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PROGRESS.

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "clack" in our premium offer?

VOL. XII., NO. 578.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 10 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Is She An Heiress.

Progress received the following letter with the photograph enclosed—which is engraved and printed—just in time for publication. The one who read this statement will trust that it is true:

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Although a stranger to you and your city yet I feel as though we are friends for I have had PROGRESS sent me every week to my home in Sacramento, Cal.

Well, the object of my visit to St. John is to make known to the people through the press the fact that Miss Marguerite M. Dean of Lowell St., is the heiress of \$750,000, or three quarters of a million in her own name and right.

I will just give you the history as I know it. Mrs. Dean, Marguerite's mother, was the only daughter of Wm. Heintzman, a very wealthy merchant of Weinsburg, Germany. He was also a colonel in the Franco-German war. He died in 1875 leaving all his wealth to his daughter Mary Louise and in 1876 she married Capt. Wm. Dean of Manchester, England.

On the 18th of December, 1878, Capt. Dean set sail for England with a general cargo leaving his wife in St. John but in the English channel a terrific storm arose and, while attempting to come duty on deck he was swept overboard and lost. When the sad news reached his wife she was overwhelmed with grief and it was thought for a time that she would die as she was in delicate health. She was ordered by her doctor to go to California.

She made the journey and went to her brother, also Wm. Heintzman, of Sacramento, Cal., who owned extensive gold mines and was also wealthy. While there she gave birth to a daughter and when her infant was but two months old she died leaving her an orphan in the care of a distant relative on her husband's side, also a Mrs. Dean, with whom Marguerite has always lived believing her to be her mother, until last September, a year ago, she was told the truth by a friend whom I had told in a letter in confidence charging him to keep it until the proper time came when I should tell her with my own lips but I suppose he was like a great many others, he could not keep a secret. It does not matter now the time has come when the city will recognize Marguerite Dean as a very rich heiress. She inherits \$600,000 from her mother and \$250,000 through the death of her uncle Wm.

Heintzman of Sacramento who died last August leaving Marguerite his sole heiress. Aside from all his wealth he leaves her his hand to a residence known as Chancel Hall which is worth a fortune and I expect that Marguerite will go there to live. Chancel Hall is built of white marble and is magnificent. Marguerite is well known in your city having been employed for quite a time in the photograph business winning the love and respect of all with whom she came in contact.

No one could look in her face and not like her. She has many friends in the city



where she has lived since she was five years old. She obtained the principle part of her education in Lawrence Mass. She is an artist of rare ability and I feel sure in saying, Mr. Editor, that you join with me in wishing her happiness in her inheritance.

I am sending you her photo to be published in the paper. It is a very good one although it does not do her justice, and became a little delayed in taking it from the frame but I think you will be able to print it all right. She draws her first payment next January which will be one thousand a month. She will be of age Jan. 29th 1900.

I remain Yours Truly
J. R. BLACK Q. C.
Solicitor of the late Wm Heintzman of Sacramento, Cal.
St. John, June 6, 1899.

A Puritanical Spirit.

HALIFAX June 8—Religious bigotry and intolerance is still much in evidence in this city by the 101. Freedom of speech and action are almost unknown quantities to certain pulpit orators and some choice members of their respective flocks. It hardly seems credible, but I am told by a friend of mine that a newsdealer in the city has been reported to the Chief of Police for exhibiting in his window pictures of the female form divine clad in tights. It's enough to make a horse weep let alone an ass, at prudence. Objecting to see a well-formed bust, or a shapely form in print. What modesty must dwell in these peculiar people, who in their efforts to reform the world, measure every one's morals by their own six inch rule. Forsooth because they are unfortunate enough to have a leonine or cadaverous form, and an underpinning more suited for bean poles than legs, object to looking at the outline and contour of feminine grace and beauty. Such persons should be fed in milk and treated by an oculist, for methinks, their make-up needs removing and their eye-sight put in proper focus. That a comely figure in tights as nature brought us into the world, should be offensive to a pure-minded person is a libel on good sense and common sagacity. It is only those who pore over pictures of the female form when the blinds are drawn, and nobody looking, who object to a window display of actresses in tights. "To the pure all things are pure" is a saying that never enters into the heart of these miserable prying stick-their-nose-into-others

people's-business kind of folk. People who are ever looking at the earth, who seek to find some fault with honest people and it possible make trouble at every turn.

While there is much that is improper going on throughout the city and vice is rampant in many places it does seem ridiculous that anyone should so belittle themselves as to find fault with the picture of a female clad in tights. It does not seem worth mentioning, but like a flea in adroitness, these people annoy because it's hard to put your finger on them. They complain to the Chief of Police, but have not the manliness or womanliness to go direct to the offender.—If such display of pictures can be called an offence,—and show him wherein he does wrong. No, they would rather stab a man in the back, and call it a christian duty. The news dealer in question is of opinion that he can locate the parties all right. He still continues to make no difference in his window display, as those who don't like to see the pictures can pass by, like the Levites, on the other side. This so-called pious and middle-class spirit often go together, and the man or woman afflicted with this malady can make life miserable for themselves and those around them.

If the Chief of Police was not a man of sound common sense and good judgment he might make an ass of himself by taking notice of all these fault-finders and middle-class busybodies. He however, uses good judgment and refuses to discriminate justly, which is greatly to his credit.

LIVELY CITY EVENTS.

A FLIN FLAN MAN ON AN QUIVING TRAIN

Reports to a Leading Hotel—Interest in the Fight—A License Regulator—Lovers on the Beach in King Square—Much Else of Interest—A Dartmouth Incident.

The old "short change" game was worked on a C. P. R. train a week ago and a St. John man loses \$75 in consequence. He was seated in the car near a young man and an old woman and it was plain that they were about to part. They were very affectionate and just as the young man was ready to go he turned in a general way to those seated near him and said: "Can any of you gentlemen oblige me with a \$100 bill. I want to give my mother some money and I only have small bills. One large one will be easier for her to carry." One passenger responded promptly and the stranger counted out \$100 to him in exchange for a \$100 bill. Then he left the car and in a few minutes the old lady did too. When the St. John man took out his pocket book again later in the journey he found that he had \$25 instead of his \$100. The rest had been "palmed" as his change was being given him.

The Bums on King Square.

The director of public works can see as far as any body and Progress suggests that he give a few minutes of his busy time to the distribution of the seats on King Square. As they are placed at present they afford a splendid resting place for all the bums and loafers who can occupy them and face the different sides of the Square. There they sit for hours chewing tobacco and—if they have the necessary change—sauntering off for a long five-cent ale. People are complaining of this use of the square and strangers cannot get the best impression of residents of St. John by the blessed unwholesome specimens that for the greater part of the time occupy the seats which if scattered through the walks would no doubt be appreciated by the women and children. The square is rather in a backward state this season but the people are not asking for such speaking decorations on its front as are there daily now.

Of the Interest in the Fight.

There wasn't much interest taken in St. John in the big championship fight, though there were lots of people who looked at Jeffries as better than most people regarded him. There was practically no betting and that is a good indication of the lack of interest. By the time Progress is in the hands of its readers the result will be known. Many people were planning to stay up and hear the returns, and if the fight—or sparring exhibition is it?—was drawn out they experienced the balminess of an early June morning.

A Dartmouth "Peeping Tom."

