

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 617.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 14 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE PEOPLE'S INTEREST.

They are Aroused Over the Civic Elections and Have no Use for Ring Rule and Ald. Christie—The Mayoralty Contest is Attractive.

The mayoralty contest is only second in interest to that between Ald. Christie and Dr. J. M. Smith. Last year the latter gentleman was within seventy-two votes of victory and his friends have no idea but that he will be ahead several hundred votes when the polls close on next Monday.

So far as the mayor's contest goes no one wishes to go on the election of any of the four. It is acknowledged that Sears and Daniel are better known and perhaps for that reason as much as any other that they should be surer of victory. But Mayor Sears has not made any canvass. He says he has not had time; that the business of his office is exceedingly heavy at this time on account of the contingent fund duties. There is no doubt there is something in this but politicians know the value of a personal request and this leads many to think that the active house to house canvass of Messrs. Maulson and DeBury is going to have an effect not realized now.

Mayor Sears excuses his candidature for a third term on the ground that he has been opposed and thwarted by the council. It is only fair to say that many people agree with the mayor in this and with them, at least, Ald. Christie has his best canvasser. They have no sympathy with the bull-dozing methods of the latter and will vote for Sears simply to show their disapproval of them.

Still, there are friends of the mayor's who, while admiring his loyal ways and the energy he has put into the contingent funds, feel that he has not done all he could to protect his friends and the interests of the city so far as illegal traders are concerned. The licensing power is virtually in the hands of the mayor. He is the sole judge of whether a man is entitled to a license or not. When a Jew or Assyrian goes to his worship and asks for a license he seems to stand upon the same ground as a citizen who has lived here all his life and is known to many. In this way St. John has become a sort of refuge for these (in many cases) insolent and filthy wanderers. That was proved a few days ago when the magistrate sent a dozen or more Assyrians to the Mayor's office to get a pedler's license. That costs \$40 and when they heard what the amount was they lifted their hands and their eyebrows, backed out and in half an hour were on the streets again with their packs of cheap goods and out prices.

This sort of thing is not popular in mayors. Shopkeepers who do not try to sell goods on the principal streets, but in the quieter portions of the city find that the incessant pedler is ahead of them. They pay no license, they escape taxation and they live on what many decent white men throw away. They spend nothing for luxuries, they contribute nothing to the common fund for the support of the city and they are worse than useless in the city.

Mayors have but little in their power but unless these people are licensed they cannot do business. If every pedler was compelled to carry a license badge there would be few of them abroad in St. John. This is a pointer for the mayoralty candidates.

Dr. Daniel comes forward again without any particular platform. He has been in the council and knows what should be done. He has ideas, or should have ideas, looking to the improvement of civic government. Why does he not give them to the public? The citizens are looking for a man of this sort and when they find him they will vote for him. One remarkable thing about the canvass of all the mayors is the absence of requisition papers of any length. Count deBury did publish a few names but these were not enough to impress anyone. When George Robertson ran for mayor first and third years he printed a nomination paper that seemed long enough to elect him in the eyes of many people. There were perhaps four or five hundred names on the list and while half of them had not their taxes paid when it was printed his opponents took fright at once and the force of the example secured him lots of votes.

Then energy of the late Ira Cornwall

secured those nomination papers for ex-Mayor Robertson and they went a long way toward electing him. The bills of all the newspapers for printing the names amounted to \$120 to \$150, but it was money well spent.

Mr. Moulson is, perhaps, the most uncertain quantity in the campaign. He is

This was nothing, however, compared to the Spruce Lake extension. The Messrs. Cushing talked about a pulp mill and concluded it would be an excellent thing for them and a good thing for Fairville if one could be erected at Union Point, adjoining their own saw mill. No one disputed that point with them but as an abundance of pure water is very necessary to the manufacture of pulp the feasibility of the plan was not apparent. The schemers are not all dead yet, however, and in a short time the necessity of another water main from Spruce Lake to Carleton began to be impressed upon the board of aldermen. Then Messrs. Cushing came forward with a pleasant proposition to erect a

IS THIS COERCION?

Manager Cushing of the Pulp Mill flukes the Election of Ald. Christie Enter in the Question of the Renewal of a Fire Insurance Policy.

The rumor round town this week that an insurance concern was in receipt of one or two letters from the Cushing Pulp Mill people which touched upon its policy in civic affairs, caused considerable comment among those who knew just what stand Ald. Christie had taken to further the ends and aims of that mammoth industry

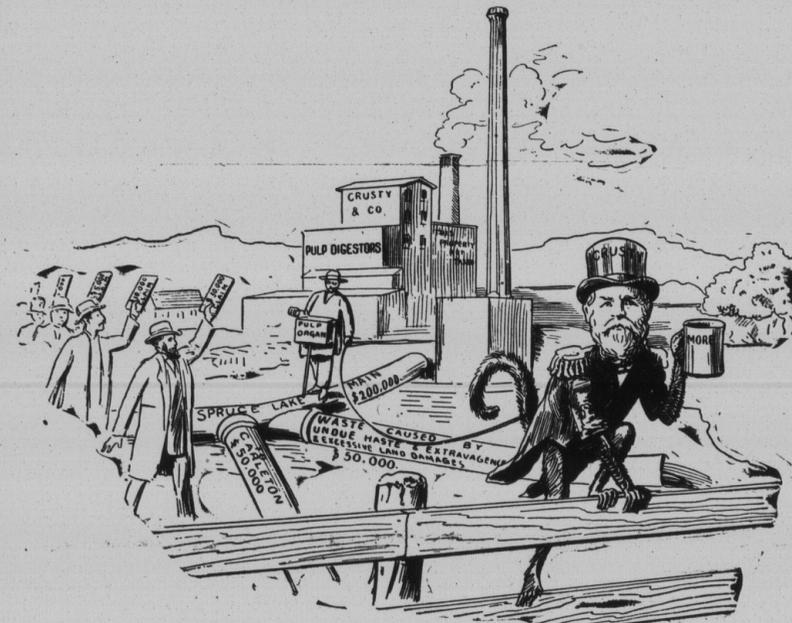
giving the correspondence for publication however.

When Ald. Christie appeared with his followers at the Civic reform meeting last Friday night he said he had no interest in the pulp mill. It seems that the pulp mill has an interest in the alderman. Mr. Cushing wants to see him elected, and he goes so far as to attempt to influence citizens whom he should know are beyond the reach of such an argument. The interest of the Pulp Mill company in Dr. Christie is only natural in view of what he has done for it. It is only to be hoped that the return is for past favors and not for those that are expected.

The introduction of such methods, however, is a new feature in Civic politics in St. John and it is not one that will be relished by the people.

Mr. Coughlan Has no Show.

The school trustees are getting lots of censure this week because the tender of an enterprising young plumber, J. S. Coughlan, has apparently been passed over in favor of older men in the business. The character of Mr. Coughlan's work, his reputation for doing what he undertakes in fast class fashion has made the action of the school board appear curious. Tenders were asked for the plumbing of the Alexandra school. The lowest tenderer, Messrs Blake retired, and the contract was given to the next above them, Messrs Campbell & Co. He signed the contract and was prepared to go on with the work when a change was made in the specifications that compelled them also to withdraw. Mr. Coughlan was not given a chance then but new tenders are asked for and this time a five cent deposit is requested. Only one of two conclusions can be drawn from the facts as known at present; either the school board has a favorite plumber or it has a most unbusiness like way of doing things.



SOMETHING MORE WILL BE WANTED.

Water Extension and Pulp Mills—Land Damages and the Claimants—Waste of Money and Water.

better known today than he has ever been and yet in certain circles no man is better acquainted or appreciated than this candidate for the favor of all the people. He is a splendid speaker, a chairman whose cleverness cannot be disputed, in fact in every respect a gentleman who will do honor to the chair and the office. Progress has always favored mayors promoted, as it were, from the position of alderman, but there have been exceptions and, no doubt, there will be again.

The argument assigned as reasons why Ald. Christie should not be returned are so many that it is somewhat difficult to recount them. He has been a bold alderman, never fearing to advocate what he wanted and apparently entirely fearless of the opinion of the public. Two or three years ago he opposed such men as James Manchester and Collector Ruel when they desired to present the city with a lot of land for the erection of a free public library building. They proposed to pay between three and four thousand dollars for this land and the only stipulation was that the city should erect the building. To the surprise of all men this was opposed by Ald. Christie and his followers in the council. The reason for this was not known, but the surmise then—and it was openly stated—was that the intention was to house the Free Public Library in the Oddfellows building in which some intimate friends of Dr. Christie were largely interested. At any rate the speech that Ald. Christie made against the munificent offer of Chairman Ruel and Commissioner Manchester was so objectionable to these public spirited gentlemen that they resigned their connection with the free public library. So St. John is today without a library building.

Prudent and economical citizens found fault with Christie as chairman of Public works for the mistakes in connection with the improvements at Sand Point. The land slide over there, which cost at least \$60,000, was due, it was charged to not following the advice of Engineer Peters, and that official, it was well understood, had to bear the brunt of Ald. Christie's displeasure from time to time.

pulp mill if they could be supplied with water from this pipe. In a short time the council was enthusiastic over the pulp idea and it was not until they learned that the proposal was wonderfully one sided that they began to hedge. Not so Alderman Christie. He went ahead and even the opponents of the scheme admired his ingenuity and his persistence. The cost to the city counted nothing so long as he gained his end and gave the pulp mill all the water it needed.

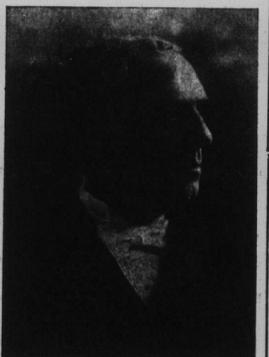
A twelve inch pipe was spoken of, then an eighteen inch and finally a twenty-four inch. The eighteen inch was to cost, say \$99,000 with two or three thousand dol-

Progress learned upon investigation that Mr. Sidney Kaye, the fire insurance agent, had a policy upon the property at Union Point belonging either to the Pulp Mill company or to Messrs. Cushing. This policy was about to fall due and Mr. Kaye was much surprised to get a letter from Mr. Cushing which gave him the impression that he was much interested in the election of Ald. Christie. As Progress obtained the story, the letter, after speaking of the fact that the policy was about to expire, stated that the writer understood that Mr. Kaye had opposed the election of Ald. Christie last year because he had supported the Spruce Lake water extension. Also that he had opposed ex alderman Hamm for the same reason. In view, however, of their business relations the manager of the pulp mill hoped that Mr. Kaye could see his way clear to support Ald. Christie this year.

Then the story went on that Mr. Kaye replied that he did not permit politics of any kind to interfere with his business and that while he had voted against Ald. Christie for the reason named he had when Mr. Hamm was up for election supported him because at that time he was opposed to the water extension. So far as he was concerned, however, the fire insurance policy preferred to by the pulp mill people would be cancelled at the date of expiration without reference to civic politics.

It was said that Mr. Kaye received a reply to this which expressed the hope that under all the circumstances he might reconsider his decision.

This apparent attempt to boom the canvass of Ald. Christie caused, as stated above, much unfavorable comment and Progress started to find out whether such correspondence had been received by Mr. Kaye. That gentleman was seen and when asked the plain question, stated that the report was correct. He had received letters from Mr. Cushing in reference to the renewal of an insurance policy which brought the candidature of Ald. Christie into the question. He did not feel like



MR. JAMES MOULSON

One of the Candidates for the Mayoralty.

lars for land damages and the twenty-four inch would cost \$140,000. There was a difference of \$50,000 at once, all on account of the mill. No one disputed for an instant but the eighteen inch pipe would supply Carleton for many many years, but it would not supply the pulp mill.

The pipe has been partly laid, the land damages have been partly paid and the cost

[Continued from Fourth page.]

PROGRESS

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- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself.
- PAGE 2.—Tomorrow's Easter Dress Parade—Frognax grows prophetic and tells what the people will wear on their way to and from church. What this fiery costs. Easter Illustrations. Easter Six Holidays. Easter Passion Plays. Easter King. And other very interesting bits about this particular season.
- PAGE 3.—Easter Music in the churches. Dramatic Notes.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on Civic Elections, Easter poetry, letters from the people, Joys and Woes of Other Places, etc.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social Items from all over the Maritime Provinces.
- PAGE 9.—A complete page of original art-icluding: A St. John Lady Among the Alps. Count deBury's Originality as a Canvasser. The Victoria Bink not to be Demolished. A Rural Couple and a Frisky Brandy. Will Manage the Athletic Grounds.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—The final chapter of that charming story, "The Mystery of a Mountain Pass."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading page with another talk on the study of the parables. A Jewish Rabbi Describes Christ Other Sabbath day literature.
- PAGE 12.—A Western New Woman. Gambling in Washington.
- PAGE 13.—Woman and Her Work.
- PAGE 14.—Cy Warman writes interestingly and amusingly of "Stumping" in Dawson City.
- PAGE 15.—Buck Bronson's "Blowout"—a typical Western story. Deaths, Births and Marriages of the week in the three provinces. General Miscellany.

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

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERBONES.

From what one can learn there does not appear to be any very great preparation in any of the churches for the musical part of the Easter services.

Mission Church, Paradise Row.

Easter Day services. Holy Eucharist, 7.30 a. m.

Matins, 10.30 a. m.

High Communion, 11 a. m.

Children's service, 3.15 p. m.

Evening, 7.30 p. m.

The music at 11 a. m. will be "Salve Festa Dies" of Baden-Powell for Processional.

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The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery.

Beware of imitations.

Elsa Von Moltke, Anna Behlen, Magdalen Worden and Andreas Schneider.

Minnie Jarbeau is meeting with continued success with the Robinson Opera Company which organization seems to retain its greater popularity in the New England states.

Mary Helen Howe, a young Washington society girl will sail for Paris shortly to study under Madame Marchesi. She has been a soloist in the Washington Choral society concerts upon several occasions.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

After a successful two weeks engagement in Halifax the Valentine Stock Company returned to this city last Monday and will open for a brief season here on Monday in "The Jil" to be followed later by "Richard III."

Katherine Rober plays in Lewiston Me., next week. James A. Herne is suffering from gout in his foot.

Maudie Light will be with James K. Hackett next season. Rudolph Aronson arrived in New York, from Europe this week.

Cyril Scott has been engaged to succeed Harry Davenport in "The Rounders." Mr. and Mrs. Willie Collier are going to Alaska to view the Nome gold fields.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zana" closed her American tour in Philadelphia last week. Mabel Eaton has been engaged for a leading part in "For Women and Wine."

A Bachelor's Honymoon managed by Ward J. Sackett closed at Chicago last week. William T. Terriss has adopted from the French, a one act play, "An American in Paris."

Creston Clarke will make an elaborate production of Richard III. next week in Philadelphia. "None but the brave" is the title of a new patriotic drama by Arthur Shirley and Sutton Vane.

The dramatic rights of W. J. Locke's novel "Idols" have been secured by Charles Frohman. While London critics speak well of Robert Taber in "Bonnie Dundee" they condemn the play unreservedly.

Denman Thompson and George W. Rye's new play "Our New Minister" will be given its first production next month. E. H. Sothern will make his long promised appearance as Hamlet, in New York early next season, for two weeks.

Amy Leslie, the dramatic critic of the Chicago Evening News, is going to Paris to do the exposition, for that paper. It is reported that the Northern Pacific railway will build a \$100,000 theatre in Winnipeg, adjoining their new hotel.

Geoffrey Stein, recently with "A Bachelor's Honymoon" has joined Eugenie Blair for a spring and summer engagement. Henry Guy Carleton has made the dramatization of the novel "When Knighthood was in Flower" for Julia Marlowe.

R. C. Carton has written a new drama which will be produced shortly in London, following "His Excellency the Governor." Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott will sail for England in July, returning to America in October for a six months tour.

L. Lawrence Weber will next season send a farce comedy called "A certain Party" written by Edgar Smith. It will be staged

by Julian Mitchell, and Robert Mack will do the advance work.

Addie Ritchie has joined "The Belle of New York" to play the title role. Edna May retired from the cast in Pittsburg last week.

F. C. Whitney's production of "Que Vadis" has been obliged to close in its third week owing to business not being up to expectations.

Mr. Charles E. Evans lately of the Herald Square theatre N. Y. will return to the stage next season as a star in "Naughty Anthony."

Thomas E. Shea and Company have been scoring a success in Boston in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Man-o'-war-Man. They are not playing this week.

Nat G. Goodwin and F. Ziesfeld Jr. contemplate leaving a London theatre next season and dividing the time between Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Anna Held.

St. John's people will be sorry to learn that "A Trip to Coontown" has cancelled its promised engagement here in May. They are now playing to good business in Philadelphia.

Sir Robert Peel, a grandson of the famous English prime minister is said to have decided to become an actor, intending to play Bootles in "Bootles Baby," with an English touring company.

James K. Hackett will open his next season at the Criterion Theatre, on Sept. 1, in Edward E. Rose's dramatization of "Richard Carvel," Bertha Galland continuing as his leading lady.

Wadsworth Harris, well known in this city and on the St. Croix, where he usually spends his summers, has been invited to give a recital from Hamlet before the students of Wellesley college, late this month.

Helaine Hadley, a very promising young actress, of whose work in New York good things have been said by the critics, is playing Nell Eamond in "For Fair Virginia" with Russ Whistal, with marked success.

The turn of affairs in South Africa has caused a change for the better in London theatricals. Business which was very bad during the winter months, has picked up and many of the theatres are now reported to be doing well.

Charles Frohman has up his sleeve a dramatization of the medieval romance "The First Lover" and Beerholm Tree is considering a version. In the meantime Tree has secured a play written around Benvenuto Cellini.

It has just been announced that when Sir Henry Irving returns to London he will not produce any new play there. Owing to his extension of time in America there will be no time for new play producing, hence he will only revive "Robespierre."

Ellaine Terriss has recently undergone a surgical operation for a growth which was developing in her nose. She is progressing favorably. During her absence from the cast of "My Daughter-in-Law," her part was successfully taken by Margaret Robinson.

Cecil Owen an actor who was here with Ethel Tucker during her last engagement is playing with the Forepaugh Stock company in Philadelphia, and recently assumed the role of the leading man at short notice with entire satisfaction in a finished and better perfect performance.

May Vokes who originated the part of Tilly in "My Friend from India" is rehearsing to open with the Hanlon Brothers in their new play "A Lively Legacy" next Monday in Albany. Miss Vokes has a German character part in the new play and will doubtless score another hit.

Lewis Morrison in Frederick the Great, closed in New Haven on March 24. The company was booked for four weeks more.

"77"

English Folk Lore.

"When a cat coughs in the house, it is a sign of sickness in the family; it's a sign that the house-folks 'll be havin' colds; but then colds is at the bottom of all sickness."

Keep off the Colde and you keep off sickness; the use of "Seventy-seven" will do this, it restores the blocked circulation (indicated by a chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins and so breaks up the Cold.

"77" consists of a small vial of pleasant pellets, just fits the vest pocket; at drug stores or mailed on receipt of price, 25c. Dr. Humphreys' Book of Diseases sent free. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS'



BAD COMPLEXIONS, pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair with irritated scalps and dandruff, red, rough hands, with itching, burning palms, shapeless nails and painful finger ends, and baby blemishes, prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

It removes the cause of disfiguring eruptions, loss of hair, and baby blemishes, viz.: the clogged, irritated, inflamed, or sluggish condition of the PORES. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and the BEST baby soap in the world. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin," free.

Cuticura THE SET

but Mr. Morrison's physician insisted that the actor's health, injured by a shock when his private car was burned in Maine just after he left here, would not permit, of a continuance of the tour. Morrison has transferred the rights of "Frederick the Great" and "The Master of Ceremonies" to T. H. Winnett.

The question of 'loud' posters is again being agitated in Washington, D. C. where the authorities have been asked to interfere with respect to the display of certain burlesque and comic opera printing. In 1891 the District of Columbia commissioners adopted regulations respecting bill boards and bill posting for the purpose of preventing offenses against public propriety. But the ordinance does not specify what constitutes an immoral picture hence the commissioners have been obliged to solve the weighty problem. They announce as the result of their deliberations that a liberal construction shall be placed upon the rule; but they declare that no picture of a woman "exposing her self from the shoulder to the knee" shall be exhibited.

Sarah Bernhardt is making a great furor in Paris with "L'Aiglon" and of her work in it French correspondence of the Mirror describing the play at length says: "Sarah Bernhardt's portrayal of L'Aiglon ranks as her greatest achievement. So perfectly did she assume the male character that all thought of her real sex was forgotten. None of the faults that were found with her Hamlet were discernible here. Her acting throughout was marvelous. She invested the part with a profound melancholy through which the spirit of youth strove at times to shine. Rostand's admirable verse found perfect expression in the musical tones of her voice. It was a performance fully deserving of the lavish praise that has been heaped upon it. That, with her years she should depict youth so truly is marvelous."

The rapidity which marked the destruction of the Columbia theatre in Chicago last week gave warning of the horrors that might have occurred had a fire broken out during the performance at night. It is a matter of record that the majority of theatre fires occur outside of performance hours.

The theory explaining this is that when a presentation is in progress firemen are present and vigilance is exercised with respect to every safeguard. In the case of the Columbia, which seems to have been a particularly inflammable structure, the fire started in the upper part of the building outside of the theatre and spread with amazing swiftness. The Columbia was built nearly a quarter of century ago when there was less care practised in the construction of theatres than has prevailed during the last ten years. To day building and fire laws everywhere are strict to the point of oppressiveness, but the result is that new buildings are as a rule models of safety.

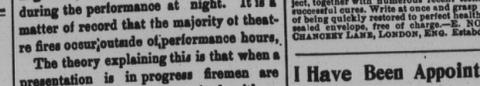
Even a painful disease may afford its possessor some crumbs of comfort. Mr. B., after having been afflicted for ten or twelve years with chronic rheumatism, was persuaded to try the medicinal baths at a famous health resort, and as the

result of two months' treatment, he came home cured. "Your husband looks like a new man," said a neighbor, conversing with Mrs. B. about it afterward. "He must be one of the happiest of human beings, after all his years of suffering."

"Well, I don't know she replied. "He seems kind of glum and unhappy. He hasn't anything to talk about now."

Expert Opinion. Intellectual Caller—"Don't you think Sienkiewicz as a novelist is rather hard to classify?" Literary Editor—"Not as hard, madam, as he is pronounce.—Chicago Journal.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's "Silver Plate that wears." This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article. Other pieces of less or greater value in the same grade of plate in almost endless variety. The popular designs in

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Kalvas, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always in our stock.

EVERY WEAK MAN

SHOULD read for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i. e., without stomach medicines). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.—E. NORTON, 50 & 52, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS.

I Have Been Appointed Agent for St. John for the Celebrated

ISHAM'S CALIFORNIA WATERS OF LIFE

A True Solvent that Cures All Manner of Diseases. It is a beautiful Water, absolutely free of vegetable organic matter. Hundreds of testimonials furnished of the cures this celebrated water has made. SEE THE WINDOW DISPLAY and ask for Free Sample of this Water of Life. REMEMBER THE STORE. Allan's White Pharmacy 67 Charlotte Street. Phone 229.

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Ribbon & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any articles whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send no stamp for circulars. THE UNIVERSAL SUNDRIES CO., P. O. Box 1148, Montreal.

parade may be expected. Of this amount spent by the women. More or less fashionable procession before in the many churches all points but chiefly characters are women. Only assumed that one apparel—hats, gowns, or gowns, and their the next largest hands of these ornaments of \$5. d of dollars for their many hundreds of age of \$3 each, allow aspect and \$5 for the pairs of gloves, the at from \$1 to \$2, or be bought for fifty to \$1.50. Entertainment add the cost of flowers—from ten ever to 50c. for a cor-total expenditure of dollars, and the grand ladies amounts to the nk account. He spend several thousanders, hats, shoes, and flowers, the cost conservatively, as in on. out a third or perhaps of whom are supposed later outfits. If the ready made over- of the made to order age price for the over-high figure, the men's expense is for trousers, ices computed from \$5 at the men a big total lead gear. The amount or each of these items or an average expendi- at about \$1.50 a pair. red dollars for bouton- and the men spend for thing and accessories cyclis almost. Thus spent would pay the pastors, of at least this city for one year. John!

