss Curran, and Messrs. W. E. Smith, Lonsdale, Z. Wickar, Barrhill, W. Morris, A. Blanchard, Davies, Roster, E. O'Brien, Colin, Locke.

evening. A well rendered programme followed by refreshments was enjoyed by the large number present.

The many young friends of Miss Laura Mills regret to hear that very little hopes is entertained for her recovery.

The spelling bee for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening between two teams of ladies and gentlemen resulted in favor of the latter.

On Friday the boys branch enjoyed their annual drive going to Ft. de Bute where they were regaled with refreshments and enjoyed a good time generally.

The Truro curlers played with the Chignecto club on Saturday defeating them by twenty five points and on Thursday our curlers played with Moncton and came off victorious.

Miss Jones a most successful music teacher gave a piano recital at the residence of Mr. B. J. Lawson Hazelock Street. Among the wonderful performers who acquitted themselves most creditably were the Misses McLeod, Misses Jean and Lucy Lay, Miss Helen Brien, Emily Christie, Beatrice Fuller, Gertrude Robb, Amy Whittier, Lydia Moffat, Marion McKee, Miss Lowanhead, Miss Logan and Miss Annie McCabe.

Miss Belle Main is paying a visit to her friend, Mrs. Purdy, in Moncton.

Mr. C. L. Benedict has returned home from Boston.

Miss May Townshend returned to Halifax last week after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Arthur R. Dickey, Victoria street.

Mrs. Whidden is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Lay, of Lappanache street.

Miss Lillic Moffat came home last Friday from a visit to friends in Moncton and Shediac. Miss Jenale Webster of Shediac came with her and is the guest of Mrs. Barry D. Bent, Eddy street.

Miss Alice Gillespie of Parrsboro is staying with her cousin, Mrs. C. B. Smith, Cherry Row.

Mrs. B. Thorne of St. John is the guest of her parents Capt. R. Lowerton and Mrs. Lowerton.

Miss Robinson who has been staying with her sister at Mrs. Davidson's, returned to her home in Chester last Thursday.

OPENING. New York Shirt Waists 1897 STYLES.

We are just opening a very beautiful line of these goods, made by the very best makers, and guarantee them SECOND to NONE ever shown in St. John.

Different Styles and Prices. ALSO New Linen Collars and Cuffs.

To wear with Shirt Waists and for ordinary wear.

THE PARISIAN. 165 Union St.

SUCCESSFUL GROWERS USE THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEEDS. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEALERS IN CANADA.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

FERGUSON & PAGE. Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods.

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure. A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc.

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Extra Superior Dry Champagne. Giesler & Co. Avize. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, Sole Distributors for Canada, P. O. BOX 252, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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t Cor. Sydney

ST. GEORGE'S

Francis is for sale in Woodstock by Messrs. Loane & Co. In Canada at G. F. Loane's.

Mancos, the Society and the pleasure having public on the St. George, have enjoyed very few amateur entertainments...

And then came the children in a "Midsummer Night Dream" with Miss Beattie Foster as Queen Mab.

One of the sad events of the week was the sudden death of Mrs. Segfield Maxwell, at her home on Thursday evening.

Francis is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co.

A very delightful progressive whist party was given last evening by Mrs. J. M. Murchie and her daughter Miss Nellie Murchie.

Mrs. Percy Lord entertained the Park society on Saturday afternoon and evening.

LAWYERS  
and all other "brain" workers are subject to Headache, Flatulency, Stomachache, Heartburn, Constipation, and many other ailments...

Mrs. George H. Raymond returned to St. An. on Tuesday after a pleasant visit of a fortnight with her sister Mrs. Susan Grimmer.

Mrs. G. H. Clarke's friends will regret to learn she is confined to her home with a painful illness.

Mr. George H. Boardman of Toronto with his son Seth are visiting in Canada. They were in Washington attending the inauguration ceremonies last week before coming to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Eaton are visiting in Washington, D. C., and had the pleasure of being present when President McKinley took the oath of office.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Eaton are visiting in Boston.

WOODSTOCK.  
Francis is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co.

Mr. F. Lawlor returned from St. John and Fredericton on Saturday.

Mr. George Robertson who was confined to the house by a gripple, has recovered sufficiently to resume his duties.

Mr. Thomas Levers of St. John has been enjoying a weeks visit with Rev. and Mrs. Levers at the residence.

with a few friends to witness the play. The speaker's name is not given.

Mr. James Kelman is confined to his home from injuries received from a fall on the ice.

BUOODOOH.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shivan of Kingston visited her sister, Mrs. J. C. Moss this week.

Dandruff, which causes so much itching of the scalp, can be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer, because it is a corrective tonic for the glands producing dandruff.

Not to let your sail be bigger than your boat. To let your recreations be useful, not injurious.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sprague entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly Thursday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Merritt returned from Montreal on Monday.

Mr. George Robertson who was confined to the house by a gripple, has recovered sufficiently to resume his duties.

MINARD'S  
"KING OF PAIN"  
LINIMENT  
MASS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.  
YARBOUR, N. S.

PURE TEA  
That is, Tea leaves, scientifically prepared, from early pickings, of well cultivated plants—is a wholesome, invigorating drink.  
Few people, however nervous, are otherwise than pleasantly affected by drinking properly prepared tea.  
"Jettley's" TEAS  
"FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWEET CEYLON."

Why?  
SHOULD YOU ASK FOR  
Wilson's Old Empire Rye 1890  
GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE

BECAUSE:  
1. It contains purely and only McDougall's V. O. 1890 Whisky.  
2. It is the best Rye Whisky undoubtedly ever distilled in this country.  
3. It was aged in Oak Casks under Government supervision.  
4. It is Golden in Color.  
5. It is Nutty in Taste.  
6. It is Exquisite in Flavor.  
7. It is Glorious in Effect.  
8. It's price is within everybody's reach.  
9. An Official Government Excise Stamp seals each Capsul.

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,  
SOLE CONTROLLERS  
MONTREAL,  
and Sole Agents in Canada for.....  
Gold Lark Sec Champagne,  
Vin Mariani (MARANI WINE),  
The Ideal Tonic for Body and Brain.

IMPERIAL Truist Co.  
OF CANADA.  
NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE.  
47 Canterbury Street, St. John.  
F. S. SHARPE, Manager.

Transacts all business usual to Trust Companies, including that of the executors or trustees, or as agents of same, management of estates, collection of rents and interest, negotiation of mortgage loans financial agency, etc.

Municipal and other debenture for sale, yielding from 3 1/2 to 5 per cent. interest.  
Money received for investment in the General Trust Fund, at four per cent. interest, withdrawable on demand.

Brushes!  
TOOTH BRUSHES.  
HAIR BRUSHES.  
NAIL BRUSHES.  
CLOTH BRUSHES.  
HAT BRUSHES.  
MILITARY BRUSHES.  
A Beautiful Assortment Just Received  
W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S,  
35 King Street.  
Telephone 239.  
Physicians' Prescriptions receive every attention.  
Isaac Pitman Shorthand  
Is used by more writers than all other systems combined. It is the most up-to-date system, because the leading Shorthand Intellectuals are employed in its revision and improvement. The Short Hand Instructor, known as the "Key-Book," is the standard authority on the subject. It is the most complete and up-to-date Shorthand course of study.  
S. KERR & SON.

THE SAME MAN,  
Well Dressed  
fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtless and indifferently clothed.  
Newest Designs  
Latest Patterns.  
A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,  
64 Gormain Street,  
(1st door south of King.)  
Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock  
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.  
ST. STEPHEN'S, N. B.  
The "Psychology Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.  
Apply at the residence of  
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK  
T. O'LEARY,  
...RETAIL DEALER IN...  
Choice Wines and Liquors  
and Ale and Cigars.  
16 DUKE STREET.

WANTED Old established wholesale House...  
WANTED Young men and women to help in...  
WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs...  
WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in...  
RESIDENCE at Rothney for sale or to rent...

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Maggie Treisman of Point de Bute is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss Tremblay of Highfield street.

Mrs. A. M. Borden of the bank of Nova Scotia, Amherst, spent last Sunday with friends in town.

Victoria rink was well filled with interested spectators on Thursday evening to witness a game of hockey between a picked team selected from the Moncton league, and a picked St. John team. The result was a victory for the St. John men of three to nothing.

Mr. Frank Holstead, of St. John spent a day or two in town this week, visiting his mother.

Mr. F. E. F. Brown, mechanical superintendent of the I. C. R., who had been seriously ill with grippe has recently recovered to be out again.

I see that the types made a slight mistake in my account of the death of Mr. Charles Stevens last week, making me say that his parents resided in Edmonton, whereas the fact that they lived in Edmonton, Manitoba, prevented them from being present either at the death or funeral of their son.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Prognosis is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Frutcher and E. H. Henderson.]

MAR. 10.—Mr. A. C. Bell M. P., was in Halifax last week attending the liberal conservative convention.

Lieut. Governor Daly has consented to open the "Aberdeen hospital" on Monday the 26th, inst. The formal opening will take place in the afternoon, and there will be a reception in the evening.

Mrs. Thos. Mackay entertained a number of lady friends on Friday evening. Those who enjoyed this very pleasant time were, Mrs. Harvey Graham, Mrs. Geo. Underwood, Mrs. T. G. Fraser, Mrs. James Eastwood, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Will Eastwood, Mrs. J. F. Grant, Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. Fred Miller, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mrs. Heywood McGregor, Mrs. D. C. Fraser, Mrs. J. McGilivray, Mrs. Rhind, Mrs. J. S. Fraser, Mrs. Jas. McGregor, Miss Bigney.

Miss Jennie Eastwood entertained a large number of friends on Thursday evening with dancing and games. Those present were, Misses Annie Fraser, Bessie Carruthers, Bessie McDougall, Daisy Bell, Bessie Roy, Alice Bent, Nina Grant, Isa McKay, Daisy Townsend, (Sydney), Jessie Douglas, Aggie Chambers, Minna McGregor, Jessie Graham, Millie and Edie Wright, Mary and Carrie Turner, Laura Smith, Flossy McGregor, and Annie Oding. Messrs. W. Graham, S. Carruthers, A. McKay, G. McGregor, A. Cameron, G. McKay, T. McDonald, W. Cameron, J. Meikle, R. Chambers, W. McNeil, Stanley McDonald, V. Kerr, A. Green, F. Archibald.

Dr. and Mrs. Keith entertained a number of friends to turkey supper at their new home on Friday evening.

Mr. Douglas McIntosh, B. Sc., son of Capt. McIntosh of this town, has been offered an assistant professorship in Cornell University.

Miss Annie Ferguson of Pictou is the guest of Miss Jean Patterson.

A number of gentlemen friends of Mr. Hodge gave a dinner in his honor at the Norfolk hotel on Friday evening. Mr. Hodge, who has been employed as draftsman with J. Matheson & Co. for the past two years, left on Monday for British Columbia.

Mrs. John Underwood gave a very enjoyable ladies' knitting party on Tuesday evening. Tea was served during the evening and hot turkey supper at eleven o'clock. Those present were: Mrs. Dr. Wright, Mrs. Bessie, Mrs. Geo. Reid, Mrs. Harley, Mrs. Leslie Jamison, Mrs. J. D. McGregor, Misses Jen McGregor, A. McKay, Laura McNeil, Ada Fraser, Annie Hyndman, Mrs. Jav. McLean, Mrs. Harvey Graham, Mrs. Geo. B. Layton, Mrs. M. H. Layton, Mrs. Dr. Townsend, Mrs. Desjardins, Mrs. Condon, Mrs. McCurdy Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Alfred Fraser, Mrs. R. C. Wright, Miss Florence Bailey, Mrs. Chambers.

Two rinks of Pictou curlers came up on Monday evening to play two rinks of sitenose curling and New Glasgow beat Pictou by thirteen points.

HAVELOCK.

MAR. 9.—Mr. J. D. Chipman of St. Stephen and Mr. H. C. Tilly were here last week on railroad business.

Mr. A. H. Robinson, Supt. of E. & A. Railway was in St. John last Thursday.

Dr. Harry W. Keith and some friends from Kingston drove to Havelock Saturday evening and will remain a few days.

Miss McMurray's Havelock friends sympathize with her deeply in the loss of her mother.

Mrs. Fred Reely and children spent Tuesday in Petticoat.

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Freese received a telegram from Fargo, Dakota, stating that their son Herbert had died there of fever. Their friends feel deeply for them in their sad loss.

Thursday evening a party from Petticoat drove to Dr. Price's and spent a pleasant evening. Those present were Miss Taylor, Miss Simpson, Miss Pitters; Messrs. Jones, Murphy and Keith, from Petticoat, only a small number from Havelock were present.

Great Sales

proved by the statements of leading druggists everywhere, show that the people have an abiding confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Great

Cures proved by the voluntary statements of thousands of men and women show that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does possess

Power over disease by purifying, enriching and invigorating the blood, upon which not only health but life itself depends. The great

Success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing others warrants you in believing that a faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you if you suffer from any trouble caused by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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SLEEP FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

And rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. CUTICURA REMOVES all itching, burning, disfiguring, humiliated, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

SKIN SCALP and Hair Restored by CUTICURA SOAP.

PATHEUSE.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. T. D. Adams has recovered from his long and severe attack of illness, and is able to be out again.

Miss Edith Baldwin returned on Friday from Chatham where she has been spending some months.

Mr. Lemont of Fredericton was in town a few days last week.

Mr. East Johnston returned on Friday from Chatham.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Stewart and her sister Mrs. Chapin on the death of their father Mr. A. Morrison, which took place at the residence of Mr. A. J. H. Stewart on Friday last.

Mr. Butcher of Boston spent a few days in town the first of this week.

Mr. W. Draper was in town on Saturday.

Mr. J. Baldwin collector of customs was confined to the house two or three days last week through illness.

Mr. S. Desbrisay of Bedford was in town Tuesday.

Miss Everitt of this city is in Truro, N. S. and received much attention socially during her visit. Last week her hostess, Mrs. W. D. McCallum, gave a very large tea in Miss Everitt's honor.

RICHBUCTO.

MAR. 10.—Messrs Barry of Fredericton and Brady of Moncton were in town on Tuesday.

Judge Tuck of St. John is holding court here this week.

Rev. A. H. Meek preached in Buctouche on Sunday morning last.

Master Henry and Fred O'Leary returned to St. Joseph's college, Memramcook on Thursday last.

Mr. W. J. Draper who has spent the winter here, returned to Bathurst last Friday.

Mr. Geo. A. Noble of St. John was in town last week.

Mr. Oswald Smith of Campbellton was visiting his friends in this vicinity last week.

The concert given under the auspices of the Brass band will be repeated this evening in the Temperance hall for the benefit of the 'India Family Fund.' Congratulations are given to Dr. I. J. and Mrs. Bourque on the arrival of a little girl at their home on Thursday last.

Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson and Mrs. S. C. Weeks have been on the sick list for the past week.

Mr. Simon Poirier of Shediac spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. Basil Johnson. AUBURN.

ANAGANCO.

MAR. 9.—Mrs. George Davidson and Mr. Edgar Davidson have returned from St. John, where they were spending a few days with Mrs. Gilbert Davidson.

Miss Bertha Davidson spent Monday in Petticoat.

Mr. Samuel Wilson of St. John, is visiting at Mr. Howard McCully's this week.

Rev. I. N. Parker was visiting his daughter Mrs. Geo. Davidson at the depot last week.

Messrs. H. E. Davidson and Herb Smith spent Saturday in Sussex.

Mr. S. Gariner, Immigration agent of St. John was in the village on Monday.

Mr. Chas. Goddard, who has been confined to his home for the past week or so, is now able to be out again.

Mr. B. Cleveland of Moncton, is stopping at the Portage House for a few weeks. MOSQUITO.

HARCOURT.

[Prognosis is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]

MAR. 10.—Mr. Benj. McLeod who has been at Kouchibouguac for some days past looking after his lumbering operations returned home yesterday.