The little town of Dartmouth cross the bar, bor from Halifax has a sensation, and the ladies are in fear and trembling for a horrid male man has been using his optics to too great an advantage, and has preyed into the boudoirs of Dartmouth's select and charming young women. Consternation is visible on many a fair one's brow, and now, instead of looking under the bed for an intruder, the fair female looks out of the window to make sure no man is in sight.

Despite all efforts the "Peeping Tom" has not been caught, although suspicion points to the son of a leading merchant whose practical pranks have more than once shocked the easy going Dartmouthian. "Tom" is quite an expert at covering his tracks and knowing the habits of the town's folk, is able to get considerable distance between himself and his pursuers.

The townspeople are much disturbed, as the tactics of the prying Tom are annoying. He has even got to second and third story windows by the use of a ladder, and no boudoir is safe from his intrusion. It is to be hoped he will be caught very soon.

A Handsome House.

The repairs, addition and improvements being made to the Royal hotel are nearing such a state of completion that people can gain a fair idea of what a handsome corner building it will be. The staging is being removed, the debris cleared away and in a few days all appearance of disorder from the outside will cease. The ticket office of the Canadian Pacific will be crowding

Magistrate and Chief.

Those who understand the status of affairs at the police court have been somewhat amused at some of the things that have happened up in the big building of late.

The regard that the magistrate has for the chief of police does not seem to have increased and he has not lost many opportunities in expressing his opinion of the force.

The most recent example of this was when Inspector Jones of the liquor license commission, made an information to the effect that there was a gambling device in certain saloons of the city. They were in the town some two or three weeks before the inspector became aware of the fact. His duties do not require him, as a rule, to visit the bars frequently and the handsome looking and somewhat innocent looking machine in one corner was not apt to suggest gambling to him unless he was well posted in all of the latest schemes of this sort. And anybody who knows the inspector would rather ridicule the idea that he was.

But the magistrate assumed that with forty policemen tramping about the town it seemed ridiculous that seven or eight of these chance affairs could be in town without their knowledge. There is no doubt the magistrate was right. St. John policemen however have not been eager at all times to enforce the law preventing games of chance. There is no greater game of chance than the lottery business and, as Progress pointed out some time ago, that is carried on right in the heart of the town. The police know the particulars as well as anybody else and their inaction can only be the result of their belief that lotteries are harmless. So they must have thought these machines though, no doubt, there are scores of people whose introduction to and acquaintance with them was somewhat expensive. Like all of these automatic affairs the machine was made to win. It stood about five feet high and was two wide, the outside casing being of cherry or polished oak. Within was a large wheel and the machinery necessary to run it. This wheel was divided into many spaces of five different colors.

There were 28 red spaces and 28 black, fourteen green, seven white and two or three yellow. When a nickel was put in any one of the five slots and the handle turned down the wheel began to go around and it when it stopped the indicator pointed to the color of the slot in which the nickel had been placed, the machine by a curious and ingenious combination deposited two, five, ten or twenty nickels in a little tin pocket at the side of the case. If the indicator pointed to yellow twenty nickels poured out—provided the handle was kept down, and yellow had been played—if white, ten nickels, if green, five, and red or black, two.

There was no doubt about the fairness of the machine but the chances were so enormously against the player that it he continued to play his gains in the hope of getting back his losses he would be without a cent at the finish. The power to turn the wheel was furnished by a small Edison electric battery also in the machine and the nickel connected the current.

The American who introduced them was sharp and genial. He made lots of friends and in the right quarters. Perhaps he did not expect the city to stand the strain long and so he placed as many of his money makers as he could. In the short time that they were here there is no doubt his profit was more than a thousand dollars. It may be mentioned by the way that while they ran three weeks here, they were in Halifax three days. They were given notice to quit in Sherbrooke, Quebec, and if there are any in Montreal it must be recently because they had to make a quick start there.

This then gives some idea of the game of chance that the magistrate thought the police force should have known about. It may be that the police, on the other hand, thought that anything illegal going on in the bars should be reported by the inspector. He did make the report at any rate but before the case came into court the machines were removed and they haven't been seen since. The people who had them in their places did not regret their departure. They say that they only

put them there because they were a novelty but as they got half the profits, that statement might be taken with a grain of salt. That they were a novelty could not be denied and many a man who wanted to spend a quarter for beer "tried his luck" instead and hadn't the quarter to quench his thirst. In this way their legitimate trade enflamed but the profits of the game more than made up the difference. It was not an unusual thing for each machine to pay the saloon proprietor, and machine man as well, from ten to twenty dollars a day each. When it is considered that there were nine of them in operation some idea of the money made from them can be estimated.

The action of the inspector in driving them out of town had another and unexpected result. The police decided to take a hand in his business. So they watched who went in and out of certain hotels and a liquor saloon on the following Sunday. It was thought that this principle had been done away with and that the fact that people went in and out of a hotel on Sunday should not be taken as evidence that liquor was being sold in the place. Still it is understood that the names of persons who were standing in the offices of two hotels were taken and information laid that liquor had been sold during prohibited hours. This is not the inspector's method. He is more open and man fashion about it, walking into a hotel and demanding the key of the bar. To find it closed is not all the evidence he wants—for it is not a hard thing to close a bar promptly—but he must be sure that there are no signs of recent occupancy. If he went into a bar Sunday and saw tobacco smoke he would be fairly confident someone had been in the place who had no right to be there.

That is the proper method to pursue. It is not a pleasant idea for a man to have that if he goes into a hotel at any hour after seven on Saturday evening or any time on Sunday he is in the power of any indiscreet or prying policeman who may lay an information and call him as a witness. Many a man, no matter whether he had knowledge or not of any sale, would rather pay the penalty himself than be called as a witness. Progress does not remember at this moment whether it was the present magistrate or his predecessor who frowned upon this kind of information but it was so discouraged at one time that it has seldom been resorted to since.

The police, of course, report such cases to the inspector and are expected then to furnish him with the necessary evidence. It has turned out before now that the evidence hasn't materialized, because the hasty informant did not know how to back up his statements afterwards.

There was one case in court this week which excited some interest. Two young men had a tussle on the street. The police came along and the result was a fine of \$20 each. The dispute arose because a friend of one of the parties ran across the street and took down the names of three persons who, a few minutes before had come out of a hotel office.

The inquiry as to what that was for naturally brought about a dispute and the result as above. From this it would almost seem as if the hotels were being subjected to a system of espionage that is not confined to either the inspector or the police.

There does not seem to have been much fault found with the vigilance of the inspector since the new law has come in force. Perhaps the most satisfactory way out of what appears at present to be somewhat of a middle would be to leave the inspection to the inspector.

A Salvage Corps Incident.

It is said that the North End resident who had a pair of new shoes or boots appropriated by a salvage corps man of that district during the Indian town fire means to press the matter. The salvage corps man discarded his own boots and put on the new ones in the presence of three reliable witnesses. The indignant denial that was made when the story first got abroad has induced the gentleman to press the matter. While he is not one to mean the loss of a pair of boots under such circumstances he feels as a citizen that such a matter should be exposed.

Illustration Made, Re-arranged, Enlarged, Dated, 1899.

FEATS OF REPORTERS

SOME EXTRAORDINARY SOGONS WHICH THEY SOURD.

Some of the Daring Deeds Out There a Good Deal of Trouble and Lots of Time but They Achieved the Goal for Their Respective Papers.

When a really enterprising newspaper reporter feels a burning desire to get his call in possession of certain facts, and such possession is at all possible, he will not allow much to stand in his way. Some most daring feats have been thus performed, a few of which are here related. The facts are set forth bluntly; with the legitimacy, or otherwise, of such business the writer has nothing to do.