Passion Plays.

regan Passion Play, which d again this year, as it ed in the Passion week of the first representa- the most celebrated but val from the "mysteries" ges. The early church e dramatizations of Our d crucifixion as a decor- spectacle. And so it was, s when performed in a ore a believing audience. red influenced the actors avaded the audience, the p to the performances. nger in remote and simple ammergan. ry village in the Roman ous sort of Passion Play is med during Holy Week. ulation takes part. The on Palm Sunday by the ap- oman wandering agonized e wailing "My Son! My ring her face with her blue y goes round, "The Ma- her Son!" Crowds follow in Windows are thrown up in Questions and answers are ed between the insiders and there besech the Madonna search and bless their child- rans up. He wears a long apers wings are fastened to He is an angel come to tell that he knows where the lost ound. "There he is," he as a long haired and beard- d in a red tunic, his head own of gilt paper, makes his There is a rapturous meet- ay during Holy Week Christ and persecuted, but he lech- and advice all who will listen the final summons comes. a burial of the Madonna close a festival.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 14

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 85.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

The idea that the people are not interested in civic affairs was effectually dispelled a few days ago when a few persons called a meeting of those interested in civic reform. The move was made but three or four days before the nomination of candidates. Had it started earlier there is no doubt that public opinion would have been thoroughly aroused. As it is, the action of Ald. CHRISTIE and a few of his followers in attempting to take charge of the reform meeting one evening has brought him into the light of public discussion and the result is not apt to be favorable to him. His tactics on that occasion were on a par with his usual course at council meetings. The introduction of his methods of bulldozing was not welcome to the people and his angry and excited discourse had no weight whatever. The display of a motto alluding to the pulp mill acted like a red rag to the buccolic alderman and he was indignant in his denial that he was connected in any way with the prosperity of the pulp industry. When this statement of Alderman CHRISTIE's is considered in connection with the letter Mr. CUSHING of the pulp mill, wrote to Insurance Agent KAYE, the taxpayers will know what reliance to place upon the assertions of the alderman for Landsdowne. Why should Mr. CUSHING make it a point to allude to his interest in the candidature of Alderman CHRISTIE in his business letter to Mr. KAYE when referring to the renewal of his insurance policy, if he had not a vital interest in the re-election of that gentleman. We all know that Dr. CHRISTIE was the man who engineered the Spruce Lake extension scheme through the council; we know that the great concessions granted to the pulp mill were advocated and forced upon the attention of the council by Ald. CHRISTIE; we know that the first proposition, agreed to reluctantly by the city, was refused by the pulp mill promoters and Dr. CHRISTIE urged the council to take immediate action and to grant many further concessions in order that capitalists in England would fall in with the idea at once; we know that notice of the expropriation of the land was given before the council had any idea of the cost and arbitration proceedings were entered into almost at once. That was two years ago. Almost the last act of ex-Mayor ROBERTSON was to declare against the extraordinary haste that was characterizing the proceedings. He spoke against the investment of \$100,000 in pipe a year before it was needed, but Dr. CHRISTIE at that time had the council in the hollow of his hand as it were and anything he said was law. To the utter surprise of the people it was agreed to give the pulp mill all the water they wanted at one tenth of the price paid by the PARKS cotton mill on this side of the harbor.

The city has not completed its contract yet. The pipe to the pulp mill has not been laid. It is any wonder then that the manager, Mr. CUSHING, should desire the re-election of Dr. CHRISTIE?

But will the people endorse this? Do they want a man who has given away so much to the pulp people for so little put in a position to do the same thing again? The only way to prevent this is to vote for Dr. SMITH, the opponent of Dr. CHRISTIE. His ability to deal with civic matters has to be proved but he is free from the influence of ring rule and will for the present,

at least, be inclined to consult the wishes of the people rather than the interests of individuals.

The last act of this years council has been to deprive the committee of five, called by courtesy the committee of management of their control over water and sewerage affairs. Dr. CHRISTIE was chairman of this "managing" committee which spent \$150,000 of the taxpayers money every year. Meetings were held when the chairman pleased, the press was not admitted, reports were submitted when the chairman pleased and they were not made up as other reports by the common clerk and read by him but were no more than some brief memoranda of what had been done. After this there will be a change. The committee of management will be composed of thirteen members instead of five and the meetings will be held like those of other boards. Dr. CHRISTIE was not present at the special meeting of the council when this was done but of the two thirds of the members necessary to be present there was not one dissenting voice.

There will be at least one change in the composition of the Common Council next year. Mr. J. B. BAXTER was not opposed in Brooks ward in the West End. He cannot be called a new man, exactly, since he has had experience in civic affairs, having set at the council board before. Since his retirement he has been an interested observer of civic methods and he should come to the council with a fair knowledge of what has been and is being done. It is fair to expect in alderman-elect BAXTER now a mature judgement, and one more amenable to the wishes of the people to whom he knows every one must bow in the end.

The two gentlemen who have represented the West End, Messrs. COLWELL and STACKHOUSE are opposed to one another this year, since, under the law they are required to run for the same ward. They are supported by different factions in the city, the latter alderman being credited with the assistance of those who this year have taken up the fight for Alderman CHRISTIE. Whether this makes much difference or not remains to be seen. The strange part of the whole affair is the turn over of a considerable body of men from active opposition to certain men in the Council last year, to their present support. It can only be the result of blind obedience to an obligation that forbids a man to think for himself. It shows how easy it is for interested parties to pack election committees and coerce men whose good sense tells them that the organization that bids them vote against a man one year and for him the next is being used not for the good of the community but for the interests of the individual.

OLD MRS. BLIZZARD DEAD.

A Remarkable Woman Nearly 108 Years old. Mrs. Amy Blizzard, widow of Thomas Blizzard of McDonald's Point, Queen's Co. on the river, died about a week ago at her home, after six days of considerable suffering. The news of her death and burial did not reach her St. John relatives until last Thursday night and then the particulars were meagre. However it was stated that after almost a week of illness the grand old woman, in the 108th year, dropped peacefully into a sleep, which those nearby were surprised to find the sleep of death. The breaking-up state of the river made it next to impossible for any relatives or friends from the city to attend the funeral obsequies.

The late Mrs. Blizzard was 107 years and 8 months old, and on that account one of the most remarkable women in America. Her birthday the 16th of August, has for years been celebrated at her home with great zest by hundreds of people from the city and from rural districts. At the last celebration PROGRESS had a pleasant talk with her in which she told of the early days along the St. John river and spoke as if it were yesterday of such world famous happenings as the battle of Waterloo.

She said she knitted and frequently did sewing "without much inconvenience" and her eyesight and hearing appeared to be remarkably well preserved. Seated in her quaint old rocker with a grandmother's, she a great-grandmother's cap on her head and with her family of old men and women about her, she indeed looked venerable. To interested visitors she chatted freely, but her natural trend of conversation took even the oldest visitor too far back in the vista of years.

Mrs. Blizzards parents were directly Loyalists, in fact the deceased old lady was born only ten years after the city of St. John was founded. In her most talkative moments and when in a reminiscent mood her utterances were frequently of historical value. It was her particular delight to tell of the old river settlers and their struggles. She herself was born in the

parish of Gaggetown in 1792. Her father was Albert Akorley of New York and her mother Lucy Ward of Cumberland.

She had been a widow 82 years and had sixteen children, ten of whom are now living. They are:

Oliver Blizzard, living at Narrows, Queens County, born 1815.

John Blizzard, residing in this city, born 1817.

Thomas Blizzard, North End city, born 1824.

The widow Mead of North End, born 1814.

Mrs. Scribner of Houlton, Me. born 1819.

Mrs. Jas. Hamm of Narrows, Queens Co., born 1823.

Mrs. Geo. Black, North End, City, born 1827.

Mrs. Wm. B. Smith, McDonalds Point Queens Co., born 1830.

Mrs. Thos. Watson, St. John, N. E. born 1832.

Mrs. Samuel Hamm, St. John, N. E., born 1838.

The engraving on Page 8 of this issue shows Mrs. Blizzard surrounded by her family at her birthday celebration a few years ago.

Would Affect His Trade. Mack O'Kell—Yes, he is always afraid the sun may suddenly drop from his position.

Lake Warme—Is he a scientist? Mack O'Kell—No; a parasol manufacturer.

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES. A New Remedy. Chatham World. Death notices free; poetry 10c a line. Idylls. (St. Andrews Beacon) The robins and the hobbos have struck town. Spring is here, sure. The Filtered Flea, or the Mystery of the Mice. (Springhill Advertiser) Who were the young men that captured the pie in a certain restaurant on Saturday evening last? A Flea for Intemperance. (P. E. I. Agriculturist) Western Correspondents say that on some days the Straits are perfectly clear of ice, as can be seen, with a strong glass. Naughty, Naughty Sydney! (Island Reporter) A letter addressed to the Leader of Sydney Dancing Orchestra has been traveling from hand to hand for the past few days, and has so far found no resting place. The danger of being found in possession of such a document during the lean season no doubt actuates rapidly of transit. These are Elfin's Neighbors. (Canon Corner Cor. in St. Croix Courier) George Gildart of Beaufield held a 'bee' on Tuesday of last week which lasted four days. The result was the hauling of a house a distance of about two miles. On a rough and narrow road the task proved to be a hard one, but with the perseverance of good neighbors and their horses they put the building on the ground satisfactorily to Mr. Gildart.

Aesthetic Albert Co. (Albert Maple Leaf) Spring, with her bright crew, sits enthroned. Where once old winter sat: Hurrah for the bicycle, And the big straw hat. Kentville "Frost" Bitten. (Western Chronicle) The Frost Stock Company played last week in Margeson's Hall. Some of the plays put on were said to be fairly good. The attendance was very poor, and it will probably be some time before the Co. comes here again.

The Thin "Yellow" Line. (Carroll's Corner Cor. Miramichi Advance) We are very much interested in the progress of the war with South Africa and wish for the success of Great Britain, although there a few Boer sympathizers in our parish. Like those elsewhere, they are of course, the lowest and the meanest of our people.

More International Arbitration Perhaps. (Lubeck Me. Herald) When things have arrived at such a pass that free born American citizens cannot get over to Campbell and spend a quiet day on "blooming British soil" without being visited by a representative of Her Majesty's government and being read the riot act (otherwise extracts from the Charlotte county game laws), something should be done. A couple of battleships or a part of the North Atlantic American squadron should be asked for to protect Lubec, citizens in their quest for enjoyment at Gooseberry Point Camp.

Others Agree With Him. (Annapolis Spectator) Donald McKay, who went aboard the Pearlina for one trip to Porto Rico, returned home Monday. "Farnell" says he enjoyed his experience, but would not care to follow the sea for a living. He says the friendly feeling for England that is supposed to exist in the hearts of the people of the U. S. is all "rot." While the vessel was in New York, he had a good chance to sound the feelings of the people there, and on one occasion came near getting mobbed because he let his British blood get the better of discretion, and stood up for the greatest people on this earth.

Amen! (Chatham World) We would like to see the other country publishers to join us in testing the legality of the Canada Paper or Trade Association's discriminating prices. It looks to us like a criminal conspiracy for which the law ought to afford a remedy. We don't object to the paper makers organizing themselves into a lobby for raising the price of paper, and presume that they have a legal right to do that, but we think that the legality of the agreement under which they charge country publishers a higher price than city publishers, is a conspiracy to do this is not criminal the code should be amended. We would like to see it tested in court, and are willing to pay our percentage of the cost.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE PEOPLE'S INTEREST.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

at present reaches \$170,000. Two hundred thousand will be nearer the figure when the end is at hand. This is one of the reasons why the taxpayers object to Ald. Christie as an administrator of civic affairs. He can buy a pulp mill to the extent of \$100,000 and get but little in return but when the exhibition wants a grant for a couple of thousand dollars he is opposed to it. That means business for all the people, money for the merchants but none for any particular individual. The tourist association brings many strangers to town and they leave money here. They want a small grant to make St. John men widely known. Ald. Christie says "No, let the next council deal with that." How well he knows it will be too late then. The S. P. C. A.—an association which does great good—wants a couple of hundred dollars, but that too is given the hoist with the consent of the alderman. People may well ask why it was that this man had such power. They do not know that he was chairman of the two great pending departments, works and water, and was the great dispenser of patronage. He, as an old alderman, was the leader of young men, was the opponent of the mayor, feared not to ridicule the salvage corps, sneered at the requests of sick policemen—in fact was the autocrat of the council. Any alderman who opposed him might find him on the wrong side when he made a motion. This was Ald Christie's power. He has held it for years and the first blow he has received was that delivered by Ald White a few days ago when he took the expenditure of \$150,000 out of his hands and four others and constituted a new board. The ring want him returned. His particular friend, John Chesley, wants him returned. He has been working all the year for it. The vote that was opposed to Christie last year has been "worked" by Chesley and the "walking organizer" has swung it into line. The same crowd supported Dr. Smith last year. The only difference this year is that the people generally have awakened to the fact that they—who pay the taxes—must say who will spend them. Col. John R. Armstrong is opposed to Alderman Allan. He was in the same position last year and yet was not elected. It is not supposed that the colonel is really in earnest but has permitted his name to be used by his "royal" or loyal friends, and they are conducting the fight for him. Ald. Allan's record at the Council board is not such that the citizens can afford to dispense with him. He is always outspoken and fearless, is not governed by any clique or ring and has a splendid acquaintance with civic business. Carleton people have a more intimate acquaintance with Ald. Allan than the voters in the North End but his record at the present council board is a good canvas for him even in this stronghold of the opposition. Count de Bury looks for most of his strength, of course, from the people around and about him. He has been a political worker in old Portland and the present North End. If the friends of the party he has supported will now in their turn help him he may surprise the scoffers and poll a vote that will make some of his rival candidates despair.

THIS COLUMN FOR STRAIGHT TALK.

Legislators and Their Pay. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Our legislators at Fredericton seem to have but little shame about them when, while the province is in its present financial standing, they vote themselves an additional \$100 indemnity. This means between four and five thousand dollars to the province and you will see that it is but the entering wedge for a regular increase in pay. The members travel, in most cases, on passes and yet draw their Mileage. They have increased their numbers and the expenses of government. When will a man strong and brave enough arise to put an end to this sort of thing? Chatham, April 12th. PROVINCIAL.

He is Getting Impatient. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I have not observed that the police authorities took any notice of the plain statements in my letter to you two or three weeks ago respecting the existence of houses of prostitution so near public institutions like the

Wiggin's Orphan Asylum and the Home For Incubates. Why is this? The inspector of liquor licence etc. has given them a visit and made them pay toll for one form of breaking the law. What about the other and more serious crime? Must the residents take this matter in hand themselves and lay information or must the old headlight be resurrected? A SOUTH END RESIDENT.

More Information Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I notice a letter in the Telegraph regarding Ald. Weston and the city printing. That is all right—let us have the information by all means, but why not ask also who does the printing for the liquor commissioners? Chairman Knodell could no doubt give the answers off hand. ANOTHER PRINTER.

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society.

A Successful Administration.

The policy-holders of the Provident-Savings Life Assurance Society are to be congratulated upon having its affairs conducted by a management active and aggressive and yet careful and conservative. In the march of progress it keeps pace with the most modern company and adopts the most modern plans of practical value, at the same time not forgetting the importance of transacting business upon well defined and well-matured methods. The present management of the Provident Savings has directed its affairs since the last part of December, 1896, and has so well succeeded in building up the company that today it occupies front rank among the strongest and most progressive life insurance companies. This has been accomplished not by accident, but by action, and the statement is confirmed by pointing to the many commendations given the Provident by the press and by its policy holders, and also by the very substantial growth of the Company, so that it is well alongside, "The Three Giants" in the essential that make a prosperous and permanent company. It is a pleasure to confirm the general statement by a few figures, showing the growth of the Provident Savings during the last three years. For the year ending December 31, 1896, the company reported amount of insurance issued, \$14,991,765, and reserve for policy-holders, \$1,245,561. At the close of the year 1897 it reported amount of insurance issued, \$25,172,804 and reserve for policy holders, \$1,639,941. At the close of 1898 it reported insurance issued \$30,268,650, reserve for policy-holders, \$1,994,053, and at the close of 1899 it reported amount of insurance issued \$47,859,893, and reserve for policy holders, \$2,481,461.

Mr. C. T. Gillespie of this city, Manager for the Maritime Provinces of the "Provident Savings", reports a gain of over 100 per cent., in volume of new business in his territory, and is prepared to negotiate on very liberal terms for the services of three good men as representatives. Pointed Paragraphs. The characters of illegible writers are always bad. Some men seem to think a woman's mission is sub-mission. When a man's friends roast him he is usually done to a turn. All's fair in love and war, but they cut rates in a railway war. An egotist is a man who imagines he is in good company when alone. A Prospective Boom. We've gone to boom the real estate at Foblick on the Crick. We think we'll have 'em comin' mighty liberal an' thick. When all our great advantages is rightly advertised You all will like the movement if you're properly advised. We've passed a regulation which prohibits all debauches. Concernin' things which don't concern concerns right in our State; We've made it understood that all our able talk must be devoted to our uses as a local industry. There won't be any parley 'bout the kopjes that are took. Or the fact that Emp'ror William sails a boat or writes a book. We won't have any bother 'bout the Chinyman. Nor rack our brains a-diggerin' on the dot's of the Chair. An' when we've got the energy that used to go to waste. All harassed, we'll be noted for prosperity an' as thick. The palaces will soon be seen a-clusterin' round us thick. Cause every one'll want to live at Foblick on the Crick.—Washington Star.

Handful y all the year... (Vertical text on the right edge of the page)

MAKING POWDER wholesome

Asylum and the Home Why is this? The licence etc. has given made them pay toll for breaking the law. What and more serious crime? take this matter in hand information or must be re-arranged? SOUTH END RESIDENT.

Information Wanted. OF PROGRESS:—I no the Telegraph regarding the city printing. That have the information by not ask also who does the liquor commissioners? I could no doubt give the ANOTHER PRINTER.

Living Assurance Society. Administration.

Members of the Provident-Savings Society are to be conducting its affairs conduct active and aggressive and conservative. In the as it keeps pace with the company and adopts the most of practical value, and not forgetting the important business upon well de-matured methods. The ment of the Provident cted its affairs since the October, 1896, and has so in building up the com- it occupies front rank and most progressive companies. This has been by accident, but by ac-tatement is confirmed by the many commendations sent by the press and by its and also by the very sub- of the Company, so that it is, "The Three Giants" in that make a prosperous and pany. It is a pleasure to neral statement by a few- ing the growth of the Pro- viding the last three years. ending December 31, 1896, reported amount of insurance \$1,248,561. At the close of 1897 it reported amount of in- \$25,172,804 and re- sion holders, \$1,639,941. At 1898 it reported insurance 8,550, reserve for policy- 4,053, and at the close of 1899 amount of insurance 9,893, and reserve for policy 31,461.

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listed Paragraphs. ters of illegible writers are seem to think a woman's mis- sion. any both "out the Chinymen brains a-gerin" on the dole's of the get the energy that used to go to we'll be noted for prosperity an- ill soon be seen a-cluster' round n'll want to live at Follick on the Washington Star.

Prospective Boom. oom the real estate at Follick on the have "em comin' mighty liberal an' reat advantages is rightly advertised to the movement if you're properly a regulation which prohibits all ags which don't concern concerns ur State; understood that all our able talk use as a local industry. any parley 'bout the kopjes that are Emp'or William sells a boat or book, any both "out the Chinymen brains a-gerin" on the dole's of the get the energy that used to go to we'll be noted for prosperity an- ill soon be seen a-cluster' round n'll want to live at Follick on the Washington Star.



Naturally enough the most solemn seven days in all the year were not marked by any show of social activity, but rather subtle interchanges of that nature. The city has indeed been in sackcloth and ashes. Other influences as well have had their effect in tending down the ardor of those who are socially inclined, such as Easter dress preparations, usual spring removing and preparations for moving about town and into the suburbs. Starting with the observance of Palm Sunday in the episcopal and catholic churches the week has been one of religious duties, culminating in the holiest days of all the 365, yesterday. Tomorrow is a day of christian rejoicing, in the march more so by the advent of spring, and things springlike. Then follows the season of suspended restrictions in which the social side of life in St. John will be more seen than for months. The theatre opens on Monday and numerous little affairs full of promised pleasantness and, further off the untiring crop of June weddings.

Speaking of weddings it is rumored, for that phrase has been taken off the shelf again, that a Princess street physician, not a young man by any means, will very soon lead to Hyman's altar, a Halifax lady that a European trip, including the Paris show, will consume their honeymoon period. It is understood Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White will visit the Paris Exposition, leaving in about two or three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Doherty of Orange street pleasantly entertained a few of her friends at what on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Vawar of Charlotte street leave for England on route to Paris, by the Elder-Demeter boat Lactiana next Thursday. Germany and Italy will be included in their European trip. Mr. Alfred Pound of F. S. McEwen & Co. is understood, is going to take a British Columbian trip in early May, a sort of prospecting visit. Mrs. Pound will remain here. Mr. Walker Goddard has been a victim of the gripe for the past week at his grandfather's home Mr. M. C. Barbour's, Richmond street. Mrs. Jas. Stanton has returned home from Port- land, Me. where she was in attendance at the funeral of her uncle, Mr. McCutcheon. Dr. Bayard, of Gernala street, Canada's grand old man of medicine, was laid aside from his active duties last week, through indisposition. Mrs. E. Tins of Brussels street, one of St. John's oldest and most respected residents is quite ill. Mrs. Tins is her 81st year and the oldest member of Brussels street Baptist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mason of Douglas Avenue, entertained Mr. Mason's fellow employees of Haley's woodworking establishment on Thursday evening, in honor of Mr. Mason's recent marriage. The Economical Conference on Foreign Missions to meet in New York on the 21st of this month and to continue for ten days will, no doubt, be among the most notable missionary gatherings ever held. Delegates from all parts of the world are expected to be present, and a large number of topics of the deepest interest in connection with missionary and evangelistic work will be discussed by men distinguished for their great ability and his long devotion in the cause of missions. The uplifting influence, spiritually and intellectually, of the meet- ings should be very great. Among Baptists in these Provinces who are expected to attend the Conference are Rev. J. W. Manning and Mrs. Manning of St. John, Rev. H. A. Lavers of St. George, and Rev. E. E. Hatch of Wolfville, also Mr. and Mrs. Archibald returned missionaries from India. Captain Charles Taylor of Sheffield, Banbury, Co., is in town again looking after the getting ready of his boat "David Weston" of the Star Line for the summer's work. Captain Taylor is one of the youngest masters of any steam passenger craft running out of or into this port and with the travelling public is ever obliging and painstaking. Mr. Arthur Ganong, brother of W. B. Ganong of the "Cedar" which again after his accident ten days ago. He is being congratulated by his many friends on his narrow escape. Rev. Mr. Goucher had the misfortune to be thrown from a team one day last week. He was driving Mr. G. W. Ganong's little chestnut horse down Marks street and when turning into Water street, the horse started somewhat quickly and struck the wagon around a tree in front of Miss Atherton's throwing Mr. Goucher out and quite badly breaking the wagon. The horse was stopped before it had gone far. Mr. Goucher escaped with only a shaking up. There was no meeting of the Popular whist club this week. Mr. Wilson Baxter an old and much respected citizen of Milltown, died at his home on Wednesday last. The funeral took place on Saturday and was attended by the organmen in a body. It is rumored that an axe factory is soon to be started at the old Broad axe factory site. Mr. Harry Broad, Mr. John Wilson and a Montreal capitalist are the movers in reviving this industry. It is hoped they will meet with success.

Burtie Hackett, Mabel Hatfield. Candy Table—Hazel Gregory, Hortense Heath. A short programme was rendered as follows: Chorus and drill, "The Little Ladies" Mamma "with Dorothy Creighton, Winnie Cunningham, Gertie Earle Heath, Nana Williams, Marion Estabrooks, Bess Hadden—"Dolly's Agony," Marion Estabrooks. Recitation—"When Burtie Goes to Sleep"—Nana Williams. Photograph selections. Miss Beard left on Wednesday for a trip to New York. Captain Robertson, and Mrs. Robertson, who have been spending some weeks here, returned to their home in Yarmouth on Thursday. Miss Barnes of "Brookside", Thessville, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. C. T. Baran, Coburg St. Mr. A. Stevens of Kentville, N. B. spent Sunday with friends here. The croquet in suburban parts will soon commence, in fact it has already begun. On Saturday last Mr. Wetmore of M. E. & A.'s office moved his family to their pretty little home at Riverview on the I. C. E. Dr. and Mrs. Gocham of Coburg Street will occupy half of Mr. Wetmore's cottage during the summer. C. J. Milligan and family of 186 Leland street intend removing their residence at their pretty home, "Beansant" Turryburn in about three weeks. The influx into Westfield commences in a week or so. Miss Mamie Russell of Chatham, is staying with Mrs. L. E. Knight for an extended visit. Miss Russell has recently graduated from the General Public hospital nursing staff. Mr. Jeremiah Clark of Bay View, P. E. I., was in town last Sunday on route to Boston and Guelph Ont. Mr. Clark is one of the bright young men of P. E. I., and already has shown a literary intellect, being the author of several books and poems. Messrs. Clifford Hubbard and Leslie Barker of Canaan, N. B., who had been attending King's Business College went home on Wednesday. Mr. Hubbard has finished his business tuition, but Mr. Barker returns in a week or so. Both young men have made many friends during their stay in St. John. William H. and Jack Clawson, sons of Mr. Joshua Clawson of King's (cont) are home from the University at Fredericton for the Easter vacation. Mr. Geo. McSorley, city editor of the Gazette was confined to his home in West End during the early week with the gripe. Among the Carrie Business University student who have gone home for the Easter holidays are: Miss Leslie Sherwood of Upland, N. B.; C. R. Simpson of Petrolia, N. B.; Le Roy Young of Waterville, N. S.; J. D. McMillan of New Mills, N. B.; A. L. Folkins of Millstream, N. B.; J. K. Whetson of Kingston, Kent Co.; H. E. Manning of Newtown, N. B.; Miss F. Knight Hanson of Fredericton; Louise Monahan of Gasperaux Station. Mr. John Hart, Miss Maryne McConnell and Miss Edith Gibson, of Maryville, and Miss Kitty Edward and Miss Thomas, of Fredericton, passed through the city Wednesday on the Pacific express from Mount Allison, Sackville, to spend the Easter vacation, with their parents. Miss Crowe of Halifax, was also among the students and will be the guest of Miss McConnell at Maryville. Mrs. H. F. Todd, Miss Todd and Mrs. Fred Pike McNeil of St. Stephen, are visiting the city. Mrs. George F. Smith and Mrs. George McLeod, left Wednesday afternoon for Boston and New York.