Councillor L. J. Walters was in Richibucto yesterday attending the Circuit court.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown left on Saturday on a driving tour to Richibucto, Buctouche and other places.

Mr. P. McCann of St. John is in Harcourt today. Chief Justice Tuck passed through here by train today returning home from Richibucto.

Mr. Jonathan Forster of Kingston was here yesterday enroute to St. John and Fredericton.

Mr. David Clark returned from Richibucto today.

Chairs Resealed, Cane, Splint, Perforated Dials, 17 Waterloo.

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ARE OLD CUSTOMS DEPARTING.

Should the Rahlund Fair Way Be Born Given to the Outside World.

TRURO, March 11.—I read with considerable interest your account of the eviction of the poor tenant in the large house on Hollis street, where the people were driven out by removing the windows on one of the coldest days of the season, writes a Truro correspondent. The account of the proceedings as given by you, that took place within the sacred precincts of St. John's lodge, where Grand Master Rahlund and Past Grand Master MacCoy met, was interesting, and the dirty linen in connection with the affair seems, with the assistance of Hon. Wm. Rose, to have been thoroughly washed out. The last paragraph of the letter is as interesting as any, where your Halifax correspondent states that Mr. Rahlund denies that he ordered the taking out of the windows, that he even knew nothing of them coming out, and that as soon as he learned of it, he had the glass promptly restored. The property, I understand belongs to the Collins estate. What would Brenton Collins the millionaire owner, who now resides in London, think when he read the statement that the glass was removed without the knowledge of his agent. If five sashes of glass could be taken out of the building in broad daylight, and the tenants be frozen out without the knowledge of the agent for twelve hours or more, one would think that to set himself right with the owner, Mr. Rahlund must needs rise before him and explain. Whatever wrong-doing may occasionally occur in the fair city of Halifax it is surely not customary for windows to be carried of wholesale in that city by the sea.

Past Grand Master MacCoy seems to have acted in the genuine spirit of the good free-mason when he so promptly went to the assistance of the afflicted, even though they were sufferers at the hands of the Grand Master of the order himself, as certainly appeared to be the case. The check he gave for the poor people was invested in heaven, and was one of the best outlays the Recorder of the city of Halifax ever made. The disbursement does credit to the head and the heart of Mr. MacCoy.

The proceedings of masonic lodges are generally veiled in the deepest secrecy, but in the case of the chastisement of the grand master: by his immediate predecessor in the office, there seems to have been a departure from this rule for we are given what appears to be practically a verbatim report of this interesting discussion. Are the masonic lodges of Halifax leaving the ancient landmarks of the order? It looks as if they were, judging at least by the publicity of this case. Possibly the sensational character of this incident, however, warranted him whoever he was, who gave to the profane outside world the details of that scene in St. John's lodge, Halifax, which said to be one of the swell lodges of the order in Nova Scotia. Some one, sure enough, has told tales out of school and looking at it from the distance of Truro, I for one, who by the way am a mason myself, can hardly feel like blaming the bearer of the news from that lodge-room. I sincerely hope, however, that the occasions to write such a story as that of Mr. Rahlund and the windows, and the apparent justification for anyone telling what was said in the lodge room, will not soon reappear. It is hard on the individual and rough on the order.

We have been having a genuine sensation here in Truro for some days over the statements of Miss Murphy, a young woman who has mentioned the names of many people in this town in a way that neither they nor their friends have by any means relished. Miss Murphy is clearly non-compos mentis, but some of the men whom she charges with conduct unbecoming gentlemen and good Truro men, will, nevertheless, have considerable difficulty in removing all the stigma that her charges have attached to them.

Bicycles Given Away. McPherson Bros. have on exhibition at their Union Street Store, this year's model of the Brantford Red Bird. The hustling Welcome Soap Company intend giving four of these wheels to the persons sending in the greatest number of Welcome Soap Wrappers before May 31st. The interest taken in gathering these wrappers is very great.

With the "Diamond" Success is Fully Assured. The world-renowned Diamond Dyes are put up for every color, with special dyes for cotton and all kinds of mixed goods, and are so simple and easy to use that even a child can dye a perfect color with them—colors that will not fade, croak or wash out—equal to the best colors made by professional dyers.

If women are induced to buy imitations of Diamond Dyes they must be prepared for failure and loss of goods.

Insist upon getting the Diamond Dyes from your dealer; they cost no more than the poor imitation dyes sold for the sake of large profits.

Any one can use Paint that is properly prepared and use it in the right place. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FAMILY PAINT is made for touching up the little things about the house. It gives an oil finish. It can be washed—so it is suited for shelves, cupboards, etc. Our booklet "Paint Points," covers the ground. It tells what you need to know about good or bad paint. It tells what to use for a buggy, what for a bath tub, for iron bedstead, for a house, for a floor, for a bench. It is a practical book for the home. It is free to any address. Send for it to-day. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve St., Montreal. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

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To the Electors of the City of St. John. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Having been urged to become a candidate for the office of Mayor of Saint John by a large number of representative fellow citizens, who have signed a requisition to that effect, I readily comply with a request which entirely concurs with my personal aspirations. I have always taken a lively interest in all that relates to the city and having had considerable experience in the management of its affairs, I am not without reasonable confidence that, as its chief magistrate, I might be of some use in both guarding and advancing its welfare. I may be pardoned for reminding you that my ancestors and nearest relations, as well as myself, have in the past, each contributed towards the development of property in this community, and I need only add that, while I shall always cherish the supreme satisfaction in having passed my life in its midst, my proper ambition must remain unshaken until I shall have secured from my fellow citizens, the highest recognition of good citizenship. I therefore respectfully request you to give me your votes for the office of Mayor at the approaching election, assuring you that, if elected I shall devote my very best efforts to the discharge of the duties of that most important as well as honorable position, and am always, Your Most Obedient Servant, CHARLES McLAUGHLAN.

To the Electors of the City of St. John. GENTLEMEN: I will be a candidate for the office of MAYOR at the coming civic election on the THIRD TUESDAY IN APRIL, and respectfully solicit your support. It elected I will use my best endeavors to promote the interests of the city. I am yours faithfully, T. H. HALL.

20 CENTS Secures a Good Liver and Good Health As a System Renovator and Blood Builder, Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are Supplanting all others. So Great has been the Demand that it's hard to Supply it. Cure constipation or Nervous Headache, clear the complexion, rid it of eruptions, yellow skin, coated tongue, etc. Act easy—never gripe, and the after effects are a positive pleasure. In vials, 40 pills, 20 cts.

Within Reach... The price of "Tillson's Pride" is that of a flour well within your reach. It is a good flour, and an honest one. More than that, it is a very economical flour. Grocers sell it. THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tillsonburg, Ont.

Lettuce, VEAL and TURKEYS. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

Cleansing and Invigorating Baths. I beg to announce that having rented the store No. 54 Canterbury street, near Prince's, I shall be prepared, on and after the 15th of March, to serve at this place, all kinds of vapor and hot air baths. Also hot and cold shower baths. A variety of Home Bath Cabinets, to choose from. Call and see them. E. M. TREE, 54 Canterbury St.

SALE OF Fishing Leases IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CROWN LAND OFFICE Fredericton, New Brunswick, 24th February, 1897. THE exclusive right of fishing, in front of the designated Crown Lands on the principal rivers of the Province of New Brunswick, will be offered for sale for the term of five years at this office, at noon on

WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of March next. The famous Resigouche waters will be included in this sale. Regulations governing this sale, and information regarding streams to be leased, may be had on application to D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner, at Chatham, N. B., or the undersigned. A. T. DUNN, Surveyor General, Fredericton, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

AN EARACHE REMEDY.

THE TAIL OF A FLYING SQUIRREL AN INFALLIBLE CURE.

So Says an Old Woman who Understands Many of Humanity's Aches and Pains—The Various Remedies Suggested by Others for the Sufferer.

Did you ever have earache? I never did myself, until last week, and I most devoutly hope that I never shall have it again. I am faking the public into my confidence on this subject, not because I want to talk about my sufferings, and inflict my ailments on the community at large, though I confess I am fond of doing that, too—but chiefly from motives of pure philanthropy. I feel it my duty, in the interests of those who may be suffering from the same malady, to make public the numerous infallible cures for earache that were recommended to me most of which I have tried, and proved. I have heard a great deal about earache, and lots of people who have had it themselves have told me there was no pain to be compared with it. I always listened to them with cynical politeness, and felt in my own mind that if those people who talked so glibly about their aches and pains, could have one week tete-a-tete with an ulcerated tooth which was in too violent a state of inflammation to be extracted; or failing that, if they could have one of my special brand of headaches, they would never mention the subject of ear-ache again, but hide their diminished heads and keep silent about their trivial little pains. But that was previous to last week, and since then I have learned much.

I had grippe last week! I make a regular practice of catching it every year, whether it is prevalent or not, and sometimes I am the only case in the city, the one person within a radius of miles who falls a victim to the dreaded disorder; I believe if I had to import it by mail from China I would get it. I thought I had had every known variety of the disease, and however much I might suffer from grippe it could never surprise me again, as I had sounded its utmost depths of woe. But last week I "came down," as the saying is, with an entirely new variety of the same old ailment! Did I have earache? Well rather! Of course I am satisfied that it was worse than any other earache previously known to science, because all the headaches and all the toothaches I had ever experienced were as nothing to it. I thought I was going to die every moment but somehow I didn't, I stayed alive and suffered, and all my friends expressed sympathy, said they had had earache themselves, and each one prescribed an infallible remedy for it.

The first, said that the best cure for earache was to drop warm sweet oil into the ear and then dip a piece of cotton wool into plain black pepper, and stop the orifice up with it; in ten minutes, I would never know I had had an earache.

I applied the remedy promptly, but with no result beyond the oil and pepper congealing into a sort of waterproof cement which had to be laboriously and painfully dug out of the suffering member next day, with a pin. The next sympathizer said that hot brandy dropped into the ear, was the only really reliable cure, and once I tried it, I would never use anything else. I tried it; but unfortunately the operator who was applying the remedy interpreted the word "not" to mean "boiling," and after I had recovered my senses and assured myself that the drum of my ear had not been cooked through, I spent the remainder of the evening applying cooling embrocations to the injured member.

After that I resolved to let nature take her course, which she did to such an extent that one whole side of my head was given over to a throbbing burning pain, such as I had never dreamed of before. Then a friend dropped in, and assured me that I was in imminent danger of becoming deaf for life. There was clearly an abscess forming in my ear, and if it broke through the drum, my hearing was gone forever; the only thing that would avert that catastrophe was a fly blister applied just in front of the ear. I was so frightened that I sent for the blister at once, and was in the act of applying it, when another friend who had suffered from earache all her life, called to inquire for mine; and after an examination, and a few questions, assured me that there was no danger of an abscess, as the trouble proceeded entirely from cold. I would

probably have it for a week or at least a fortnight, she said, and the only thing which had ever given her the least relief was a roasted onion. You roasted the onion and when it was thoroughly cooked took out the heart, and thrust it into the ear, with a little sweet oil to keep it moist. We hadn't an onion in the house and it was then too late to buy one, so I did not try that remedy but tied up my ear in a ginger poultice and went sadly to bed.

The next morning an old lady from the country who keeps our family supplied with butter and eggs, made one of her periodical calls and as she is accounted a wise woman in sickness and skilled in all simple country "doctoring" I carried my suffering ear to her and asked her if she knew of anything that would really cure earache. She was engaged in counting eggs and loth to be disturbed.

"Got the earache have ye?" she said absently, pausing with both hands full of eggs, "well now I've had it myself when I was young—that's two dozen and three—never had it before hey? Well I guess you could a managed to get along real comfortable for quite a spell longer without findin' out what it was like—and six more makes nine and three is twelve, and four I owed ye from last week, and the three cracked ones I'm countin' as two, makes just three an' a half, take 'em all, an' I'll let ye have 'em for fifteen cents a dozen!"

"Do I know a cure for the earache?" Well yes, I do know one sure cure but you can't get it, an' neither can I—just now, but it's a sure cure all the same?"

"Just tell me what it is" I answered, "and I'll undertake to get it." "I bet you wont," said the oracle, "but I'll let ye try it ye like. Its just the tail of a flyin' squirrel, you take a piece off fur and all, and put it in your ear, an' it'll cure you every time!" I did not apply that remedy either, but I am saving it up until such time as flying squirrels shall be in season, and accessible, when I shall surely make a trial of it, if my ear is still aching. Since then, I have been advised to use black pepper, white pepper, red pepper, laudanum and camphor, ludanum and brandy combined, and ear-ice-cologne set on fire and burned down to half its bulk. Meanwhile the ear has stopped aching quite of its own accord, and left me stone deaf on that side; so I am awaiting further developments with what patience I can summon, and in the meantime baring my sorrows to the world, so that humanity may benefit if possible, by my experience and take its choice of the remedies proposed to me the next time it has earache.

ASTRA.

A GIRL'S LUCK AT POKER. What Happened When She Discarded Four Aces with \$2,000 in the Pot.

"There have been many interesting stories told about the game of poker," said the man who travelled for his health, and he cleared his throat and joined the drummers in the smoking compartment, "but I have never yet heard an anecdote of the national game that equals the one I am about to tell you. Most poker stories have from one to three professional card sharpers in them, six or seven marked decks of pasteboards, a rich cotton planter or countryman for a sucker, and always revolvers and bowie-knives concealed in belts or pockets and ready to take their part at any moment in opening a jack-pot, if the occasion demands their assistance. In this story of mine all these elements are lacking. There were only two players in the game and they were both gentlemen. The amount of money at stake was something like \$2,000, and as one of the players had only his share of that sum between him and starvation, it goes without saying that he was mightily interested in the deciding hand.

"It was a rather long voyage from New York to Rio Janeiro on the old Brazilian line, and there were only nine passengers in the first cabin on the boat when the game came off. I was one of them. Among the others were a pale, delicate and very nervous young man, who was accompanied by his sister, and a solid, phlegmatic individual of about 50 years of age. About five days before we reached Rio they got to playing freeze-out in the smoking cabin. Of course, the game started with dollar stacks, just to pass

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Linen Crash or Homespun Linen.....

From a Fine Quality to a Heavy Coarse Fabric will be worn as a Jacket Suit or separate Skirt with Shirt Waist.

The skirts will be made five yards wide and have a deep hem. As the goods will shrink, turn down a couple of inches at the top; finish the lower edge with a braid run on flatly at the under side with just the edge peeping below the dress. The Jacket may be in the Reeser or Blazer style. Both have a fitted back with three flutes or a plaited herque portion, the Reeser buttoning while the Blazer remains open, both having a turn-over collar and, perhaps, revers. All edges are stitched and often the seams are lapped and stitched. The sleeves will be moderate in size, returning to the leg-of-mutton style for Jackets.

HOMESPUN LINEN SUITS will be worn for shopping, outing, travelling, etc., and are cool and easily washed. We have a full range of HOMESPUN Linen in plain and fancy weaves; they are of the natural Grass Linen shades.

The Corded Striped and Figured Piques

are intended to be made up in the same manner. In these goods we are also offering the very latest novelties.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

away the time, but as the nervous young man lost steadily he wanted a chance to get even, and they decided on a \$10 limit. Now, as you all know, a lot of coin can go across the table in a \$10 limit game if the cards keep running the wrong way; and if ever a man played in hard luck at cards it was the younger of those two travellers. No matter what he held the solid man beat him by a spot or two, and the worst of it was that his hands were too good to lay down. He had a queen full beaten by four fours and a king high flush of spades by an ace high flush of diamonds. It didn't seem to be natural that cards could run that way in a straight game, but they did. This last night out from Rio the nervous young man was \$1,000 in the hole and still the game was as honest as if played by two Sunday school children.