A few years ago the central figure in a notorious scandal suddenly decamped. When he went away he locked up his office and took the keys with him, and it was generally surmised that inside this office were books and papers which would throw considerable light upon the affair. For some reason, which did not appear to be understood the police did not force the door, but put a seal upon it less it should be tampered with by anybody else.

The public anxiety as to the contents increased, and at last a reporter determined to take the matter into his own hands. He procured the services of a locksmith, went to the office, declared himself to be a detective officer, broke the seal, and with a skeleton key opened the door. He spent two or three hours inside the room, and to his delight discovered a number of documents which had everything to do with the case, and which he knew would make excellent 'copy.' He made hurried notes of their contents and then took his departure. It was deemed wisest not to publish the results of the expedition immediately, but to wait a day or two. What the feelings of the police were when eventually they were published may be imagined; but for reasons best known to themselves no action was taken against the paper.

In another case, somewhat similar, but more daring the reporter did not get off so well. It was in connection with a celebrated murder, which completely baffled the detectives. It came to the knowledge of a reporter on an evening paper, however, that on a certain day one of them had prepared a report upon it, and, moreover, was walking about with it in his pocket. He made up his mind that he would get hold of that report.

First of all he, with some difficulty, discovered the detective, and having done so followed him up and down, waiting for a favorable opportunity to carry out his plans. At length it came when the officer was in a quarter of very low character, which was crowded at the time. The reporter espied a man who was notorious for not being particular what he did, told him that in the detective's coat-pocket there was a blue paper which he wanted, and promised him a sovereign if he would bring it to him at a certain place in half an hour. He brought it! The reporter rushed off back to his office, and his paper made a great score by printing a copy of the report which was then sent back to the police station.

But the matter did not end there. The police had a pretty good idea which man on the paper was responsible, and determined to make it warm for him. They forbore entering the office, but relays of policemen kept watch at the entrance night and day, intending to arrest him as soon as he made his appearance.

The man inside got wind of this intention, and very naturally stayed inside. He slept there on a sofa the first night, again the next, and again a third. Still the police remained outside, and the case was becoming desperate. On the fourth night the proprietor entered the office and said something else would have to be done. He gave the reporter £50, and told him to get out of the country as fast as he could. Some women's clothes were procured, and in this disguise he managed to get out, made his way to Liverpool, and sailed for New York, where he stayed several years. The police took no further action in the matter, and at last, when the whole thing was forgotten, the man came back.

Once, on the occasion of a great disaster in the North, it was realized that a certain man was the only one who could give any information upon a certain important point in connection with it. There were two or three evening papers in the town, and at midday a reporter on one of them sought him out and obtained the desired facts.

This, however, did not completely satisfy him, for he wished to prevent his rivals from getting at the man. Two or three dodges which he attempted with that object failed, and at length he had recourse to a desperate measure. He procured a drug, invited his man to have some refreshment, and when his back was turned, put the sleeping stuff into his glass. An immediate excuse for leaving him followed: The

trick succeeded, for when the other reporter arrived upon the scene to their dismay they found the man asleep, and all efforts to wake him failed till it was too late to do anything that day. The trick which had been played did not leak out till long afterwards.

There was, some time ago, a tragedy which for a period presented a great element of mystery. A man had been shot dead, and a woman had been wounded at the same time, but not mortally; as she was taken to an hospital. The question was whether the man had shot the woman and then committed suicide, or whether it was the other way about. It was supposed that the police knew, but they would not tell the papers a single word.

A reporter, however, determined to ascertain the truth. Reporters were not admitted to the ward in which the woman lay; but this one dressed himself up in his best style, and walked straight in, unaccompanied which ward it was, and proceeded boldly to the bedside, taking care to drop casual remarks to the nurses on the way.

'A sort of a country fellow one: came to me, when things were pretty lively in the Pit and he said—

'Is this here an inmate asylum?'

'He seemed to be in a very mellow state, but I thought he was joking. To his question I replied—

'That's about what it is.'

'He seemed to get nervous—

'What are they doing?' he asked, pointing to the brokers in the Pit.

'Oh,' I said, 'we're just letting them out for exercise.'

'He seized me by the arm: 'For Heaven's sake, do let me get out of here.'

'I stepped away from the door and he went off like a shot. And he never came back.'

Who Lost the Key?

If there is anything more disgusting and annoying to a professional person, especially a singer or reader, it is to be flattered into accepting an invitation to a dinner or party, only to find that it is a scheme mere-



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of deductions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

2222 Cor. Charlotte and Pittsburg Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 291. P. O. Box 20.

A Little Surprise to the Goodies.

I have cooked a little surprise for you, dear,' said young honeybride. 'An almond soufflé, for after dinner. I got the recipe from that new cookery book that came as a wedding present, and the instructions are really most clear. Handy isn't it, a book like that? I'm sure the thing will turn out a success.'

Edwin smiled a dubious sort of Abyssinian-gold smile, and temporized about the success as he looked at the soufflé.

'Can't say I like it,' he said after the first mouthful. 'Sure you got the instructions right, darling? It tastes very funny.'

'Oh, yes,' responded Angelina, with tears in her eyes. 'I can say them by heart from the book—just hear me,' and she reached down the volume.

'Take a pound of grated almonds—

'Quite right,' interrupted Edwin, following with his finger.

'One pound of castor sugar; mix well with the whites of three eggs—

'Correct,' said her spouse, as she continued, breathlessly—

'Add two ounces of white pepper.'

'Pepper! Great goodness!' said the unhappy man, as he turned over the leaf.

'Two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions and—'

'Stop! Stop! You must be wrong, I'm sure. Why my dear I thought so. You are muddling up almond soufflé with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of this blessed opokery book.'

Occurs on her Kismet.

A London journal tells of a certain lady who has in her room a piece of statuary which bears the inscription, 'Kismet.' The housemaid was dusting the room one day, when the mistress appeared. 'Sure, ma'am,' said the girl, 'would you mind telling me the meaning of this writin' on the bottom of this figger?' 'Kismet' means 'fate,' answered the lady. 'Sure, an' is that it?' said the girl. A few days afterward the housemaid came lurching into her mistress' room. 'Why, what's the matter with you, Bridget?' asked the lady. 'Oh, ma'am, sure an' I have the most terrible corns on me Kismet!' said the girl.

Small but Effective.

The tin-clad gunboats may have its weak points, but as long as the enemy does not discover them or hit them they are unworthy of mention.

The tug of war is no longer a mere figure of speech, but a puffing, smoking, belching, screaming, bellowing fact.

Cures Coughs Dr Harvey's Southern RED PINE 25c.—or same price as inferior imitations. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

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

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Glen" property abounds and a half miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Grand Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensley, Barrister-at-Law, Fergus Building. 24 647

No Summer Vacation.

St. John's delicious summer weather, and our superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for entering than just now.

THE ISAAC PITMAN BROTHERS and the New Business Fraction for use of which we hold exclusive rights are great attendance promoters. Catalogues to any address. S. KERR & SON.

Spring Lamb, Cornwallis Beef, Oukes, Spinach, and Rhubarb.

THOS. DEAN, City Market



which led them to believe he was a doctor.