Mr. W. E. Earle, of the Publishing house, left for Montreal Wednesday afternoon. Mr. A. J. Boyne of this city has gone on duty as clerk at the Carlisle Hotel, Woodstock. Miss Jacobs, daughter of the Fredericton Cathedral, is in St. John this week, attending services at the Mission church. Miss Jacobs is a daughter of the late Dr. Jacobs, for some years president of the University. Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety of Fredericton, are visiting friends here. Mrs. Fraser wife of the Blind, spent a few days in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. H. G. Fenety. Mrs. Fraser was on her return from Fredericton. John Bebbington, the Fredericton Socialist paid a visit to the city this week. Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALAIS. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, E. E. Alchison and J. N. Room & Co. in Galais at O. P. Treat's.] APRIL 12.—Mr. John Trimble is able to be out has been appointed steward of the "Weston" which carries the peace of mind of those passengers who may pose as spectators. The Buds of Promise of the Congregational church, held a pretty little tea and fancy sale on Tuesday evening, which was well patronized. The Buds are only little bits of tots, but they carried off course the little ones were assisted at the sale tables, but throughout the evening the Buds were the moving spirits. The tables were in charge of the following persons: Tea-Table—Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. G. A. Smith, Mrs. E. P. Kerr, Miss Emma Harrison, Miss Ellett, Miss Hackett, Miss Creighton, Miss Olive Fowler, Miss Lizzie Carney. Fancy Table—Mrs. Gordon, Olive Flewelling, Greta Fowler. Art Table—Mrs. Otto Rebecke Jennie Holopes. Children's Table—Miss Phillips, assisted by Nettie Briden, Dorothy Creighton, Winnie Cunningham, Gertrude Phillips, Maud Smith, Gratia Heath, Nana Williams, Marion Estabrooks. Ice Cream Table—Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Heath,

George E. Sands is home for a few days. Mr. Sands has been in St. John for some weeks in the interest of the Imperial Manufacturing Company. The Knights of Pythias are making every possible preparation for their ball in St. Croix hall on Monday evening next. Damon's orchestra will furnish music. The Civic League does not seem to be meeting with the success which its promoters anticipated. A meeting was held in Temperance hall last Friday evening at which about a dozen citizens attended. Speeches were made by Mr. Ashley St. Clair and Rev. Mr. Rice of Calais. Unless the citizens become generally interested in this new movement it is safe to predict that success will be lacking. The interest originated so far from being not encouraging to the promoters. Although liquor is sold quite freely in town at present there are very few disturbances on the streets and an attempted reform seems thoroughly successful may prove to be a detriment. Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

ST. ANDREWS. APRIL 12.—Messrs. G. H. Clarke and John Mc-Gilchrist spent an hour or two in the sidewalks on Thursday. Postmaster Stevenson has a little male at home that he is very proud of. He arrived on Thursday last. Mrs. Arthur Connor, of St. John, came to St. Andrews last week to attend the obsequies of her brother, Mr. Richard McCafferty. Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific railway, will be numbered among our summer visitors this year. He has engaged the Innes cottage alongside the Algonquin hotel for his family. Misses Bishop and Calder have opened a school for dress cutting here and are meeting with good success. Hassen F. Bigby student at Kings college, Windsor, is home on his Easter vacation. Senator Gilchrist came down from Ottawa on Monday last. Mr. G. H. Stickey went to St. John on Monday to attend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. H. A. Parry Mrs. Parry was his father's only sister. She was 80 years of age. Lady Dillier will occupy her own cottage this year. Rev. E. W. Simons, curate of All Saints' church, has tendered his resignation of the curacy. In order to accept the rectorship of a Carleton Co. parish. He will leave St. Andrews early in May. His removal is to be regretted, as he has proved himself to be a young man of energy, capacity and public spirit. The marriage of M. Theobald and Miss May Forster will take place at noon on Monday next at the residence of W. D. Forster, Esq. Rev. Canon Ketchum will officiate. The young couple will go to St. John on their honeymoon, after which they will return to St. Andrews, where they propose making their home.

BRITAIN THE MIGHTY. Hark to that shout again, Flung back from top to sea; 'Tis my country's cry, Ever she sends more men, Britain the mighty! Terror of criminals. Under our flag they fall, They who obey her call, Sons of the Empire. True soldiers one and all, Britain the mighty! Mistress of armies. Friends bleeding, jowans dead, Bravely we forge ahead, Letting the light in, Dark is the path we tread, Britain the mighty! Champion of freedom. Great as thou art in war, Peace proves the mightier, True coloniser. Queen of both sea and shore, Britain the mighty! Mother of nations. When hale's subliming blast Blows the last war-cloud past, True fostermother; Rule as thou ever hast, Britain the mighty! Our Great Britain. JEREMIAH S. CLARK. Kirkcubbin, Bay View, March 30, '00.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY. Britain the mighty, Hark to that shout again, Flung back from top to sea; 'Tis my country's cry, Ever she sends more men, Britain the mighty! Terror of criminals. Under our flag they fall, They who obey her call, Sons of the Empire. True soldiers one and all, Britain the mighty! Mistress of armies. Friends bleeding, jowans dead, Bravely we forge ahead, Letting the light in, Dark is the path we tread, Britain the mighty! Champion of freedom. Great as thou art in war, Peace proves the mightier, True coloniser. Queen of both sea and shore, Britain the mighty! Mother of nations. When hale's subliming blast Blows the last war-cloud past, True fostermother; Rule as thou ever hast, Britain the mighty! Our Great Britain. JEREMIAH S. CLARK. Kirkcubbin, Bay View, March 30, '00.

Baited of the Alarm Clock. I bought a clock not long ago, To give me timely warning, That I must be in time to go To business in the morning. Yet now I loathe its pallid face, Set round with lanky numbers, And hate the gong upon its case, That rattles my sweet slumbers. A rounded horror, nicked bright! 'Tis woken in a flicking That wakes in the dead of night And beats the thing a-jolting. Now hushed to a low, scarce heard beat, Now loud as drum in battle; Now deathly slow and then so fleet It makes the whole case rattle. I wrap it in a coverlet And in my closet stow it; Then try my best to sleep—and yet It's ticking, and I know it. Worn out at length, my eyelids close; Then, with a sudden chiding, And jangled clang, off it goes, A-gurgling and a-whanging.

Anonymous Idiotcy in Verse. There was an artless artist, and He had wheels in his head; 'T was no horseless carriage, 'T was a wireless telegraph, So 'I'll buy a wire," he said. He sent a wireless telegram, And bought a chainless wheel; But, though a reckless character, His wreck I must reveal. The bicycle they sent him was A chainless, brakeless make, But straightaway as he mounted it That wheel began to break. His injuries were serious, And though 'twas but a span, He's breathing still, though breathless, For he is a deathless man. Since for contributions brainless You can daily find the space To this poem, though 'tis senseless, I trust you'll give a place; Then sure, you'll be subscriptionists. "Ring Chain's" "Old Lady," "Dude," Will, readers, descend into Innocuous desuetude. Observe De-seated Cases, Spitch, Furze, & Duesel, 17 Waterloo.

Two Truths. Fact One—You cannot get better soap than WELCOME. Fact Two—You can buy WELCOME as low as you can buy any soap of quality, so that is the sense of buying inferior soap bearing some little known brand, when WELCOME knows the work easier and gives better satisfaction in every way. Insist on having WELCOME.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Corticelli Skirt Protector with its soft, porous, elastic weave is the best kind of bottom finish for a winter skirt, because it dries out quickly. It is steam shrunk before it is dyed and it cannot draw or pucker the skirt bottom. Made of specially grown and spun wool. Sewed on flat—not turned over, one or two rows of stitching. Sold everywhere 4 cents a yard—See that it is labeled. Corticelli

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. CROUP is the most deadly of all diseases of children. It gives very little time in which to seek remedies. A little tiredness—a cough—feverishness—stuffed coughing—delirium—convulsions—and even at this critical period LIFE IS SAVED if this wonderful balsam is administered. It should be always on hand and given at the first symptom but it will nearly perform miracles whenever used. 25c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL,—"Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. unequaled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Rheuma, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworms, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/2d. each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Pre- parations sent post free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

Butoche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butoche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc, and restores the corpus to strength and vigor. Dr. W. Knapp, 325 Bull Building, Detroit, Mich., kindly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA. Fry's Pure Cocoa is a rich, smooth, and delicious chocolate, made from the finest cocoa beans. It is pure and contains no artificial flavors or preservatives. It is ideal for use in hot drinks, cakes, and other confections. Fry's Pure Cocoa is available in various sizes and is sold by all leading grocers and confectioners.

HALIFAX NOTES.

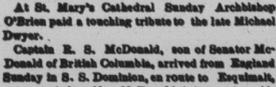


CHAMOIS.

When the conditions are right the light leap of a Chamois may start an avalanche which will bury a village alive. It takes but a little thing when the conditions are right to prostrate a healthy looking man. Hastily eaten food, means a body ill nourished, a nervous system on starvation rations and the blood sluggish and corrupt.

THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER.

It is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound.



Address, Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

April 10.—Mr. Chas. Turnbull has returned home from his visit to Sydney.

Mrs. Mack of Bridge town, is visiting her sister Mrs. R. G. Munroe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lettenay has returned from their trip to St. John.

Mrs. L. E. Morse and Miss Annie Short are visiting friends at Bear River.

Mr. A. J. S. Cop, M. P. returned home from Ottawa on Wednesday, via St. John.

Mrs. Charlotte Bred, who has been visiting at Yarmouth, returned to Digby this week.

Mrs. Charles Tupper arrived home from Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. C. W. Fair, who has been employed in the new bank building, Digby, left for Sydney on Monday.

Miss Lizzie Felix of La Wrenston, is the guest of Mrs. Bowles, Prince William Street.

Miss Maggie McCormick, formerly an assistant in the Digby postoffice, returned home from Boston on Wednesday.

Miss Alice Hunt of Acaia Valley, left on Saturday for Lowell, Mass., where she will attend the training school for nurses.

Mrs. Gilpin and daughter, Miss Lottie returned to Digby from St. John this week. They will occupy their summer residence at the South End.

Dr. Edw. Graham passed through Digby on Tuesday, en route from Charlottetown to Boston, via Yarmouth. The general doctor will reside here during the coming summer, and we trust he will in the future become a permanent resident of our town.

Mr. Cameron Anderson, brother of Capt. Howard Anderson, was in Digby last week.

Major Darland, who has been in Boston for several weeks, endeavoring to regain his eye-sight, returned home on Wednesday. We regret to state that he is no better, and is at present almost totally blind. He is one of Brighton's leading citizens.

ANNAPOLIS.

April 10.—Miss Edith Bohaker, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. B. Gates, at Middleton, arrived home Wednesday. We are pleased to hear her voice again at her old place at the 'Central.'

Miss Edith McMullan returned Saturday from a pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Bridgetown.

Miss May Mills, of Granville Ferry, has been the guest of Mrs. L. D. Shaffer at Bridgetown.

R. J. Unacke, Esq. was seized with a bad spell on Tuesday evening, which has somewhat retarded his recovery. He is improving slowly.

Bert Farnsworth, of the Ferry, left on Monday for Halifax to assist in the provisional garrison here. He will also visit.

Mrs. E. C. Spinaey of Yarmouth spent a few days with Mrs. J. H. Lombard last week.

Mrs. No man Dimock of Windsor, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. M. Bradford, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Murdoch, of Toronto, spent Sunday in town on a visit to his son, who is a pupil at St. Andrews.

WOLFVILLE.

April 10.—Mr. C. A. Fatiquin has recently moved from the Presbyterian Manse, into the residence at the corner of Main street.

Dr. Lawrence has recovered from his recent severe illness, is again at his office.

Rev. Charles Eaton, pastor of the Bloor street church, Toronto, lectured on Wednesday evening in College Hall, on "Anglo-Saxons." He was the guest of Dr. Trotter during his stay in Wolfville.

BRIDGETOWN.

April 10.—Miss Minerva Hall, of Middleton, is the guest of Mrs. B. M. Williams.

Miss Leacock attended the military opening in St. John last week.

Mrs. Chas. Cheney of New York, is at the home of her relatives Mrs. and Miss Anley.

Miss Sutherland, with B. Harvey & Co., has returned from the military opening at St. John.

Mrs. Newcomb, of Cornwallis, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Furz-Banholph.

Miss May Mills, of Granville Ferry, has been the guest of Mrs. L. D. Shaffer, for a few days.

Mrs. Grace Hoyt, who has been making an extended visit with relatives in St. John, has returned home.

Miss Lena Munroe, who has been attending a business college in Halifax for the past few months, returned home on Saturday last.

Miss Maria Mason, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Millidge Munroe, for several months has returned to her home in St. John.

E. A. Dodge and family intend leaving here the latter part of this week. Mr. Dodge goes to take a position as book keeper with J. Gray, merchant Gravesend, Ont.

DRINK ONLY GOOD TEA.

There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are consequently most dangerous. A branded tea like Lyle's Elephant Brand is safe, as its producer's business reputation is staked on its purity.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Folson, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

Apr. 11.—Mrs. Ernest Gladman and Miss Emma Reading leaves today for Halifax to join other friends en route for Bermuda per S. S. Beta.

Mrs. E. G. Bigelow leaves the last of the week for New York on route south. Mrs. Bigelow's many friends trust that so complete a change of climate may restore her to perfect health.

Mrs. Edgar Fulton was at home last Thursday and Friday afternoons to hosts of her friends. Both parties were thoroughly successful. The young hostess was assisted in dispensing her hospitalities by her guests, Miss Leche and the Misses Right.

Mrs. Theo Hill hosts an elaborate programme of Easter music for next Sunday will be assisted by the best local talent in rendering a cantata after the evening service in the First Baptist church. Among other who will assist are Mr. and Mrs. John Logan and Miss Chipman, Miss Helen Bigelow, and Mr. Phillips will be the soloists at St. John's. Miss Mary Sackville, who is visiting Miss Longworth, will be one of the soloists at St. Andrew's.

Senator McKay is home from Ottawa for the Easter recess. Pres.

WINDSOR.

April 10.—Miss Ada Smith spent several days in Halifax last week.

Mrs. McGee, Canard, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. L. Sanford, St. Croix.

Miss B. B. Smith returned from St. John and Halifax on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Mabel Spence, St. Croix, is visiting her brother Mr. Robt. Spence, Cosmopolis.

Rev. A. A. Shaw leaves on Wednesday for Boston, and expects to return on Saturday evening.

Mr. Freeman Davison returns from St. John on Wednesday last, where he had gone on business.

Miss Lena Doran returned last week from a pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Antigonish.

Miss Flossie Johns, Yarmouth, arrived in town last week and has resumed her studies at Edgemoor until the June term.

Mr. J. B. Campbell is going to Walton on business, will be out of town a few days. Mrs. Campbell accompanies him.

Dr. George N. Murphy arrived here on Saturday last from Newfoundland, having been called by the illness of his father.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.]

April 10.—Miss Ethel Tru left on Wednesday's express for Boston.

Mrs. Frank Rankin has gone to visit her brother at New York.

Miss Julia Jewett, Florenceville is visiting Miss Johnston here.

Mrs. Newcomb, Andover, is visiting her daughter here, Mrs. J. T. Garden.

M. B. Craig, formerly of Perth Centre, has moved to Upper Woodstock.

Alex. Henderson went to St. John, Monday to attend the Presbytery meeting.

Mrs. Geo. T. Baird, Andover has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Baird.

F. H. Hale M. P. came down from Ottawa and spent several days here this week.

Chas. Baker came down from Edmundston on Tuesday to be present at his sister's wedding.

Mr. John McInch was called to Yancober on Wednesday by a telegram announcing the death of his brother in that place.

J. J. Gallagher returned yesterday from a professional trip to St. John, where he was engaged for several days attending to some matters in the Equity Court.

HAVELOCK.

Apr. 10.—Miss Taylor who has been Mrs. H. Surpre's guest for several weeks has returned to her home in Fredericton.

NEW DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC HOUSE DECORATION.

Including PAPER HANGINGS of every description, displaying a superb collection of Wall Hangings for the coming season.

The Assortment consists only of the Newest Designs and Colorings, specially selected for a high class trade. At the same time due regard has been given to values and intending purchasers are invited to compare Prices, Qualities and Designs. For bedrooms and sitting rooms there are Pretty, Artistic and Floral Designs, both Embossed and Brocaded. Also Chintz and Satin Stripes, printed ranging from 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c and upwards per roll.

For Dining Rooms, Halls and Libraries, there are printed Burlaps and Canvas effects, Tapestry, Morris, Turkish, Colonial, Heraldic, Empire and Conventional Designs, in a wide range of prices from 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c up per roll.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Samples sent and every information supplied.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. MONTREAL.

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HAVELOCK.

Apr. 10.—Miss Taylor who has been Mrs. H. Surpre's guest for several weeks has returned to her home in Fredericton.

Mr. Tom Gallagher of Moncton was in town Monday.

About forty members of the Baptist Sunday School met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Starratt Monday evening and presented Mrs. Starratt (who is superintendent of the Sabbath school) with a writing desk.

Mr. A. Hoyt entertained a few friends at tea last week in honor of her guest Mrs. Roberts.

Mr. Fred Keith is home from Waverly, Mass. Mrs. Stanley Goggin and Mrs. Robinson of Elgin were guests of Mrs. A. H. Robinson last week.

MAYPOLE SOAP DYES.

Give absolutely sure results—brilliant colors—no streaking, no crocking—fast.

10c FOR COLORS. 15c FOR BLACK.

FREE BOOK on Home Dyeing on application to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

BOURBON.

ON HAND

75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Which is followed promptly by a declaration of war in which four interested nations participate.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. COLONIAL HOUSE. MONTREAL.

Established 1845. Invite attention to their Mail Order department. Samples sent by return mail, and full information supplied. High class goods at close prices.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The continued demand for Black Fabrics for Ladies' Wear is more pronounced than ever in Paris, London and New York. In fact in all the centres of taste and fashion black is in great favor.

In the Black Dress Goods Department the stock of new fabrics for Spring is very complete, and contains striking novelties.

SPECIAL.—Also a purchase of nearly 2,000 yards Black Brocaded Reppod Mohair. Regular price, \$1.00; to be sold at 75c., less 20 p. c. and 5 extra for cash. These are new goods, 44 inches wide. Net price, 57c per yard. Rare value.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

A full stock of the latest and most fashionable SILKS from the European and American markets.

LADIES' SUITING MATERIALS.

In all the latest productions, consisting of Amazon Cloths, Coatings, Tweeds, Camel Hair, Homespuns, Cheviots, Coverts, etc.

Home spun Suitings "extra value" 54 inches wide, 90c a yard. New Fashionable Checks and Plaids for Skirts, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.50. Bengaline (all shades) 50c, 75c, \$1.25. Navy Blue Serges and Coatings, all prices. "Special" lines Navy Serges, 80c, 85c, 90c, 70c. 44 inches wide.

Full assortment of Serges, all shades, 70c per yard, 44 inches wide. A special line of all wool French Cashmere, 45 in. wide, fine shades, 55c per yard.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

The range of New Goods is complete and includes the latest effects in Ginghams, French Cambrics, Oxfords, Zephyrs, Dress Satens, Fancy Figns, Scotch Madras, White and Colored Duck, Khaki, Cretonnes, Chintz Taffetas, Plain and Fancy Denims, and Tickings, etc., etc.

QUEEN QUALITY SHOES.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE which contains photographic reproductions of each Shoe as carried in stock, with sizes, width, prices, etc.

New Department of ARTISTIC HOUSE DECORATION.

Including PAPER HANGINGS of every description, displaying a superb collection of Wall Hangings for the coming season.

The Assortment consists only of the Newest Designs and Colorings, specially selected for a high class trade. At the same time due regard has been given to values and intending purchasers are invited to compare Prices, Qualities and Designs. For bedrooms and sitting rooms there are Pretty, Artistic and Floral Designs, both Embossed and Brocaded. Also Chintz and Satin Stripes, printed ranging from 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c and upwards per roll.

For Dining Rooms, Halls and Libraries, there are printed Burlaps and Canvas effects, Tapestry, Morris, Turkish, Colonial, Heraldic, Empire and Conventional Designs, in a wide range of prices from 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c up per roll.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Samples sent and every information supplied.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. MONTREAL.

pleasent visit with relatives and friends in Antigonish.

Miss Flossie Johns, Yarmouth, arrived in town last week and has resumed her studies at Edgemoor until the June term.

Mr. J. B. Campbell is going to Walton on business, will be out of town a few days. Mrs. Campbell accompanies him.

Dr. George N. Murphy arrived here on Saturday last from Newfoundland, having been called by the illness of his father.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.]

April 10.—Miss Ethel Tru left on Wednesday's express for Boston.

Mrs. Frank Rankin has gone to visit her brother at New York.

Miss Julia Jewett, Florenceville is visiting Miss Johnston here.

Mrs. Newcomb, Andover, is visiting her daughter here, Mrs. J. T. Garden.

M. B. Craig, formerly of Perth Centre, has moved to Upper Woodstock.

Alex. Henderson went to St. John, Monday to attend the Presbytery meeting.

Mrs. Geo. T. Baird, Andover has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Baird.

F. H. Hale M. P. came down from Ottawa and spent several days here this week.

Chas. Baker came down from Edmundston on Tuesday to be present at his sister's wedding.

Mr. John McInch was called to Yancober on Wednesday by a telegram announcing the death of his brother in that place.

J. J. Gallagher returned yesterday from a professional trip to St. John, where he was engaged for several days attending to some matters in the Equity Court.

HAVELOCK.

Apr. 10.—Miss Taylor who has been Mrs. H. Surpre's guest for several weeks has returned to her home in Fredericton.

Mr. Tom Gallagher of Moncton was in town Monday.

About forty members of the Baptist Sunday School met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Starratt Monday evening and presented Mrs. Starratt (who is superintendent of the Sabbath school) with a writing desk.

Mr. A. Hoyt entertained a few friends at tea last week in honor of her guest Mrs. Roberts.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.



When the conditions are right the light leap of a Chamois may start an avalanche which will bury a village alive. It takes but a little thing when the conditions are right to prostrate a healthy looking man. Hastily eaten food, means a body ill nourished, a nervous system on starvation rations and the blood sluggish and corrupt.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

THE WORLD AROUND AGAIN.

With the coming of Easter and Spring Comes the Bicycle.

To the dwellers in northern latitudes the coming of spring is like a release from prison. Barriers built by snow and ice are levelled, and doors sealed by the frost swing open.

To all, doubtless, the season brings a feeling of emancipation; it is perhaps to the bicyclist that it speaks most directly of "fresh woods and pastures." One who watches the wheelman taking advantage of the first good weather and dry roads can hardly fail to notice the look of new found liberty so often reflected in their faces.

Therein, perhaps, lies the true explanation of the enormous increase in the number of those who ride; they have found a way to extend the boundaries of their prison-yard. When they were "foot-goers," the invisible wall about them had a radius of perhaps five miles. Mounted, they travel three miles before fatigue says stop.

As the boundaries of daily life are thus pushed outward, new fields are opened and new scenes disclosed. The forest reserve which was to large to be explored on foot, gives up its secrets without a struggle to the wheelman. Bits of beautiful landscape are discovered so near home that it seems incredible they should have remained unknown so long; and even the business man finds a simple recreation in following a new route to his office.

These are the things which have made bicycling popular. Now that the majority of people ride with sensible moderation, the physical exercise itself is doubtless beneficial; but it is a question whether the real fascination does not lie in the mental stimulus of an enlarged sense of liberty, and in the possibility of a daily change of scene for those who are "chained to business."

Above Prejudice.

The story of the honest Swiss, who was too busy to leave his farm, and begged the neighbor who was bringing suit against him kindly to plead for both parties, has an amusing parallel in the judicial history of Connecticut.

A certain justice of the peace wishing to bring suit against a citizen, consulted the statutes and found that suits of such a character might be brought before any justice of the peace.

"Well, then," thought he, "I'll just try the case myself."

Straightway he made out a writ against his adversary and signed it.

On the day set for trial, the defendant appeared with counsel. Both gentlemen, not unnaturally, objected to the constitution of the court.

"Why," demanded the justice, "do you deny that I am a justice of the peace?"

The lawyer could not contest this point, but argued that such a construction of the law was against all sense and reason.

A vigorous altercation ensued, and then the judge remarked that not for the world would he have two gentlemen suppose him governed by any personal considerations. "I will, therefore," he added, gracefully, "render judgment against myself, and then appeal to the supreme court."

"But the mischief of it was," said the justice, relating the story afterward, "that when my judgment got to the supreme court, it was unanimously reaffirmed."

Very Sultry.

The elder Dumas knows how to say one thing while seeming to say another.

Arriving one hot day at his son's house, he dropped into a chair in the tiny garden in the hope of catching a little breeze. But none came.

"Alexandre! Alexandre! he called to his



No Exposure.