"A crisis is sure to come sooner or later in a session of this kind at poker, and it came that night about 12 o'clock. Jackpots are usually responsible for trouble in this sort of thing, and nobody was surprised to see one started at \$5, and creep up and up deal after deal, until all the checks were in the middle of the table, and still neither the nervous young man nor his stolid companion could get a pair of Johns or anything better. The smoking cabin was up on the hurricane deck, and about the pleasantest place in the whole ship on those delightful tropical nights. Every one of the cabin passengers was inside watching the game, but not one knew just what a state of anxiety that nervous young man was in except his sister, and she was just about as wrought up as he was. She would have been more so, probably, if she had known that the roll of bills which he now pulled from his pocket contained all the money he had in the world. The stolid individual also produced a wallet filled with bank notes, and laid it in front of him on the table. 'I can't open it.' 'Nor I.' 'I can't.' 'I pass.' 'I pass,' kept coming from the lips of the players at regular intervals, until the checks and money almost hid the little table from view, and still nobody could open that pot.

"I suppose they must have been at it for fifteen minutes or perhaps a little longer, but it seemed like an age, and everybody was breathing hard and staring at the cards as though life and death for the entire passenger list hung in the balance, everybody except the stolid man, and he was as cool as the conventional cucumber and seemed to be perfectly indifferent as to whether or not all the money in sight should be swallowed up in that Jack. Finally the young man rose from the table at his opponent's deal.

"There's luck in a new player, I've heard," he said. "If you've no objection, deal this hand to my sister."

"Certainly," replied the stolid individual, and the young girl, her face flushed with excitement, took her brother's seat. "I shall never to my dying day forget that moment. One by one, in the manner of a school girl in the parlor at home, the young lady picked up her cards and held them so that her brother, who stood directly behind her chair, and everybody near by could distinctly see them. The first card was an ace, the second was an ace, the third was a queen, the fourth an ace, and the fifth an ace. Four aces and a queen, and a thousand dollars in the pot. "Open it," whispered the nervous man, "and play it for all the money." She opened the pot for ten dollars, and the stolid individual promptly raised her ten. He was raised in return, and the nervous man suggested that the limit be taken off. The proposition was accepted and in less time than it takes to tell it all of the nervous man's money,

amounting to something like a thousand dollars, was in the centre of the table, altogether with an equal amount of his opponent's cash.

"Cards if any?" politely asked the dealer; and at the same instant the young lady, throwing her aces exposed on the table, answered "Four." Quicker than a flash of lightning four cards off the top of the pack lay in front of her.

"I shall never forget the way that nervous young man said 'Oh!' as, pale and trembling, he staggered toward the door for air. The word, or groan or gasp, whichever it may be called, seemed to express an agony that few men would wish to live through more than once. I know it to be a fact that he has never touched a card from that day to this. No! and what is more, I am confident that he never will. But wait a minute; you haven't heard the end of the story. Of course, the young lady had to take the four cards she had called for. She said that in her excitement she had got the game mixed up with old maid, and as the aces matched of course she had to discard them. This left her with the queen, and she seemed to feel dreadfully for a moment for fear she would be an old maid. When she had finished explaining and quit playing girl games, and realized what she had done, she picked up the four cards that had been dealt to her and turned them over. There were three more queens among them!

"The stolid individual held a small full and politely passed the money to her. Then she went out on deck to find her brother. I could hardly believe it until she handed him the money, and I suppose you are having the same difficulty."

And then the porter was called and the oldest drummer told him to take the orders.

A WOMAN CONSTABLE. She Does her Work as a Man Does—The pet of the Force.

The new woman has broken out in a new spot. This time it is the constabulary of the city of Allegheny, Pa., which she has invaded. Miss Florence Klotz can scarcely be called even a woman constable, though, for she is only 18 years old. But she's a constable all right. She serves warrants, arraigns, and determines of a male minion of the law. Miss Klotz's father is an alderman, whose regular constable was an old man who had an inconvenient way of being sick or invisible when his was wanted for duty. On one of these occasions, about two months ago, the despairing Alderman pressed his daughter into service. That settled the matter. The girl constable proved to be the pluckiest, quickest and most reliable one in town. Her very first mission was to serve a subpoena on a farmer living four miles out of town. Miss Florence put on her bloomers, mounted her wheel, and went after her man. When she came back, tired muddy, but triumphant, she found a crowd in front of her father's office to welcome her.

"I served them, papa," she exclaimed, and then, womanlike, she cried, even though she was a constable. She says she would rather deal with one hundred men than ten women. The women think it is a joke, but the men think the law must be obeyed even if it is embodied in an 18 year-old girl. Before she went in to the constabulary, she wheeled through Allegheny county getting trade for her father's candy factory. Next summer she and her sister will ride a tandem—geared to 68—on the same errand. She is described by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat as slight and handsome, with raven black hair and snapping black eyes.

In one case Miss Klotz acted as counsellor as well as constable. A butcher has kicked in the door when he found his hallway looked up the baker, who with

his family occupied the rest of the house. The locking was by order of the landlord who demanded that it be done at 10 P. M. The butcher was sued for malicious mischief. Miss Klotz brought her man to court, also served a score of subpoenas for witnesses, arranging the details of the hearing, cross-examined the witnesses, and finally had the case dismissed on her recommendation that each of the parties be furnished with keys. The costs were divided, and the young lawyer-constable smiled with delight as she counted over her share.

The only unruly case she has run across was a youngster of 14 who refused to go with her. She took the dilemma by the horns and the boy by the collar, tripped him up and, with a handy copy of "Pulgrim's Progress," administered a series of business-like blows where they would do the most good, and led him weeping to court. A little jeweled revolver is her only weapon. It was presented to her by a big constable who was filled with admiration of her pluck. She says she doesn't know what she would do if she ran against an ugly customer, but she declares, with a snip of her black eyes, that she would get him. She is the pet of the municipal force and if ever she sent word for help, the entire retinue of clerks, heads of departments, and underlings would turn out to the rescue of Constable Florence.

ABOUT RICHARD THE THIRD. He Never Injured the Masses and Was Not Unpopular With Them.

If Richard be tried by the only proper standard, that of his own time, he will be found to be not more but less cruel and bloody than either his predecessors or those who came after him. The act which has especially blackened his memory is the mysterious removal or murder of the princes. Yet Clifford, backed by Margaret of Anjou, had killed in cold blood Richard's brother, the Earl of Rutland, a boy of 16, while Henry VII imprisoned and executed the feeble minded Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence. In mere numbers of executions, excluding, of course, on both sides those who were taken in open rebellion, Richard has much less to answer for than Queen Margaret or Henry VII and far less than Henry VIII, who put to death anybody who happened to be distasteful to him on political, personal or religious grounds. There was no public opinion in that day against putting to death any one who had played and lost in the great struggle of politics. Executions were a recognized part of the business. When the game went against a statesman in those days, as Mr. Speaker Reed once said, he did not cross the aisle and take his place as the leader of his majesty's opposition; he was sent to the tower and had his head cut off. Autree temps, autree moeurs.

At every turn of the wheel in the long struggle between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists the victorious party always executed every leader of the other side upon whom they could lay hands. Such were the rules of the society and such the politics in which Richard was brought up, and he played according to those rules and without excess paying the final forfeit himself with undaunted courage.

Nothing is further from the truth than the notion that Richard was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death.—Hon. Henry Carbot Lodge in Scribner's.

In Trade. Mrs. A. Quitt—So you cleared that poor Mr. Litten from the charge of stealing that turkey? Well, I'm glad of it, but he's such a worthless character that I don't believe you will ever get a cent for your pay. A. Quitt (the famous criminal lawyer)—I may not, but I've got a blamed good turkey out in the woodshed.

TOM'S REFORMATION.

An overgrown boy of nineteen was coming carelessly up the narrow path that led to a rambling, weather-stained house in the suburbs of a small New England town.

A girl, some years younger, flung open the rickety door at his approach. "What's the matter, Liz?" he cried in sudden surprise, for her cheeks were wet with tears and her eyes swollen with much weeping.

"A girl, some years younger, flung open the rickety door at his approach. "What's the matter, Liz?" he cried in sudden surprise, for her cheeks were wet with tears and her eyes swollen with much weeping.

Tom stood like one stricken dumb. In all his lazy, selfish life the thought had never entered his sluggish brain that their mother would ever leave them.

The door opened again and the grave old doctor came out accompanied by a neighboring woman.

"Well, sir, you have got home, have you?" he said sharply.

Tom had been off for a week's idle pleasure, called fishing, with doubtful companions.

"There's work here for you; wood, water and food are needed," he added, as he tossed the weight into his buggy, the third seeming to emphasize his stern words.

"What ails her? do tell me?" gasped Tom, clutching his coat as he prepared to follow the weight.

"Hard work and poor pay. Anxiety about you. Hope would have lightened her load," gathering up the lines. "She is worn out, my boy," he added more kindly.

"There is no disease. I shall call tomorrow, Mrs. Jenkins."

The woman looked curiously at Tom. "Come in," she said.

His mother lay quietly sleeping; a heavy stupor of utter exhaustion. How poor she was and how poor everything looked.

"Do you think she'll ever rouse up?" he asked brokenly.

"Yes, I do, I think she'll come round again, and possibly, with good nursing and nourishing food she'll get up again."

"Do you really, Miss Jenkins?"

"Why, yes, child, I do. I've set up with ninety-eight sick folks, nursed eleven widows, and laid out fifty-seven, and the sentence was never finished, for Tom caught the waterpails from the sink and was half-way to the spring before she missed him."

"It seemed to him that water was never so heavy before. He remembered how his mother had stooped lately—could it be bringing so much water up that steep grade?"

Then he took his axe and cut a couple of armfuls of alders that fringed the pasture near by, carrying them in to the woodbox.

Liz was stirring up a Johnny-cake for supper, and made a contemptuous sound with her lips when she saw the alders. "Nice stuff to bake a Johnny-cake with," she said; "I could get better wood than that with my eyes shut up," she continued, as he took his gun down from the door and went out.

"Seems to me you're kind o' hard on that boy, Lizabth," said Mrs. Jenkins reprovingly.

"Hard, and he weighing a hundred an' eighty; an' poor mother tuggin' water to do folks' washin', and sackin' wood till she dropped down."

"You've helped her a sight, child. I no doubt you've done the greater part of the luggin' an' sackin' yourself, an' sense all must eat, somebody must work," consolingly.

As Tom stumbled blindly along in the twilight's purplish haze, the same thoughts were peopling his brain. He was dimly conscious of the fragrance of the field and forest, as he tramped through the frost-bitten leaves and brakes to a growth of birches, the favorite roosting place of partridges.

No one but his mother knew the vow Tom registered as he watched for his game; but his face was as placid as ever when he returned home with a plump bird.

"Has Tommy come?" a feeble voice asked from the bedroom.

He answered in person. How the faded face on the pillow lighted up! He knelt down by the bedside, while she softly patted his rough brown hair and smiled on him as only a mother can.

"My dear boy," she whispered, and closed her eyes again from sheer weakness. Muttering something about "the stores being closed," he hurried off once more.

"I didn't know't was in him to move so quick," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, wonderingly. "Can move fast enough if he wants to," answered Liz, grimly, looking up from the partridge plucking. Liz's hands were never idle.

"For the land's sake, what is that boy a doin' now!" Mrs. Jenkins again exclaimed as later, by the clear moonlight, they saw him put a ladder up against the house and climb up with a bucket in his hand.

"I don't know," in a tone that said she did not care, returned the poor girl, who hung over her mother with strained, watchful eyes. "I wish't you'd come here Miss Jenkins, 'pears to me mother breathes kind o' short."

"No, I guess not! They 'most always do—some—when they sleep so. She'll be better very like in the mornin'."

Scratch, scratch went the worn white-

wash brush Tom had begged or borrowed, as long as the moon lent her rays to his assistance, and again at the early morning. They found a supply of good wood in the kitchen, and a peck of potatoes on the kitchen table.

"I don't believe that boy has slept a wink all night!"

"Neither have I," said Liz, as she put some potatoes on to boil. Her face looked old and worn in the sunshine of a new day. A brave west wind had leaped into life, in the dark before dawn of the day, and swept the clouds eastward. The dead leaves were floating in the yard like tiny brown birds, and the sun seemed to be playing hide and seek with all the dingy surroundings of her home. A little ray of sunshine and hope crept into her sore heart as she went to the door and called her brother to breakfast.

"Your ma took a little grain o' broil las' night, Tommy," said the woman kindly as he came in. "I wouldn't wonder if she was a grain better today and eat some of the dark before dawn of the day, and swept the clouds eastward. The dead leaves were floating in the yard like tiny brown birds, and the sun seemed to be playing hide and seek with all the dingy surroundings of her home. A little ray of sunshine and hope crept into her sore heart as she went to the door and called her brother to breakfast."

"Joe was saying he'd like to buy my bat. Do you—do you suppose he'd pay down for it?" he stammered.

"Why, ye-es," cautiously, "if you didn't ask too high. My man always pays cash down. You might ask him; 't wouldn't do no harm."

By noon Tom brought the brandy, some beef extract, and a few other things the druggist told him were especially nourishing.

Joe Jenkins owned the 'Synph.' Tom ground aloud when he remembered how proud he was when he painted her white, with a red stripe and the name in black.

"An' I never thought how mother would like things o' her'n painted an' fix'd up," he said piteously, to himself, as he resumed the white-washing.

Liz's made no remarks when she went out to feed the hens and saw a gable end and side of the house glistening in snowy whiteness, from a very liberal application of the wash by an unpracticed hand.

Tom hoped she would say it looked as well as Mrs. Thorn's. She was thinking too intently of the worn fur that swayed and fell before the wash-tub, with the foamy suds on the thin hands as she was returning from the pastures with a sack of dry limbs in her arms. "An' hour o' pleasure," she said with a dry sob.

By night the widow Wilcox's house really rivalled the widow Thorn's in its pure white surface, and Tom had begun a furious onslaught on the rubbish in the yard. Liz came out with her broom and began sweeping around the doorway.

"Doctor says mother's a little better to-day. If she should get well, how pleased she'd be! with a glance at the transformed dwelling, while tears ran unheeded down her cheeks, reddening her high cheek bones and glistening on her long lashes.

Tom's face worked convulsively, but he only pointed the gatepost into a comb line of uprightness and nailed on a few stray pickets.

"Goin' to whitewash the fence?" she asked, timidly, for she hardly knew her brother in this new, strange guise.

"Yes, I be."

Mrs. Thorn made an errand to the well to interview the doctor; as he passed he well-wards.

"Seems to me there's quaser doings up to Mis' Wilcox's aint there? Poundin' and whitewashin' when there's sickness in the house; what does it mean, doctor?"

"It is the outward expression of an awakening soul; or rather, 'seeing the mystic expression on her face, the reformation of Tom Wilcox."

"I hope 't will last, in a way that said I know it won't. 'T is time he give up card-playin' his time away an' went to work."

"Who gives a whit party twice a year?" retorted Dr. Barry, as he drove on. "If his mother lives it will," he mused; "God grant she may."

"Tom," he called, "your place looks real well, 't will suit your mother when she gets around again."

Tom grasped the fence to steady himself. It was possible, then!

"But I guess I wouldn't do any more pounding now. You might m-k her nervous. 'I've got ten cords of hard wood to saw and split. 'I'll give you a dollar a cord, or a dollar and a half and your dinners to saw, split, wheel in, and tier up in my shed."

"Yes, sir; can I begin today?"

"Any time," smiling at his eagerness. Tom found other jobs. Miss Delaney South, who sold dry goods and millinery in her front room, gave him a piece of bright blue calico, flowered with orange, slightly faded in the folds, for cleaning out her cellar and back yard, and his sister made

BEST FOR USE WASH DAY SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

THE VALLEY OF PAIN.

HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE. A LIFE OF TORTURE CHANGED TO A LIFE OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS BY KOOTENAY CURE.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia. Its victim is one of those that draws forth our sympathy and pity as all efforts to effect a cure with the ordinary remedies signally fail to do anything more than give the merest temporary relief.