At the bedside there was a policeman and a nurse. The former he ignored, and to the latter he put questions as to her treatment of the patient. He examined the woman, felt her pulse, made use of a stethoscope, with which he had provided himself, and finally ordered a different treatment and diet to that which had been in force! Then, in an off hand sort of way he questioned the woman as to the exact details of the tragedy, and got her entire story. The policeman supplemented it with something that he knew; but warned the 'doctor' against saying anything about the affair outside. At this point the reporter caught sight of a real doctor advancing in his direction, and made an excuse for leaving, promising to return in the evening to see how the patient was getting on. When they saw the afternoon papers they realized that he never would return.

Just Let Out.

Chicago has many wonders, and one of them is the Wheat Pit in the Board of Trade Building. On entering the great grey structure the senses are assailed by the feverish clicking of a hundred telegraphic instruments, the frantic rush blue-uniformed messenger boys, the ceaseless jostling and shouting of busy brokers, the continual glitter of electric lights. All this is the normal condition of things.

There is a big officer at the entrance to the Pit, resplendent in a uniform of blue with shiny buttons. This man bears a fair reputation for veracity, and is always ready to initiate strangers into the mysteries of the Pit. He tells this amusing story about one visitor.

TO CURSE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. The Laxative Brown Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

ly to capture them, to assist in amusing and entertaining a house full of company, with no expense to the getting-up of the show' There is one tenor in the country, however, who knows exactly how to manage under such circumstances. He was recently in London and invited to dine with a well-known lady, and accepted the invitation. Soon after his arrival at the house, one of his friends intimated that their hostess intended asking him to sing after supper. He approached the piano under the pretext of examining some rare old pictures that hung near it, and in the course of his inspection he contrived, unobserved, to lock the piano and to abstract the key. Soon after dinner, the guests having returned to the drawing-room, the hostess begged him to sing. 'Most willingly,' responded the tenor. She attempted to open the piano, and was surprised to find it locked. Search was made in all directions for the key, but in vain. So the evening passed off without music. When the great tenor went away he left the key fall on the floor of the ante room, where it was discovered the next morning, greatly to the amazement of the hostess, who was quite unable to solve the mystery of its appearance there.

Rough on the General.

A French actor, named Hyacinthe, once illustrated the saying, 'Discretion the better part of valor.' It was in the month of June, and a company of the National Guard of which Hyacinthe was a sergeant, was engaging a body of insurgents behind a barricade at the other end of a short street. One of the insurgents, in particular, from a corner of the barricade was making remarkably effective practice on the assailants. At that moment came a general.

you fetch him down. Up with you sergeant!

'Beg your pardon general, but, perhaps you see, an insignificant non-commissioned officer like myself may have no attraction for him. But a handsome, distinguished man like you, in that stylish and becoming uniform—he'd be more than mortal if he resist the temptation! I lend you a hand general!

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 Constipation and Headache. 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., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. B. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahoney, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hobson, Chemist, 257 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. O. 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 & Fisco, Druggists, 65 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

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This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world.

The Currie Business University

Our Charter and Program of Studies, 710 Main St. John, N. B. Telephone 591. P. O. Box 99.

A Little Surprise in the Souffle

I have cooked a little surprise for you, dear, said young honeybride. An almond souffle, for after dinner. I got the recipe from that new cookery book that came as a wedding present, and the instructions are really most clear.

Edwin smiled a dubious sort of Abyssinian-gold smile, and temporized about the success as he looked at the souffle.

Can't say I like it, he said after the first mouthful. Sure you got the instructions right, darling? It tastes very funny.

Oh, yes, responded Angelina, with tears in her eyes. I can say them by heart from the book—just hear me, and she reached down the volume.

Take a pound of grated almonds—Quite right, interrupted Edwin, following with his finger.

One pound of castor sugar; mix well with the whites of three eggs—Correct, said her spouse, as she continued breathlessly.

Add two ounces of white pepper. Pepper! Great goodness! said the unhappy man, as he turned over the leaf. Two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions and—

Stop! Stop! You must be wrong, I'm sure. Why dear I thought so. You are muddling up almond souffle with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of this blessed cookery book.

Occurs on her Kismet

A London journal tells of a certain lady who has in her room a piece of statuary which bears the inscription, "Kismet." The housemaid was dusting the room one day, when the mistress appeared. "Sure, ma'am, said the girl, 'would you mind telling me the meaning of this writing' on the bottom of this finger? 'Kismet' means 'fate,' answered the lady. "Sure, an' is that it?" said the girl. A few days afterward the housemaid came lurching into her mistress's room. "Why, what's the matter with you, Bridget?" asked the lady. "Oh, ma'am, sure an' I have the most terrible corns on me Kismet!" said the girl.

Small but Effective

The tin-clad gunboats may have its weak points, but as long as the enemy does not discover them or hit them they are unworthy of mention. The tug of war is no longer a mere figure of speech, but a puffing, smoking, belching, screaming, bellowing fact.

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RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Blue property abounds and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kenilworth car. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Funnell, Barrister-at-Law, Paget Building. 24 6/2

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THE BRASS FITTING SHOP and the New Business Practices for use of which we hold exclusive rights) see great advertisement elsewhere.

Catalogues to any address. S. KEER & SON.

Spring Lamb, Cornwallis Beef, Cukes, Spinach, and Rhubarb. THOS. DEAN, City Market

Music and The Drama

WORDS AND UNDERSTANDING.

Paderewski is once again the most-talked-of individual on the musical tapis. He is coming to America again next season and his press agents have evidently already begun to lay the wires for gossip about him. Last Sunday a report was sent out on "unimpeachable authority," that the great pianist was secretly married last December to Mme. Elena Gorzki, the divorced wife of Ladislas Gorzki, a well-known violinist, and formerly a member of the Lomoureux orchestra. To make the more "impeachable" the statement, the report went on to say that Mme. Gorzki when in Geneva recently, signed herself "Elena Paderewski" on the register of the Casino there. Then it told how Mme. Gorzki and Paderewski are now living quietly in Paris, awaiting the pope's dispensation before having an ecclesiastical marriage; how madame is 44, older therefore than Paderewski, that she has intensely black hair, Jewish features that can look beautiful and ugly by turns and has remarkable fascination. It seems Paderewski has been devoted to her from the time when, years ago, Gorzki took care of Paderewski's invalid son in the of the great musician's poverty and obscurity. In case of an ecclesiastical marriage it went on to say that Gorzki would probably give his wife away as was done by Ruskin to Sir John Millais. It was all very romantic and not an altogether unpleasant aspect to know that the great hero of the piano had played such a pretty part in a very romantic love story, and even his devoted matinee admirers had made up their minds that the fact of his having a wife wouldn't break the magnetic spell which his playing cast over them, and that they have now been waiting three years for. But cold water was thrown on it Thursday when Mr. Adlington, Paderewski's manager sent out an emphatic denial of this reported marriage. What did it all amount to anyway? But the story was only one of some half hundred other sensational reports with absolutely no foundation of truth, which the newspapers have given to the public about Paderewski in the last 10 years. It's not doing him any good, either, if it does keep his name before the public. Mr. William Waldorf Astor is making great preparations for Paderewski's social campaign in England this summer. He has engaged him to appear with several operatic stars at his evening party at the end of June.

A violin has been made by a Missouri man which is decidedly unique in design and in the material from which it is constructed. The back is of cherry, from a table more than a century old, which formerly belonged to the Howard-Payne college. In the centre of the back are inserted 21 pieces of wood from the Holy Land, one being from a grapevine that grew in the garden of Gethsemane. Around the margin are set in a row small pieces of wood, diamond shaped, gathered from all over the civilized world. In one end of the back is inserted a horseshoe made of castor wood, and in the other end is the image of a rabbit carved in cherry. There are in all over 150 pieces of wood, and the only tools used in the manufacture of the instrument were a pocket-knife and a half-inch chisel.