Your clothes are not exposed to the ripping, tearing winds nor the drenching, soot laden rains, when you send them to us.

They are washed in pure water with the best soap, and are dried by perfectly clean, pure, hot air.

Their appearance shows the difference between home work and ours.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medalist Dyers," Montreal,

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Blood Purifier.—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." Mrs. HENRY WALL, Clinton, Ont.

Strength Builder.—"Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." DAVID McDONNOR, caretaker, Colt Institute, Galt, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Open the windows, I beseech you, and let a little air into the garden."

Sheridan's Birthplace.

If the events of coming fame would cast a longer shadow before, an admiring people would keep more careful record of the birthplaces of men destined to be heroes. In this way much controversy might be saved.

An old New Hampshire man of a former generation, who may have thought that he saw fame coming his way, wished to establish at least one fact beyond a doubt. To this end he began a speech in his native town by saying: "I was born in Blanktown, I was always born in Blanktown, and I always meant to be born in Blanktown."

Among the heroes of many battles and of more than one reputed birthplace, was Gen. Philip Sheridan. Albany, New York, claims him as her son, and wishes to erect an equestrian statue to him. State historian Hugh Hastings ably backs up the claim. Ohio also claims Sheridan for the town of Somerset. And when he was mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency, it was said that he was born in Ireland. This led Sheridan to tell Mr. Hastings, with emphasis, that he was



MRS. BLIZZARD SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY.

born in Albany, New York.

Even then the public gossips were not satisfied, and other places still pressed their claims. This provoked General Sheridan to remark:

"If this thing keeps on, I soon shall be a bigger man than old Homer, with more than seven cities contending for my birth." The claim of Albany seems strong enough to warrant the statue.

An Early Strike.

David Hudson, a lineal descendant of Hendrik Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson River, settled the town of Hudson, in Summit County, Ohio. On the journey from Bronford, Connecticut, Mr. Hudson had to deal with the first authenticated labor strike on the American continent. So says Rev. A. G. Hibbard, who in the "History of Goshen" gives an account of the occurrence.

The little party encountered strong head winds on Lake Erie. The winds were strongest, by day, and it was found best to travel at night. One of the men, named Lindley, objected to the night work, claiming that he had hired out to work in the day time only.

"That is the truth, man," said Mr. Hudson, quietly, "and you shall have your rights."

Accordingly, Lindley was allowed to sleep that night while Mr. Hudson and the

rest of the men worked with might and main to stem the winds and waves which beset them. At daybreak, however, the little company lay by and took a needed rest, but Lindley was roused out, given an axe, and set at work felling trees and chopping them into cord-wood.

Lindley found this dull work, and moreover, he knew his comrades were laughing at him, but his inborn stubbornness kept him at work for the best part of the day. Yet what was the good of cutting wood hundreds of miles from any settlement? Finally his good sense prevailed, and he went to Mr. Hudson and said:

"I guess I might as well work at night." "All right, my man," returned Mr. Hudson, and that was the end of the matter.

Old Use For a Balloon.

Everybody knows that the dust and grime of a city put it at a disadvantage as a place in which to do laundry work. The clear air of the country is missing, and the drying linen cannot be satisfactorily bleached.

It is reported that an enterprising Parisian laundry company has solved the problem of bleaching linen in the city as effectively as it can be done in the country. It has hit on the idea of bleaching linen by balloon.

A few hundred feet above the earth the atmosphere is nearly as pure over the city as in the open country, and it is in this higher region that the linen is dried by the aid of a captive balloon.

The linen is attached to bamboo frames and sent up, a considerable quantity being taken at each ascent. There are about six ascents in a day. An extra charge of from five to fifty centimes, or from one to ten cents, is charged for each article.

In the Wrong Place.

Old man Drew—"Hi" Drew, they call him in his own town, forty miles from Chicago—is a man of generous impulses, but sometimes a little lacking in foresight. One day in February he came into town on the fly, says the Chicago Times-Herald, to buy a birthday gift for his wife.

He cast about vigorously and struggled in a valiant way through the crowds, finally being washed ashore in the doorway of a hardware establishment. Despairing of fighting his way any farther, he made up his mind to make his purchase right there. Martha wanted a new stove, anyway.

So he allowed himself to be taken in hand by an energetic salesman, and had soon purchased for twenty-one dollars an



Don't take Substitutes

Don't be misled— "SURPRISE" Soap has no equal.

It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, which makes a quick, heavy lather, but lasts a long time.

It cleans clothes cleaner, sooner and with less work or injury than any other soap.

Only 5 cents a large cake.

Remember the name

"Surprise."

ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

APRIL 2nd, 1900. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— I shall be a Candidate for the Office of MAYOR.

at the Election to be held in this City on the 17th, inst., and respectfully solicit your votes and support. If elected, I undertake to perform the duties of the position and to use my influence towards having the various services of the City carried on with efficiency and economy, and believe that my former experience as an Alderman will aid me materially in accomplishing this object. I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant JOHN W. DANIEL.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

I shall be a candidate for the office of MAYOR.

In the election to be held on the 17th inst. This civic year has been one of unusual interest and anxiety. I have endeavored to perform my duties faithfully, and the strictures I have met with from the Council have induced me to ask you to confirm my nomination by re-electing me to the honorable position of your chief magistrate, in the event of which I shall continue to do all in my power to promote the public welfare, and advance the interest of St. John.

Yours faithfully, EDW. SEARS.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

Having been urged by a large number, I will be a candidate for

MAYOR

at the coming election, and now ask for your support. If elected I will give my undivided attention to the duties of the Office, and civic affairs generally. While favoring economy, I will support such measures as may aid to our population and increase the earnings of our working classes because upon this depends the growth of our city and the reduction of taxation, for which all are so anxious. Assuring you that I fully appreciate the very generous support offered me. I am, Your would be servant. JAMES MOULSON.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

In compliance with the request of a number of electors, I shall be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR

at the coming Civic Elections. Amongst other irrelevant canvasses made against me, one is to the effect that I am not a native of this city.

As a British subject and a resident of St. John for the past twenty years, I can, in a country where all enjoy equal rights, fairly claim the privileges of a citizen.

Moreover, not being connected with rings of any kind, I will, if elected, be free to discharge the duties of the office impartially, and with a view solely to the best interests of our city. Yours faithfully, R. V. DEBURY.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

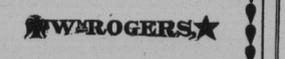
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I will again be a candidate for ALDERMAN of Kings Ward. Should you select me as your representative I will endeavor to exercise my best judgment to conduct all civic business to the advantage of our city. Your obedient servant, W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

article that was guaranteed to cook anything and everything, all at one time. He had it expressed out to the village, and by cunning strategy succeeded in getting it set

That Shine

which was the glory of your table silver when it was new, is it still to be seen? If not, and you want to renew it, we guarantee silver-plated knives, forks and spoons marked



to be the very best plated ware made, the kind that lasts. For sale by all dealers.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

up in the kitchen on Tuesday morning without Martha's knowledge.

When she saw it she hugged him and beamed all over with delight. Then he went out and killed a young sucking pig and two chickens, and prepared for a royal spread.

Suddenly a blank look passed over the old man's face. "Why, what's the matter, Drew?" exclaimed his wife.

"Look here!" said he. "Here I've been and bought a gas stove for twenty-one dollars, and there ain't no gas for nine miles!"

To Make Them Elastic.

A gentleman known to Harper's Bazar was elucidating the money question to his

Carpets, Carpets, Carpets.

No process better than ours. If we renovate them we remove all spots and stains and bring back the original color of carpet no matter how faded. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works. Phone 58.



BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER"

1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 1 1/2 in. tubing, finish joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, \$35.00; with Morgan & Wright tires, \$37.50; with Dunlop tires, \$40.00. Men's, 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20 and 22 inch frames. Black and maroon. Any color.

TO INTRODUCE these Bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$1.00. The \$1.00 is as a guarantee of express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us.

WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of cash or outright gift of only one bicycle, according to the work done for us. WHEELS SLIGHTLY USED, \$20.00 to \$25.00. Price lists free. Secure agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900.

A St. John Lady Among the Alps.

One of the most interesting features of the past week in the line of entertainments was Mrs. E. A. Smith's fine light talk on Switzerland, under the auspices of the Scotch Company of the Boys Brigade, and before a very large and appreciative assembly of people in St. Stephen's church schoolroom last Tuesday evening.

Starting from that imperial metropolis, London, and crossing the English Channel to Rouen, Mrs. Smith carried her audience in a cleverly descriptive manner right into Paris.

The inevitable seasonings of the Channel, the famous depots of Rouen and the gradual gaiety of appearance as Paris was approached were pleasingly told of, though briefly, and the next step brought the audience to Geneva, Switzerland.

In order to give her hearers a concise idea of the country about which she was to talk Mrs. Smith dealt generally with Switzerland at first, particularizing afterwards. About two thirds the size of New Brunswick and bounded by four of the big European nations, this little land of tradition and story struggles on its maze of snow-clad mountains, its shimmering glaciers, four hundred in all, and beautiful valleys.

The Alps and their glaciers are the source of many of the rivers of central Europe, such as the Rhone and Rhine, also do they supply lakes Geneva, Thun, and Briens. Politically Switzerland is a republic, divided into twenty two cantons or districts, each self governing, but all united under one federation. This federated form was assumed in 1816. Of the national character of the people the absence of class is a remarkable feature.

markable feature, fashions are not adhered to, and frugality, with a disposition to lay up the proverbial rainy day, marks the populace country-wide. Patriotism in any land could not be stronger or more sincere, though cantons may diametrically oppose one another in religion. The people are happy and their greatest "crop" is the tourist crop, which yields no less than seven millions of dollars a year.

Arriving in Geneva in the evening, the first thing thought of in the morning after breakfast was a glimpse of the white topped Alps, which could be seen clear and distinct against an azure sky. The scene was in reality an eye feast. Geneva bending gracefully around its namesake lake, its shady promenades about the waterfront, and stately buildings all along, the mountains in the distance overtopping all—was a panorama of rare beauty. Fully an hundred thousand people live in Geneva, which is the largest and richest of the Swiss cities.

The names of many world's notables are associated with it, such as Mde. de Saal, Rousseau and Voltaire. It was in Geneva in 1864 the Red Cross movement was given birth the Geneva Cross now the symbol of the second estate in war being an adaptation of the Swiss flag, which is a white cross in a red field. Delightful excursions are run out of this city to the junction of the rivers Arve and Rhone, the chateau of Voltaire at Ferney and to other sight-seeing spots. Geneva's shops are bright and attractive, its industries are enamel work and watch-making. A noticeable thing about this famous city is the absence of any mark of honor at the grave of Calvin, the great reformer, while Rousseau the less deserving perhaps; is unduly memorialized.

Geneva was left behind and the famed Vale of Chamounix entered by rail. The valley, which is deep but beautiful, is famous only because of Mount Blanc and Mere de Glace, the mountain being 16,000 feet high. In reality Mount Blanc is not a Swiss peak, neither is it Italian or Savoyan—rather an orphan, for it lies on the boundary line between these three countries, but this does not detract from its marvellous beauties and awful grandeur.

It was first ascended in 1786 by a chamois hunter, Jacques Balmat, and the year after, De Lansure, a French naturalist, climbed to the summit. Nowadays this feat is frequently performed, at least three or four times a year. It takes three days of the most arduous plodding upward to stand at last upon Mount Blanc's pinnacle, but those who have achieved this distinction say the panorama afforded amply repays the hardships endured in reaching that point. Alpine climbing is very dangerous, but the Swiss people themselves have a mania for it and it is a wonder casualties are not more numerous. The terrible catastrophe of 1879 is still fresh in the minds of many, when two Americans, a Scotchman, three guides and five porters were lost in a blizzard during an ascent of Mount Blanc.

To see Mount Blanc by moonlight, when the moon having passed the pinnacles throws its silvery shroud about, is a perfect delight, almost, as one would think Nature's masterpieces had been thrown upon the canvas. The sublime hymn of Coleridge's, "In the Vale before Sunrise" is the concentrated expression of the inspiring part of scenery.

From the vale of Chamounix to Martigny in the Rhone valley was the next advance and then on to the Pass of the grand St. Bernard, over which the great Napoleon led his army in 1800. It was a day's journey to the celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard, situated at the highest point of the Pass, 8000 feet above the sea level. In a separate building near the monastery lie the bodies of those who have for years perished in the mountains snows, and a small chapel includes the body of one of Napoleon's generals, of whom the French Emperor said, "I will give him the Alps for his monument." The St. Bernard dogs of today are not the handsome woolly canines we have at home, but much more sinewy, leaner and with no pretensions to beauty. They are sagacious and lovable nevertheless.

A return was made from St. Bernard Pass and the Chamounix Valley to Geneva

and a tour of the blue lake made. Calls were made at the towns of Ouchy, Lausanne, the university city of Switzerland, and where Gibbon wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Mount Trossau, the most charming part of the lake where the north east wind never blows and nearby which the historic castle of Chillon is situated. Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" has familiarized this spot. Beyond the castle somewhat is the entrance of the river Rhone to the lake.

Berne, the quaint and interesting national capital of Switzerland and international centre as well, repays in no stinted degree a visit. It is situated on a peninsula and is famed for its nine international offices, its unique clock tower, arched streets, curious fountains and Gothic Cathedral.

From Berne through the valley of the river Aar to Thun is perhaps the most charming landscape of all. There the eye ranges through valley, over plains, up mountains and into depths, while peaceful vineyards and luxuriant vegetation are roundabout. At Thun there is a feudal castle belonging to the 12th century, and military station. Switzerland's army is 250 000 men strong, each citizen being liable for service.

During the course of her lecture Mrs. Smith gave a graphic description of a climb she and her husband indulged in at the Niesen, a pyramid-shaped mountain of 8000 feet, at Wimmis. Capt. Smith took views during the ascent and from the top, all of which were thrown on the canvas. From the summit an excellent view of the Bernese Oberland, or high plateau, was available. Then following the Gemmi Pass from the valley of the Aar river to the valley of the Rhone, 7600 feet above the sea level, the hamlet of Leukerbad was passed. This village is noted for the medicinal properties of its hot baths, people eating, drinking, playing games and even sleeping whilst lying in the wooden tubs of hot water. A village accessible only by ladders was the next curiosity on route.

The train is boarded at Leuk for Zermatt, which is right under the shadow of

the Matterhorn, "the fiend of the Alps." The renowned Matterhorn is the most inaccessible of all the Alpine peaks and the disaster which occurred upon it years ago was fully described by Mrs. Smith and depicted by the stereopticon.

From Zermatt to Lucerne is usually the way tourists proceed and the latter place is certainly the most beautiful and picturesque of the Swiss cities. It has 20 000 inhabitants and stands guarded, as it were, by Mounts Pilatus and Rigi. Quaint bridges with highly ornamented and pictured roofs are an odd sight in this place.

Altorf, the town made famous by William Tell and his brave son, was visited and found to be a very pretty spot with suitable monuments to Tell's memory.

Starting from Lucerne again the Brunig Pass was traversed and Meiringen, where the falls of the Aar are to be found was visited. The wood carving town of Brienz was interesting to walk about, nearby being the falls of Gisbach. Then in order came Grindelwald, one of the loveliest Alpine valleys noted for its glaciers and ice grotto. Interlachen between lakes Thun and Brienz—a sort of "union depot" for the travelling public of Switzerland. Then by railway to the valley of the Lauterbrunnen the lofty heights on either side being nothing less than perpendicular walls, 1100 feet high. The sun cannot strike into this valley until after mid-day. Also in this locality are the falls of Staubbach, 1000 feet high.

Mrs. Smith concluded her lecture in delightfully descriptive sentences telling of the sunset and sunrise at the Jungfrau peak, witnessed by herself and her husband. This indeed was the most brilliant part of her exceedingly pleasant talk and elicited round after round of applause.

Rev. Dr. Macrae, who was present, paid a high tribute to the gifted lecturer and to the fidelity of her descriptions of scenes he had himself visited. He moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. Leavitt and adopted amid hearty applause. The meeting closed with the national anthem.

VIVID PERSUASION.

How Children Learn to Use Words Correctly.

Elizabeth Harrison, in her 'Study of Child Nature,' says that children begin to learn the intellectual value of words as soon as they are familiar with them in their maternal relations. 'Sweet,' 'sour,' 'rough,' 'crooked,' as applied to character, mean something to them when they have investigated them first through the senses.

Occasionally they translate the new meaning rashly, and make laughable mistakes. One morning we had hyacinth bulbs; we examined them, and then compared them with the blossoming hyacinths on the window-sill.

A day or two after, an onion was brought in to us by a child, as another fat, round flower-baby for us to plant. I had some difficulty in making the children see the difference, but finally, cutting the onion open, I blinded their eyes and let them smell first the flower bulb and then the onion bulb. An hour or two later, one of the little girls spoke in a irritated, petulant voice to her neighbor, who had accidentally knocked over her books.

'Look out!' said the little one on the other side of her, 'or you'll have an onion voice soon!'

Will Manage the Athletic Grounds.

Umpire Johnny Scott of the Daily Telegraph staff and Dan J. Britt, the popular first baseman of the Alerts team, have secured the Marsh Road sporting grounds for the coming season, an announcement which will be heard with pleasure by baseball enthusiasts and lovers of wholesome athletics. With 'Scotty's' knowledge of the good things of the diamond game in both New England and Canada, St. John can expect some really gill-edged sport this summer, and with the genial Daniel as a partner in the venture the old time grounds should be the scene of many interesting bat and ball battles throughout the summer.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magentic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color. Price 10 cents.

BRIGHT LOCAL TOPICS.

COUNT DEBURY IS ORIGINAL.

He Gets Down to the Common People By Calling at any old Door.

Count deBury, one of the mayoralty candidates, has inaugurated a most unique manner of soliciting votes. Indeed if nothing else our resident Belgian nobleman has shown a distinct streak of originality in his campaigning, and should be successful on Tuesday in wresting the chief magistracy from his rivals his methods of canvassing will hereafter be compiled in that book of recipes, "The Politician and How to make Him." Space allows only of a single reference to the Count's methods.

It was at a highly respectable but not overly pretentious home near the foot of Union street about the middle of last week the head of the house, a government official, was of course at his work and his wife was lying down in her room slightly indisposed. A lady friend was in the act of making a neighbourly call, when a loud and persistent knocking was down stairs at the back door in the ell of the house. It was first thought the downstairs dwellers would answer the unusual summons, but as they did not so the caller volunteered to go and see who was knocking. As she approached the rear of the house a climbing upstairs was heard and in a moment Count deBury's dignified personage stood in the kitchen.

"Who lives here?" inquired the mayoralty candidate.

"Mr. ———," replied the lady who had just dropped in to call.

"Is he at home?" again interrogated the North End nobleman.

"Why no, he's at work as usual," was the reply.

"Well is Mrs. ——— at home?" was the persistent query.

"Yes, but she's ill and I'm afraid you can't see her. What is your business please?"

"By this time the Count had left the culinary precincts and was traversing the dining room en route to the sitting room. Mrs. ——— aroused herself from the lounge and met the odd-looking visitor.

"You know me of course," said the

Count forthwith, in his usual dignified way.

"I can't say that I do," answered the lady of the house.

"Well I'm Count de Bury, you're surely heard of Count de Bury, I'm a candidate for mayor and would like to have your husband vote for me."

Mrs. ——— was too much daunted to talk with collected senses and mumbled a few words in which she said she did not know of Count deBury. Of course this staggered the candidate.

With a few more requests for a corner on all the votes in the house the visitor prepared to depart and was shown out the front door, although the Count wanted to keep his luck and leave by the rear exit.

The Victoria Rink not to be Torn Down.

The Victoria Rink closed its skating season last Saturday, and Manager "Bob" Armstrong says all the stories about the old rink going to be torn down and appropriated for government railway purposes are without foundation. If everything goes right and there is sufficient cold weather next winter to make ice the "Vic" will again be the favored resort. "If anybody knows whether the rink is to be bought over or not it ought to be me," says the genial R. J. and I tell you straight, we'll be on deck again next Christmas day."

A Rural Couple and a Bridal Hat.

Wednesday afternoon a rural pair, from all appearances a prospective bridal couple, ambled down King street just as the sunny afternoon parade was at its height. They were delightfully "spoony" and held one another's disengaged hand in a lovingly protective clasp. Neither one spoke, but it was evident to all they were soon to be come man and wife, for he carried a hat box, supposed to contain the bridal head-wear, and in the arms, or rather arm of the maiden sufficient parcels were endorsed

causing those who suspected matrimony to have grounds for their thoughts. But a playful spring breeze was at large. It caught the hat box in a whirl and tossed it helter skelter down the street, the groom to-be close after it like a footballist ready to score a "touchdown." Then the cover came off the box and a millinery marvel in pink and blue skipped merrily forth in the breeze's embrace, box one way, hat the other. The bride of next week picked up her skirts and started in pursuit of her ribboned and feathered treasure, leaving her parcels on the doorstep of the old Newport House.

An amused crowd stood by. Finally the frolicsome box and bedraggled hat were brought together again and, nothing chagrined or embarrassed the love eyed swain and his equally sentimental mate, after gathering up their belongings passed blithely on to the depot.

HOW ACTRESSSES "MAKE UP."

Facial Defects Made Good by Paint and Powder.

A majority of the younger women of the stage use dry powders instead of grease paints. In this process the face is first rubbed all over with vaseline to protect the skin from injury. The powders are in various colors corresponding to those of the paints. They are applied with a puff and blended with a hare's-foot. The effect obtained is so similar to the one above described that to audiences there is no discernible difference. But the actress with grease on her face will say that the colors are deeper and more mellow than can be produced with powder. It is certain that an appearance of youthfulness can be obtained by it, and age concealed. There are face washes made in many tints of flesh color, exaggerated and deepened to suit the purposes of the theatre, and some actresses use them instead of either paint or powder. The preparation of a woman

to look her best on the stage is little more than the heightening of color. The hands are merely whitened, as a rule, though the tips of the fingers are sometimes reddened a little. The arms and neck, if exposed by evening gowns, are tinted with powders, washes, and even with grease paints.

If an actress' features are irregular she has to treat them specifically. If her nose is a pug or a turn up she draws a white line down its centre to the very tip end. On each side of this line she lays on a light bluish gray tint. The effect of that is to lengthen the nose when the full face is seen. Of course the illusion is lost when the profile is presented. If the cheeks are too plump the lower halves of them are darkened. An imitation of youthfulness is helped by making the color very light just below the eyes. If the cheekbones are high and the cheeks hollow below them the former are whitened and the latter reddened.

When an actress finds that she is called upon to "make up" for a character part, which means preparing herself to represent an old or eccentric woman, her methods are much the same that men use under the same circumstances. Few young women on the stage like to look old. Stage managers have to struggle to make them conceal their youth even when the characters require it. They are apt to lose years as soon as his vigilance is relaxed.

To Accommodate Excursionists.

To accommodate those who wish to visit suburban points on the line of the Canadian Pacific on good Friday, that company has arranged to run their accommodation train No. 25 from McAdam to St. John several hours behind schedule time, so that those going out on excursion rates will have the whole day in the country. Trains leave Welsford at 5 p. m., Westfield Beach at 5.55 p. m., Grand Bay at 6.23 p. m., and arrives at St. John about 7.30 p. m., standard. For full particulars get poster from Ticket Agent.

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ISE" Soap
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TION CARDS.
ors of the City of
N.
APRIL 2nd, 1900.
TLEMEN—
andidate for the Office of
AYOR.
held in this City on the 17th.
solicit your votes and sup-
port me to perform the duties
of my office towards the
people of this City. I am
an Alderman and will do
my best to discharge the
duties of my office.
JOHN W. DANIEL.
ors of the City of
YOR.
candidate for the office of
YOR.
held on the 17th instant.
I have been one of unusual interest
endeavored to perform my
duties. I have met with
induced me to ask you to
by re-electing me to the
chief magistracy, in the event
of my election, and believe that
I can do all in my power to
serve you, and advance the interest
of the City.
EDW. SEARS.
ors of the City
ohn;
APRIL, 1
TLEMEN
I am a large number, I will be
YOR
and now ask for your sup-
port my undivided attention
to, and civic affairs general-
ly. I will support such
one population and increase
the classes because upon
of our city and the rest of
the world are so anxious. As-
sumed to be a servant.
JAMES MOULSON.
ors of the City
hn;
TLEMEN
date for ALDERMAN of
on select me as your re-
sulting to exercise my best
civic business to the ad-
vantage of the City.
RUDMAN ALLAN.

The Mystery OF THE Mountain Pass

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED BROUGHT TO BAY.

The very sight of this took me back to last Christmas Eve.

I laid my hand on her arm, and I said, slowly and distinctly—
"If you are not what I suspect you to be, the proof lies ready to your hand. You can convince me in a single moment, if you choose."

She did not appear to understand me, but I concluded this way only another piece of her matchless acting.

Her lips moved faintly and formed the one word—
"How?"

"Show me your arm," I went on mercilessly. "The woman whom I suspect of being a murderer has a wound upon her arm, caused by cauterization following the bite of a dog. Show me your arm, and if there is no such mark upon it I will let you pass unquestioned. I will not even seek to know what you are doing here."