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumlin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario, and made a solemn declaration (so firmly did she believe in Kootenay) to the effect that for many years she was an intense sufferer from Neuralgia. She says that the pains in her head and neck were so severe she thought she would lose her reason.

She has taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum.

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health—and all through Kootenay.

Mrs. James Kenny, of 30 York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify under oath how they were released from suffering through the agency of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Full particulars of these cases will be mailed you by sending your address to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. The remedy is not dear, one bottle lasts a month.

Some Europeans who have seen the African King of Benin are reported to describe this murderous sovereign, the author of the recent massacre of Englishmen, as 'cordial, intelligent and amiable. It was long ago remarked by an observer of human nature that 'one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.'

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Must be Disolved. Kidney Disease Can Only Be Cured by a Remedy Which is in Liquid Form—Common Sense of Science.

For a disordered stomach or sick headache, pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease the common sense of science rebukes the claim. This insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures effected leave no question of its merit.

Served Him Right. The Philadelphia Record tells how a travelling man taught a cab driver of that city a lesson about the importance of attending to business.

The traveller approached the driver at the Broad Street station, and asked to be driven to the Continental Hotel. He was quickly inside of the carriage, and the driver was about to start when he got into an argument with another driver about working overtime. The argument lasted nearly five minutes, and then the man who

FROG CATCHING FOR MARKET.

Marylanders do a Thriving Business in Capturing the Batrachians.

Within recent years a large trade has grown up in Kent county in providing frogs for the market, says the Baltimore Sun. The catching of frogs for their legs has become a business, and the financial returns are rather handsome to the few engaged in the industry. Along the small streams tributary to the larger rivers the big green or mottled black frogs may be found by thousands under the tufts of flag or coarse grass. One frog shipper has sent to the Baltimore market hundreds of frogs' legs each season, and has so increased the demand by the Kent product that he finds it impossible to meet the requirements of the trade.

Frog legs are consumed principally by the patrons of the principal restaurants. Frogs when cooked are a delicate white meat, and much more tender than fried chicken, very nourishing and easily digested, and are recommended, when stewed, as one of the best diets for invalids with delicate stomachs. Only the hind legs and quaters are eaten, and they are sent to the market ready skinned and salted for cooking.

The market frog catcher's method of capturing his game is to secure a small, flat bottomed boat, easy of management, and in the later afternoon, when everything is still, he noiselessly pushes his little craft along the shore of the small creeks and coves. The bull frogs, as they are commonly known because of their deep resonant voices, are found sitting in a shallow pool or in the mud under tufts of heavy grass or flag. The novelty and sport of capturing this wily game are worth a row of ten miles on a hot afternoon. Two and sometimes three ordinary sized perch hooks are bound together and baited with red flannel. The hooks are attached to a line of about four feet and the line is attached to a long tough angle rod. Approaching the game noiselessly and with extreme caution, the red flannel is gently moved within a few inches of the frog's mouth. As quick as lightning and with a sharp croak the frog dashes forward and swallows bait, hook and all. Then follows as gamey struggles as any sportsman ever saw with hook and line.

The amateur frog hunter usually provides himself with a cat-and-rat rifle, the shells loaded with mustard seed shot, and shoots his game, but this is unsportsmanlike and is only popular with the uninitiated. Millponds are favorite haunts, for the frog, on a clear night the deep roar of the bull frog chorus may be heard for more than a mile.

The old-time Kent County cook has solved the mysteries of the perfect preparation of the frog, and those who do not know how delicious frogs legs may be made have many a dainty dish in store for them. After skinning the legs should be placed in cold water for several hours, then placed on a plate and salted. In several hours more they are ready for cooking. The legs of medium sized frogs are preferable, as the very large legs are liable to be coarse in the texture of flesh. The most popular way in Kent to cook them is by frying, but there are other ways of making dishes of them to please the palate of the most exacting epicure.

had the passenger mounted his box and opened the door with a merry "Here we are, sir!"

To his astonishment, there was no one inside. Bewildered and disgusted, he drove back to the station, and told one of his friends about the queer circumstance. On hearing the whole affair, the friend, who had witnessed the whole affair, told him that the man became disgusted at having to wait while the two drivers argued, and getting out, jumped into another cab, and was driven to his destination while the two men were still quarrelling.

HAMILTON. Restoration. A Hamilton lady undergoes an experience and relates the history of a severe trial.

Mrs. James Graham, 280 James-Street north, Hamilton, wife of the well-known grocer at that address, relates the following circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Graham have resided in Hamilton for the past 14 years, and are very well favorably known.

Mrs. Graham says: "During the six months prior to taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I had a serious trouble arising from the wrong action of the heart. One of the symptoms was that I could not lie on my left side, for if I did so my heart throbbled so violently as to give me great pain. The smallest noise or the slightest exertion would start my heart palpitating terribly. It was impossible for me to go up a short flight of stairs without having to rest and regain my breath. I was excessively nervous, and my limbs would tremble as it with age. My hands and feet were unnaturally cold, and I suffered from sharp pains in the back of my head. The slamming of a door would nearly set me wild. Frequently I would wake up frightened, and then was unable to get to sleep again. I lost flesh and became very weak and dependent. I felt miserable in mind and body.

"For six months I have been constantly taking medicine, trusting that it would help me, and for a time was under the care of a physician, but all the efforts I made towards a cure were of no avail. My physician finally told my husband, 'You know there is no cure for heart disease,' which made me more despondent than ever.

"Six weeks ago I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and from that time my restoration to health dates. I have taken four boxes, which I bought at John A. Burr's drug store, corner James and Merrick streets. These pills are the only medicine that has done me any good, or given me any relief. I am happy to say that they proved that the doctor was mistaken in saying that heart disease could not be cured. Since I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I have been daily getting better. I can now go upstairs without trouble and attend to my daily duties with the utmost ease. I have gained in flesh, in health and in strength. My blood circulates more freely. Lying on my left side causes me no inconvenience or pain and I enjoy health and restful sleep. My nerves are strong and vigorous, and there has been such a radical change for the better in my condition that I can say these wonderful pills have practically made a complete cure.

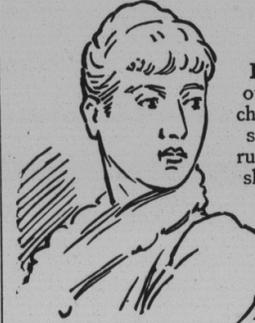
"I recommend them without the slightest hesitation to all sufferers from similar complaints. (Signed) Mrs. Jas. Graham, Hamilton, Ont.

A Trick that Failed. The dishonest man is pretty sure to overreach himself sooner or later, as in the following story, borrowed from an exchange:

In a hotel in Berlin there was a night-watchman who did not take kindly to the system, adopted a few years ago, requiring him to go through the hotel at certain hours and touch a set of electric buttons. After much thought he rigged up an automatic arrangement on several of the buttons, so that they would report at certain hours. Soon the button system got so out of order that the management abolished it, and a pedometer was given to the watchman, which would register every step he took. All went well the first two nights; but on the third morning the old man was missing. On search being made, he was found sound asleep in the engine-room, and the pedometer so attached to the piston-rod of the engine that with every stroke it registered a step. It had been travelling all night, and when taken off it registered two hundred and twelve miles.

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.



Look Around and see the women who are using Pearlina. It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with Pearlina is easy.

And look at the clothes that are washed with Pearlina. They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the wash-board. They may be old, but they don't show it. For clothes washed with Pearlina last longer.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

Sunday Reading.

A Story Of A Picture.

Alice Mitchell had stopped on her way from school to talk with Aunt Belle. She liked to tell her of her difficulties and vexations at school, because Aunt Belle had such a practical way of putting things that somehow they seemed less annoying than before.

'I am wondering whether my dear girl looked at her Book of Directions before going to school.'

'Well, no, if you mean my bible, Aunt Belle, I did not have time to read this morning, and if I had read my chapter, it would not have been anything about what happened at school.'

'Perhaps not definitely, but it is as David says, a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path; there must be some way of making it practical for just such times as this. A soldier never starts off in the morning without his orders, nor should a christian.'

'Why Aunt Belle, you talk as if any one cannot be a christian unless she reads the bible. Now I do not enjoy the bible at all. I would rather read anything else, even Sabbath-school papers, though I always skip the goody-goody parts. It does not interest me, and yet I think I do try to be a christian in my way as well as you can in yours?'

'I know of only one way of being a christian, and that is not my way or your way, but His way; to follow Christ and do as he bids us. If I do not try to obey His plain commands I am not following Him, am I?'

'Why, no, but I do try to follow His commands, do I not, as far as I know?'

'As far as you know, perhaps; but if one neglects to read the bible to find out what the commandments are, they become responsible for not knowing. Get my bible, dear, and read John v. 39.'

Alice found it and read, 'Search the scriptures, for in them ye shall have eternal life, and these are they that testify of me.'

'But you love the bible, Aunt Belle, and it helps you, you say; but if I do not like it, and do not understand it, will it do me any good?'

'Well, it does not say in my bible, 'Search the scripture' if you like to, or if you enjoy that kind of reading. It is a simple command to 'search,' and 'search' means more than the mere reading of a chapter every day if it is not crowded out by something else.'

'Yes, I know it does, and I see it is a command, though I never thought of it in that way before. But I want to ask you, did you always love it, even when you were as young as I, and do you think I will ever learn to love it?'

'I hope so, dear child, and to your first question I will say that I did not love the bible as I do now, for it grows more and more precious every day, and I obeyed the command conscientiously until it came to be a delight. I think I can tell you a story that will help you.'

'My story is of a bright young boy, orphaned at a very early age, and with several brothers and sisters to care for support. Bravely he took up the burden, putting aside his springing ambition, with only a dim memory of the home that had been his, and devoted himself to the task of earning the bare necessities of life. This called for the plainest kind of living, the plainest clothes, no outings, no society, no association with those who would have been congenial to him; he had no time for social intercourse had it been offered him; nothing but hard, unremitting toil.'

'By some strange turn of fortune's wheel, when he was twenty-one, he came into possession of a large fortune. The limitations of his boyhood and youth were removed, but he realized his lack of fitness for his changed position, and, with characteristic bravery and perseverance, set himself to conquering that as he had other difficulties.'

'Among other things which came to him with his new home and elegant surroundings was a very beautiful oil painting. He knew it was considered a masterpiece, knew that others appreciated it, but, to his great regret, he could see no beauty in it; common and less expensive pictures he could enjoy, but not this.'

'Acknowledging this to a friend, he received this advice: 'Sit down before that picture half an hour every day. Look at it from every direction. Sit directly in front of it, then to the left of it, then to the right of it, then to the left of it. Raise and lower the shades. Get every light possible on it, and I feel sure the picture will grow to mean more to you.'

'He followed the advice faithfully. Each day he sat before it; studied it as a whole; studied it in detail until the subject took complete possession of him. After a time he began to think he would like to imitate it. He provided himself with paints and brushes, and tried to reproduce it. He made trees but they were very poor trees; painted water but it looked little enough like it, yet he became more and more fascinated with his own efforts, and seeing how difficult it was to imitate, he realized more clearly the excellence of his copy. He was filled with wonder and delight at the artistic skill which could not only imitate, but originate anything so beautiful, and in time it came to be his most cherished possession. Do you get the meaning of my story?'

'Yes, in a sort of way; but go on, please and explain it. I like your applications as well as your stories.'

'Well, God's word is a beautiful picture, a picture of Christ. It is natural that an unregenerated heart should not love the bible, but when we have accepted Christ as our Saviour and entered into our inheritance, the next thing is to study Him as He is revealed in His word. Sit down before it every day. Study it from the standpoint of prophecy; from the standpoint of the Gospels; from the standpoint of the Epistles. Follow John even into the heavens, in his vision of the "Lamb as it had been slain." Let the "Light" shine upon it. Accept the teaching of His Spirit. Soon will come the desire to imitate Him and to do the works which He did. Though conscious always of failure, you will find a purer happiness than any you have ever known, and the world through which you are sanctified will become more and more precious to you.'

'Thank you so much, Aunt Belle; I do believe that will help me. When I take my bible after this I will think of it as a picture and try to see Christ in it.'

'And I am sure that when he rewards your patient searching with a vision of Himself you will feel more than repaid, and will be eager to go on, and it will be "from glory to glory."—The Advance.'

Needless Fears. In his "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan tells what suffering Christian underwent at the sight of two lions close to the path along which he must pass. But when he had come near to them, he found that they were chained. In the same way many people today suffer exceedingly, anticipating the performance of some duty which could lose all its terrors if approached boldly. How many of us will recognize in the following incident an experience similar to our own.

John wanted to ask Edward to go to Endeavor meeting with him. He had thought about the matter and had prayed about it. He himself could not understand why it was not a simple and natural thing to do. Yet the words stuck in his throat whenever he attempted to frame an invitation.

Once, indeed, he had got as far as, 'Eh, I wish—' and then he had faltered and made a request unlike that which was uppermost in his mind. He determined to lead up to the subject gradually. It was easy enough to start a topic of conversation which should point toward the Endeavor meeting as a final goal, but though the point John had intended.

At supper-time he was so nervous that he could hardly eat a mouthful. He kept casting anxious glances at the clock. He decided that it would not do to give the invitation in the presence of the family, yet he must do it before Edward had made up his mind to pass the evening elsewhere. In the midst of these perplexing thoughts he was electrified by hearing Edward say, 'Oh, by the way, are you going to the Endeavor meeting to night?'

The question seemed an easy one to answer, but John caught his breath before he could reply, 'Yes, I am.'

'I think I'll go along with you, if you don't mind,' remarked Edward in a matter-of-fact way. And as the friends left the house he said, with a straightforward manliness that John was in a condition to appreciate:

'I've been doing some serious thinking lately. My life hasn't been satisfactory so far, and I guess it won't be till I begin to carry out God's plans for me. I have made up my mind to be a Christian.'

And all John's happiness could not blot out his share and humiliation as he remembered the fears he had felt in the presence of a duty which might have been a joy and a blessing.

No Empty Sound. For the establishment of public libraries in different cities, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given nearly five million dollars. There is no echo of emptiness, therefore, in his recent statement that the rich man 'dies diagnosed' who bequeaths millions to his children instead of upon public endowments.

QUICKCURE A change of Expression Children's teeth are often sacrificed by neglect—too often extracted before their successors appear. But Quickcure did its work. Oh! how it does ache. Children's teeth are often sacrificed by neglect—too often extracted before their successors appear. But Quickcure did its work. Dr. S. J. Andres, Montreal, says: "Quickcure" overcomes the pain quickly; gives relief for a long time; is especially valuable for children's teeth which should not be extracted until their successors appear. It is perfectly safe to use at all ages, and does not injure the teeth as many other remedies used for toothache do. Ask your druggist for it.

It is sympathy, not reproof, which wins the hearts of men. Mr. Moody's success is a continual demonstration. Mrs. Ballington Booth's work for convicts was begun in the same spirit and is having a like result. When the men in Sing Sing invited her to come and talk to them, 'I went gladly, so gladly,' says Mrs. Booth, 'but I talked very little. My heart was too full, and I burst into tears.'

One after another of those men began to weep, some silently, some with a strong man's sob. Even the warden's tears flowed freely. There was a good deal more crying than talking at that meeting, I assure you, but perhaps it did quite as much good.

From that time every man seemed to feel that I was his friend, and I knew that at last my prison work had begun. Of the eighty-six who that day expressed their determination to lead new lives, not one has faltered.

Stevenson's Prayer. 'Deliver us from mean hopes and from cheap pleasures.' The words are a part of a prayer written by Robert Louis Stevenson to be read at family worship in his household at Samoa. They suggest a lesson that life teaches to men of any creed. Between the mean hope and the cheap pleasure comes the beginning and the end of every form of sin.