Emil Faur late Boston Symphony orchestra director, is to spend the summer abroad. He will return early enough in the fall to resume his duties of the New York Philharmonic society.

Manager Victor Thrane is said to have engaged Francis Saville, soprano; Leonard Jackson, violinist; Mark Hamburg, pianist; Elise Ruygger, cellist, and Patschinski, violinist, for concerts in America next season.

Xaver Scharwenka, the pianist, is supposed to be studying "Quo Vadis" with a view to making an opera out of it.

Mr. Ernest Sharpe a Canadian basso is said to have made one of the most pronounced successes of the musical season in Boston. Mr. Sharpe, who only developed a phenomenal voice late in life, is a native of Canada, and is one of the sons of the late Lieutenant Colonel Sharpe, who at one time was in command of the Royal Canadian Rifles at Kingston, Ont.

It is said that Maurice Grau has offered Calve \$1500 a performance of 60 performances next season.

Lemora Jackson, since her success this spring at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, and with the London Philharmonic, has been winning new laurels at Paris. She played there recently before the king of Sweden and Norway at the brilliant musical and dramatic soiree given by Figure in his

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The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as a perfect and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. Sold throughout the world. Price 25c. per box. Cuticura Soap Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

visiting the musical department at Hardin college, Mexico, Mo. He will return to Europe in a few weeks to spend the summer in Berlin.

Joseph's recital tour for next season will be under the management of Mr. Charles F. Frothar of Steinway & Sons and is to begin in the fall.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich had signed a contract to return next season to the States with the Maricao Grand Opera company. Mme. Sembrich has been engaged for 60 appearances. The great singer was not content with the success she made here last year in the Italian operas, and is anxious to be heard in "Lobengrin" and "Die Meistersinger." It is reported that she will not appear in the Covent Garden season because Malba's agreement to appear there 10 times was made on condition that nobody else should be allowed to appear as Violetta, Lucia, Rosina de Greois. That decided irrevocably all question of Mme. Sembrich's singing there.

In its farewell notice of the appearance of the Bostonians, the San Francisco News-Letter says: But when you come again, ye famous Bostonians, we beseech you to bring new operas with you, and don't forget to have a new "Mayor of Perth" if you must give us Rob Roy again. Mr. Barnabee is an excellent comedian, but we don't like to see his dignity suffer by his dancing, nor should you let us suffer by his singing.

A dispatch from Rome says that Lorenzo Perosi, the priest and composer, has resolved to decline the permanent directorship of the Papal choir, which was recently offered to him. He intends to write lyrics and operas, from which the directorship would defer him.

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honor; and the same week as a list of the 1st Colons concert of the season was an unequivocal success with the Brahms concerto.

The Manuscript society of New York has adopted a new title, "The Society of American Musicians and Composers." The new officers include E. A. MacDowell, president, and Reginald de Koven, first vice-president.

Blanche Marchesi is coming to the States again next season for another season of song recitals.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A much anticipated event is the production of Gilbert Sullivan's beautiful opera Patience by the Amateurs under the direction of Mr. J. S. Ford. Those who take part have been most assiduous in their efforts to aid the management in every way and the result is that the latter feel confident that Patience will surpass any of the clubs previous productions.

The sale of seats began at the opera house box office and has been vigorous for the last day or two.

The Spears Company have been giving performances at the opera house this week, which considering the state of the weather have been fairly well attended. There will be a matinee performance this afternoon and the engagement will close this evening.

Pinero has promised to write a comedy for Ada Rahau.

The Hanlon Bros. are having a new pantomimic spectacle.

Henry E. Dixey is to star in a new musical farce next season.

S. R. Crockett's story "The Lilac Sunbonnet" has been dramatized.

George W. Wilson has sailed for Berlin for a brief visit to his daughter.

Francis Wilson has a new opera by Smith and Herbert for next season.

Olga Netherole will produce a new English version of "Sappho" next season.

Frederick Warde will star next season in a new play by Henry Gay Carlotta.

James K. Hackatt will resume his starring tour in "Rupert of Hentzen" in the fall.

De Wolf Hopper is getting together a company to produce "El Capitan" in London.

Edgar Davenport will play Horatio Drake in support of Viola Allen in "The Christian" next season.

The Boston Theatre is closed for the summer. On Labor day Jacob Litt's "Sporting Life" will be put on for a run. It is reported that some three months of next season at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, will be devoted to R. A. Barnet's extravaganza.

Bernhardt's success in the role of "Hamlet" has made her decide to take the part of Napoleon in "Aigion," M. Rostand's new piece.

The benefit of Lydia Tompson in London lately will be duplicated in Paris, and Sarah Bernhardt has contributed the use of her theatre for it.

Madge Lessington has gone to Europe, where she is likely to remain for some time as she expects to open in George W. Lederer's new piece in London next season.

James A. Herne will pay \$5000 to George C. Tyler of Leiber & Co., for staging the production of Israel Zangwill's "Children of Ghetto," said to be the largest sum ever paid a play-producer, either in this country or abroad.

It seems that the New York Lyceum company are not to give "The Gay Lord Quex" after all. That theatre is the home of the matinee maiden and her decorous parents, and Pinero's latest comedy is not wholly sweet and wholesome. Daniel Frohman's policy must have changed since he gave "The Tree of Knowledge."

It is rumored that Mary Hampton will play Glory Quayle in "The Christian" next season in the company which will cover cities not visited by Viola Allen. This is candidate No 2 for the part. Last week it was reported that Edith Ellis had been engaged for it.

"A Matrimonial Blunder," with H. Percy Maldon, James J. Flanagan and Frances Maryland in the cast, will be seen the week of June 19. It is a clever one-act comedy by Edward McWade, being a burlesque upon the foolish incidents that oft-times lead to the divorce court.

"All's Fair in Love and War," a new play by Leo Delacour, which was given a trial in Providence a fortnight ago, will be the leading feature of E. H. Southern's repertoire next season. It deals with the time of Napoleon and has a taking feminine role, which Virginia Harned will probably have.

Henry Jewett, the John Storm of "The Christian" company now playing at the Boston Museum, is the latest aspirant for stellar honors. He has announced that he

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has refused the offer to continue with Viola Allen next season, and that he will star in a dramatization of James Lane Allen's book, "The Choir Invisible."

Seymour Hicks and Fred Latham have written a melodrama which will shortly be produced in London. England and France will be on the eve of a great war and the hero will be accused of treachery to his country by the most wicked of villains, whose desire it is to win his sweet heart, but after many trials and tribulations he will be cleared through the efforts of the warm-hearted low comedian.

De Wolf Hopper, according to evasive rumor, will this week or next week, in Jersey, probably make Nella Biordani Bergen Mrs. Hopper No. 3 Mrs. Bergen has secured a divorce in Fargo, N. D., from her husband, James D. Bergen, a glass manufacturer of Meriden, Conn.

Frank Mordant is to appear in "Ben Hur."

During the second act of "The Man in the Moon," at the New York Theatre last Thursday night comedian Sam Bernard stepped down to the foot lights and told the audience that Marion Clark had been found. The audience broke into a demonstration such as has not been witnessed since the days of the war.