She looked up into my face with those beautiful eyes of hers—tears in her voice, too, as she panted forth—
"Oh, no, no! At least not now! How could I? Oh! for pity's sake—"

I stopped her with a curt, sharp gesture. "Pray do not think those protestations will avail with me," I said. "It is a very simple thing I am requesting you to do—nothing that need shame the delicacy of the purest woman. I only ask you, in proof of your own innocence, to allow me to look at your arm. You need only roll up your sleeve to just a little above the elbow. Surely there is nothing in that to call for such agitation, or for such piteous entreaties."

"Spare me! Oh, spare me!" she cried; and she folded her arms, as though involuntarily, across her breast.

I was angered by her obduracy—moved, too, by a fear that, if I did not take advantage of this opportunity, she would escape me after all.

How did I know but that she might find some means either of removing the scar from her arm, or of plausibly accounting for it, if once I let her go?

Never before, in my life, had I offered violence to a woman; but I resolved to use it now.

"Lady Gramont," I said, sternly, "it is useless to seek to evade me. I am firmly resolved to know the truth of this matter; and, if you will not consent to show it me, why, much as I shall regret to use even the shadow of a force, I shall simply have to examine your arm for myself without your consent. I can only say that, if I find no scar there, I shall be willing to submit to any punishment you please. Once more, I ask you, will you show me your arm?"

Once more she answered—
"Oh, no, no! Have pity! Spare me! Spare me!"

But I was resolute. I took her arm firmly in both my hands, and rolled back the satin sleeve which fell quite loosely two or three inches below her elbow.

She uttered a faint shriek, but made no other resistance. I think she realized it was useless to contend with me.

In another moment I had the proof I needed—the proof I had been so certain I should find.

The moonlight shone full upon a long livid, scar on that white and exquisitely rounded arm.

It was the scar of the burn I myself had made there a year ago.

Even after this she would make no confession of her guilt; on the contrary, she asserted her innocence, though she must have known it was little likely I should believe in her assertions.

"I am innocent!" she cried. "Circumstances are against me, I admit; but I am innocent. Oh, Mr. Douglas, I swear to you that I am innocent!"

"Pray do not appeal to me," I answered coldly. "Personally I have nothing more to do with you. I shall leave you in the hands of Sir Harold Gwynne."

At that she broke into a piercing cry of anguish, and fell upon her knees at my feet in the snow.

It was the first sign of acute emotion, I had seen her show, and it moved me not a little though I was still resolved to do my duty, and to keep nothing back from Gwynne.

"You will not tell him?" she moaned. "You will you not tell him? Oh, I would rather that you killed me! Have mercy! Have mercy! Ah, Mr. Douglas, be a little merciful to me!"

"I must be just. I should be the basest of men if I were to keep such a thing as this from my friend."

PARSONS PILLS

will cure Biliousness, Constipation, all Liver complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicate women find sure relief from using them.

To Cure Sick Headache

and remove impurities from the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians everywhere, as the best Liver Pill made. Sixty-four page book sent free by mail. Sold by all Druggists, or sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. L. & JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

"Give me a little time," she moaned. "At least, give a little time."
I stood in silence for a moment or two, considering; she saw my hesitation, and went on passionately pleading.

"Ah! do not tell him yet!" she panted. "Give me a little time! Give me until tomorrow! Promise me he shall not know tonight!"

Although, in my heart of hearts, I believed this woman to be the guiltiest of her sex, she looked so thrillingly beautiful as she knelt at my feet in the moonlight, that she inspired me with some touch of compassion.

I hope I was not weaker than most men would have been under similar circumstances—say, and not half so weak as some, nevertheless, as I listened to her passionate entreaties, I felt disposed to grant them.

After all, I might as well give her a few hours' grace.

If Gwynne were told upon the morrow, it would be soon enough.

"As you so earnestly wish it," I said. "I will do more. If you prefer to tell the story to Sir Harold with your own lips, you shall do so. Make your confession to him yourself tomorrow, and I will hold my peace. But, remember, he must know all."

"He shall!"
She rose from her knees as she said this, and looked me in the face, fully and straightly, for a single moment.

"As you esteem me such a guilty woman, you will not even care to receive my thanks; but, Mr. Douglas, I do thank you," she paused, then added: "And I thank you, most of all, for Vera's sake."

"I just bowed my head without speaking, for a moment or two, there was a painful and embarrassing silence between us."

I broke it.
"Had you not better return to the house?" I said.

And, with a murmured, "Thank you, I will," she turned, and walked up the avenue towards the house.

I followed her at a respectful distance, and in a state of mind impossible to describe.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE RUINED MILL.

It may be supposed that it was no surprise to me to hear when, half an hour later, I walked into the dining room, that Lady Gramont had a headache, and would rather not come down stairs again that evening.

It would have surprised me very much if she had appeared.

What her state of mind might be I could not guess; but, at any rate, I was quite certain she could be in no condition to mingle with Lady Mallory's guests that night.

When we went into the drawing room, I found Vera there, looking so sweet and fair, in her white frock, with faint roses tinting her cheeks, and a dreamy light in her soft, hazel eyes, that my heart melted, and I felt I would gladly have given every penny I possessed in the world to have been spared the knowledge of her mother's crimes.

I did not go and sit beside her, as usual. I felt I could not.

Her sweet eyes rested on me with something of reproachfulness, and, after sitting in silence over a book for nearly an hour, she stole out of the room and, I doubt not, went upstairs to bed.

Often, when she went away, she would come up to me—that is, if I had not been sitting with her—and would put her little soft hand in mine, and whisper, "Good-night, Sir Douglas," with the sweetest look. But she did nothing of this kind to-night.

I felt unutterably guilty as the door closed upon her, and, I must confess, unutterably wretched, too.

I went to bed very early myself; and in spite of the agitation of my thoughts, managed to fall asleep.

It must be remembered I had not had my usual amount of sleep on either of the two preceding nights.

The moment I awoke in the morning, my senses for disquietude rushed back upon my mind.

I remembered it was Christmas eve. I remembered last Christmas eve, and the dreadful story that must needs be told to poor Gwynne by the lips of Beatrice Gramont.

When I went down to breakfast, I was told by Lady Mallory that "dear Beatrice" was still suffering so severely with a headache that she could not come downstairs.

"Harold is so concerned about it," she added. "He is afraid she may not be well enough to come down for the dance to-night, and that would be such a pity."

I made some evasive answer feeling more horribly guilty than ever.

It really seemed to me as though I myself had begotten all the misery that was so soon to fall upon Sir Harold's head. The day dragged slowly on.

At luncheon-time, Lady Gramont made her appearance.

She looked intensely pale, and there were dark semi-circles underneath her eyes.

Her headache, was, of course, thought to be the cause of this, and everybody pressed round to commiserate her, and to hope she would feel well enough to join in the dance that evening.

Gwynne took possession of her as soon as he could.

"Dearest, will you go for a walk after luncheon?" I heard him say. "The fresh air would do you a world of good."

What her answer was I could not catch, but, as soon as luncheon was over, she went up stairs, and presently re-appeared in a walking-out costume of dark blue velvet, trimmed with chintheilla fur.

She was still very pale, but I thought I had rarely seen her look more beautiful.

There was a passion of love in Gwynne's eyes as he drew her fur a little closer round her throat, and, whispering a word of endearment in her ear, gave her his arm.

"Is she going to tell him now?" I asked myself, as I watched them walk slowly down the great avenue, arm in arm, his with his eyes dwelling fondly on her face.

"How will he bear it? Will he leave her or will he, in spite of all, insist on giving her the shelter of his home?"

Of one thing I was quite certain. When he heard her story, his heart would break.

Feeling restless and unsettled, I went for a walk myself; and when, nearly two hours later, I returned, the woman at the lodge gave me a note which she said had been left there for me—had been sent down from the house, she thought, half an hour ago.

I recognized Gwynne's handwriting, and you may be sure I tore it open, eagerly and hastily enough.

The enclosure was very brief, and had evidently been written in great agitation.

"JACK—I must speak to you. Will you come to the old mill the moment you get this? I have heard such things that I scarcely know whether I am sane or mad. Only you can tell me whether they are true. For God's sake come to me at once."
—H. G.

I put the note into my pocket, and set off for the old mill without a moment's delay.

I was quite sure now that Gwynne had been told, and it was with something like a sense of relief I realized that, at any rate, it was not left for me to wake him from his dream.

Even though he could scarcely as yet believe the truth, he had heard it.

The first shock was over, and with it, surely his worst agony.

The mill in which he desired to see me was rather more than half-a-mile away from Deepdene.

It belonged to Sir Thomas, and was in fairly good preservation; but, for some reason or other, had not been worked for years.

Gwynne and I were rather fond of going up to the platform that ran round it, and leaning over the rails while we smoked a cigar.

It occurred to me now that he had chosen a very prudent place of meeting, considering what manner of conversation ours was likely to be.

When I came in sight of the mill, I looked round for him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

I judged he was inside and I entered, and groped my way up the steep narrow stairs with a fast beating heart.

How would he look? What would he say?

What could I do to comfort him in this most awful sorrow?

It was of this I was thinking as I groped, when I got upstairs in the darkness; but, when I was as far as the platform, and actually walked all round it, and yet could neither see nor hear him, a horrible sense of fear—of fear lest he in his misery, should have laid desperate hands upon himself oppressed me.

"Hal!" I called out, loudly, and as cheerily as I could.

But there was no answer.

"Hal!" I called again, and re-entered the mill by the low, narrow door, and ascended still higher in search of him.

I had reached the very topmost room and had entered it, and was groping my way around, when suddenly I was startled by a loud noise quite close to me, and, turning swiftly, I saw that the door through which I had just entered, had slammed to with quite extraordinary violence.

I suppose it was the wind that had done this, and I determined to search the mill thoroughly for Gwynne, and then, if I did not find him, to walk about outside, and wait until he came."

I had no fancy for staying by myself in that draughty old structure.

A LITTLE COLD LET RUN.

A little tickling in the throat—now and then a dry, hacking cough—"not bad enough to bother about you say."

But every back makes a breach in the system, strains the lungs and prepares the way for more serious trouble.

"Would be wise for you to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup now, before the lungs become permanently affected."

It is the most certain and satisfactory remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Geo. F. Foster, Lansdowne, N.B., has this to say: "I was taken suddenly with a cold which settled on my lungs. I had a terrible cough and it gave me great alarm. All the remedies I tried seemed of no use. I then started taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which cured me so promptly that it was a pleasant surprise. I shall always keep it in the house during the winter season."

To describe my sensations during the



The Test of Time.

A recent canvass of the United States found 216,000 family sewing-machines of all kinds that had been in use from 15 to 48 years; more than one-half of them were Singers, and 2,000 of these Singers had done good service during 40 years and more.

A SINGER WILL OUTWEAR ANY OTHER KIND.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one Free. Old machines taken in exchange.

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But, when I went to the door, I got an unpleasant shock. I could not open it.

It was fastened on the other side. In a moment, suspicions of foul play darted in upon my mind.

"That note!"
Had it really been written by Gwynne, or was it a forgery, concocted by Beatrice Gramont?

It was now quite dark, but I pulled out my match box, and, striking match after match, examined the scrap of paper eagerly by their light.

Now that I looked at it again, I felt almost certain it was a forgery.

It was like Sir Harold's writing, but I did not believe it was his in reality.

I rushed to the door, and banged and hammered at it desperately.

I put all the strength I possessed into my attacks upon it.

But it was all of no use. It was only a small door; but it was of solid oak, and firmly fitted.

From the door I turned my attention to the window, but it was very small, and, though I certainly might, with an effort, have got my body through it, still there would have been no means of escape, so far was it, not only from the ground, but from the platform also.

A leap from it would have meant certain death; and I had no means of descending in any way.

The mill had been dismantled of its sails. There was literally no foothold on its plain, bare walls.

Half maddened by the thought of how simple the trap was, and how blindly I had stepped into it, I stood, with folded arms, clenched teeth, and knitted brow, awaiting an attack of some kind, and resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible.

That Lady Gramont had found means of communicating with her confederates, and that some of them would presently come to the old mill—indeed they were not all ready inside it—and despatch me, I felt quite certain.

Once I was out of her way, she had no one else to fear; and a woman who had committed one murder by her own hand, would be little likely to pause at another, which only needed her incitement and instigation.

I ground my teeth in fury as I told myself what a blind, mad doll I had been not to think of this before.

I was as helpless now as a rat in a trap. There was nothing for it but for me to face death as well as I might, but it saddened me to reflect I had walked into the trap with my own free will, and with my eyes wide open.

The night grew darker and darker. I wondered my murderers did not come in and despatch me.

Would they plunge a knife into my heart or would they shoot me? I wondered, recklessly.

Anyway, I wished they would come, so that I might at least, strike a blow at them, and, perhaps, even take one of their cowardly lives, in exchange for my own.

No hope of escape was in my mind. The mill was in a peculiarly lonely spot, and it was the most unlikely thing in the world that anyone should pass it after midnight.

Deepdene was the nearest house, and that more than half a mile away.

I had already exhausted myself with hallooing out of the window, and no returning sound had met my ear.

I simply gave myself up for lost. "They will certainly come before very long," I thought grimly. "I shall be dead before Christmas Day!"

Wearied out with excitement, I leaned against the wall, and closed my eyes in a fierce effort to obtain composure of mind.

My heart was throbbing madly, my blood was tingling in my veins, my every sense was strained to its fullest tension.

When my eyes were opened, I kept fancying I saw shadowy forms stealing towards me in the darkness, and so, with a strong effort of will, I closed my eyes again, and kept them fast shut for what seemed to me at least five minutes.

I opened them with a start.

next few minutes is a task beyond my pen. I shall, therefore, wisely not attempt it, but content myself with describing the actual facts as they occurred.

Soon after I had realized the horrible truth that the mill was on fire, the flames spread so rapidly that I could see their reflection cast upon the darkness outside.

I could hear, too, with appalling distinctness the crackling beyond the door.

Again I strode to the window, and gave a last wild shout for help, though, in my heart, I felt certain it was useless.

Unless someone chanced to be passing, my voice could reach no human being, and there were at least a hundred chances to one against anyone passing by that lonely spot at such an hour.

The flames might be seen presently, and help come in that way; but it would come too late.

Deepdene was, as I have said, the nearest house, and even though the flames should immediately attract attention there, it would be some minutes before anyone could arrive upon the spot.

In less than that time I should have perished.

The interior of the mill was like so much match wood.

Already I was almost choking with smoke.

A very few more moments, and life and death would be the same to me.

But even as I thus reflected, I heard a step, a light, quick step, coming up the stair.

At first I thought it was only the fancy of delirium; but the next moment the door opened, admitting a volume of smoke, and bright tongues of flame; and, in the midst of all this horror, I saw a slender form and a pale sweet face—Vera.

I don't know what she said to me, or I to her, or whether we spoke at all. All I remember is catching her up in my arms, straining her to my bosom, carrying her down the narrow staircase, stifling smoke and scorching flame. That we both escaped is a miracle, but we did escape, and practically unscathed.

My hands were burned, it is true, and my face was slightly scorched, but, as for my darling, I held her so closely to me, that the fire did not so much as singe a hair of her head.

Once outside and safe, her high brave spirit gave way a little, and she lay back in my arms, white as a lily, on the verge of fainting.

I fanned her with my hat, and chafed her hands until the color crept back into her lips; then I bent over her, and pressed upon them a long, tender kiss.

"My darling!" I whispered. "My precious—precious Vera. Oh, my love! My love!"

The sweetest blush tinged her dear face, she raised her eyes softly, shyly, and yet so lovingly to mine!

"Then you love me!" she whispered. "I thought you didn't."

And then she hid her blushing face upon my shoulder, and broke into a flood of tears.

This is not intended as a love story; therefore I shall not attempt to describe what I said to Vera after this, nor what she said to me.

Suffice it that I discovered I loved her too well to lose her—that I determined within myself that nothing on earth should part us—not even her mother's crimes.

But I wanted to know how it happened that she, of all people in the world, had come to my rescue.

I asked her this, and I give you her answer in her own words.

You may believe it or not, as you choose. It is by no means the least extraordinary thing in this extraordinary story; and, to think of it, I myself hardly know what to say of it, for I am not a superstitious man and hitherto had placed no faith in dreams.

When I asked my dear love how it was she had come to the mill, alone, at that hour, she blushed and hesitated, then said in a very low and earnest voice—
"Heaven sent me—to save you. I am quite sure of that, and you must never try to make me think anything else, dear. I will tell you just how it was. I had lain down on the sofa with a book this afternoon, and I fell asleep. I had a dream, and it was all about you. You were in some danger, though about the danger was I could not tell; but you were in the mill—shut up so that you could not escape. When I awoke, I went out, and called on Mrs. Price at the lodge. Her baby is ill, and I went to ask how the poor little thing was."

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



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Sunday Reading.

A Study of the Parables. "The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

This is the downward or citizenship side of the topic. Upward, of course, you will have meat to eat that others know not of, and you will never hunger.

This is high teaching. No low soul can take it in. Get up into the mountain top by every noble art at your command.

It is so very little life that one can give? Yes, so it is, but human lives are the star-dust and fire-mist of which God's spirit moulds new systems in the social universe.

Being Happy in Old Age. If we are nearing the winter of life we need not anticipate a season of bleakness, of chill desolation. The outside world may indeed be less attractive, but we must hug the closer the joys of the fireside.

If our looking glasses tell us unpalatable truths we may always see ourselves at our best in the mirrors of loving and friendly eyes. Let us at least study how to keep our hearts warm, to preserve as much sunshine as we may, and often count up what treasures we have garnered during the days of privilege.

A little social life is good for one. As time goes on, and the old friends have gone to their promotion, it is well to keep up one's interest in the world of to-day by cultivating friendly relations with those about us.

Never does a woman of advanced years forfeit the respect and honor that are her due as when aping juvenility or when coveting the prerogatives of youth.

ANEMIA

is thin blood. It causes pale faces, white lips, weak nerves and lack of vitality. A blood-enriching, fat producing food-medicine is needed.

Scott's Emulsion goes to the root of the trouble, strengthens and enriches the blood, and builds up the entire system.

For Anemic girls, thin boys, and enfeebled mothers, it is the Standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a self-effacing, but it leads to "that loftiest peak—humility."

Let us not talk of our ailments except to our nearest and dearest friends (and then rarely) and to the family physician.

All the world loves a generous person. It is not the material result of the generosity, but the kindly spirit that prompts it which attracts and endears. It is not necessary to have much in order to be generous—but the disposition to share liberally what one has.

There are old ladies whose presence in the home is like a benediction. Do such women attract you? Then be such a one and read your success in the eyes that brighten at your approach.

A fruitful source of unhappiness is worry. A little child, with his undefiled fear of the dark, is not more unreasonable than a child of God afraid of the future.

Do you fear it? A great physician once told me that he had never seen a person die who was unwilling to go.

Refreshments Suitable for Church Socials. For a church social, which usually a supper where the main object is to make as much money as possible at a small expense, yet at the same time satisfy the appetites of the masculine guests, dishes out of the ordinary should be chosen.

Good coffee is most desirable. To make it, purchase and keep for the purpose a good sized wash-boiler. Have half a dozen cheese-cloth bags the size and shape of a small salt sack which will hold about a quart.

Never does a woman of advanced years forfeit the respect and honor that are her due as when aping juvenility or when coveting the prerogatives of youth.

end of five minutes and the coffee will be ready to serve. You will not need to use egg or any material for clearing if you have tied the bags carefully.

Both Just and Generous. Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, in his 'Life of George Muller,' of Bristol, England, mentions a notable example of fine conscience and plenary consecration.

A woman whose appearance indicated frail health and stunted means brought the philanthropist the sum of one hundred pounds as her contribution to the support Ashley Down Orphanage.

The father had died a drunkard and bankrupt, and her brothers and sisters had settled with his creditors at the rate of five shillings to the pound.

Long and searching conversation with the woman convinced Mr. Muller that her gift had been carefully considered, and that her motive was simply loyalty to her Lord and Master.

'You are sure that you have measured your duty and counted the cost, and know that you are doing this for him?'

'For him,' she said. 'And it is his blood! He loved me to the last drop of his life!'

Menus Appropriate for Church Suppers. For a church social any one of the following menus will answer:

- Chicken Croquettes, Cream Peas, Celery Salad, Brown and White Bread, Butter, Coffee, Stuffed Baked Apples, Sauce, Gingerbread.

NEARING HIS END

Was Mr. James Fraser, of Pictou, in Spite of all Medicines.

Until he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then Kidney Disease Vanished—New Life Was Given Him—Read His Story.

PICTOU, N. S., April 9.—A well-known philanthropist, reading last week of the remarkable cure of Mr. James Fraser of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, called on that gentleman to ascertain whether or not the report was correct.

'I was a very sick man. Every remedy I had tried had failed to help me. My limbs and body were bloodless, and almost lifeless. The end of my life seemed very near. I pass clouds of blood regularly.'



The "A, B, Ab," of cleanliness.—Use Pearline, upstairs, downstairs, inside, outside, everywhere. Cleanliness with Pearline is easier than with soap.



JEWISH RABBI SPEAKS OF CHRIST.

Rabbi Gotthell of New York Says He Was the Type of His Day.

It would be impossible at this day to give any description of the man Jesus of Nazareth. The pictures of Jesus extant are examples of sentimentalism. They are purely ideal.

Let me appeal to your intelligence! When Jesus was on earth the art of portraiture had never been developed. Suppose that one hundred years or five hundred or a thousand years from now a reporter should come to a man and say 'Tell me what is your idea of the personal appearance of Abraham Lincoln?'

The man to whom the reporter addressed his questions would perhaps describe Lincoln as a most God-like and glorious person, with a beautiful and beatific face, a figure moulded in stupendous and sublime lines, clothed in graceful and flowing robes.

It is not at all likely that Jesus of Nazareth bore any facial resemblance to the Jew of today. The ancient Jew and the modern Jew did not resemble each other very closely in expression.

'This late spring cold of mine,' said the commuter to his wife the other morning, 'is going to hang on long enough, I am afraid, to run in the early summer cold class.'

THE CURS THAT FAILED. The Remedy That "Mother Used to Make" was Ineffective.

'I will go right down and make you some flaxseed tea; that is my mother's infallible remedy, and I am sure it will cure your cold in a night.'

'Then go right down and make it instant: I have such a cold that I can't talk distinctly. Today I had to use an interpreter at the telephone; and if I am no better by to-morrow I am afraid that I shall have to resort to the deaf and dumb method of communication to sell goods.'

'The world go round, but a bad coughler cold knocks all the sentiment out of a person. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm will cure the cold, stop the cough, and restore the sentiment. 25c. all Druggists.'

THE POPULAR BOOK. Hundreds of Thousands Now in Canadian Homes.

Mat and Rug making in the home is attracting the attention of ladies all over the Dominion. The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes are now prepared to meet the popular demand for novel and pretty designs in Mats and Rugs.

His Dual Position. Simkins—Hollo, old man! I haven't seen you since you were married. Are you still floor walker for Ribbon & Co.?

Simkins—Why, how is that? Timkins—Well, you see, since the baby came I walk the floor each night at home—Chicago News.

Did They Mean it. Ida—That was a queer toast those doctors got off. May—What was it, dear? Ida—Here's health all around.—Chicago News.

Love Makes. The world go round, but a bad coughler cold knocks all the sentiment out of a person. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm will cure the cold, stop the cough, and restore the sentiment. 25c. all Druggists.

Meeks—Doctor, my wife had the lock-jaw. Doctor—That's bad. I'll hurry around to your house at once, and see what I can do to relieve her.

Well, the Boers are in a tight place, said the Observant-Boarder. 'That comes from frequenting laagers so much, I suppose,' added the Cross-Eyed Boarder.

of Time. The mass of the United States family sewing-machines been in use from 15 to one-half of them were of these Singers had 40 years and more. L. OUTWEAR ANY OTHER KIND.

is a task beyond my power. I had realized the horrible truth that I could see their re-appear in the darkness outside. I, too, with appalling dis-tracting beyond the door. I went to the window, and gave out for help, though, in my certain it was useless.

side and safe, her high brave way a little, and she lay back, white as a lily, on the verge of death with my hat, and chafed until the color crept back into then I bent over her, and on them a long, tender kiss.

not intended as a love story; I shall not attempt to describe it to Vera after this, nor what to me. It is that I discovered I loved her to lose her—that I determined myself that nothing on earth should not even her mother's crimes.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, 20 India, please mail. For Canadian testimonials & 20-page free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine, 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

A Western New Woman.

How She Manages to Earn a Living for Her Father and Brother.

There are several illustrations of the new woman in Arizona Territory, for instance, women ranchers, vaqueros, bank cashiers, stable keepers and butchers; but the one whose occupation interests newcomers most is Miss Sarah M. Burks, who carries the United States mail over the star route from St. Johns to Jimtown twice a week. The distance from St. Johns to the end of the route is fifty-two miles, and it requires a good deal of courage and a liberal supply of self-confidence with a dash of love for adventure to make the trip.