UNTOLD AGONY. Distracted by excruciating Rheumatic Pains—Seven Years' Untold Misery—No Remedy to Help—No Physician to Thwart the Outraged—But South American Rheumatic Cure Chases Away the Pains in 12 Hours and the Suffering Ensnatched.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time, and unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many of the best physicians without benefit. I had no faith in cures I saw advertised, but while induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure. At that time I was suffering agonizing pains, but inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pains left me. Three bottles completely cured me, and I rejoice in having the opportunity of telling what a great cure it has wrought in me."

HEART RELIEF. Eight Years' Hanging Between Life and Death With Acute Heart Disease—And in 30 Minutes After Taking First Dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Relief Comes—What It Did For Alfred Gaudry, West Sheffield, Que., It Can Do For Any Sufferer From the Same Cause.

'I had been suffering from acute heart trouble for over four years. When doctors had tried, and failed to give me relief, I procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes after the first dose I had relief, and although mine was a case of long standing, eight bottles effected a permanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case while this great cure is to be had. I cheerfully sanction the use of my testimony in whatever way it may do the most good.'

A NOVEL RACE. A Race that the Old Citizens Tell of With a Deal of Pride. A race which the older citizens of a town in West Jersey love to tell about occurred a good many years ago, the contestants being a bull and a horse. Seely Simpkins an enterprising youth, who made a pet of everything on his father's farm, trained a young bull to the saddle and rode him to the mill. Horses were comparatively rare in those days, and the swift steeds of the present race-tracks unknown.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates. on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Seely and "Jock" were the butt of a good many jokes, but Seely took them in good humor, and contentedly rode the bull to the mill. Then, while his grist was being ground, he would ride his singular steed about the settlement, whistling merrily and showing off the bull's best paces.

In fact, the boy was exceedingly jealous of Jock's reputation as a roadster, and one day at the mill, goaded by the taunting words of a neighbour, he declared that he wasn't afraid to race the bull against any horse that could be found thereabouts.

He was taken at his word, and within a week a race was arranged between the bull and Tom Irvine's horse. Judges were appointed, stakes put up, and a race track improvised for the occasion. At the hour appointed a crowd of interested spectators assembled.

As the horse and bull appeared, each fitted out in gay-coloredappings and ridden by its owner, vociferous and prolonged applause burst forth. The horse was frightened by the noise and balked. If the bull was frightened he did show it, but urged on by a twist of its tail and the voice of its owner, galloped along in fine style, and of course easily reached the winning post ahead.

Tom and his friends were disappointed and declared that the start was unfair. Seely, elated with success, was quite willing to try it over again. The horse behaved better at the second trial, and it was neck and neck race; but Jock was on his nipples. Both riders were wild with excitement and urged their steeds to the utmost, and in this they were aided by the shouts and yells of the bystanders; and again the bull came in ahead, though by scarcely more than a hand's breadth.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPEAR.

Away back in the year 54 B. C.—1848 years ago—a little detachment of Roman soldiers was besieged by a host of Gauls at Chateroi, in the north of what is now called France. Believing that no help could possibly reach them, the Romans expected to fight until they were all stricken down. One day a short spear came whizzing over the ramparts and stuck in one of the wooden towers. Nobody paid any attention to it at first. They just went on slaughtering Gauls and getting slaughtered themselves. At length an officer saw something fluttering from that spear. It proved to be a note from Julius Caesar—written in Greek. He said he was on his way with an army to relieve the garrison. That note had been there, unheeded for several days. In due time Caesar came and made short work of the Gauls.

That people should suffer and struggle hopelessly when help is near at hand is sad to think of, but they must know of the coming help before they can draw courage from it. Take the torments and dangers of disease for example. We fight them with all the weapons we have. Sometimes we hit on the right thing, and more often we don't, even when it is as close as the spear in the tower was to the exhausted garrison.

Mr. Robert Lavis, postmaster at High Ham, Langport, Somerset, could have found a remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint he certainly would not have suffered from it, as he did, for twenty years. Why that is more than half an average lifetime. A single day of illness is always long enough, goodness knows. But fancy such an experience stretching itself into weeks, months, and years! Common enough? Yes, dreadfully common. So is poverty; but does that fact reconcile anybody to either? Mr. Lavis is not a man to sit tamely down and brood over a malformation. Besides being postmaster he is a grocer, with work enough to keep him busy. Under what difficulties his work was done he tells us in a letter dated Nov. 8th, 1893.

'I had a bad taste in the month,' he says, 'particularly in the morning, and my mouth was dry, and I spat up thick, tenacious phlegm. At eating even the simplest food I had great pain in the chest and around the heart. I suffered greatly from sick-headache and giddiness, and I exercised much. I got out of breath.'

[This was asthma, caused by the stupefying action of foul blood upon the nerves that move the lungs; the impurities in the blood having come from the festering mass of undigested food in the stomach. The heart trouble, the sick-headache, and the giddiness, were symptoms of the same thing.]

'As time went on,' continues Mr. Lavis, 'I became very low, weak, and mentally discouraged and depressed.'

[A doctor, writing about this case for a learned medical journal, would use many tough Latin words, but he would not make the facts as plain as Mr. Lavis himself has made them. Naturally a man who can eat but little—which little mostly rots in his stomach—will lose flesh and strength and come to be of small use to himself or to any one else. We can all see that even by candle-light.]

'I tried many medicines,' he says finally, 'but they did me no real good. At last I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and used it. I am happy to tell you that it soon relieved and cured me. Whenever I feel a sign of my old ailment I resort to the Syrup at once, and the disease gets no further hold upon me. Publish my statement if you like, and believe me yours &c., (Signed) Robert Lavis.'

The Roman soldiers left Caesar's message unregarded for days. It was written on parchment and fluttered from a spear, as I have said. But, see! We live in the age of print. Are you ill and in pain as Mr. Lavis was? Every newspaper, every magazine, almost all the publication your eye falls on, contains accounts of what Mother Seigel's Syrup has done, and what does, for those who suffer. Read the messages. This is one; and, having read it, you know where to look for help.

### Notches on The Stick

In a recent letter to the writer, descriptive of Mexican life and scenery, Hon. Chas. H. Collins has something in verse and in prose concerning the herdsmen of that country, and their faith in the Virgin Mother. He says, "The Virgin of Guadalupe is to Mexico what Notre Dame is to France and Canada. She guards the slumbers by night and the footsteps by day of her faithful devotees. It is a simple faith, and, thus trusting in Her, the most isolated life is made endurable. Without such faith, and racked by doubts or pursued by phantoms of evil and a desire to mingle with the human throng, no man could lead the solitary monotonous existence of a Mexican herder of sheep without losing his reason. Some do so lose their reason, but very few. These people make a striking and picturesque addition to the landscape of the Table-lands in Mexico. There is a touch of pathos about them—a something which appeals to the artistic element—in their "make-up." Beside one of these figures, under the blue skies and framed in a circle of the Cordilleras, it seemed to me that even that noted picture, "The Angelus," was common place. Prometheus on the rock, Selkirk on his island, Napoleon at St. Helena, or lonely Eremita in Arabian desert, are all suggested, but none had such surroundings. This is because no picture has such magnificence in its setting. The atmospheric effects in Mexico cannot be duplicated. The wonderful blending of colors—of light and shade—cannot be described, but must be seen. In Europe there is nothing that approaches it, and perhaps nothing in America except the Salt Lake valley of Utah, which has much of the same transparent beauty. Coming from Jalapa to the city of Mexico on the Inter Oceanic Railway, we had for many hours in full view some of the world's great mountains,—the great Cotacachi-Perote protecting Jalapa,—snowy Orizaba lifting its summit far above the clouds, —the twin volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtacthuatl, and Malintzi, about which hangs the glamor of romance, as it was named after the favorite of Cortez. Her name was Marina, and Malintzi (pronounced Malinchi) was her pet name. We passed through a varied and constantly shifting panorama, cities, churches, missions, ranches, haciendas and stations, with crowds of blanketed men and hooded women—a very wildness of color. Now a train of burros—then pack pedlars—peons—great pulque fields—quaca palmas—mesquite cactus—and far away, the motionless herders and their flocks." The verses are as follows:

**THE MEXICAN HERDER.**  
Have you not seen upon some seaward cape  
The lonely lighthouse, in the glare of day,  
Loom up in weird, uncanny form and shape  
Until the night reflects its lantern's ray?  
So does the Herder on his sandy main  
A vigil keep in desert wastes alone,  
The only thing to sentinel the plain,  
As beacon tower upon its sea ward throne!  
A silence carven, 'mid the lava beds,  
And like these worn volcanic fires, still;  
The lord o'er fleecy flocks, whose trusting heads  
Around him safely lie and tear no ill.  
A silhouette framed by the mountain range,  
There statueque and blanketed he stands,  
Where cactus bloom, with forms uncouth and strange,  
And nought beside in all the desert lands.  
Do voices whisper to his soul, beguiled  
By visions gleaming in his fervent sight?  
Do thoughts of Her—the virgin and her child,  
Heard and cheer his slumbers in the night?  
Who knows? To us he seems a type of Fate,  
Fixed in a groove from which escape is vain,  
And ever thus to grimly pose in state  
And share eternal Desolation's reign!

"A poet cannot strive for despotism,"  
exclaims one modern poet against the per-  
versity of another. He cannot without  
scattering the brightest leaves from his  
wreath of "laurel."

"His harp falls shattered; for it still must be  
The instincts of great spirits to be free."

Not does it become an honorable sena-  
tor to plead for a barbaric despotism, that,  
under the guise of civilization, rivals the  
atrocities of Benin or Dahomey in war.  
How can Senator Hale lift up an honest  
hand or a voice to defend the military  
crimes of Spain in Cuba? Is he to make  
himself the mouth-piece of that sordid and  
pusillanimous spirit which falls as a  
blight on every human and gener-  
ous impulse, and, without rebuke?  
Aide from any supposed or real  
insult to the flag of the United States or  
violation of the rights guaranteed to her  
citizens; when war degenerates into mass-  
acre—the mangling of babes and women—  
murder of the senile and feeble, the devas-  
tation of hospitals, the immolation of pris-  
oners,—if nothing can be interposed by  
the Nation at whose door these deeds are  
done, then let her statesmen keep silence,

till they can speak right words and speak  
them burning. Surely a senator of the  
United States cannot strive for despotism  
without blame.

The poem following is from "Matias," a  
book of verse by a Canadian author of  
whom we hope to say more in a future  
issue of PROGRESS.

**The King's Hoop.**  
Let us make it fit for him!  
He will come ere many hours  
Are passed o'er. Strew these flowers  
Where the floor is hard and bare!  
Ever was his royal whim  
That his place of rest were fair.  
Such a narrow little room!  
Think you he will deign to use it?  
Yes, we knew he would not choose it  
Were there any other near;  
Here there is such damp and gloom,  
And such quietness is here.  
That he loved the light, we know;  
And we know he was the gladdest  
Always when the night was maddest  
And the laughter drowned the song:  
When the fire's shade and glow  
Fell upon the lowly throng.  
Yet it may be, if he come,  
Now, tonight, he will be tired;  
And no more will be desired  
All the music once he knew;  
He will joy the lutes are dumb  
And be glad the lights are few.  
Heard you how the fight has gone;  
Surely it will soon be ended!  
Was their stronghold well defended  
Ere it fell before his might?  
Did it yield soon after dawn,  
Or when noon was at its height?  
Hark! his trumpet! It is done.  
Smooth the bed. And for a cover  
Drape these scarlet colors o'er;  
And upon those dingy walls  
Hang what banner he has won.  
Hasten ere the twilight falls!  
They are here!—We knew the best  
When we set us to prepare him  
Such a place; for they that bear him  
—They as he seem weary too;  
Peace! and let him have his rest;  
There is nothing more to do.

The critical papers of David Christie  
Murray on contemporary writers of fiction  
have proved to be interesting, written as  
they are with acumen, and with that pre-  
cision and economy of statement which re-  
veals the practised writer. But in his  
dealings with S. R. Crockett and Ian  
Maclaren he outgears in contemptuous  
severity Macaulay when slaying the late  
Robert Montgomery. That Crockett is  
the victim of egregious puffery and an ex-  
aggerated critical estimate, we have no  
doubt,—for it is absurd to rate Crockett  
with Sir Walter Scott, that variously and  
mightily-gifted man, or to put Robert  
Louis Stevenson above him. At the same  
time we do not believe Crockett's work en-  
titled to such contempt, nor do we believe  
that any degree of puffery can account for  
his present reputation. He has not the high-  
er qualities of intellect and style that dis-  
tinguish a Thackeray or a Stevenson, nor is  
his pathos or humor, of the delicate order of  
Barrie; yet, that he has appealed to the  
popular heart and won a genuine appre-  
ciation we have no doubt. Mr. Crockett  
cannot be annihilated by such slung shot,  
even from the gun of Mr. David Christie  
Murray.

In an unpretentious little paper-clad  
volume labelled "Poems"—a title not so  
unpretentious—we have found some fairly  
good things. These verses are by the  
rural poet of Giffstown, New Hamp hire;  
and while there is much technical incom-  
pleteness, they show how he has tried to  
beat out a genuine music that is in him.  
Some of the brevities are best, such as—

**And Such is Life.**  
"Oh, give me love!" the longing maid prayed:  
I am athirst! Oh, give me love, she plead.  
Her prayer was granted; she became a slave  
Of passion, and one morning she lay dead.  
"Oh, give me sympathy!" the poet prayed;  
My life's short! He ate of sorrow's bread.  
The people came when his rare gift they weighed  
To pay their tribute, but his soul had fled.

In "Sunrise on Castle Rock" he says:  
The sky was blossoming with a wreath  
Of early morn,  
Across the waves I saw the gleaming east  
More brightly glow,  
Until the light of morning had increased  
To one vast glow.  
Then from the purpling sea arose  
The kingly sun;  
And bursting into beauty like a rose  
The day began.

In one of the versicles, entitled  
"Granites," he throws out this caution:

If you would woo a Giffstown maid,  
Please have it understood,  
Before you undertake the job,  
That your moral traits are good.  
Which is a proper standard, to which  
the poet would like to see all the New  
Hampshire towns arrive.  
PASTOR FELIX.

**CLOTH FROM CAT TAIL.**  
A new Use for the Humble but Pretty  
Water Plant.

Very few, probably, are aware that the  
fur, or vegetable down of the cat-tail is a  
marketable article, superior to feathers or  
cotton for many purposes. It is not quite  
so valuable or useful as eiderdown, but it  
approaches it very closely, and is cheaper  
than any of the three. As a matter of fact  
a great many people are to-day using  
articles covered with cat-tail products who  
have no idea where the material comes  
from.  
It is a vast extent of country, compari-  
tively speaking, from which the cat-tail is  
gathered. It comes from the swamps  
along the numerous creeks that put in from  
the Delaware bay, from Morris River to  
Cape May. The average amount gathered in  
the season is a ton a day. The work of  
gathering and transporting it, and then  
weaving it into the many forms which it  
must take before becoming salable, consti-  
tutes a considerable industry.

One of the most elaborate uses to which  
this material is put is that of covering  
sofas. Very many of the supposed plush-  
covered divan are really covered with a  
fabric of cat-tail. It wears better than the  
plush, and is infinitely cheaper.  
The same argument that applies to the  
sofa is applicable to the pillow. Very of-  
ten, however, such pillows go by another  
name.  
Sofa pillows, also, are made of cat-tail  
because a pillow awfully covered with  
cat-tail would probably be regarded with  
contempt. Call it Alaskan plush, how-  
ever, or Shetland wool that has been treat-  
ed by a new process, and it will sell readily  
enough, and give good satisfaction, too.  
The family album which graces the  
centre table in the parlor of so many farm  
houses is also in many instances adorned  
with cat-tail covers, although the housewife  
cannot be convinced they are not plush.  
She has doubtless paid almost as much as  
if they were what she supposes, and natu-  
rally she scoffs at any person who hints that  
she has been victimized.