Ellen Terry has appeared in "Variations," a one-act play by Margaret Young. It showed the visit of a stage-struck woman to a theatrical manager, and Miss Terry appeared as an Irish hag, a mother rescuing her child, a creature of the slums and other types of character not generally associated with her reputation.

"Saontala, or the Fatal Ring," by Calidas translated from the Sanscrit, is said to be a picture of Indian life by one of the most gifted poets of India in the century before Christ. It was recently acted in London.

Wise Silversmiths

or rather dealers in silver-ware, sell the knives, forks or spoons bearing this stamp,



There are cheaper lines sold but none will give so good a return for the money spent. They are the kind that last.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 10

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

A START IN BUSINESS LIFE.

Mr. HARLOW N. EGINOTHAM is a gentleman well known in a literary as well as a commercial way in the United States, and that enterprising journal, the Evening Post of Philadelphia, which under new management, seems to have taken a new lease of life, has induced him to write a series of papers on the "Making of a Merchant." The suggestions of this gentleman are certainly of a practical nature and will appeal with peculiar force to merchants of experience. He assumes that as the majority of business men begin life in mercantile establishments, as "boys" that it is of fundamental importance how a boy looks at his first employment.

Generally he does not take himself or his duties with sufficient seriousness. He is inclined to think that he is "only a boy," and that his work is of boyish inconsequence. Nothing could be further from the real facts than such an impression. To realize this is only necessary to go into the office of any large establishment—the business heart of a commercial enterprise—and observe the swarms of boys that fit between the desks of the older workers.

Who is always at the elbow of the executive head of an establishment of this kind? A boy! He comes into closer and more continuous contact with the proprietor, the general manager, or the department head than any adult. Because he is "only a boy" he is a party to private conversations and transactions from which even the "confidential man" might be barred. This means responsibility and opportunity, and conduct is, therefore, of greater personal interest and moment to the business executive than he is generally inclined to think.

Boys fail to satisfy the demands made upon them more through lack of promptness and punctuality than by any other reason. Thousands of dismissals, rebuffs, discouragements and failures at the beginning of a career could have been avoided by these small workers had they made a cardinal point of being always on hand in their proper places during every moment when subject to duty. It is not enough that they should be generally at their stations. The time is sure to come, no matter how sparingly they allow themselves the indulgence of straying only a little from the rigid requirements of office rules, when they will be suddenly wanted—and will be found wanting!

Many fall into the habit of being a few rods, or perhaps only a few feet, from the spot where they expected to be. This means that the busy employer must leave his desk or resort to a little extra effort to secure their attention. The actual inconvenience may seem trifling, but he is annoyed. If very charitable, he says, "that's the boy of it," and patiently gives the little toiler an other chance. But the boy has failed to come up to reasonable requirements, and suffers accordingly in the estimation of the man who depends upon him for certain services.

Another seemingly petty fault very common to the younger employees is the habit of watching the clock. This is little short of infuriating to the man who is genuinely and seriously absorbed in his business. It tells him that the spirit of time-serving is at the head of the business. It is the controlling force in the work of such an employee. This is peculiarly irritating to the man who has a thoughtful and conscientious grasp of the serious side of business life. Any large employer of labor, particularly in office positions, will place particular emphasis on the advice: Let the

clock take care of itself, and show a disposition to be useful without regard to time or closing bells! This is a secret by which a boy or young man of even mediocre talents may win the approval of those whom he serves. "Anything but a time-server" has been the exasperated exclamation that has preceded many a dismissal.

Quickness to perceive the little things which annoy a busy executive and promptness in removing them has secured the promotion of scores of boys and young men who, as the saying goes, "have their wits about them." Proprietors and managers of large businesses are human and susceptible to these delicate personal attentions which count so largely in home and social life. And the fact that such an attention comes from a boy and amid the hurry of business and the commercial surroundings of an office boy goes to make these exhibitions of thoughtfulness more acceptable, pleasing and conspicuous.

As to the matters of conduct on the part of the employees which may appear to be of greater moment, it is worth while to lay stress on the characteristic of decision—the inclination to act quickly on individual responsibility and stand by the consequences. Rashness may be less at a premium in commercial than military life; but timidity is as much to be avoided in the one as the other field of activity. Better, by far, make an occasional mistake of judgment than to halt and hesitate over the routine items of business and consult a superior on affairs which are not of sufficiently unusual a character to demand the special exercise of executive discretion and authority.

The suggestion of Mr. ROBERT MARSHALL regarding the appropriation of a certain sum of money toward the park rather than its present precarious means of support will meet with the approval of many people. Other cities in the Dominion forget their parks when making their appropriations and St. John has no reason to now. Private beneficence has done much and the time has arrived when the public should contribute as a unit. Through the daily papers Mr. MARSHALL has explained how an amount of \$42,000 became diverted from the purpose intended and given to the hospital. He suggests that a similar sum be given to the park. This gentleman has just returned from New York and it is little wonder that the beautiful parks of that city should set him thinking as to the best way of improving our own. His suggestion may be practical or it may not—it will at any rate set people thinking.

Perhaps the death of the president of the exhibition association and the delay in getting the civic and provincial grants may have detained the preparations for the annual show but that is no reason why the management should not get to work now. Halifax is talking about its exhibition already. It is surely time that St. John was at work.

A Very Handsome Book.

PROGRESS received a beautiful pamphlet from the management of the Yarmouth S. S. company which is intended to present the advantages of Nova Scotia as a summer resort to the people of the United States and Upper Canada. The illustrations are very beautiful and selected from a large collection of views. The engraving and printing are of the greatest excellence and all in all the publication is one to do credit to everyone connected with its publication. Views of many, very many picturesque spots in Nova Scotia and of scenes connected with the business of the line make its pages more interesting while the group engraving shows fine specimens of the art of the designers and photographer. The company is to be congratulated upon its enterprise and those who read its announcement upon another page will find the sailings of its steamers frequent and convenient.

Information of Holiday Tours. One hundred and forty four tours are specified in "Holiday Tours" a neat brochure issued by the Dominion Atlantic railway company and they include all the interesting points in the maritime provinces. Start may be made from Boston, St. John, Halifax and Kentville and the rates are made so as to suit the pockets of all who think of such a trip. If interested a postal card to F. H. Armstrong at Kentville is all that is necessary to get the brochure spoken of above.

Have You Got Wheels?

We have 16 of them attached to waggon which are ready to go for your bundle. Had any of our laundry work lately? If not, you're missing a good thing. Ugar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Chairs Re-upholstered, Upholstery, Repaired, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Heart of the Mother. What caught the heart of the mother, The woman of forty years ago; Two sisters of every other, In sorrow, in sunshine, in tears, What meant also in patience and sweetest, In selfish benevolence and love; What taught the best womanly lessons, To be of the mighty's Queen.

The Blame of the trumpet, the banners, Frothing the pride of her birth; And urging to her like thousands, Which gem makes man's true worth. The grace of a soul that is tender, And bright with humanity's gleam; Has made a great a lot's defender, A woman of woman's name.

On the platform of God's sun system, And asking a blessing in prayer; In no haughty spirit defying, The center of life and care; A noble example of virtue, In seeking the good of her kind; In an earnest that in thing can hurt you, If faith is the guide of your mind.

She to Queen who saved many a life's loss, Who others again to bring; Where ever the good Master chooses, Some lives must His chastisement know, Not the self of himself seeking blindly, The pleasure a false world may give; But she who waits patiently blindly, In the hearts of her people doth live.