The route leads through a wild, desolate region. What tiny streams are found there are poisoned with alkali. Navajo Indians and occasionally an Apache are somewhat plentiful, but white men seldom go there and then only to get the gold, silver and copper which have been liberally strewn throughout this region. Nothing in the way of vegetation can grow there. It is simply a region of rich minerals deposited by titanic volcanic action ages ago. A jagged, barren surface of volcanic rocky mountains, broad rivers of solidified lava, so rough of surface as to be impassable by man or beast, tell of the forces that once were exerted there. Along the western border of this desolate, uncanny wilderness Miss Burks rides twice a week. Generally she is alone, and, if she has a companion, he is likely to be a miner, a commercial traveller or, maybe, a territorial lawyer, who has rented a horse from Miss Burks's father, and she is to collect payment and to see to the care of the horse. Notwithstanding her uncommon occupation and the depressing loneliness of the long ride Miss Burks is always light hearted and, although she realizes that constant watchfulness and coolness are requisite in the performance of her duties, she is seldom nervous. She is simply a resolute girl, who knows that she has a duty to perform, however hazardous it may be, for the benefit of her invalid father and her little brothers and sisters. She is always armed with shooting irons, and when a child she was a crack shot of the mining camp at Harqua Hala.

In 1886 Joseph Burks and his family came from Keap street, near Division avenue, Brooklyn, to Flagstaff, Ariz. Mr. Burks engaged in wool growing just in time to lose every one of his \$21,000 in the industry when the Wilson Tariff law went into effect. The Burks family moved to St. Johns, in Apache county, and the father opened a little livery stable, while the family lived in a tent. Two years ago Mr. Burks took the mail contract over the star route from St. Johns to the copper and silver camp of Jimtown and on to Showlow, in Navajo county. In June, 1898, he became ill, and for a time his life was despaired of. The contract to carry the mail had to be filled. Without consideration, Miss Burks decided to be her father's substitute. She has done the work ever since.

She wears garments adapted to her work. Her hat is a wide straw. She wears short skirts of blue serge, a corduroy or canvas jacket, leather leggings and heavy shoes. A belt and holster in which a fine pistol rests is always about her waist when she is on her horse. Then she has another revolver and a lot of cartridges in her saddle-bags. The mail pouch, a small one, is fastened on the rear of the saddle. When chaffed by a visitor about the probable uselessness of this martial display, she drew a gun as quickly and as deftly as a professional shooter could do it, held it out with a firm hand and a steady arm and put all six bullets into a playing card posted thirty paces away.

"I've never had any occasion to use it in earnest," she said, as she carefully wiped out the barrel and refilled the chambers, "but I always feel safer with it. I'd as soon think of starting out without my mail bags as without my revolver. My father taught me to use it, and I practise with it constantly. Would I use it if I had to? Well, would I! I should say so. In the first place I've got to protect the property that is in my charge, and I'd do it with my last breath and my last cartridge. And, besides, I might have to protect myself although I never feel any anxiety about that."

"Have you ever been frightened by any thing on one of these trips?"

"No, not really frightened, although I've been rather anxious sometimes. And once I would have been very much frightened if I hadn't had a companion, and if it hadn't been a Mormon. I see you don't understand," she went on, smiling at the look of surprise on her questioner's face; "but one Mormon is as much protection against a band of Navajo Indians as any

army regiment would be. You see there are lots and lots of Mormon ranches and settlements all through this part of Arizona and the Mormons have always been on good terms with the Indians. Most of the men speak the Navajo language and are so friendly with them that the Indians will not do anything a Mormon tells them not to do.

"Well, once last fall this man, a Mormon riding on one of Father's horses with me. He was on his way to Showlow and we were about twenty miles southwest from St. Johns, near the old Sepulveda hacienda, when we saw a band of painted, screaming Indians. It is not usual for the Navajos to come so far south, although they range constantly over the lava plains farther north and kill people up there every year. But this time a band of five of them rode down to the very road from behind some heaps of lava rocks before we knew they were there. They called to us and the Mormon answered them, and then they jibbered together for a few minutes after which the Indians rode off to the north again. As the Mormon was with me I knew there wasn't a particle of danger, but if he hadn't been there I would be a badly scared girl, I tell you.

"I neither spoke nor stirred. I kept my gaze steadily on the Mexican. I saw a rifle lying close beside him, and I knew he was a good shot, as all Mexicans are in that region. Finally after what seemed an age, the fellow managed to speak to me. I then saw that he had been shot in the cheek so that his jaw was broken, and while he was semi-delirious with pains and loss of blood he could not control his mouth. He knew that I was frightened and he tried to tell me by his mumbled words and his feeble motions that he was unarmed and wanted my help in his distress. I dismounted and, going over to the boulder with my pistol still in hand I saw another Mexican stretched out there on his back with his eyes staring straight and his mouth wide open. Then Mexican who had called me there sank back up on the ground from sheer exhaustion when I came near to him. I gave him half of the water in the canteen on my horse and fixed up a contrivance with his blanket by which the hot sunshine was kept out of his eyes. It may seem very little to do for a person in that horrible condition, but it was all I could do. I sipped a corner of rag in a tin cup of water and washed as best I could the wound's about the man's face. That gave him some relief.

"He managed to tell me that he and his dead comrade had had a war of words on the trail across the mountains. They were evidently abandoned, half-civilized beings. The dead man attacked his comrade with a pistol, and the other could not reach for his own pistol quick enough to shoot back. Instead, the attacked Mexican drew his bowie knife, and the two men clinched in a mortal embrace. Each man held the other with a powerful grip, and neither gave nor asked quarter until death came to one of the Mexicans. While the attacking man pressed his pistol against his antagonist's body and discharged every cartridge in it into the man, the latter drove his bowie knife again and again into his antagonist. The knife did its mortal work quickest, but the seven pistol balls in the other man brought death a half hour after I reached there. The shooting had probably occurred five hours before I came riding along that way. When the Mexican—I have never heard his name—died, I mounted my horse and, hot as it was, went galloping over toward Jimtown, where I told of the scene I had come upon. A constable started back at once over the trail.

"The most memorable experience I ever had was last August, one day when the mercury must have been at about 115 in the shade, if indeed any shade could have been found in the region. I was jogging slowly over the spur of the Red Mountains and was passing through a shallow

REDUCTION IN PRICE

OF

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturer from sixty cents to fifty cents per bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men, can now be had of any druggist at 50 cents a bottle. It relieves in ten minutes, headache and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is delightful to use. It cures completely. Sold by E. C. Brown.

guleh among boulders of lava and other forbidding things in this dreadful desert waste, when I heard a groan. Even my horse was startled at the sound and stood still. One goes for a whole day there without seeing a living creature, except an occasional bird, or hearing a sound of any kind. So the human groan was quite unnerving for a moment. I reached instinctively for my pistol at my side, when I heard another groan evidently made to attract my attention. I raised my pistol for immediate use and at the same time swept my eyes over the locality from which the groan came. A great, swart, bleeding hand appeared above a boulder about thirty feet from the trail, and then the form of a Mexican who seemed to be trying to get on his feet. I saw he had been lying or crouching behind the boulder and that he was trying to get up to see me, either to shoot at me or to try to get me to come to him. His face was bloody, and one eye was a mass of coagulated blood. I never saw a more horrible specimen of a human being and I never thought so fast and so much before. Every bandit story I had ever read, every story of Apache Kid and his murderous gang, went through my mind as I sat there with my cocked pistol aimed straight at the bloody repulsive wretch trying to get on his feet by holding on the boulder.

"Have I ever seen any bears on my mail route? Yes; often in the spring and fall months. Only last March I turned a bend in the road among the foothills of the Mogollon Mountains, and there not half a mile ahead, were two black bears and two cubs trudging slowly along. I looked to my shooting irons, but I knew enough about bears not to wound or harm one unless I know I can certainly kill it at the next shot or I see positively where their is an avenue of escape open to me when hard pressed by Bruin. A bear, unless wounded or mad or crazy hungry, will get out of one's way on the least chance of escape. So I put my hands to my mouth and yelled and made hideous noises to inform the bear family of my approach. The beasts stopped a second, at my first shout, looked back and then made for the nearest hiding spot among the rocks. By the time I reached the place where the beasts had left the road I saw nothing of them but tracks. I see coyotes every week, but I have never seen a mountain lion, and that's what I should really like to watch some day. The mountain lion, so old-time hunters and trappers say, is the most wonderful acrobat in the world.

"I have no fear of bandits. The mail I carry never has anything valuable in it, and I let that fact be known everywhere. Besides, the country through which I travel is so utterly good-for-nothing that a jack rabbit would have a hard struggle for a living in it, and bandits would have hard picking off the few poor, tattered prospectors who go that way. If I should, however, be held up, I'd be sensible. As I have just said, I never carry valuables, and any bandit can look through the mail pouch to his hearts content before I'm going to be shot. I'd put my long practice at fire arms into good use, rather than let any one intention ally run over me on the route."

GAMBLING IN WASHINGTON.

Not Much High Play There now, Says an Old Gambler.

Jerry Jewel, Washington's oldest gambler, is reported to be seriously ill at his home in this city. As a sporting man in his prime and day Jerry Jewel was known all over the United States. He came of a highly respectable family of colonial descent, and, as a lifelong friend of his puts it, "Jerry took to gambling as naturally as a duck takes to water." Coming to Washington early in the Buchanan Administration Jewel has resided here ever since. Talking on the old times to a few friends who recently visited him, Jerry eloquently pointed out the causes for the decadence of gambling. He said:

"One night while dealing for old Thad Stevens, then a national figure in Congress, a man for whom he had secured a position in one of the departments watched the game awhile, and finally made a suggestion as to the best play. Mr. Stevens merely raised his eyebrows and made no rejoinder. Finally the man said: 'Mr. Stevens, I will stake my reputation that the nine wins.' Still Mr. Stevens continued to play 'right and left,' as was his custom, without deigning to notice the remark. But when the nine lost, Mr. Stevens saw a chance to suppress his would-be coach, and, raising his head, he exclaimed: 'Pay the dealer 25 cents, sir.' 'But I haven't bet, Mr. Stevens,' answered the surprised and confused individual. 'You staked on the nine to win, sir, and you owe a quarter,' gruffly returned old Thad, and the titter of the other players around the board admonished the fellow that Mr. Stevens' very pointed estimate of his stake and reputation was concurred in. 'After he had left, Mr. Stevens cashed

in, and addressing me, he foretold the decadence of the exciting sport in the near future, so far as Washington was concerned. Said Mr. Stevens:

"Jewel, these department clerks and appointees are running us out, sir. That fellow who has just left I secured a position of \$1,500 per annum. He needs every cent of it to support those who are dependent on him, but he must needs gamble. How much longer do you suppose the class of men who have been your patrons will sit around the green cloth with clerks or appointees?"

"I was struck with the force of Mr. Stevens' observation, and also noticed another element increasing daily, which equally helped to kill the game. This element was the cheap gambler who lived by his plays and loafed around the rooms where the games were in operation. I was dealing for the Jones brothers at this period, in the house where the Hotel Johnson now stands. I had been previously operating a strong game at the northwest corner of Sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue. Morrissey and Burns backed a big game when Mr. Morrissey was in Congress. The rooms were located where subsequently the defunct Washington Press Club had headquarters, near the corner of Fifteen street and avenue. Here Senator Matt Carpenter and many other noted men wrestled with the tiger many times for twenty four hours at a sitting. A man named John Usher kept a restaurant in those days next door to where Shoemaker is now, and Senator Carpenter would come in there daily to eat corn beef and cabbage with the rest of us that fancied that dish. The boys all liked the Senator, as he was democratic in his intercourse with us, like Thompson, 'Prince' Pendleton, 'General' Wilkinson, Bob Steele, and more of our set who handled the 'boxes' at the various houses made Usher's a kind of meeting place to compare notes and exchange salutations.

Gen. Steadman of Ohio, whom his friends like to refer to as "the Rock of Chickamauga," I met for the first time when dealing for the Jones boys at Sixth street and the Avenue. He came in one night and threw his overcoat on the roulette table. I sized him up as a Western man. He approached the table where I was and said:

"Give me a hundred dollars worth of chips."

"The General, whom I learned to know and appreciate at his true worth, was a little gruff on first acquaintance, but he was a dead game man at the table or in the field, for that matter. He warned me one night that the old times were passing, and that a inferior and financially poorer class of men were becoming the patron of the game. He said:

"Jewel, the stock exchange and the bucket shop are going to supersede gambling among the legislators at the nation's capital. The returns are quicker and bigger, and gambling in stocks and margins can be done on the quiet without subjecting one's self to the exposure and gossip of Department clerks and Government employees. Now, mark what I tell you; When Congressmen and members of the 'third house' abandon the game, gambling will be suppressed by law, as you will no longer have any friend in either house to protect you."

"And sure enough, the General's prediction has come to pass. The 'third house' to which the General referred was composed of lobbyists and influential politicians and business men from all over the United States who visited this city during the sessions of Congress. The members of the 'third house' were our best patrons.

"Fifty or sixty thousand dollars is a respectable sum in any other business than the 'bank' of a gambling house. In the latter there is an uncertainty about the roll that lessens its value from the point of view of the gambler. In those days I have seen the 'bank' cleaned out more than once and in more than one house, but the game opened up the next night as if nothing had happened. We stood by each other then, after the manner in which the national banks and clearing houses help each other out now.

"My experience," concluded Mr. Jewel, "and I am in my sixty eighth year, of the men who try their luck at the faro table, outside of course the professional gambler, is this: That no business man or non-professional can indulge in the excitement and run his particular business or private affairs successfully very long. If he loses, which he invariably does in the long run, his capital is impaired. If he makes a big sider—he becomes dissatisfied with the small or slow profits of his legitimate business, and he soon loses his trade by neglect or indifference, and in the end ruin and bankruptcy are the result."

Solomon Sloan's Advice.

Mr. Editor:—
If I were boss:—
There would be no more corporal punishment.

I do not believe in the old fashioned remedy of birch oil as a cure for all evils. For a full grown man or woman to strike

a child too weak to resist is an act of rank cowardice.

A blow never yet made a sinner a saint, nor did fear of punishment ever improve one's morals.

There are fine bred, delicately organized horses that have never known what it is to feel a blow. There are horses that a single blow would ruin.

The child does not live that is not far more delicately organized than the finest race horse.

Many children are whipped, but I do not believe that any child was ever whipped but that a sense of injustice remained and rankled.

Cruelty toward children makes the children cruel.
Moral suasion is better than beating. Rewards for good deeds are infinitely more powerful toward right than punishment for bad ones.

All too often it is only the bad deeds of the youngsters that are noticed. The good deeds pass unnoticed.

The same thing is true of men and women—their faults condemned, their good deeds uncommemorated, but by the time they are adult they have got used to it.

In childhood it is different. Life is then in the formative stage. A blow struck then or a cruel word spoken may make or mar a whole life.

Ideal childhood is where no blows are struck, where no harsh words are spoken, where good deeds are rewarded, where bad deeds are punished only by being unnoticed.

And that's the way it would be if I were boss.
SOLOMON SLOAN.

After Doctors Failed.

HOW PERLEY MISNER, OF WELLS-PORT; RECOVERED HEALTH.

He Suffered From Hip Joint Disease and Abscess—His Friends Feared He Would Be a Permanent Invalid.

From The Journal, St. Catherine, Ont.

A reporter of the St. Catherine's Journal visiting Wellsport not long ago, heard of one of those remarkable cures that have made Dr. Williams' Pink Pills famous as life savers the world over. The case is that of Perley Misner, son of Mr. Mathias Misner, who had suffered from hip joint disease and abscesses, and who had been under the care of four doctors without beneficial results. Mr. Misner gave the particulars of the case as follows:—"In the spring of 1892 my son, Perley, who was then in his thirteenth year, began to complain of an aching in his hips, and later my attention was directed to a peculiar shamble in his gait. As the trouble gradually grew upon him I took him to a physician in Dunville, who examined him and said the trouble arose from a weakness of the nerves of the hip. This doctor treated Perley for weeks, during which time a large abscess formed on his leg, and he was obliged to get about on crutches. As he continued to decline, I resolved to try another doctor, who diagnosed the case as hip joint disease. He treated Perley for six months. The lad slightly improved at first, but later was taken worse again. He would startle in his sleep and was continually in distress as he could neither sit nor recline with ease, and was weak, faint and confused. During this time the abscess had broken and was discharging in three places, but would not heal. A third doctor advised him a surgical operation, which he objected to, and a fourth medical man then took the case in hand. This doctor confined Perley to the bed, and besides giving medicine, he ordered a mechanical appliance to which was attached a 15 pound weight, to be placed in a position by a pulley system so as to constantly draw downwards on the limb. This treatment was continued six weeks, causing much pain, but nothing in the way of benefit was noticed. The abscess was dressed twice and thrice a day for months, and frequently, despite the aid of crutches, it was necessary for me to carry him in my arms from the house to the vehicle when taking him out. In October of 1893, I decided, other treatments having failed, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told the doctor of this decision, and he said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would quite likely be of much benefit. After using four boxes I could see some improvement. After this Perley continued the use of the pills for several months with constant improvement and new vigor, and after taking about 18 boxes the abscess was nicely healed, the crutches were dispensed with, and he was able to work and could walk for miles. I attribute the good health which my son enjoys to-day to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This medicine achieved such a marvellous success in my son's case as to set the whole community talking about it. I consider no pen expressive enough to do Dr. Williams' Pink Pills justice, as I believe my son would still be a hopeless invalid but for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$3.00, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Women haven't a grain of business sense."
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, I gave this business woman a fine luncheon, showed her all around town, and she got mad because I asked her to give our firm an order."

weak to resist is an act of rank... never yet made a sinner saint...

There are those that a single ruin... does not live that is not far...

Children are whipped, but I do not... at any child was ever whipped...

Doctors Failed... WELLS MISNER, OF WELLAN-RECOVERED HEALTH.

From Hip Joint Disease and... His Friends Feared He Would...

As he continued to decline, I... try another doctor, who diag-

Every one should feel punctuality to be... an obligation. An allowance of fifteen...

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

on haven't a grain of business... makes you think so?"

Woman and Her Work.

A dinner, where the bill of company and the bill of fare are both pleasing...

A centrepiece of fruit or flowers, spotted damask, sparkling silver and glass...

Of course, the guests, not the food, are the most important part of the dinner...

Select a Pretty Color Scheme. Some scheme of color is usually chosen in the decoration of the table...

The hostess, having written out her menu and full directions for its serving...

Well Bred Guests are Functious. Every one should feel punctuality to be an obligation...

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

Constipation, Headache, Bilioussness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

the hostess brings up the rear with the man whom she intends seating at her right hand...

The women remove their gloves and lay them in their laps. The habit of tucking them in at the wrists is most inelegant.

The most popular hostesses are those who, self-forgetting, seek to call forth the best points in their guests.

Nothing makes or mars a dinner so effectively as the manner of its serving. It requires two persons and an assistant in the pantry to serve a dinner of more than six persons smoothly and well.

How the Company Dinner is Served. Empty plates and those containing individual portions are placed and removed from the right, but everything is passed at the left of a person.

The oysters are in place when the company assembles, each oyster plate standing upon a dinner-plate. As these are removed and a filled soup-plate substituted under the plate is left and afterward replaced by those for the fish course.

A sauce is passed with the fish, as well as potatoes and dressed cucumbers.

The entree, if served in tiny pans or fancy forms, is set in front of the guests.

The games follow, with a salad, for which small, cold plates are provided to insure its crispness.

Salted almonds are passed between the courses, and are convenient to bridge delays.

After the game the table is cleared for the sweet course. Everything not required is removed on a serving-tray covered with a doily, and the crumbs are brushed.

A side table, supplied with extra knives, forks, spoons, etc., is a necessity. Upon this are also the finger-bowls, filled and laid upon the plates that are to be used for the fruit, with dainty doilies between.

When the Ladies Rise From the Table. The bonbons are passed after the fruit, and at a glance from the hostess the ladies rise, leaving their napkins unfolded upon the table.

The men also rise, and remain standing until the ladies pass out, after which the men return to the dinner table and enjoy their coffee and cigars in each other's company for a brief half hour.

Coffee, and later, Apollinaris water, is served to the ladies. They resume their gloves or not as they please, or as the hostess sets the example.

A dinner should not last more than an hour and a half, and an hour after the men

have rejoined the ladies the guests should take their leave—unless music, dancing or some special entertainment detain them—and express in a few cordial words to host and hostess their appreciation of their hospitality.

Luncheon Begins With Fruit Course. A formal luncheon differs from a dinner in but few particulars.

When the meal is announced the hostess graciously invites her friends to follow her to the dining-room. The women wear their hats, having removed their wraps in a room above-stairs.

Fruit is usually preferred to oysters as a first course; bouillon is served in cups—commonly with two handles—and the roast is often replaced by chops, with peas or chestnuts or an extra entree.

A bunch of violets at each place at table has almost superseded all other souvenirs. Where there are twenty guests for more they are generally served at small tables prettily decorated with flowers.

The usual hour for luncheon is between one and two o'clock. A breakfast is given at noon or a half hour later.

This latter function invariably begins with fruit; followed by a course of eggs, a fish entree, one meat, a salad, and a sweet course. Ices are replaced by a fruit salad, sweet omelet, or some such confection. Artificial light at a luncheon is inappropriate.

Afternoon Teas are Popular. Teas are the most popular entertainments known to modern society.

From the informal assembling of a few friends for a chat and a cup of tea, to the elaborate reception to introduce a debutante, they are called "teas."

Nothing but some dainty sandwiches and cakes are offered with the tea or coffee, which last, in hot weather, should be iced and served out of doors if possible.

At an afternoon tea, for which cards have been sent to all one's acquaintances naming a special day, there is an awning and a carpet at the entrance, or a carpet alone, and a man to open the carriage door.

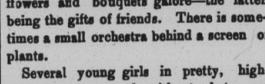
The ladies remove their wraps in a dressing-room upstairs, where one or two maids are in attendance.

A man stationed at the drawing room door asks the name of each guest, and repeats it aloud for the benefit of the hostess, who stands just within the room to greet her friends.

In the dining-room the table is made attractive with flowers and lights, and three or four waiters are in attendance to serve sandwiches, salad, ices, cakes and bonbons, tea, chocolate and bouillon.

Customs With Good Manners. Gentfolk of all nationalities observe

Don't Chide the Children.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—thats all.

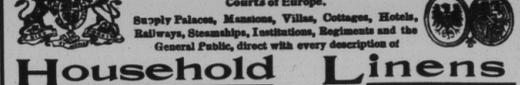
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end. Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother, living at 499 Grey St., says:

"My little daughter, six years old, had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND.

And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS.



Household Linens

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last.

Irish Damask Table Linen. 2 1/2 yards wide, 5/6ths per yard, Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 60s per yard.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs. Collars—Ladies, from 6/6ths per doz.; Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes, 6/11s per doz.

Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND.

(Please mention this Paper.)

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Copie, Penicryol, etc.

When the congregation had dispersed after the usual devotions, the priest went for a stroll while Moira prepared his breakfast; for to entertain his reverence afterward is the crowning honor of a station.

"His reverence is after sindin me to bring him his ombrell!" said the boy, bursting into the cabin.

"The saints preserve us!" said Mike. "Maybe it's the thing he left there by the corner," and seizing the umbrella, he tried to pass it through the door, but the entrance was low and narrow and the umbrella large and wide.

Without a moment's hesitation, he caught up a spade and began shovelling down the wall at each side of the door.

"Man alive!" said the priest, appearing on the scene. "Whatever are ye at?" "Shure, it's makin' way I am for yer reverence's ombrell," said Old Mike. "Divil a bit of it'll go through the door at all, at all!"

"Ah, nonsense, man!" said his reverence, laughing; and stepping inside, he took the umbrellas out of Moira's hand and closed it before them. Old Mike stared at it aghast. Then he turned to his wife. "Glory be to God, Moira!" he said. "Is there anything beyant the power of the priest?"

To Starve is a Fallacy.—The dietum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Star's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach troubles. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work, and preclude the possibility of any distress. Pleasant and safe, 60 in a box, 25 cents.

Space.—"You haven't turned out a stove-pipe joke during the past six months. What's the trouble?"

Humorist.—"Well, you see I bought a stove last fall on the installment plan—and making the payments is no joke."

Krank.—The bill of fare at this place is getting infernally monotonous. Here's "fried soles" again today.

Fried.—"Fried souls!" That does smack of infernal monotony.

Willie Lightfoot—I hear that Mr. Perry married an old flame.

Maud Smith—Yes, and that flame has to light the fire every morning.

Grace—Did the man she married belong to the nobility.

Nell—No, he belonged to the no-ability she supporting him.

TO THE DRAP.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Nerves in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Antidotal Ear Drops, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drops may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 760, Eighth Avenue, New York.

Night Scenes in Dawson.

Dawson is not like the average Canadian camp. In Rossland, for instance, the poor workman must stand for hours in front of an inanimate slot machine in order to get rid of his day's wages. Neither is Dawson like the old, wild, wide-open camp of the Pacific coast, or the modern camp of Colorado. There are no deep-lunged loafers with long hair, though it costs a dollar in Dawson to amputate one's tresses. There is gambling, to be sure, wide-open and free, if you have the dust, but it is all business, quiet earnest business. There is no loud talking over the tables. Only the soft clink of glasses, and the softer click of the chips that pass in the night, the burr of the roulette wheel and the swish of a silk skirt, disturb the stillness that hangs over the groups of silent men who are crowding about the gaming tables, pushing their dust toward the till. They seem ever to be saying: 'Oh Mr. Gambler, please take my money and let me go to bed. I am so tired.' And he takes it, slowly, it seems at times, but very surely. All about in the wide hall where the men are speculating groups of miners are showing nuggets and discussing the probable richness of the various creeks. Others are buying drinks for the women who sweep down the wide stairway that leads to the boxes overlooking the show. A card hangs on the swinging doors at the rear of the main room advertising a 'Theatre—Admission 50 cents.'