It is becoming a prevalent custom to  
use cat-tail ludo on the back of hand mirrors  
and brushes, which have heretofore been  
backed with plush. Some say that the  
substitute is really proving better than the  
original. The head rest, too, seen on the  
easy chair, is often of cat-tail—and it is  
none the less comfortable for that.  
Another article for which the cat-tail is  
used is the bed quilt. The eider-down quilt  
is an old time article of luxury. The cat-  
tail quilt is every whit as comfortable, and  
costs about one quarter as much. In New  
Jersey, at least, the housewife fully ap-  
preciates the value of the cat-tail quilt,  
however much her less well informed sisters  
may scoff at the idea.—St. Louis Globe  
Democrat.



**SMOTHERING FROM HEART DISEASE**  
DELAY MEANS DEATH.  
One Dose Relieves—A few Bottles Always Cures.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart  
disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and  
smothering spells have made my life miserable.  
When dropsy set in my physician said I must  
prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had  
seen Dr. Jagger's Heart Cure advertised. As a  
last resort, I tried it, and think of my joy when I  
received great relief from one dose. One bottle  
cured my dropsy, and brought me out of bed, and  
five bottles have completely cured my heart. If  
you are troubled with any heart affection, and are  
in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it  
will cure you.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N.  
Y.

**New Test for Metals.**  
According to the experiments of Pro-  
fessor Hennig, the electrical conductivity of  
pure metals is enormously increased by in-  
tense cold, while, curiously enough, alloyed  
metals experience a comparatively slight  
change of conductivity in the same circum-  
stances. This fact, he thinks, furnishes a  
delicate test of the purity of metals.

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It is the original.  
It is the best in use.  
It is unlike any other.  
It is the oldest on earth.  
It is superior to all others.  
It is the great vital and muscle nerve.  
It is for internal as much as external use.  
It is used and endorsed by all athletes.  
It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne.  
It is what every mother should have in the house.  
It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere.  
It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age.  
It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation.  
It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician.  
It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.  
Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free.  
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Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable.  
Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes.  
Extra thick ball and heel.  
Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

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**Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.**  
THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.  
OUR BRANDS: DEY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE (Registered), CLARET.  
E. C. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.  
Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co. N. B.  
E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 522, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

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Neatest and Handsomest Turnout made



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For prices and all information apply to

**JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,**  
Fredericton, N. B.

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GIVES STRENGTH  
Without Increase of Flesh  
Put up in Tins and Bottles.



### Woman and Her Work

"Our cousins across the border" as we are fond of calling them seem unwearied in their search after novelty, and somehow they always manage to find it. The ordinary skating around a rink to the strains of a band, which is all a Canadian asks in the shape of healthful exercise, is not sufficiently exciting for them, they must have some object in view to give an added zest to the amusement. The latest device of this kind originated in New York, and is now the most popular game for skaters, in that city. It is called The Ribbon Chase, and is as pretty, as it is exciting. Five posts are set up at one end of the rink, and to these are attached so lightly that they can be very easily pulled off, a number of bright colored ribbons, each about a yard in length. The object of the game is to secure as many of the gay trophies as possible, while skating at full speed past the posts. Only one must be detached at a time, and from but one post, the skater not being allowed to slacken speed in the least, in securing the ribbon. The players follow each other around the rink at a rapid pace, grasp the ribbon as they pass, and pin it upon the breast.

When the last ribbon has disappeared there remains attached to the centre post a long white silk scarf, which no one is allowed to touch until the signal is given by the leader of the game. Usually it comes just after the posts have been passed and the skaters are at the top of their speed; then the player who is most expert at wheeling around quickly has the best chance of securing the coveted scarf and with it the first prize. Second and third prizes are awarded to those who have secured the greatest number of ribbons, and the game is considered a delightful one, combining as it does, exercise, excitement and fun.

Clever "Kit" of the Toronto "Mail and Empire" makes the novel but practical suggestion that every man who wears hair on his face, be it a full beard or merely a modest little mustache, should be compelled—I suppose by law—to shave for one month out of each year in order that those who are brought into intimate contact with them may be able to see them as they really are, bereft of all hairy disguises, with their features exposed in utter nakedness to the full light of day even as ours are, and all the indications of good and bad qualities which are apt to be stamped upon the lips and chin plainly visible.

The mere threat of such a thing is enough to arouse consternation and rebellion in every properly constituted male mind! Why the beard and mustache have long been to some men what the club of Hercules was to that renowned athlete what her girdle was to Venus, or his invulnerability was to Achilles, their shield and weapon, without which they would be powerless—to captivate; many a full drooping mustache hides a mouth that is simply wolfish in its coarseness and cruelty, or else so weak, loose lipped and sensual that nature seems to have especially designed it to serve as a warning that all who gazed upon the repulsive feature, must heed; and many a trim pointed beard gives prominence and character to a chin that never really had any existence, except by courtesy, but simply sloped gracefully from the under lip into the throat without one intervening angle! Who does not call to mind the shock produced by the first view of some masculine friend's upper lip shorn of the manly growth that fringed it? I knew a very decent sort of a man myself once, a man who was considered a model of all the virtues, and who had such a very small curly mustache that no one would have believed it could change his expression in the least. In an unlucky hour he decided that it was too thin for beauty and would be vastly improved by shaving, and getting a fresh start. I shall not soon forget my feelings the first time I saw him after he had put his idea into practice, nor the meanness, selfishness and deceit revealed by his upper lip, and the lines around his mouth, they stood out as if written in printed characters and I am afraid they told the truth. Even the cut of the hair is not without significance, and it really plays quite a prominent part in our estimate of a person's character. The old man, for example who wears a long white beard, and flowing silver locks has a benevolent and patriarchal appearance which may not be at all borne out by his character; while the old gentleman who sports a bushy white mustache and clean shaven cheeks and chin, and whose snowy hair is closely cropped, and parted in the middle is credited with being quite a gay old boy, "one of the boys you know, and able to hold his own with the best of them." Very likely he is far more eligible for the position of a

church elder than the patriarchal one, if the truth were known, but his hair is against him, likewise his mustache, and he must bow to popular prejudice.

There was that whitened old sepulchre in "Little Dorritt." I cannot think of his name just now, but I know he was the father of the artless "Flora Finching" and the most heartless and unscrupulous old usurer that ever lived, but he wore his white hair flowing down on his shoulders under a wide brimmed hat, and being blessed with large eyes, he went about with his hands piously folded and the air of a meditative saint. All the time he was grinding the very lives out of his poor tenants in "Bleeding Heart Yard" through his agent, and his agent was getting all the blame. But one day someone who was smarting under his rascality conceived the brilliant plan of waylaying the old miser and snipping off his long locks, cutting off the brim of his hat, and I believe, curtailing his long coat—and he stood forth the canting old hypocrite he really was.

So, on the whole, I think we will not adopt "Kit's" suggestion, but continue to hag our illusions, and let our male relatives retain the protecting disguise which kind nature has made possible for them.—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"—too wise that is.

Amongst other reappearances of bygone fashions the reticule stands foremost just at present bidding fair to rival even the night-cap, in its popularity. The necessity for this quaint little revival is said to have arisen since the sleeves became too tight to admit of the handkerchief being tucked in at the wrist and as most women object to the bulky appearance of a pocket the reticule came into vogue as a substitute. The greatest variety is displayed in these ornamental little bags, some of which are hung from the waist, while others are carried in the hand. The very newest style is of course that which reaches farthest back into antiquity, and resembles most closely the reticules our grandmother wore hanging from their wrists when they went abroad. They are made of network, woven silk if possible, and drawn in at the top either with rings or ribbons. The very swiftest shopping bag or "toggie," as it is called, is made of black silk, crocheted by hand, and beaded either in jet or steel, it is finished with a silver top and clasp, and some women have jewels set in the silver. This bag is suspended from the waist by a chain, or can be hung from the wrist, and it will easily hold a pocket book, handkerchief, and memorandum book. The handkerchief bags are always worn hung at the side, and many have belts attached to them, these belts are crocheted in silk and beaded as the bags are, costing the mere trifle of twelve dollars, while the bag which goes with them is considered cheap at eighteen dollars; so they are not likely to come into very general use.

Small leather bags are almost equally fashionable however, and are very much cheaper, besides being more durable; they are very convenient for carrying the handkerchief and purse.

To come down to the real practical bag which is within the reach of the woman to whom eighteen dollars means the price of a spring dress, the large department shops are showing full lines of really beautiful shopping and handkerchief bags ranging in price all the way from the exorbitant, to the absurdly cheap, and as is often the case, the imitations are almost impossible to detect from the genuine. Fancy a handkerchief bag of handsome brocade, with top of imitation silver gilt, and studded with jewels for the modest sum of two dollars, and twenty-five cents, and the same bag without the jewels for a dollar, and ten cents. A new and very inexpensive shopping bag is made of black satin. It is of ample proportions and decorated with a bow knot of gold cord and violet spangles, finished with black satin ribbon bows on each side, and hung by ribbons from the belt, or else carried in the hand. One of its chief charms is the fact that it can be made at home with the greatest ease, and at very small expense. In fact many of these little reticules could be made by any woman who knows how to use crochet needle, and was enough skill in beading, to apply steel or jet beads in some simple design, after the

## The Right Path.....

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MEN'S SIZES, 6 to 10 at \$1.75

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ARE RIGHT.

Do not mistake these for the inferior grade. There are all SOLID LEATHER, stitched well, made well, wear well.

## WATERBURY & RISING.

bag has been crocheted in the proper shape.

I think I remarked some time ago that there was no hope of arresting the stuffed-bird-in-our-bonnets—even until fashion stepped in, and effected the reform that nothing else could bring about? Well, it seems fashion has stepped in at least, and is doing what all the sermons, all the reformers, and all the societies have failed to do. The bird, as a decoration for woman's headgear is going out, and the leading establishments are importing very few birds this season for millinery purposes. This is indeed good news, but it is a pity that the reform should be the work of fashion instead of good feeling. In France the people have awakened to the danger of exterminating the song birds, and have protected them. The Dean of Manchester recently delivered an address on the subject, in the course of which he said that the custom should be stamped out by act of parliament; and I believe the English are about to protect the birds also. In Canada Lady Aberdeen is taking a deep interest in the subject, and using her influence to discourage the wearing of stuffed birds, and now that Dame Fashion has declared herself on the side of the helpless songsters. I have no doubt the custom which has been a disgrace to womanhood for so many years will soon die out.

The organies and lawns for next summer's wear are already being bought, the importers seem to be so much earlier now than they used to be about getting in goods that in order to get a choice, one must pick out her summer dresses in February or March, when the mere thought of a thin dress gives one a chill. Large patterns are to be fashionable next summer, and one new design in printed organy shows pink and asters in natural size. Tulips will also be a very fashionable design in light summer materials. A favorite way of making the sleeves of thin dresses is to put a shirring on both the inside, and outside seams, thus making them wrinkle all the way from shoulder to wrist.

### SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN TYPES.

Customs of a Queer People shut off from Civilization.

It is surprising and gratifying to find how well the mountain folk have maintained the ideals of civilization which they brought into the hills generations ago, says a writer in the Ladies Home Companion.

The standard of propriety, virtue and morality, while different from ours is still a real standard. One may spend weeks in the hills, lodging in the same room with large and miscellaneous groups of people and see nothing to cause a blush. The early marriages of the girls are in

many ways regretted, but they are an undoubted safeguard to virtue.

"The conventionalities of life are nowhere more rigorously observed. On the hottest summer day the mountain woman wears her wollen mitts to 'meetin,' for the same reason an Eastern woman wears the latest fetters of fashion—'because it is the thing.' And we confess to a peculiar admiration for the girl that wears a sunbonnet. Her face is not public property; it must be sought for. The turned up 'hat' perched on the top of the hair far from protecting its owner, seems rather to be saying: 'Look at me!' But the sunbonnet preserves the complexion of the wearer and has, what, an air of modesty. If you wish to see the face of a girl, you must get fat just the right angle, and when it is revealed you behold it framed and shaded like the heart of a violet.

"The hospitality is that of the frontier everywhere. At every stile you are asked to 'light'. The standing formula is: 'Come, stop with us. I hope you can stand for a day or two, what I have put up with all the time.' Truthfulness and honesty are the cardinal virtues. A surveying party never loses a tool which may be carelessly left around. And the man who calls another a liar must expect to be 'shot'. In fact, there is a tradition current of a man who was adjudged by the court to have committed suicide in the following peculiar manner: He called Ike Sutler a liar 'tbout having' his pistol cocked.

To a large extent barter takes the place of purchase and sale and the people get along with very little money.

The pioneer fashion of appointing a funeral for a day long after the interment is another curious survival. Originally preachers were scarce.

In the mountains the postponement allows friends from a distance to plan to come and the time will be one favorable for travel. A great deal of the mountain religion gathers about these funeral occasions and the general tone of piety is doleful.

### INSOMNIA.

Three Months Without Sleep—Wasted in Flesh and Given Up to Die. But the Great South American Nervine Soothes to Rest With One Dose and Effects a Rapid and Permanent Cure.

Mrs. White, of Mono Township, Beaverton, P. O., was dangerously ill from nervous trouble. She was so nervous that she had not slept a night for three months. She was so low that her friends despaired of her recovery, in fact, had given her up to die. She was persuaded to try South American Nervine. Her relief was so instantaneous that after taking one dose she slept soundly all night. She persisted in the use of this great cure and gained in health rapidly, so that now there is not a sign of the nervousness, and she feels she is entirely cured. If you doubt it, write and ask her.

### SPARROWS RESCUE A SPARROW.

The One in Need of Help Came Into His Flight Through Greed.

The English sparrow is perhaps the shrewdest bird going, and rarely ever gets into a tight place, though, yesterday, and but for the shrewdness of his friends would doubtless be there now, or worse. A careless colored cook of the house adjoining mine had spilled some raw rice, perhaps a quart or more, in the back yard of my neighbor's premises. In order to hide her carelessness from her mistress, and so to save herself the trouble of picking up the rice, the resourceful cook simply turned an empty box over the little pile, thus putting it out of sight, and went her way rejoicing.

Presently a bevy of sparrows chanced that way and took possession of my neighbor's backyard. Ere long an adventurous one of the number discovered a convenient knot hole in the overturned box, poked his inquisitive little head therein and forthwith spread the news of the rice find. Then things were pretty lively thereabouts. First one, and then another of the birds would pop down through the hole, to bob up a few moments later with his crop full of rice. They were all mighty gay over the matter, and most of them made two or three trips inside before they were satisfied.

By and by something seemed to have gone wrong. The birds fluttered and chirped and chattered in an agitated manner, crowding upon and about the box so thickly that it was some time before I could see that one little brown head kept bobbing up frantically through the knot hole from the under side and getting no further. Some greedy little fellow had laid in an over-supply, and so made himself too big for an exit through the hole.

The case really seemed a pitiful one, as nothing but time and the slow process of

nature could relieve the poor prisoner of his predicament. At least that is what I thought, and I marvelled that so clever a creature as a sparrow should get himself first one and then another of the birds would scratch and peck away, each one taking his turn, and working energetically till by and by a hole was made big enough for even the overloaded fellow on the inside to creep through.—Philadelphia Times.

## A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health.

Lovely Faces,

Beautiful Necks, White & Rosy!



DR. CAMPBELL'S

Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

—AND—

FOULD'S.....

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give You All These:

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleas, Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

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CANADA

Prepared Corn.

MANUFACTURED FROM

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NO ADULTERATION

THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.

RECIPES FOR Infants' Food.

To one dessertspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water. SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE.

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**HIS IS THE TIME**  
of year... when men and women become weakened by the weather, and run down generally... The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

**HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY**  
known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of **Warranted Safe Cure**

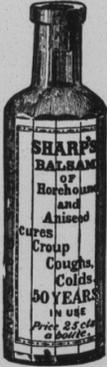
It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made women brighter and happier; it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Accept no substitute.