The joy of a girl's nation keeping, And in her heart giving first place; Though she too has moments of weeping, To sympathy sought can cheer; Our Father in Heaven still I serving, By making the sorrowful glad; Sweet cheer is ever preserving, For comfort when others are sad.

True Queen such protection who give, Her people abroad and at home; O those of a nation that I wish, To guard them when'er they roam; The thirty-two years of her exile, Beneath the brand of a cruel war; Has been the fair woman's schooling, No true Briton's heart will shun.

When the power of God is unstaining, An Empire doing His will; There is the great lesson remaining, His peace and prosperity still; To all other nations He showeth, The good this true woman hath done; His merciful promise bestoweth, A share in the joy of the one.

O Father of Heav'n all enduring, Thy prayer fill the world as a flood; The nations that have been enduring, The ceasing of damage and blood. The pillar and fire appearing; Through all the deep waters lead Thou; Till the whole earth Thy Majesty praising, To Thee as one people shall bow.

Sea Rock, May 24th, 1899. CRANW. GOLD.

Her First Husband. My wife's first husband—was his soul—he was too good to live. His conduct, and his heart, had would, he was so sensitive; I reckon he was Jeppson here, in this poor village. Where angels don't roll the rolling class and saints in "Heaven's" court, he would be surely passed away and quit this world of strife.

Leavin' a widow who is now my lawful wedded wife, And leavin' too, a record for perfection, so complete. That I feel competent to say, it simply can't be beat. I know my party well when he was with us here on earth, And to be honest, I must say, I didn't know his worth; In fact this is between ourselves—I had the first of his life.

That, of the two of us, the best of goodness was with me. Folks called him slack and lazy—yes, and ugly 'round the house; They even said, one time, he have a sassaup at his spouse. Which, candidly and fairly, any way you view it, is!

The regulation conduct that's expected of a saint. But, when I look it's widder, I've discovered these few facts: He always kept his house and farm as neat as polished brass; He never tracked his muddy boots across the kitchen floor; He never spoke to gossip with the folks at the store; If he stepped on a carpet-tack he never swore a curse.

If dinner wasn't ready, why, he never raised a fuss; He never growled at glittin' up at twelve o'clock or so. To hunt for burglars—no, I judge he never think't was fun. If you don't believe he was so good, and think these things are mere tales, Jest ask my wife, she'd tell yer—Gee! she tells me things enough; In fact, I believe same so much I'm sometimes kinder sick, And wish the dear departed was a beam I could stick.

And I jest reckon if she dies and gains the Heavenly place afore, and them two meet beside the Throne of Grace. If married life's the same up there, she'll make him sick of me. By the way, all the time, how kind and good I nater to.

The Homeward Bound. Oh! for a break and freshening wind That to leave the tall ship fast, That curls the crests of the sun-kiss'd seas And strains the pluck pine mast—At the bows the towering mast, Whilst the dog watch yams a'round, And the charity-men waltz in time In the song of the homeward bound!

The chorus accents in time and tune, And is caught on the rising wind, Till the startled gulls with fluttering wings Fall off in the flukes behind, Where the Irish and crews are drowned by the wind, I see the broad sound, The song of the homeward bound! Give me the midst of a stormy sea, Where the staggering sun swings low And the clouds roll back on the weatherboard Freddie ing a heavy blow—Sure sign of a heavy blow, It has never backward comes the sound Of the thunder's roar to in use the sea. The song of the homeward bound!

Give me a man with the rich, round voice, When the wind is howling hard, As he leans his back on the leading block A bolt in a topgallant yard. Manhandling a topgallant yard As the sail is set and round, As the word "Heave!" is the "Ames" To the song of the homeward bound.

Oh! the strange reality, the wild ideal, That live on the trackless deep—That carry our comrades the world around Wherever the wild waves sweep, To the song of the homeward bound! With a health to the sailor, a health to the ship And a health to the homeward bound!

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

LIVELY CITY EVENTS.

(Continued from First Page.) handsome. They are on the corner and right above them on Germain street is the new ladies entrance. The old ladies entrance has been torn away and this will be utilized as a street entrance to the barber shop and to afford more room to Messrs. Ferguson & Page next door. It is too early yet to speak of the equipment of the new rooms but it is understood that they will be very handsome—brass bedsteads and walnut furniture.

Not testing to Pool Room Men. Can a pool room be kept open after the hours prescribed for selling liquor if it is situated directly next to the bar premises, is a question that is being discussed somewhat by those interested. Perhaps there is only one pool room in the city that is directly affected by it, and that is Tammany Hall. It would puzzle the proprietor to make such a change as will suit the commissioners who are apparently bent upon entering the licence regulation strictly.

The Amateurs in Opera. Mr. Ford's amateurs have given the public many good things, and the announcement that on Monday and Tuesday next they will produce Gilbert & Sullivan's Opera Patience, at the opera house, will be read with genuine delight. For this company, having so many good voices, anyway, and besides their vocal excellence the attention they give to costuming, and to scenic detail is far superior to that of the average travelling company. St. John has so little opera, and opera is the most pleasing form of entertainment, that the citizens should feel grateful to the ladies and gentlemen who go to so much trouble and expense to get up these shows and donate the proceeds towards charitable objects. Patience is tuneful and merry. Its music is fascinating and its humor positively radiant. Already the advance sale indicates large and fashionable audiences.

Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Carrie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

This is a Great Offer. Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

An old clergyman who had held a living in a remote country district for the greater part of his life had occasion once to continue his bishop on a certain matter, and, in answer to his letter, received an invitation to the palace, where he would have to stay all night. Forty or fifty years he had practically led the life of a recluse, and it was after much cogitation that he decided to take the journey to the farthest end of the diocese, where the bishop lived. He arrived just in time for five o'clock tea, a meal to which he was a complete stranger. After tea the bishop asked me to accompany him to evening. When they returned to the house the bishop, remarking that it was quite time they went up stairs, lighted a candle, and showed his guest to his room. It was then just seven o'clock, and the old gentleman thought it was rather early to retire, but, admiring the bishop for such simple habits, he prepared for bed. He had just put out the light and lain down to sleep, wishing he had taken a little more tea, when a booming noise rang through the house. Quick as thought he sprang from his bed, and, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, rushed out on to the landing, just in time to meet the bishop, with some other guests, going down to dinner.

A clergyman who enjoyed the substantial benefits of a fine farm was rightly taken down on one occasion by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting on his plough in the wheatfield. The reverend gentleman being an economist, said, with great seriousness—"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here, and be cutting a few hedges along the fence while the horses are reeling a short time?"

John considered a moment and then said—"Look here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the parlor, and while they were singing to pull 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?" The clergyman laughed heartily and left.

HIS FATHER A SEVERE CRITIC. Singled Wagner did not give much daily practice. The success as a composer of Siegfried Wagner is an open question. He has proved unquestionably the most promising new opera of the year in Germany, was never anticipated by his father, who had little hope for any great future of the young Siegfried. When he was 12 years old, the lad composed a polonaise and brought it to his father. He would not look at it.

"Take it away," he said, "only dance write polonaises." Young Siegfried knew enough to recall to his famous father that his first composition was a polonaise. "A boy of 12 should be at his books," was the rejoinder of the great Richard. "Richard was composing when he was only 6."