At one place we pushed the door open, peeped in, coughed and backed out again. The foul air, bad tobacco, and the smell of spilled gin were too much even for my hardened friend, Thompson. To a woman who blew cigarette smoke and smiles in his face he said: 'You are no lady.' I think he must have been wrong, for I am sure no gentleman would dress as that did. Its hair was the hue of a house on fire. After looking it over carefully for a moment Jim said it was what Klondikers call a 'dream.'

'Wash yer neck' asked a miner, jerking his head toward the bar. 'Oui,' said the dream, and then she put an elbow on the board and called in a clear, confident voice, 'High ball!'

It was eleven o'clock, but not yet dark, when we passed out and stood for a moment on the embankment and watched the mighty Yukon gliding by. There is something grand, imposing, almost awful, about this river. Perhaps it is because we have heard so much about it, and of the far-off country through which it flows, the gold on its tributaries and the army of lives that have been lost in its dreadful rapids. At all events, there is a weird grandeur about it to-night. It is so wide and swift and deep. Along the wharf, made securely fast, are the many steamers that run the rapids between here and White Horse; and the still larger lower river boats, some with two funnels, that have come up from St. Michael, and will carry you out by the way of Behring Sea and so around to the towns of the Pacific coast, 4,000 miles away. It is a long ride as long as the sail from New York to Egypt.

But we must not stand here by the river and dream, for we have no burning desire to be borne away on its bosom to the ocean wild and wide. We are slumming.

Leaving the strand we take a cross street that begins at the river and runs back to the hill, at whose feet they have built the city of Dawson.

In all the shops people are still shopping just as they were when we arrived at six o'clock this morning. Like the birds of the Klondike, they do not know when to go to bed. In front of an outfitter's some prospectors are packing a train of burros. An English-Canadian calls us into a hotel to have a liquor with him. He has just finished his dinner. He has learned of a claim that is not yet staked, and at this moment, 11.30 p. m., starting out to stake it. At the door are his two guides, and at their feet a couple of stout dogs, and in canvas paniers on their backs are food and drink for the men and their master, and feed for the dogs. It is fourteen miles over to the claim and twenty-four back, making eighty-seven miles in all that this white-haired Briton must tramp by noon tomorrow, for he has just assured me that he will be back before the Victorian sails at 2 p. m.

These figures may seem a little confusing to people 'outside,' but I can assure the reader that they are correct and as near to the truth as the average statement of the average trailer over lands. These men are the mastodon liars of the earth. I have already crossed swords with the trail liar and the raisin liar. The former was on the Edmonton trail 800 days, during which time he ate nothing but ice cream made from the milk of the moose. The other fellow lived nine days on seven

What Men in High Places Say.

DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MINISTERS, EDUCATIONALISTS AND POLITICIANS JOIN FORCES AS ONE MAN,

And Put the Great Seal of Their Approval on Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as the Greatest of Healers.

Personal Experience is the best evidence, and a man's Own Signature Seals His Faith. Hundreds of Canada's Most Illustrious Sons Are Its Heartiest Endorsers.

Perhaps no ailment to which flesh is heir brings men down to a more common level than catarrh and catarrhal affections.

When it is rated that ninety in every hundred are subject in a lesser or greater degree to the ravages of this universal disease, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, must naturally come within its grasp. And it is not to be wondered at that such a galaxy of Canada's best men as have done so are willing, having themselves been sufferers, to "let their light shine" that others may be warned of the malady, and herald the world the efficacy, the quick relief, the absolute cure they have proven to be in so

splendid a compound as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Thus it is considered no breach of etiquette on the part of the professional men, no indignity on the "bench" nothing unparliamentary on the part of the lawmaker, and no discredit on the pulpit, to say the good thing that many of those men in high places have attested to over their own signatures.

Here are a few names of prominent Canadians who have used and are believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: The Right Reverend Dr. Sweatman, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Lantry, of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of The Canadian Methodist Magazine; Rev. A. R. Chambers, Toronto; Rev. William Galbraith, Toronto; Hon. George Taylor, George H. McDonnell, M. P., Dr. Godbout, M. P., Robert Beith, M. P., Hon. David Mills, M. P., H. Car-

gill, M. P., James H. Metcalfe, M. P., and a hundred more as prominent public-spirited men.

Too many people have dallied with this dreaded disease, experimenting with worthless, untried and irritating so-called cures, only to find disappointment and a deep seating of the malady which means years of misery if not checked. Why not trust the man's testimony whom you think worthy to represent you in the House of Parliament—the man you would trust as your spiritual adviser—the man you would trust the education of your son—to be your adviser in the matter of your health. Take warning, and if there is hint of the catarrh taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you surely, absolutely and permanently, whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART gives relief inside of 30 minutes, and no heart trouble so hopeless it will not cure.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT heals "pimply" faces and other skin affections. Cures piles in from 3 to 5 nights.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS, small and cheapest pill made—30 cents for 40 doses.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

raisins. It is too bad. The mosquito liar is gone. He just pined away and died when he had seen and heard the trail liar and the raisin liar.

Here comes a man crying Seattle papers only eight days old. Behind him, in the gloaming, a man is carrying a basket of sliced watermelon; little crescents cut thinly from a six inch shell, and he wants 25 cents a bite. Watermelons are cheap now. You can buy a whole one as big as a boy's head for \$2.50. They were \$10 earlier and they were \$25 last year. In a little market a man is cutting a round steak for 75 cents a pound. Porterhouse is \$1.

Across the street, three blocks away, a white banner is stretched, bearing this notice, in screaming red and black letters: 'Nigger Jim's Pavilion.' I am surprised to learn that this Nigger Jim is a white man.

The noise that comes from this place resembles music. A man in his shirt sleeves is calling the figures of the dance. Sometimes he sings them, and this is his song. It must have originated in a cow camp:

State your ladies, all together! Ladies opposite the same! Hit the timber with your leather! Balance all and swing your dame! Bunch the buffers in the middle! Circle stars and do-se-do Pay attention to the fiddle! Swing her round and off you go! First foot forward! Back to place! Second fellow—shuffle back! Now you've got it down to cases— Swing em till their trotters crack! Gents all right a heel and toeing! Swing 'em; kiss 'em if you kin! On to next and keep a goin! Till yer hit yer parde ag'in! Gents to centre; ladies round 'em! Form a basket; balance all! Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em! Promenade around the hall! Balance to yer parde and trot 'em Round the circle a double quick! Grab and kiss 'em while you've got 'em— Hold 'em to it if they kick! Ladies, left hand to your sonnies! Alaman? Grand right and left! Balance all, an' swing yer honneys— Pick 'em up and feel their heat! Promenade like sherry cattle— Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle! Kenol! Promenade to seats.

Here, as at other resorts, roughly dressed men are reaching over the tables to place their money. A young woman in a neat tailor-made gown strolls about, nodding and calling men by their first names. She plays roulette for a little while and then strolls out. She appears not quite a fit here. In spite of the cold, mechanical smile that plays about her once pretty mouth, her eyes are still beautiful; deep, dark and almost bewitching. But that light must fall soon. She is burning her candle rapidly.

If the prompter could be suppressed, and a blue-eyed, brainless woman who screams occasionally would go to sleep, this camp, away up here in the shadow of the North Pole, would be as quiet as Jerusalem and almost as safe for a man or a woman to walk about in.

A young man is dancing with a young woman in a long skirt. They appear to be perfectly happy. They are to be married after the ball, and they are going 'outside.'

A spare man, with wide blue eyes and pale hair, is leaning on the end of the bar reading a poem to some friends.

When the poet had gone out I cultivated the barkeeper, who had a woman's diary in his vest pocket and her story by heart.

This is the story of the woman. They were married in Montreal under the rose. It rained flowers that day. The streets were crowded with carriages. It had been a case of love on sight with both of them, but they quarrelled, as the best of lovers will, and he went away to the Klondike. She tried heroically to live without him, but she was a woman who could not live without love. So she followed him. He took the Edmonton trail. She went in over White Pass and passed him on the way. When she had been ten days in Dawson she wrote: 'Had one meal today, \$2.50; got ten cents left.'

Three days later she wrote: 'I'm hungry. Saw a man pay \$17 today for a head of lettuce that grew in a tomato can.'

The next day: 'I feel now that you have forsaken me. Six months—there is no trail as long as that. Well, I'm going to work tonight. The manager of the theatre has just left me. I am to take dinner with him, and then I am going to work in his theatre—to "rustle the boxes," he told me. I presume I am to take the coupons and show the people to the proper seats. But first we are to dine at 8 o'clock, I think he said. Mon Dieu! three hours more, and I have fasted three days. Two hours of the long, long night have passed. The candles are burning in the tents and cabins. Outside the snow is falling softly, silently. I saw them lay a young woman to sleep in the snow today, and I envied her. It was a weird sight to see the people all muffled up like Esquimaux, and the mute uncomplaining bukkies hauling the black coffin across the white field.

'Far up the mouth of the Troand uick I

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brewster. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

heard a malcontent mourning his master's absence, I wonder why dogs always howl after a funeral. Gad! was ever a land so lonely, so utterly lost in darkness? Even the winds go by on tiptoe! If they whisper, they say 'Hush!' Not a sound comes to me save the harsh imperative 'Mush! Mush!' of the drivers and the mournful cry of the hungry dogs. Ah! my poor little candle is going out. I must dress for dinner now without a light. It is still snowing. It snowed on our wedding day, you remember, mon cher. And you spent \$1,500 for flowers. Good night.'

That was all she ever wrote in her diary. But the barman, who had been her friend, who had loved her without knowing her, who had almost without knowing her—told us that she had been very unhappy in Dawson. One night they missed her at the theatre. The next night she failed to show up, and on the day following the manager called at her room. That afternoon he sent a doctor up and two days later an undertaker.

And this man with the wide blue eyes and pale hair had been her husband. She had been dead a year when he came to camp. Now I understand the meaning of that melancholy chorus to his sad song:

'She had fifteen hundred dollars' Worth of flowers at her wedding; The poor girl at her funeral, she didn't have a flower.' The night winds that came down the Klondike were fresh and cool as we stepped from the smoke dimmed 'Pavilion' to the board walk. 'Hello!' said a cheery voice, and it named my name. 'Now,' thought I, 'what woman knows me here?' and then I caught the glimpse of a bright face laughing out of a storm of hair and recognized a little lady who had come over on the Victorian. All day a man had been leading her by the hand. It is long past midnight now. They have finished their shopping and are going home. 'Come on dear,' calls the man. 'Yes, papa,' says the maid, as she kisses her hand to me and romps away. Like the breeze that blows down from the gardens on the hill, her smile is pure and sweet. She is 8 years old.

The 'Lafayette Dollar.' A little more than a year ago the school children of America were appealed to by the Lafayette monument committee to give their pennies toward the erection at Paris of a monument to General Lafayette, and later in furtherance of the movement, Congress ordered the coining of 50,000 silver souvenir dollars. The dollars, stamped with the likeness of Washington and Lafayette, have been coined; and on the 3d of March President Loubet of France received Mr. Thompson, secretary of the monument committee, who presented to him the first of the dollars coined.

Death of Ex-Minister Phelps. The Hon. Edward J. Phelps, Kent professor of law at Yale University and minister to Great Britain from 1885 to 1889, died at New Haven March 9th. Mr. Phelps was a native of Vermont, and a recognized leader of the bar of that State. He was a Democrat, which debarred him from public office in the strongly Republican state of Vermont, although he was the choice of his party at different times for

governor and senator. As minister to Great Britain, he maintained the brilliant traditions of that office, and later he served as a member of the Bering Sea Commission.

Before Pickett Charged. One of the most terribly dramatic scenes of the Civil War was Pickett's charge on the third day of Gettysburg. The moments of anticipation were awful in their intensity. They are thus recorded in the recent volume, 'Pickett and His Men.'

Pickett had received a note from headquarters. He handed it to Longstreet.

'General Longstreet, shall I go forward?' he asked.

Longstreet looked at him with an expression which seldom comes to any face. He held out his hand and bowed him head in assent. Not a word did he speak.

'Then I shall lead my division forward, sir,' said Pickett, and galloped off.

He had gone only a few yards when he came back and took a letter from his pocket. On it he wrote in pencil:

'I old Peter's nod means death, good-by and God bless you, little one!'

He gave the letter to Longstreet and rode back.

That letter, with it faintly pencilled words, reached its destination, far down in Virginia.

Pickett gave orders to his brigade commanders, and rode along the line, his men springing to their feet with a shout of delight as he told them what was expected of them.

He was sitting on his horse when Wilcox rode up. Taking a flask from his pocket, Wilcox said:

'Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you'll be in hell or glory.'

Pickett declined to drink, saying, 'I promised the little girl who is waiting and praying for me down in Virginia that I would keep fresh upon the violets she gave me when we parted. Whatever my fate, Wilcox, I shall try to do my duty like a man, and I hope that, by that little girl's prayers, I shall reach either glory or Glory.'

What followed is famous history. Positively the Last Chance. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., will after the insertion of this notice withdraw the very liberal offers they have been making to send a 25 cent trial size, FREE, of their marvellous guaranteed Catarrh and Bronchitis remedy, 'Catarrhoxone.' If you are a sufferer from any form of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Throat Irritation, write at once; it is positively the last time this offer will be made. Enclose 10 cents to pay postage, boxing, &c.

The Shad Season. 'It's like eating a boiled paper of needles,' growled the gourmet, picking from his tongue an invisible shadbone. 'We're going to have all that remedied before next year,' blandly responded the restaurateur. 'How?' 'By crossing the breed with jelly-fish sir.'

PAIN KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Say.

James H. Metcalf, M. P., here as prominent public

ple have dallied with this experimenting with worth-irritating so called cures, disappointment and a deep

W'S CURE FOR THE relief inside of 30 minutes, trouble so hopeless it will

W'S OINTMENT heals and other skin affections. from 3 to 5 nights.

W'S LIVER PILLS, small- at pill made—20 cents for full by E. C. Brown.

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Co., Kingston, Ont., will offer

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CONTINUED FROM THREE PAGES.

She chanced to tell me that you had called some time before, and that you had walked in this direction. All in a moment, my dream came back to me, with such force and vividness that I felt as though I must walk as far as here, and see for myself that you really were not in danger. I thought, then, it was just a foolish fancy, even while I obeyed it; but when I got in sight of the mill, and saw it in flames, and heard your shouts, I knew my dream had come true; and I just ran up the stairs, without stopping to think whether I could get through the flames or not. If I hadn't saved you, I could have died with you, dear, and that is what I should have wanted to have done.'

Deeply moved, I clasped her to me, and for a moment or two, there was silence between us. The hearts of both were too full for words. One thing I was glad of—the dear child had evidently no suspicion of foul play. She had told me she supposed I must have dropped a match among the straw as I went up, and I did not contradict her. The fact that the door of the room in which I was shut up was fastened betrayed nothing, inasmuch as it was not locked or bolted; it simply fastened of itself, and could only be opened from the outside. Vera imagined the wind had blown it to and this I did not contradict either.

I was anxious, however, to know whether she had met her mother coming away from the mill, so I said— 'How came your mother to allow you to be out alone at this hour, Vera? Did she know?' 'I think not. She was lying down with her headache, her maid told me. She must have been asleep, for her door was locked, and she did not answer when I went to it, though, of course, I only tapped very lightly for fear of disturbing her.'

By this time we had come within sight of the house. I set my lips sternly as I thought of what Lady Gramont's feelings would be when she saw me—when she knew I had come back to denounce her, after all. The first person I saw when we entered the house was she—the guilty woman herself. She was standing dressed all in white, at the top of the staircase.

She saw me, and her eyes dilated, and her cheeks grew ashen pale. Another moment, and then—I never quite know how it happened—she uttered a shriek which will ring in my ears until my dying day, and ran down the stairs enveloped in flame. She had overturned a lamp which stood on a table behind her, and her thin, diaphanous garments had caught like so much tissue paper.

She was literally aflame from head to foot, as still uttering those frightful shrieks she rushed down the stairs, and fell at my feet in the hall. In a moment I had seized hold of the mats and rugs, and was extinguishing the flames. But in my heart I knew she was too horribly burned to recover. The doom she had planned for me had, by a most awful retribution, recoiled on her own head. She was to die by the most fearful of deaths—death by fire!

Very tenderly they bore the poor, charred, tortured body to a couch, and hour after hour, doctors exhausted all their skill while Sir Harold stood by in mute agony, and Vera lay sobbing in my arms. But from the very first there had been no hope, and, at midnight, just as Christmas Eve was merging into Christmas Day, they came and told me she was gone!

CHAPTER X.

I HEAR THE TRUTH.

That was the saddest Christmas day of my life. Very early in the morning, when Vera had at length been persuaded to go to her room and try to take some rest, Gwynne came to me, with a countenance of sullen gloom, and in his eyes a look such as told me he at length knew all.

I held out my hand to him, and when he laid his own within it, I wrung it hard in silence. It was the only way I could think of showing my sympathy. For the life of me, I could not have spoken a word just then. 'Jack,' he said, presently, 'I know all. I suppose you guessed that, and it is only right that you should know it, too. There are some things that need to be explained.'

'I don't want to increase your grief, dear old fellow,' I said, very earnestly. 'Don't tell me just now, at any rate. Wait a little, and you will be able to hear it better then.'

'I would rather tell you now, Jack. Nothing can increase my pain—nothing, or, so I fear, can decrease it. Besides, it is only right that you should know. In the first place, Vera was not—was not—her daughter.'

For myself I could not help a rush of joy from passing over my heart. 'Dear! as I love my precious Vera I had not been able to help a sort of shuddering horror when I reflected that our children—if God blessed us with any—would have to acknowledge that guilty woman as their ancestors.'

'Then who is Vera?' I questioned after a painful pause. 'The daughter of the late Comte de Gramont, and she is eighteen years of age, instead of sixteen, as she was represented. She herself does not know or dream that that she was not her mother.'

Little by little, slowly and painfully, and with many pauses, he told me the whole tragic story, as he had received it from the dying woman's lips, when at her own request, and for a few brief minutes, she had been alone with him a little before the end. Her true name was Gertrude Lascelles, and she was only eight and twenty years of age. Her life, from childhood, had been spent among thieves and swindlers.

She had been concerned in jewel rob-

Two severe cases that were completely cured by the Great Blood Purifier and Healer,



Suffered. For over eleven years I 11 Years. suffered with Dyspepsia and tried everything I could think of, but was unable to get relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have remained so ever since, and feel as though B.B.B. had saved my life.—Mrs. T. G. Joyce, Stanhope, P.Q.

Covered. My little boy, aged 10 With Sores. years, was a complete mass of sores, caused, the doctor said, by bad blood. His head and body were entirely covered with sores, and we could find no cure. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before one-half the bottle was gone he began to improve and by the time it was finished there was not a sore on him. I used the B.B.B. as a wash as well as internally, and it seemed to give great relief as soon as it was put on.—Mrs. Philip Mitchell, St. Mary's, Ont.

beries in half a dozen European cities, and in India as well. It was in India she had met the Comtesse de Gramont. The poor lady was dying of fever in a lonely marsh, with none but Indian attendants by her. Gertrude Lascelles had tended her in her dying hours, and had learned from her enough of her affairs to see she might safely personate her. She and her late husband were without any near relatives, except their child, Vera, and neither of them had been in Europe for over a dozen years.

Gertrude Lascelles saw her buried; then she returned to Europe as the Comtesse de Gramont. There was only one difficulty—Vera was too old to be her child; but she persuaded the nuns at the convent where she was educated that they had been mistaken in her age.

Vera, she averred, was only four years old when she came from India—not six, as they had believed. Once Vera was in her care, she had learned to love her; nay, more, had become so penetrated with the sweetness and purity of her character that she had even some desires and longings after a better life.

She had hoped to effectually conceal herself from her old associates by retiring to Switzerland; but there was one man who tracked her out—a man who loved her and who held her promise to become his wife. This was James Carey, the man she had murdered last Christmas Eve.

He discovered her whereabouts, and wrote urging her to return to England. Disobeying him she dared not, since he threatened to disclose the truth to Vera if she did. To England she came, and journeyed on to Wales where James Carey awaited her. They met at a masked ball, a public carnival, and while there Carey received information concerning some stolen jewels, which had been hidden in the past by a member of his gang who was seeking to rob them of their due share of the spoils.

He hired a carriage and drove to the pass, Gertrude Lascelles accompanying him. In the pass he renewed his proposals of marriage, and swore to her he would never suffer her to rejoin Vera, or to pose as Lady Gramont, unless she accepted him. There was a fierce quarrel, and, in the heat of it, she drew from her bosom the pistol she always carried with her, and shot him dead, afterwards escaping to Switzerland without suspicion; or if she was suspected at all, it was only by members of the gang.

Some months after, she met Sir Harold, and again ventured into England. By this time another of her old associates had found her out, and, as she was really in need of money to carry out her pretensions as Lady Gramont, she consented to let one of them into Deepdene Manor by night on condition that she had a share of the booty. She entrusted her own jewels to Lady Mallory, the more securely to divert suspicion from herself. The thief had carried off these jewels and Lady Mallory's hand it was arranged that Gertrude Lascelles should secrete the rest of the stolen property in her own chamber until the next evening, when she was to take it to him, receiving, in return her own sapphires, which she desired to retain.

'I suppose I need scarcely tell you, Jack, that your poor Nero died by her hand,' said Sir Douglas in conclusion, 'nor that she inveigled you to the old mill track with the intention of silencing your lips by death.'

'I guessed it all,' I answered, hoarsely, for I was deeply moved by the sight of his distress. 'Ah, Harold! dear, dear old fellow, I wish I could help you to bear it! He stretched out his hand to me with a look I shall never forget. 'I loved her, Jack!' he whispered, while

his big, manly frame was shaken by a strangled sob; 'always remember that. Let her be what she might, I loved her.'

Three days later we buried her—that beautiful and guilty woman. Beatrice de Gramont was the name inscribed on the coffin lid.

Gwynne and I had debated together very seriously, and had decided it was better so. No living being was injured by the deception, and, as to Vera, I knew she was in no state to hear the truth just then. She had loved the dead woman with the tenderest devotion, and we knew that the discovery of the horrible, ghastly truth would be almost more than she could bear.

After the funeral, Sir Harold quitted England—I feared never to return.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR HAROLD'S RETURN.

Again it is Christmas Eve, and there is now no shadow to darken my Christmas joy—or, only the shadow of the past.

It is three years since Gertrude Lascelles was laid in her grave, and, for more than eighteen months, Vera has been my wife. How dearly I love her, and how fully she returns my love, no words can say. It is enough that we are happy with the happiness that springs only from perfect wedded love.

My old uncle died some time ago, leaving me his property, so that I am in something more than comfortable circumstances, and I often say, laughingly to Vera, that should I have my love, and how fully she returns my love, no words can say. It is enough that we are happy with the happiness that springs only from perfect wedded love.

For a long time after that awful tragedy at Deepdene Manor, Vera's health was delicate—the shock had been almost more than she could bear; but under the kind and almost maternal care of Lady Mallory, and almost Sir Harold's earnest wish, she made her home, she gradually regained her strength, and, though this was longer in coming her old sweet brightness.

To-night I did what I have been meaning to do for months, and yet have put off from day to day—I have told Vera the whole tragic story that has been related in these pages. I have told her who and what was the woman whom, for three years, she has mourned with the mourning of a bereaved and loving daughter. It was a great shock to her.

At first I almost feared she was about to faint away, but I took her in my arms and kissed and soothed her, and my mother's shock was over, and she wept a little upon my shoulder, she was able to talk calmly of it, and to thank me for keeping her in ignorance thus long.

'I am glad I know now,' she said. 'It would not have been right for me to have gone on mourning for her as my mother. Yes, I am glad I know now, but I think I could hardly have borne it then.'

'After a while she said— 'Poor Sir Harold! what he must have suffered! How I wish he would come back and let us try and comfort him!'

Scarcely had she said this when the butler came in to tell me a gentleman was asking to see me.

'He says he would rather not give his name, sir. I thought, perhaps, you would step into the hall and see him for yourself.'

'I will come, Webster,' I said, and I followed him out into the hall, where there stood a tall figure, muffled up to the eyes almost and with the snowflakes still clinging to his long, fair beard.

He stood in the darkest corner of the hall, and I did not recognise him till he stretched out his hand, and uttered just one word. 'Jack!'

'Hal!' Yet it was he himself—Sir Harold. How I flung myself upon him shaking him by both hands, and all but embracing him, I need scarcely say.

'I am glad I know now,' she said. 'It would not have been right for me to have gone on mourning for her as my mother. Yes, I am glad I know now, but I think I could hardly have borne it then.'

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Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

I was going to say, but he stopped me with a little gesture. 'You are not to think,' he said very gravely and slowly, 'that, because I can come back to England, and because I can look my old friends in the face once more and take their hands, and smile into their eyes, I have forgotten what happened upon this night three years ago. No, Jack, if I live to be a hundred, I shall remember seeing her as she came down that staircase a mass of flame—I shall remember every tone of her voice as she gasped out her dying confession, just as distinctly as though it had happened yesterday.'