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LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.  
52nd YEAR.

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The American Constitution, the American idea, the American spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.  
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is the greatest Sunday News paper in the world:  
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**OVERWHELMED BY A STORM.**  
An extraordinary escape from death in Idaho Mountains.

An extraordinary escape from death was lately recorded by a newspaper of Mountain Home, Idaho, a mining town high up among the mountains, where avalanches of the most fearful description are not infrequent. On the first day of last December a citizen of Mountain Home, Frank Andreas by name, started at an early hour in the morning to go from a mine to a blacksmith shop, some distance away on the side of the mountain. With him were his two big dogs, which are in part of the St. Bernard blood.

The dogs were gambolling about in the snow some distance from their master, when a great snowslide, which the warmth of the sun had dislodged some two hundred feet up the mountain descended upon Andreas with such velocity that there was no escaping from it.

He was borne along with and under the snow, and lodged against the side of the gulch much farther down. Above him the snow was packed hard. Andreas did not know how deep it was,—in reality it was about four feet deep above his head,—but he did not know that it was so hard that he could scarcely move a muscle.

Andreas quickly began to experience difficulty in breathing. Luckily he had been carried along by an avalanche in an upright position; he had thrown up his hands in an effort to save himself, and his left arm had remained in that position—thrust upward. By working it from side to side he had packed the snow, he made a small opening up into looser snow in which there seemed to be some air; by any rate, he could breathe enough to save himself from suffocation at present.

He knew, however, that he could not live in such a place long. He struggled and pushed, and tried to enlarge the opening made by his left arm, picking pieces of snow from about his body with his right hand and working them into the opening.

But he would certainly have grown discouraged, after he had worked vainly thus for half an hour or more, if he had not heard a scratching and burrowing sound above his head. He knew by this that his faithful dogs had escaped the avalanche, had found the place where he was overwhelmed, and were digging him out.

This gave him strength for new efforts. Now he bent all his own endeavours, not to getting out—he left the dogs to uncover him,—but getting air enough to keep him alive until the dogs should succeed in digging down through the hard snow. He worked his left arm upward and about, and as the dogs dug downward, he soon succeeded in getting a little hole through to the air.

For an hour and half he and the dogs were at work, and at the end of that time he succeeded in dragging himself out upon the side of the excavation the dogs had made. There, more dead than alive, he took deep draughts of the mountain air till these revived him, and he was able to go on his way.

**GET THE WORST OF IT.**  
Eow President Lincoln was Worsted in a Certain Horse Race.

President Lincoln's reputation as a humorist rests largely upon the good stories that he could tell, or invent, to illustrate a point. Some times, nevertheless, he exhibits himself as a joker in another way as in this anecdote narrated by Harper's Round Table.

One day Lincoln and a certain judge an intimate friend, were bantering each other about horses, a favorite topic. Finally, Lincoln said:

"Well, look here, judge, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll make a horse-race with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the courtyard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party back out of the agreement he does so under a forfeiture of twenty five dollars."

"Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in search of their respective animals.

A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of a halter the meanest boniest rib-staring quadruped, blind in both eyes, that ever pressed turf; but presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his horse down, and silently surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of infinite disgust.

"Well judge" he finally said, "it is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse-trade."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,  
Yarmouth, N. S.

GENTLEMEN,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was when found placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned back from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to lessen the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

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The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

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**THIS IS THE LABEL**  
That proves you've bought the best thread sold in the market.

**CLAPPERTON'S THREAD**  
Is strong, even, and does not snarl. It is sold at same price as other kinds that do not give as much satisfaction.

**To Cure an Obstinate Cough**  
Leading doctors recommend  
"GAMBELL'S Wine of Beech Tree Gossosote."  
It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief.

Ask your Druggist for it.  
K. GAMBELL & Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

**French P D Corsets**  
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**DRUNKENNESS**  
Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.  
It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.  
Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.

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GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

**CLEAN TEETH**  
and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.  
Take no imitations.

**INTERMITTENT SPEECH.**  
A Missouri Man Who Can Talk on Some Days and Can't on Others.

Some days he can talk; some days he cannot. Such is the predicament of Theodore Heinze, a railroad employee in Argentine, whose case is one of the strangest that has ever come under the notice of the local medical profession for some time. Heinze's troubles are caused from a stroke of paralysis, sustained last March, but just why he can talk plainly on some days, while on other days he is dumb as an oyster, the doctors are at loss to understand.

Heinze has been an employee of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway for many years. One day last March he was doing some repair work on a freight car in the company's yards in Argentine when he was suddenly seized with pains all over the body. He fell helplessly to the ground, and when picked up by fellow workmen a few minutes later it was found that he could not speak. It was discovered, too, that he could hear nothing. He was removed to his home on East Raly avenue, and the local railway surgeon, Dr. Burke, was summoned. The physician said that the man was paralyzed in the right side, and that he had suffered from the stroke all over the body. At the time Heinze was deaf and dumb.

Regular treatment soon gave the injured man relief, and a few months after the occurrence he was able to walk about. His speech and hearing were both gone, however. Last August, five months after the accident, his hearing returned to him as if by magic. He went to bed one night deaf. The next morning he awoke and could hear sounds distinctly. He has not been troubled about his hearing since.

While he was slowly recovering from his other injuries all these months his speech was still lacking. Even after he had regained his hearing he was unable to utter a syllable. The treatment was continued, and about Dec. 1 his voice returned to him. Then suddenly after two days spent in pleasant conversation with his friends and relatives, Heinze was left as dumb as the first day that he was stricken with paralysis. Three days of enforced silence were followed by three days during which he had the use of his voice. So his condition has been ever since. He will converse with his friends on an evening, go to bed, and arise the next morning unable to repeat a single word spoken by him the previous evening. He visits his physician every day and keeps up the treatment, but as yet it has had no effect on the periodical changes in his speech. He has recovered from the paralytic stroke somewhat, but he is yet very weak, and the physicians state that he will never be able to do another day's hard work. The fact that he has the use of his speech some days, while other days, he has not, is more than the Argentine doctors can explain. It is thought that there is not a case like his on record.

Heinze is 45 years of age and small in stature. He has a wife and several children. His wife says that previous to March he had experienced the best of health, and as far as she knows has never been subject to disease. Heinze himself can assign no cause for his affliction.—Kansas City Times.

**WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST.**  
The Best Time for Pickerel Fishing Through the Ice

"I'd just as soon think of going out coon hunting at noon as to start out for a day's fishing during the winter season with the wind blowing from the west," said a veteran fisherman. Every fisherman knows the old rhyme about fish biting best when the wind is in the west, and it is accepted generally as a true statement. It may be true in summer fishing, but my experience and my observation have shown to my entire satisfaction that the reverse is true in winter, for if I want a successful day with pickerel, through the ice I choose a day when the wind is stiff from the east.

"When you come to think of it, though, you would hardly suppose that, with a foot or so of ice between them and the outside world, to say nothing of the depth of water over them, the direction of the wind would make any difference to a pickerel, considering the question of going for a fellow's minnow; but, somehow or other, it does make a big difference. I can't begin to tell you who, because I don't know; but I do know that time and time again when I have been pickerel fishing in a strong east wind, and hauling in the big fellows as fast as I could run from one tip-up to another, the wind had probably shifted until it has come out of the west. Now, to make that change, it always works around by the south, and I learned from that another thing about the familiar old angling line, which also declares that when the wind is in the south it blows the bait in the fish's mouth, and that thing was that if the declaration was true the south wind must have blown the bait right out of the fish's mouth again, for as the wind veered southward my catch always grew less and less, until by the time the wind had got around and was sweeping from the west not a tip-up would be seen to tip. When I first noticed

this I attributed the change in the biting of the fish to their capriciousness, and kept on fishing, with no success, though, unless the wind got back again in the east. Of course, through this I was not long in satisfying myself that it was some mysterious influence of the wind on them and not a whim of theirs that caused the change, and so I never leave my tip-ups in the holes any more if the wind leaves the east for the west, for I know it will be only a waste of time.

"A good many pickerel fisherman, especially in Connecticut, believe that the best winter fishing is always through the first ice that comes strong enough to bear their weight. I have known men to be so anxious to get to some favorite cove on the first ice as to venture there when every step they took bent the ice beneath them, a risk that would not add to the enjoyment of the sport with me. But I don't believe that the ice necessarily gives the best fishing. I am willing to let every one else have his outing on it, and then I will have mine on thicker and safer ice, and as many fish and a great deal more sport.

"There is an excitement and a thrill about the sport of winter fishing through the ice in fact, perhaps, of a tolerable well developed blizzard, that does not go with any quiet, warm-weather fishing—unless it may be black bass fishing at night, along in November and December—and a fellow has got to be rugged and tough and with a liking for a dash of the wind in his sport to enjoy that. Then, one pickerel caught in winter is worth a dozen of the same fish taken in the summer time.

"There is a solidity and a favor to the flesh of the pickerel yanked out of water covered by a foot or two of ice that is lost under the influence of the higher temperature of the same water in the summer. I had some prime pickerel fishing in Sullivan country during the Greenland weather of two weeks ago, but I had to out through nearly two feet of ice to get it.

**KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS**  
STAMPED  
1847 ROGERS BROS.  
ARE  
GENUINE AND GUARANTEED  
BY THE  
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.  
THE LARGEST  
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS  
IN THE WORLD.

**CLEANSING HARMLESS USE**  
**TEABERRY**  
FOR THE **TEETH**  
J. ZOPESA, CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

**HOTELS.**  
**THE DUFFERIN.**  
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the 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. LAROT WILLIS, Proprietor.

**BELMONT HOTEL**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.  
T. SIMS, Prop.

**QUEEN HOTEL.**  
FREDERICTON N. B.  
J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.  
Fine sample room in connection. First class every Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

**Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.**  
RECEIVED THIS DAY.  
10 Kegs Pigs Feet,  
5 " Lamb's Tongues.  
At 19 and 23 King Square.  
**J. D. TURNER.**

**WINES.**  
Arriving ex "Escalona"  
"The Nicest"  
In quarter cask and Octaves.  
For sale low.  
**THOS. L. BOURKE**  
WATER STREET.

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

'You say he never sleeps here, Mrs. Allen?' said young Mr. McCandless, who had lodged and boarded with that worthy woman for seven years, and was much esteemed by her for his knowledge of the world.

occupancy of it?' he said, after a pause for reflection. 'Nothing; absolutely nothing.'

Mrs. Allen put on her spectacles and read aloud as follows: 'The police have reason to believe that Thomas Gallagher, alias David Moffatt, alias Morton, alias Geoghegan, who is wanted for highway robbery, and for whose apprehension a reward of \$1,000 has been offered, is in hiding in this city. They hope to trace him through his young wife and child who are living somewhere on the West side.'



ONLY IN 1 lb and 2 lb TIN CANS FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

son. 'Tell them about it. They won't believe me.' A light broke on the young woman. 'This is surely a mistake,' she said sweetly. 'I am Mrs. Andrews, and that is my husband Henry, who is a writer of plays. We have a baby as you see. There he is in the crib. My husband found he could not write at home, the baby cried so much. So he hired a room somewhere else, and there he went several nights each week to write in peace, coming home when he was tired.'

Catarrh of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours. It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. P. of Joliet, Ill., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine.

Lillian Nordica to Women. Health-giving Paine's Celery Compound the Best Spring Remedy. 'It certainly gives me great pleasure to testify to the health giving effects of Paine's Celery Compound. I truly believe it to be the best of all spring remedies.'

Advertisement for 'Spoon' brand toothbrushes, 'USE BERRY TOOTH PASTE', and 'MERIN' hair oil, with various slogans and product descriptions.

NOT NEW AFTER ALL.

Some Supposed Recent Discoveries That Were Known Ages Ago.

A learned Indian prince, Thakore Sahib of Gondal, is the author of a history of Aryan medical science issued from the London press. This book advances some remarkable claims on behalf of Hindoo science and civilization.

Prince Thakore asserts that the grandest discoveries of Western medical genius, such as vaccination, anesthesia, and anti-septic surgery, were all practised among the Hindoos many centuries ago. He declares that in the 'Ayar Veda,' or 'Science of Life,' which is the most ancient of all Brahmin books on Medicine, nearly all the best modern methods of medical diagnosis as well as of practical surgery are fully set forth. The circulation of the blood, which we say was discovered by Harvey, is said to be fully set forth in this ancient volume of the Hindoo scriptures. Prince Thakore also cites historical evidence to show that cranial and abdominal surgical operations of the most difficult kind, such as we have supposed were never performed until within the last fifty years, were done 1,000 years ago in the land of Buddha. He points to the record of the trephining of King Bhoja of Dhar, who lived about A. D. 977, to relieve him of severe pains in his head. The record clearly states that the king was rendered unconscious, his cranium opened, the cause of the trouble removed from the brain, the wound closed up, and his trouble completely cured. Jivaks, who was Buddha's own physician, performed similar operations.

Such claims tend to shake the self-esteem of Western peoples as the wisest and most highly inventive that have ever occupied the earth and to cast a doubt upon their boast that they are 'the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time.' It is no new thing, however, for us to be told that all light travels from the east to the west, and not from the west to the east. We speak of Asia as 'the cradle of the race,' and so it undoubtedly was. We need not be surprised, therefore, if, as Asia becomes better known and its antiquities more closely inquired into, we should find that much of the supposed new knowledge of the west was familiar in the east when the world was young. Wendell Phillips' most celebrated lecture was entitled 'The Lost Arts.' Curiously enough, it is not included in the standard edition of his published works. A pamphlet copy of it, published twenty years ago, is hard to find. The famous Massachusetts orator very largely forestalled the claims of Prince Thakore. He boldly declared that of 100 marvellous things known to the nineteenth century 99 of them had been anticipated by the ancients. He pointed more particularly to mechanical arts and inventions. He quoted Pliny to show that Nero had a ring with a gem in it through which he looked and watched the sword play of the gladiators in the arena more clearly than with the naked eye—a style of opera glass unknown to us moderns.

The use of microscopes of immense power in ancient Egypt, Persia, and Greece is fairly presumable because there is a gem shown at Parma once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, the engraving whereon is 2,000 years old and which revealed the figures of seven women only with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. Sir Henry Rowlandson brought home from Neneveh a stone about 20 inches long by 10 inches wide containing a whole treatise on mathematics that was utterly illegible without a microscope. And if it cannot be read without a microscope it could not have been engraved without similar aid. Mr. Phillips averred that the art of coloring reached a perfection among the ancients far beyond our own town. The buried city of Pompeii was a city of stucco. The exteriors of the walls and all its buildings were of stucco, and the stucco was stained with Tyrian purple, the royal color of antiquity. The city has been buried 1,800 years, yet whenever the walls of one of its houses are dug out the royal purple flames up to view with a great deal richer hue than any we can produce. Evidently the Pompeians possessed a secret for making fast colors that we have not. When the English despoiled the summer palace of the Emperor of China they brought home curiously wrought metal vessels of every kind, and European metal workers confessed their inability to reproduce them. Sheffield steel is an English boast, but it will not bear the atmosphere of India without gilding. Yet the Damascus blades used in the crusades were not gilded, and they are as bright and keen today as they were eight centuries ago. There was one shown at the London exhibition in 1862 the point of which could be put to touch the hilt and which could be put into the scabbard like a corkscrew and bent every way without breaking. The best steel in the world today does not come from either Europe or America, but from Fuzjab.

Sir Walter Scott in his 'Tales of the Crusades' describes a meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, in

which the English monarch is made to think that Saladin practices the black art because the latter takes an eider-down pillow from the sofa and causes it to fall in two pieces by drawing his keen blade across it. Travellers in India tell of seeing Hindoos throw handfuls of floss silk into the air and cut them in pieces with their fine-edged sabres. There is no steel made in western workshops of that quality. So, too, with the art of glass cutting. It was supposed thirty years ago that there were no ancient glass factories, but the Pompeian excavations revealed a workshop full of ground glass, window-glass, cut glass, and colored glass of every variety.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

SHOWING HOW A SUFFERER FROM SCIATICA WAS CURED.

A Correspondent of the Orillia News-Letter With Permission From the Author Makes the Letter Public—it Will be Gladly Read by Other Sufferers From This Painful Malady.

From the Orillia News-Letter. The following letter has been forwarded us by the Coldwater, Ont., correspondent of the News-Letter, which we have great pleasure in publishing:

COLDWATER, Sept. 25th, 1896. A few weeks ago I became very unwell from an attack of sciatica, and remembering that a while ago a well known friend of mine, Mr. C. T. Hopson, of Fesserton, a few miles from here, had been a great sufferer from this painful complaint, I thought it would be well to consult that gentleman as to the medicine he gives credit to for his relief and cure, as I was aware that he was now well and hearty and had ever since been in steady work among lumber—his regular business. He gave me the information required, and wrote out the following testimonial which he desired to have published in any way I think proper; hoping that it will meet the eye of many sufferers like myself who are anxious to get relief. I therefore forward it to you to publish:

FESSERTON, Sept. 18th, 1896. "It is with the greatest pleasure that I testify to the marvellous benefit and cure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected in my case. In the year 1892 I was taken very bad with sciatica. I was treated at different times by two doctors but dispensed with their services as I found I was not getting the hoped for relief. I then tried different remedies advertised as a cure for sciatica, but with no better result. Then I tried strongly recommended electrical appliances, but still to no purpose. I did not improve any and the pain was excruciating, and I began to lose all hope of ever getting better. I could not sit down or move about without suffering intense pain, and the only relief I could get was when I lay down with my legs stretched straight out and then the pain was somewhat less. I was in this position one day when I picked up a newspaper lying by my side and there I read of a man cured of sciatica by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Always having but little faith in proprietary medicines, and in view of the experience I already had, I would not have tried them but for the fact that my wife insisted on going at once and procuring some. She got a box and persuaded me to take them. By the time I had finished the box I believe I felt better, so I kept on taking the pills and by the time I had taken six boxes I was cured. I had been laid up for four months before taking Pink Pills, and I shall continue to take them occasionally as I know them to be an excellent medicine. I shall never cease recommending them. Yours truly, CHARLES T. HOPSON. Our correspondent adds that this letter is from a much respected resident of Fesserton whose word is generally considered as good as a bond.

Our correspondent adds that this letter is from a much respected resident of Fesserton whose word is generally considered as good as a bond.

BORN.

- Wolville, Feb. 26, to the wife of B. O. Davidson a son.
Boularderie, C. B. Feb. 22, to the wife of R. McLeod a son.
Halifax, Mar. 1, to the wife of W. Sheppard a daughter.
Truro, Feb. 21, to the wife of R. L. Marshall a daughter.
Port Matilda, to the wife of Clement Churchill a daughter.
West Pubnico, Feb. 24, to the wife of Joseph Amireau a son.
North Sydney, Feb. 27, to the wife of John J. McNeil a son.
Falmouth, Feb. 27, to the wife of H. O. Duncanson a daughter.
Smith's Cove, Feb. 29, to the wife of Kelsey Cosaboom a daughter.
Brierton, N. S. Feb. 28, to the wife of Leander Oakes a daughter.
North Kingston, N. S. Feb. 15, to the wife of Seymour Foote a son.
Kingston, King's Co., N. S. Feb. 27, to the wife of Frank Gates a son.
Legerville, N. B. Mar. 4, to the wife of Henry Legere a daughter.
Clarence, N. S. Feb. 24, to the wife of Harry W. Durling a daughter.
Annapolis Royal, Feb. 24, to the wife of Thomas M. Buckler a daughter.
Madawaska, N. B. Mar. 2, to the wife of Cyprion Martin M. P. P. a son.
St. Stephen, Feb. 12, to the wife of P. McNamara triplets, two girls and a boy.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS... For Baby's Sake... A gentle and effectual purgative for infants and small children; replaces all nauseous and gripping drugs—no drug taste. Use BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery. The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MARRIED.

- Digby, Feb. 17, by Rev. L. J. Langley, Joseph H. Stanton to Ruth Shaw.
Halifax, Feb. 22, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, William H. Dyer to Clara M. Pownall Williams.
New Brunswick, Feb. 17, by Rev. J. S. Read, Esq., Joadrey to Lucy Taylor.
Yarmouth, Mar. 2, by Rev. H. Sterns, Thomas Baker to Mary Anderson.
Truro, Mar. 2, by Rev. W. Falconer, Henry P. Teck to Laura McDougall.
Newport, Feb. 23, by Rev. T. W. Johnson, Edward Whelan to Jessie Burgess.
Meadowville, Feb. 24, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Esq., Debra to Jessie DeBart.
Canso, Mar. 1, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, James L. Felgate to Wardie Frazer.
Sydney, Mar. 2, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Malcolm Michael to Jenny Beaton.
Windsor, Mar. 3, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Edmund H. Dimock to Robbie McLatchy.
Windsor, Mar. 4, by Archdeacon W. Jones, Walter Hill to Annie E. Fletcher.
Fredericton, Mar. 3, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Walter Matheson to Annie Smollett.
Halifax, Mar. 5, by Rev. W. Ainley, Robert S. Fisher to Annie S. Patterson.
Medford, Feb. 25, by Rev. E. E. Locke, William Bezzanton to Hattie Wentzell.
Sable River, Feb. 17, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, Calix C. Hardy to Carrie M. Sharpe.
Boston, Feb. 24, by Rev. Mrs. McNaugher, Frank DeLo to Margaret Borden.
North Sydney, Mar. 3, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Lewis McDonald to Anne McMillan.
Acadia, Feb. 24, by Rev. J. W. Shephardson, Rev. H. Davis to Jessie Donahue.
Halifax, Feb. 24, by Rev. N. Le Moine, Hartley S. Jacques to Margaret W. Locke.
South Orléon, Feb. 27, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, William Galt to Jessie Moses.
Lowell, Mass., Feb. 23, by Rev. C. M. Hall, Farann C. Larray to Julia Boyd.
Shubenacadie, Mar. 3, by Rev. J. D. Currie, John Brimacombe to Emma Williams.
Beaver Harbor, Feb. 10, by Rev. T. M. Munro, John J. Johnson to Mand Elbridge.
Clare's Harbor, Feb. 24, by Rev. A. McNinch, Job Nickerson to Laura M. Nowell.
Somerville, N. S., Feb. 27, by Rev. G. A. Withers, John W. Harvie to Ala. M. Cochran.
Somerville Mass., by Rev. A. C. Small, Walter Sewell of St. John to Jessie Patterson.
New Carlisle, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. M. Sutherland, Elva M. Rivers, Feb. 21, James Parker 59.
Crowsville, Mar. 5, Henry H. McEwin, 20.
Bethlehem, N. H. Feb. 9, Ezra T. Cook 79.
Swampscott, Feb. 27, George W. Marshall 39.
Beaver Brook, March 1, Charles Archibald 30.
Greenwich, March 7, Mrs. F. Murray Belyea, 42.
St. John, March 6, Julia, wife of Nathan H. Hart.
North Kingston, March 2, Gertrude A. Miller, 38.
Truro, March 1, Clarence, son of Robert Bennett 22.
Barrington, Feb. 28, Alexander McNeill, 21.
Halifax, Mar. 4, Bridget widow of John O'Brien 86.
Gosheh, Feb. 24, Bernice, daughter of John Hawks 6.
Boston, March 6, Margaret, wife of John McNally.
St. John, March 5, Elizabeth, widow of John Boyd 77.
St. John, Mar. 6, Elen, wife of William Sheehan, 60.
Boylston, Feb. 22, Mary, wife of Patrick Howlett 54.
Forest Glen, Mar. 1, Vena H. wife of James Hicks 28.
Southern Pines, S. C. Feb. 16, Freeman E. A. Murphy 28.
New Annapolis, March 1, Annie, daughter of Charles Duncanson.
St. John, Mar. 6, Margaret, widow of John Harrison, 70.
Yarmouth, March 3, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. David Cook 74.
West Head, C. S. I., Feb. 26, by drowning, Judah Smith, 41.
Long Reach, March 3, Clarissa, widow of James M. Cook, 85.
New York, Feb. 23, Mrs. F. G. T. Sands of Tusket N. S. 51.
Providence, Feb. 18, Grace B. wife of J. E. Brown M. D. 30.
North Sydney, Mar. 3, John H. son of Thomas Kendrick, 23.
Newport, Feb. 4, Margaret, widow of William Greenwood 68.
Mortissey Rock, Mar. 4, Mary, widow of John McNeil, 21.
Wolville, March 1, Mamie E. daughter of John E. Nickerson, 21.
Campbellton, Mar. 3, Marie Hudson wife of Napoleon Hudson 22.
Bonaventure, Mar. 2, Annie, widow of William McKenzie, 74.
St. John, March 6, Harry H. son of J. W. and Mary Hazenrat, 16.
Barrington, March 2, the infant son of Samuel Kendrick, 2 weeks.
Murray Harbor, P. E. I., Isabella M., widow of Andrew Millar, 91.
Hampden, March 8, Frank, son of E. G. and Lillie Legere, 3 months.
Yarmouth, March 1, Mary M. A., child of D. P. and Clara Ashe, 7 1/2.
Laurencetown, Feb. 27, Mildred, daughter of James and Louisa Hayes, 4.
Antigonish, Feb. 27, Ann, daughter of the late Ronald McIsaac, 48.
Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 27, Charles T., son of J. F. M. and Alice Lyons 1.
St. Martin, Feb. 20, Lizzie, daughter of W. J. and Mary MacWhitney, 7 1/2.
Upper North Great, Feb. 22, Christina, widow of Roderick McDonald, 85.
Charlottetown, F. E. I., March 2, Margaret, wife of George Beattie, 42.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 27, Jane, wife of D. C. Cammeyer, formerly of St. John.
Webster, Mass., Feb. 20, Robert A., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Albert Herbert, 23 months.
Ottawa, Ont., March 6, Annie, P. widow of Henry Davenport of Sydney C. B., 86.
Scotch Village, Feb. 12, Mary A. daughter of Walter and Georlie Sanderson 2 1/2.
Barrington, Feb. 20, Hugh, child of Archibald and Mary McDonald, 6 1/2.
Little Glace Bay, Feb. 23, Winnifred A., daughter of Anthony and Mary Gannon, 3 months.
Wellington, N. S., Feb. 28, Jennie, child of F. and Mrs. J. W. and the late Mrs. Kilian, 4.
St. John, March 7, Margaret, widow of John Louis, 35, and an hour later her daughter, Alice G., aged 17.

DIED.

- Halifax, Mar. 5, K. E. Conway.
Clarks Harbor, Albert Thruon.
Rivendale, Feb. 28, Josiah Watt.
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Stellarton, Feb. 24 James Flinn, 67.
Milford, March 4, Richard Lantz, 81.
Newport, Feb. 17, Francis Dimock 63.
Barrington, Feb. 28, James Harvey 59.
Lochaber, Feb. 29, William Cleary, 71.
St. John, March 5, James M. Lint, 41.
Dartmouth, March 3, John Campbell 81.
Windsor, Feb. 25, Mrs. Jane Waters 65.
Halifax, Mar. 2, Mrs. M. E. Sanders 41.
Shubenacadie, March 2, Janet Grant, 73.
New York, Feb. 18, Fred W. McVicar 31.
Fort Hood, Feb. 17, Mrs. Mary Wickwire.
St. Andrews, Feb. 27, Robert A. Short 16.
Five Mt. River, Feb. 21, James Parker 59.
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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. NOTICE OF SALE.

THE Executors, Administrators and assigns of the late Albert D. Wilson, deceased; to Walter F. Wilson, and to all others whom it doth, shall, or concern.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY the twentieth day of April next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the first day of February, A. D. 1896, between the said Albert D. Wilson, deceased, of the one part, and Lydia A. Green and Ellen F. Green, both of the said City of Saint John, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, in Libro 87 of Records, "folio 345 to 349 inclusive," by the number 6730, and assigned by the said Lydia A. Green and Ellen F. Green to the undersigned Nellie Gertrude Wilson, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

ALL that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in Queen's ward in the said City of Saint John and described on the Plan of the said City as being Lot number six hundred and sixty-two (662) the said lot being forty feet in front by one hundred feet as described in a certain deed made between one Hugh Wilson of the one part and the said Albert D. Wilson of the other part, passed the 19th day of September, A. D. 1869, AND ALSO ALL that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in Queen's ward in the City of Saint John, fronting on the north side of Orange Street and known and distinguished on the Map or Plan of the said City of Saint John by the number six hundred and eighty (880), the said lot having a front of forty feet more or less on a said north-east side of Orange Street and extending back therefrom northwardly preserving the same breadth one hundred and twenty-five feet more or less or until it strikes the rear line of lot number six hundred and sixty-two (662) extending from the south side of Princess or St. George's Street so called the premises intended to be hereby conveyed having been formerly occupied by Richard Whitehead together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated at the said City of Saint John, this sixth day of February, A. D. 1897. N. GERTRUDE WILSON, Assignee of Mortgagees.

WITNESSES: E. T. C. KNOWLES, J. JOSEPH PORTER, solicitor, Charles Currier, St. John, N. B. GEORGE W. GERRON, Auctioneer.

For Sale.

THAT PLEASANTLY SITUATED COLTAGE, with six acres of land, in Robotham, at present occupied by C. H. Curman, Esq. Robotham is a charming village, at rated nine miles from St. John, and has two schools for girls and one for boys, besides a Public School, a Church of England and a Presbyterian Church. Splendid train accommodation from St. John.

For particulars apply to HARRY ROBERTSON, Care of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Saint John.

Cafe Royal,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Meals Served at all Hours DINNER A SPECIALTY.

WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

A. G. BLAIR, G. G. RUEL, A. G. BLAIR, JR.

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

Table with columns for destination (e.g., To Welsford, Hampton and intermediate points), weight (e.g., 10 lbs. and under), and rate. Includes a list of agents at the bottom.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY the 7th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table showing train routes and times: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax... 7:00. Express for Halifax... 7:30. Express for Smeeth... 8:00. Express for Quebec and Montreal... 8:30. Suburban Express for Robshaw... 9:00.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Scepter Car at noon on 30.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table showing train routes and times: Express from Smeeth... 6:30. Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)... 7:00. Express from Moncton (daily)... 7:30. Express from Halifax... 8:00. Express from Pictou and Campbellton... 8:30. Suburban Express from Robshaw... 9:00. Accommodation from Moncton... 9:30.

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

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 3rd September, 1896.

TAKE THE



FOR THE

Kootenay GOLD FIELDS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN from Maritime Provinces WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS connects at Revelstoke, B. C., following Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays for all points in the Kootenay Country. Wedne days train connects at Montreal, Thursday morning, with Weekly Tourist Sleeping Car for B. C. point. Rates of fare, tourist car accommodation, and other information apply to D. F. A., St. John, N. B. D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 1st March, 1897, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

Live. St. J. at 8:30 a. m., arr. Digby 11:00 a. m. Digby at 1:00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4:00 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Live, Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:45 p. m. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m. Live, Yarmouth 8:00 a. m., arr. Digby 10:47 a. m. Live, Digby 11:00 a. m., arr. Halifax 3:45 p. m. Live, Annapolis 7:00 a. m., arr. Digby 8:20 a. m. Live, Digby 3:50 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

STEARBOATS.

International S. S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ONE TRIP A WEEK

FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING December 1st with the steamship ST. CROIX will leave St. John every THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning, will leave Boston Monday at 8 a. m. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messenger daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Espanace, Yarmouth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Gasheban Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. R. STONE, C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.