'My poor old Hal!' I said, very earnestly, as he pained. 'The thought of my own wedded happiness made me heart throb very tenderly and sympathetically for him.'

'But,' he continued, with a calm bright smile, 'although the past must ever be to me a most painful memory, and although I loved her with too mighty a love for me to ever love again in this world, yet within the last few months I have fought strenuously against the dominion of a selfish sorrow; and I believe, I may say I have obtained the victory. I have remembered I have duties to do, and I have come home to do them. I shall take my proper place at the head of my estate, and the bulk of my fortune, seeing that I shall never have a child to inherit it, will be spent in ministering to the poor. Thus I shall bestow happiness; and, Jack, old fellow, I believe I have learned that that is even better than pos-

sessing it.'

There was something so grandly noble about him as he thus spoke—though his bearing was simple enough, and free from all touch of self-consciousness—that I could only sit and gaze at him, and wonder at the sad and tragical fate which had doomed to a life of loneliness a heart so noble and so pure.

THE END.

THE WIFE'S YEAR OF SILENCE.

Marriage Customs Among the Armenians and the Turks.

'The conduct demanded by a newly married Armenian woman will strike Americans as very singular indeed,' said Antranik Ashderian, a young Armenian whose book, 'The Turk and the Land of Haig,' has recently been published. 'She utters never a word except when alone with her husband, until after the death of her first child. Then she is allowed to talk to her child. A little later she is permitted to converse with her mother-in-law; still later her own mother may again hear her voice, and before a great while she will speak in whispers to the young girls of her household. She must not leave the house during the first year of her married life, except to attend church. Her discipline as a bride terminates after six years, but she will never again open her lips to a man unless he be her kinsman. Young girls are allowed to have a liberty of conduct that is in striking contrast. They chatter freely and cheerfully with whom they please.'

'The Armenian woman differs radically from her Turkish sister. Neither seclusion, nor polygamy, nor divorce darkens her present or threatens her future. She is not educated with her brothers, however, as American girls. I remember how puzzled I was when I entered an American college and saw girls seated among the boys in the classroom. 'John,' I said to my neighbor, 'what are the girls here for, to make the room look pretty?'

'It seemed incredible that anyone could think a girl capable of learning with her brother. It is considered a disgrace likewise for a man to walk publicly with a woman, even though she be his sister. She may entertain men callers, and, of course, her face is never covered, like a Turkish woman's, but her mother or some older female relative is always present. They attend the same entertainments and church but may not sit together. The women's seats in church are partitioned off and are in the rear. 'While among many old Armenian families parents contract for the marriage of their children while they are in their infancy, in the majority of cases the young people are permitted to make their own selections, though always with the consent of their parents. Elopements, therefore, are unknown. The marriage tie is sacred in Armenia, and death only can break it.'

If a person has an uncongenial companion he must endure it with the same kind of patience he would endure a sore head, which, though he may try to cure, he will hardly cut off.

With Turkish women their only end in this world is marriage. Accordingly girls are from their infancy rocked to sleep by their mothers with lullabies of future husbands, handsome, courageous and wealthy. The regular age for marriage is from 13 to 15 years, but unusual wealth or physical attraction call for earlier contracts. Generally speaking, parents are pleased if they get a chance of betrothing their daughters at 5 or 6, or at any rate before they reach 13 years. For at that age women must—the Mohammedan proverb says—either marry or die. A girl is readily married if she is either pretty or wealthy. Should she possess both qualities then she is a great catch and will have many suitors. About her wealth there can be no doubt, as in the East one's financial status is known to every one. The age, too, can be easily ascertained, but the puzzling question is about her good looks. Is she pretty? That must be discovered, and, of course, as the young man has no means of finding out for himself, he must get some woman to act for him. He usually resorts to a Jewess, and if her report is favorable, he then brings the matter to her parents' attention and his mother after a call on the girl, arranges a party at a public bath. These bath parties are extremely fashionable, and the women dress elaborately. A meal of grossy pastries and sweets is always served, after which comes the smoking of cigarettes, long pipes and water pipes—the women seated cross-legged on divans and gossiping the entire time. Should the mother's report be satisfactory, after a few visits between the parents the marriage is agreed upon and the day set.

As to the betrothal, the husband has to give a dowry—or rather, hire, as the Koran distinctly states. The minimum of this dowry is fixed. It may not be less than \$1.70 in your money. The maximum is left open, and by that arrangement the family of the girl is able to obtain some show of fair play, for in Turkey, the only hold a woman has on her husband is that to divorce he must turn over to her prime duty to court and obtain his good will, for it she displeases him she is in imminent danger of missing Paradise. A wife whose tongue has made trouble for her husband will have that appendage lengthened to 150 feet at the judgment. Should a man wish a divorce he has only to return his wife's dowry and say to her, 'Get out.' She has to go; there is no redress. He need not even give a reason.'

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Buck Bronson's "Blowout."

"Buck Bronson," the wealthy Nebraska cattleman who died recently, is said to have owned twelve hundred horses, but he provided in his will for none of them except his old bronco, "Blowout."

The explanation of Bronson's devotion to Blowout was given to me some years ago by the cattle-king himself. As began with quite a long account of how he happened to be trapped alone on the Dismal River, near the forks in 1884 when he was still a poor cowboy, although an educated man; and how one or more of "Doc" Middleton's notorious gang of horse-thieves stole his saddle-horse and packhorse and all his furs and provisions, while he himself was on foot following a wounded antelope through timber.

Then Bronson was left in a very wild country with nothing but his rifle, a few cartridges, his camp kit, knife, pipe, tobacco and some matches. The rest of the story I give in his own words, which I wrote down soon after hearing them:

"After trying to trail the thieves I went back to camp, broiled some antelope and took a good night's sleep. The next day I decided to cross over to the Middle Loup, and make my way down the river to some settlement. So I set off to the northward, but before I had gone a mile I found Blow-out—my first acquaintance with him, you understand. I had seen a herd of wild horses there, and tried to crop up to 'cross' one, but they got scent of me, and fled. As I started on again I came to the edge of a big blowout and saw at the bottom a wild horse. He had somehow got into the blowout and couldn't get out.

"You don't know what I mean by a blowout? Well, it is a hollow scooped out of the top or side of a sand hill by the wind. They are of all sizes from ten feet to ten rods across, and from one foot to two feet deep. Most of them have one or two places where a horse can walk out, but some are too steep all around. I never saw but one that a man could get out of without help.

"That one is known all over these parts as 'Dead-Man's Blowout,' because one of the boys at the 'H. W.' or the 'Box-bar'—I forget which—found a man in it—starved to death, or more likely perished from thirst. He got two others to go back with him and take ropes along to try to get the body out. But he'd been dead so long that they just buried him where he lay. There was nothing about him to tell who he was, and no one knows yet.

"Well, as I was telling you, the wild horse was down in a big blowout. I could see where he had torn up the sand in trying to climb out; but he had stopped trying and stood looking up at me in despair. He seemed to have no life left. His eyes were bloodshot and fiery, his tongue hanging out, dry and parched, his whole appearance showing the greatest distress. I pulled up some grass and threw it down to him; he seized it ravenously, but his mouth and throat seemed too dry to swallow it.

"Stranger, maybe you wouldn't believe it, but I forgot all about my own troubles, and set to work to do something for that horse. I got my camp kettle and carried water from the river, nearly a mile. It took me all one day and part of the next before I could get enough to satisfy him. I kept pulling grass for him, too, although at first he seemed in mortal fear of me, yet by the third night he and I were good friends. Well, to cut it short, I fed him there for nearly a week, and then managed to dig a path and help him out; and after a few days more I saddled him and rode him across to the settlements, and went to work to raise a crowd to go after Middleton and his gang. But everybody seemed to be afraid.

"At last I got about a dozen together, and we were about to start when the news came of Middleton's capture by Major Llewellyn.

"And that's how I got my pony, and that's why he is so fond of me. But still I have to tell you what he did for me. It is the most curious case of one good turn deserving another that ever I heard of.

"Two years after that fall, four of us went up on the Dismal on a hunt, near the same place I have been telling you of, and I took Blowout along, for he is a first class hunting horse, all but one thing, and that is this: he will not go into a blowout. He'll go through fire or water if I tell him to go, but a blowout—never.

"Well, we had been in camp nearly a week, when I started off alone one morning, away back north from the river, to see if I could have any better success, as I had not as yet shot anything bigger than a jack-rabbit. I rode eight or ten miles before I saw anything, and then I caught sight of a big buck antelope about a half mile away.

"He hadn't seen me, and as the wind was in my favor and blowing hard, I felt pretty sure of a good shot. So I rode quietly forward, keeping on low ground until I got near the place where I had seen him. Then I dismounted and crept up to the top of a ridge and peeped over. There stood the antelope about fifteen rods away, broadside to me, his head up, as fine a mark as you could wish for.

"I fired, and the antelope fell, kicking and struggling. I started toward him on the run, calling to my horse as I went. Just as I got within a few feet of the antelope, he gave a great kick, throwing himself into a big blowout—he had been standing just on the edge of it. I was considerably excited by this time, it was the first antelope I had seen for two years or more, so I jumped down after him. He went

aliding, down, down, clear to the bottom, and then I got hold of him, used my knife, and stepped back to let him bleed.

"Just then something in the sand at my feet caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up; it was a bone, partly buried in the sand. I pulled, at it, then dug away the sand from around it. It was a human skull. Instantly the awful truth flashed across my mind: I was in the Dead Man's Blow-out."

"For a moment I was stunned by the terror of my situation. Then I fairly screamed, and flew at the steep slopes of sand, trying to escape. But it was no use—the sand came down as I dove into it. Still I kept trying until I was completely exhausted. I lay down at last, quite calm with despair. I wondered how long I should live; wondered whether my body would be found, as the other poor fellow's was; and the thought came to me that my friends at camp might be alarmed at my long absence, and follow my trail to find me. But as I listened to the wind and remembered how the sand was drifting, I felt how useless any such attempt would be. As none of them could guess the direction in which I might have gone from my first course, I remembered, too, with a terrible sinking at my heart, that I had come much farther than we usually did. I recalled, too, that I had spoken the day before of returning home alone, because of my poor luck. It seemed clear that I could expect no help from my hunting mates and, I resolved to make one more effort to get out.

"With my knife in hand I climbed up as far as I could, that is, to within about twelve feet of the top. There I began digging, but still the loose sand from above kept sliding down as fast as I dug. Again and again I tried, but to no purpose. At length I slid back to the bottom, where I lay again in a stupor of despair, how long I cannot tell.

"I was aroused by a low whinny from my horse. I looked up and saw him standing just at the edge of the blowout, looking down at me, although his eyes seemed fairly to bulge out with fear of the place. I have no doubt that he understood my case well, and was wishing to help me. My larriat was on my saddle, but as much out of reach as the moon was. What could I do? As I glanced around, my eyes fell on the antelope—the cause of all my trouble. An idea flashed into my mind, and I quickly began skinning the animal, all the time talking to my terrified horse, coaxing him to stand still.

"I soon had the hide off, and cut into a long strip. Making a noose at one end, I climbed up toward the horse as far as possible, and throwing the noose upward, I got it around his neck. Now I felt safe, for I knew nothing on earth could induce him to take another step forward. He stood fast, and in a moment I was out, and after a few minutes of trembling, I was able to mount and ride back to camp."

Glad Spring Tidings

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Sick People Well.

The Great Banisher of all Troubles Brought on by Careless Living.

The cities and towns of Canada in spring time are full of people who are in thoroughly wornout, "unstrung" nervous condition, brought on by careless and heedless living. Sleeplessness, irritability and despondency help to make the cup of wretchedness more complete.

This army of broken-down men and women should know that new and vigorous health depends on purified blood, regulated nerves, sound sleep and perfect digestion.

These happy conditions come only by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

If any have thus far failed to get rid of nervous diseases, impure blood, kidney and liver troubles and dyspepsia, it is because they have not used Paine's Celery Compound.

The past testimony of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants and people of responsible positions who have been made well by Paine's Celery Compound, should induce every ailing man and woman to carry home a bottle of nature's life-giver so that they may test it to their own satisfaction.

Do not allow any dealer to offer you a substitute. Insist upon getting "Paine's" the kind that "makes sick people well."

"Oh, I do love to go shopping," said the maid of some thirty-seven summers—more or less—"especially when there is a bargain sale."

"Huh!" growled the old bachelor, "I fail to see any fun in getting in a crowd and being queered nearly to death."

"That's just what I enjoy most," replied the romantic maiden, as she coyly hid her glowing face behind her fan.

"Now," said Mr. Meekton, as he got into his overcoat and pulled on his mittens. "I must go home and explain to Henrietta."

"Is she demanding an explanation?" "Certainly."

"What about?" "My dear sir, how do I know? I haven't been home yet."

McJigger—How was that pretty brunette when you saw her last?

Thungumbob—She wasn't.

McJigger—Wasn't what?

Thungumbob—A brunette.

Rosa Sandrini's Easter.

It was a poor enough little shrine, with its tinsel paper, gaudy artificial flowers and cellophane, but to little Rosa Sandrini it represented all the beauty and ideality of life.

The doll-like china figure of Our Lady, with the glittering yellow paper crown on her head and the tiny infant Jesus in her arms, was poetry and religion to the small maid. She said her prayers before it, and was never so happy as when her mother permitted her to deck it with a ribbon or a bit of green or a castaway flower picked up in a gutter.

In the alleyway street back tenement where the little Italian girl lived there were only fighting, cursing, brawls and blows to be heard. Pietro, her father, was one of the worst brawlers in the neighborhood. He was always coming home with his naturally fiendish disposition intensified by drink, to pound and bruise Margarita, her comely, black-eyed mother, into insensibility.

Ever since she could remember anything little Rosa Sandrini had seen her mother kicked and cuffed and knocked about. Sobbing and trembling, the frightened child could only raise her hands in mute appeal to bedridden little shrine on the wall and wait until her father drunken fury had passed and she could creep tearfully to her battered mother's side.

So all the joy and gladness of that dark tenement home clustered around the tinsel little grotto between the windows. There the poor mother, stupefied by years of cruelty, and the poor child, starved for beauty and gladness, brought their faith and love and what little hope they had.

So when Rosa came from the mission school, Doyce street, bringing with her a long spray of great white fragrant lilies—the Annunciation—her little face was transfused. She could scarcely speak from ecstasy. With difficulty she explained to Margarita that a beautiful lady came in a carriage to the mission, a carriage filled with flowers, and gave to each child in the school a spray of lilies for Easter.

Margarita's hopeless face brightened. She inhaled the delicate perfume of the pure white blossoms. She smiled at the radiant face of her child. Who knows what dreams of long ago, what scenes of far away sunny Italy, were summoned to that brutalized mind by the influence of so much beauty and fragrance? With one accord mother and child decided that next morning—the lilies should be dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows, and Rosa should have the joy of decorating the shrine.

Pietro did not come home that night. He was away in some evil place fortifying himself for the devil's work he had in hand. But he came in the morning—came just as the child had climbed upon a rameshackle chair and with joyous hands was about to break the lilies from their stem to deck the tawdry shrine—came with curses on his lips, with hell in his heart and black under looking out of his eyes.

He flung one outrageous word at Margarita as she stood watching the pleasure of her little girl. She shrank back before the look in his eyes. Then something glittered wickedly again and again before the child's fascinated gaze.

Margarita lay quite still where she had fallen—and something—a little stream of something red crept slowly over the bare floor.

Pietro flung himself upon the wretched bed and snored the more of the beattified. White and cold, the frightened child slid down from her chair, and timidly touched her mother. Then, shivering and moaning, she crept from the strangely silent room.

The street was packed with a gesticulating, jabbering mob. From every window heads were thrust and eyes were strained to watch this grim Easter morning procession. First came loud sturdy, red faced, contemptuous eyed policemen, holding a miserable, pallid wretch, protesting, moaning, shrieking and cursing. He was hurried into the patrol wagon. The crowd gave a snarl like an angry animal.

Next came four men bringing something on a stretcher—something over which a tattered shawl had been hurriedly thrown. It was lifted carefully into the ambulance. Through the crowd ran a smothered groan.

And then came a big, brawny officer, re-splendent in gold and blue, carrying a little, pathetic, drooping figure in his arms. As if to shut out some hideous sight the face of the child was hidden on the broad shoulder of the policeman. One thin little arm, showing through the ragged sleeves, clung round the neck of her protector. The other hand hung down, still grasping a lovely spray of great white lilies. One of the blossoms was splashed with scarlet.

The crowd did not snarl now. It did not groan. It was suddenly hushed. And down the cheeks of the onlookers ran silent tears.

Her Motto.

The members of a Bible-class in a New England parish were studying St. Paul's rules for Christian living, set forth in the twelfth chapter of Romans.

Among the questions asked by the leader of the class was, "What motto should be adopted when strangers are to be entertained?"

The proper answer of course, and the one given by all the members of the class with one exception, was: "Given to hospitality."

In the class, however, there was one young person who held a different idea: this was the minister's daughter who, since she was fifteen years old, had been the

head of his house, and the manager of many a difficult meal.

"I don't agree with the others," she said, firmly, "I think very often the motto should be: Patient in tribulation."

"Is this new play immoral?" asked the friend.

"No, sir," answered the theatrical manager.

"Are you sure?" "Absolutely. The demand for tickets has been the smallest of any week since the house was opened."

"Have you an eye for business?" inquired the foreman of Slog Six.

"Cert." was the jocular reply. "I've got an 'i' for business. Didn't think I spelt it with a 'y' did you?"

And he indicated the proper character on the keyboard of the linotype.

BORN.

- Truro, Mar. 6, to the wife of George Livingstone, a son. Lakeland, Mar. 4, to the wife of Geo. H. Jeffers, a son. Springhill, March 27, to the wife of A. A. McKinnon a son. Truro, April 2, to the wife of Geo. McLoughlin, a son. Farrabro, Mar. 6, to the wife of Wm. Williger, a daughter. Woltville, Mar. 6, to the wife of Mr. J. Herbin, a daughter. Hortonsville, April 1, to the wife of Mr. Lewis, a daughter. Annapolis, March 24, to the wife of Louis Whitman a daughter. Truro, March 28, to the wife of Mr. T. Walker, a daughter. Quoddy, Halifax, March 28, to the wife of John D. White, a son. Nicholville, Mar. 2, to the wife of Archibald L. Byson, a son. Trench Bridge, N. B., April 6 to the wife of C. C. Strain, a son. South Uster, March 25, to the wife of Ambrose Hartling, a son. Farrabro, Mar. 7, to the wife of Capt. Patrick McLoughlin, a son. Paradise, March 20, to the wife of Mr. Frank Poole, a daughter. Charlottown, Mass. March 19 to the wife of A. H. Hunt a daughter. Harmsay, Quebec, March 28, to the wife of Byron Kempton, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Mar. 19, to the wife of Mr. Allan Nickerson, a daughter. Jamaica Plain, Mass., to the wife of Charles A. McCallan, a daughter. Fort Dufferin, Halifax, March 29, to the wife of Mr. Adam Hartling, a son. Moser's River, Halifax, March 28, to the wife of Capt. G. E. Anderson, a son.

MARRIED.

- Truro, Mar. 28, by Rev. D. Price, William Howatt to Janie Robbles. Halifax, Mar. 31, by Rev. N. LeMoine, R. T. Murray to Annie Down. Eastport, Mar. 29, by Rev. S. E. Byram, Ira D. Ross to Dolly Thurber. Covehead, Mar. 27, by Rev. J. Layton, Louis E. Shaw to May Macmillan. North River, Mar. 21, by Rev. A. F. Browne, John Cook to Sarah Cummings. Yarmouth, Mar. 24, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, James S. Baker to Jessie Potter. Marshallsburg, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Andrew J. Smith to Mrs. Louisa Barr. Yarmouth, Mar. 27, by Rev. P. G. Mode, John G. Hayes to Annetta Hamilton. Lynn, Mass., Mar. 21, by Rev. Albion Ross, Henry Simpson to Nellie May Fox. Whatcom, Wash., Mar. 18, by Rev. A. Roger, I. M. Norris to Mattie Deola. Hamilton, Mar. 25, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Frank Stearns to Mary McEay. Murray Harbor, Mar. 24, by Rev. E. Gillis, Joseph Macleod to Laura M. Dunn. Quoddy, Mass., Mar. 14, by Rev. Geo. H. Watt, John Matheson to Mary McEay. Charlottown, Mar. 29, by Rev. Archdeacon Beagh John Wheatley to Jennie Hooper. Brackley Point, Mar. 28, by Rev. J. Layton, Duncan McLaughlin to Annie Johnson. St. John, Mar. 27, by Rev. Theo. Marshall, Daniel W. Campbell to Ada M. Groves.

DIED.

- Fornal, Mar. 31, John Visey 83. Belburne, Mar. 27, Mrs. Bell, 93. Onals, Mar. 24, Joseph Steele, 19. St. John, April 4, John Murray, 82. Stanley, Mar. 18, Elizabeth, 71. New York, April 1, Mary Berrigan. Winslow, Mar. 27, Albert Smith, 45. St. Andrews, Mar. 13, Julia Rolin, 9. Boston, Mar. 29, Margaret Aitken, 60. Greenwich, Mar. 24, George Leslie, 76. Halifax, Mar. 24, John R. Ambrose, 40. Millford, Mar. 24, Barbara McLeod, 74. New Orleans, Mar. 25, Wm. Aymar, 57. Halifax, April 2, Harrison E. Roll, 19. St. John, Mar. 30, Joseph Flemming, 82. Annapolis, Mar. 10 David Howlett, 17. Portland, Me., Mar. 18, George Lord, 37. East Boston, Mar. 19, Annie O'Brien, 54. Greenvale, Mar. 28, Jas. MacDonald, 54. St. John, Mar. 20, Mrs. Thomas Trean, 29. St. John, April 8, Mrs. Wm. F. Smith, 74. St. Stephen, Mar. 27, Mrs. Robt. Turnbull, 65. White Pine, Col., Mar. 4, Daniel Johnston. Bay Fortune, Mar. 22, Mrs. Geo. Aitken, 87. Belleisle, April 3, Mrs. Charlotte Young, 79. Bridestown, Mar. 27, David E. Jordan, 63. St. John, April 4, Mary Theresa McCarthy. Springhill, April 1, Mrs. Priscilla Phalen, 95. Milltown, Me., Mar. 29, Mrs. Daniel Ryan, 79. Bear River, Mar. 27, Mrs. Robt. Turnbull, 65. Charlottown, Mar. 29, Mrs. David Blake, 22. Mayfield, Mar. 29, Margaret J. Wyand, 8 mos. Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 31, Ralph Cove, 4. North Sydney, Mar. 31, Mrs. E. E. Moore, 33. Dartmouth, April 2, Mrs. Mary Betteson, 71. Campbellville, Mar. 18, Mrs. Ida C. Mitchell, 37. Albert, N. B., Mar. 29, Mrs. Robt. Tingley, 69. Upper Kennetcook, Mar. 12, John Brennan, 89. Charlottown, Mar. 28, Mrs. Pius MacDonald. Charlottown, Mar. 28, Mrs. Joseph Clark, 42. New Glasgow, Mar. 9, Mrs. Ivo MacDonald, 37. Litch's Creek, C. B., Mar. 29, John Beaton, 24. Summerside, April 3, Mrs. Capt. A. E. Kennedy, 53. Upper Canada, N. B., Mar. 26, Mrs. C. B. Dickey, 64. Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 26, Mrs. F. Donovan, 64. St. Andrews, N. B., Mar. 18, Mrs. Thomas Mahar, 77. St. George, Mar. 22, Mattie Infant of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevens. Alms, A. Co., Mar. 29, infant son of Herman and Della Dixon. Omaha, Nebraska, Mar. 29, M. Martin Hopps, 79. Halifax, Mar. 21, infant of John and Annie Redmond, 28 yrs. Shelburne, Mar. 26, infant of Mr. and Mrs. T. Rowland White, 29 yrs.

MR. J. D. ROBINSON, DUNDAS, ONT.,

Gives His Honest Opinion of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. J. D. Robinson, a resident of Dundas, Ont., has found these pills to do all that is claimed for them and made the following statement of his case: "Some time ago I obtained a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can now without hesitation say that they have been beneficial in relieving me of an obstinate and long standing complaint affecting my heart and nerves. "I was troubled with sleeplessness, dimness, palpitation and neuralgia for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, that others may learn of the virtues of this remedy, I give my unsolicited testimony. "My honest opinion is that there is no cure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC

Easter Holidays

Excursion Tickets will be sold for the Public

For School Vacations

To pupils and teachers of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate signed by the principal, sell round trip tickets as under:— To Stations on the Atlantic Division and the Ontario and Quebec Division as far as and including Montreal, at one way lowest first-class fare from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900. To Stations west of Montreal at one way lowest first-class fare and one third from Montreal, from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

A. J. HEATH, D. F. A. C. P. E. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lvs. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 2.25 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.20 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 6.00 a. m., arr Digby 11.45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr Halifax 6.30 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Digby 8.40 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. 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, at the wharf office, 4 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. the 16th, 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergus, Plouffe and Halifax..... 7.35 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.25 Express for Sussex..... 12.40 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 7.35 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.25 Express from Halifax..... 12.40 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton..... 17.40 Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

D. J. FORTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 14, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.