"Oh, you're a Mozart, then?" Siegfried's answer was a marvel of diplomacy for one so young. "No, not a Mozart," he answered, "but a son of Richard Wagner." That mollified the famous man and he read the polonaise which had been written in honor of his mother—now Cosima, the vibrant head of the house—to be played on her birthday. Richard examined the youthful effort but did not find much in it for encouragement. He handed it back to his son and it is said to have flummoxed the phrase from "Lohengrin" in which the knight cautions Elsa not to question him. It was several days before he delivered his opinion to Siegfried. Then he cautioned him to stick to the study of architecture and learn how to build houses and probably theatres but to leave to others the creation of the music to be sung in them.

Some of the letters written by Wagner to Josef Tichatschek, the Dresden tenor, have been made public recently in Germany, and they throw an interesting light on Wagner's ideas of the difficulties of the singers who undertook his operas in those early days. Tichatschek was a Bohemian who died about ten years ago in Dresden, where many years he had been a singer in the Court Opera. He was one of the first tenors to appear in "Rienzi" and "Tannhauser," and was regarded, moreover, as a remarkably fine stage manager. When Wagner sent the piano score of "Das Rheingold" to the tenor he wrote: "Let me hear from you whether these please you. They are very difficult, and perhaps there is in 'Das Rheingold' the most difficult task ever presented to a tenor. I mean the part of Loge. When I lately went through that with Litzel he voluntarily remarked that he knew nobody but you who has the necessary and characteristic speaking accent in your singing to give the role properly."

Wagner did not have a high opinion of the direction of the Wagner operas at this time. He was especially displeased with the performance of "Lohengrin." "It was bad, very bad," he wrote to Tichatschek. "The direction at Dresden is animated by a spirit which makes it a duty for you, as my friend, quite apart from your performance as a singer and actor, to contend against attack, falsehood and distortion on the part of the direction. But in this bad state of affairs I must esteem myself fortunate to know that I have on my side your zeal, influence and indomitable courage."

Wagner never, of course, heard Ernest Van Dyck's wonderful performance of Loge, which was the greatest achievement of the famous tenor in this country, and was an achievement which would have satisfied the most exacting demands of the master.

Less Fastidious. "You do look awkward, dear," said the mistress of a dressmaking class to a girl who was holding the scissors in her left hand. "Can't you use your other hand at all?" "I'm afraid not," answered the blushing girl. "Do try. It is impossible to work speedily and well with the left hand. Which will you do now, go on as you are doing and prove a failure, or start all over again with the right hand and become a really clever dressmaker?" The girl looked troubled for awhile, and then brightened up. "I think I'd go on as I am, now," she decided. "I'd only mother to make tracks for, and she's given over caring whether they fit or not. She's had three husbands!"

KAL BAKING POWDER
 PURE
 More delicious and wholesome

John considered a moment and then said: "Look here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the parlour, and while they were being to peel 'em up to be ready for the pot?" The clergyman laughed heartily and left.

THE FATHER'S A SILENT CRINGE.

Stigfried Wagner did not give much daily practice. The success as a composer of Stigfried Wagner in his opera 'Der Ring des Nibelungen,' which has proved unquestionably the most promising new opera of the year in Germany, was never anticipated by his father, who had little hope for any great future of the young Stigfried. When he was 12 years old, he had composed a polonaise and brought it to his father. He would not look at it. "Take it away," he said, "only dances write polonaises."

Young Stigfried knew enough to recall to his famous father that his first composition was a polonaise. "A boy of 12 should be at his books," said the rejoinder of the great Richard. "Mozart was composing when he was only 6."

"Oh, you're a Mozart, then?" Stigfried's answer was a marvel of diplomacy for one so young. "No, not a Mozart," he answered, "but a son of Richard Wagner." That mollified the famous man and he read the polonaise which had been written in honor of his mother—now Cosima, the regnant head of the house—to be played on her birthday. Richard examined the youthful effort but did not find much in it for encouragement. He handed it back to his son and is said to have pronounced the phrase from "Lohengrin" in which the knight cautions Elsa not to question him. It was several days before he delivered his opinion to Stigfried. Then he cautioned him to stick to the study of architecture and learn how to build houses and probably theatres but to leave to others the creation of the music to be sung in them.

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With the advent of the month of June wedding have again come to the front of the social stage and talk everywhere is centered in brides and grooms in the halls of their respective churches. These people whose lives are to be united during the two or three days yet remaining. June has from time immemorial been a looked upon as the wedding month of the year, and the present one has certainly kept up the record nobly.

One of these events round which more than the usual amount of interest manifested was the marriage of Miss Annie Woodman to Mr. J. Milton Barnes of the C. F. R. which took place in St. David's church on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Brown officiating.

Several young ladies in this city are better known or more highly esteemed than in the bride whose profession, that of musical instruction and piano, brought her prominently before the public; while her gentle, unassuming disposition and her many amiable qualities made friends for her among all classes of citizens, who will shower upon her every good wish for future happiness.

Despite the early hour at which the marriage was solemnized St. David's on Tuesday a large and gorgeous assembly took to witness the ceremony, though there were no lay of guests. Professor Wilbur presided at the organ and rendered the usual nuptial music while a selected choir sang appropriate hymns.

The church was elaborately decorated with white flowers and greenery in 'wedding array,' and presented an extremely pretty scene when the bride and groom entered. The bride who had no attendants was escorted by a handsome and most becoming bridegroom in a suit of black and white, and carried a large shower bouquet.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Barnes left on a short trip which will take the upper Canada cities, after which they will reside in Murray's block on King street west, where a handsomely furnished apartment has been secured.

Gifts were liberally showered upon the bride and were unusually elegant and numerous including silver, cut glass, linen, stationary, picture, furniture, many work etc. The C. F. R. employees sent a handsome oxen table and lamp, the groom's brother a silver service, the tender school board of Brunswick street church silver jelly spoon and a marble clock from Mr. John Malcom. The choir of St. David's church of which the bride was organist for many years sent a case of silver.

The home of Capt. John H. Granville, Main street, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday evening when the daughter of Mr. William Francis Roberts a well known physician of the North End. The residence of Capt. Granville was beautifully decorated with flowers, palms and ferns, the ceremony being performed under an arch of apple blossoms. Rev. J. A. Gordon was the officiating clergyman, and a large number of invited guests were present.

The bride, who was travelling dressed in blue and brown cloth and carried a large bouquet, was attended by Miss Grace Roberts, daughter of Car Superintendent David Roberts of the street railway, who looked daintily pretty in a blue and white gown.

After the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Roberts received the congratulations of the guests, and breakfast was served, the table decorations of green and white being especially pretty and tasteful. Later the newly wedded pair left on the early express for Halifax after which they will tour the northern part of the province. Upon their return they will reside on Douglas Avenue, in Dr. Roberts' home which has been remodelled and beautifully furnished. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts were very popular in musical circles and in the Main street church, as a large array of wedding presents bear ample evidence.

On Tuesday evening the choir of Main street church of which both bride and groom are members, waited upon Miss Granville at her residence and presented her with a handsome clock and congratulatory address. The members of the North End Salvage Corps sent a very handsome marble clock. The groom's present to the bride was a gold brooch with pearl setting. The bride's parents presented her with a handsome piano and the children of her Sunday school class sent her a silver pickle jar.

Mr. Walter H. Golding who is spending this week in Wellfleet N. S. was among the St. John people present at the church exercises of Acadia University the last evening of the week.

Miss Alice Cheney left this week on a visit to different parts of Nova Scotia, and does not expect to return to the city until September. Mrs. M. J. Gault was in St. Stephen for a short time lately.

Miss Olive Masters has been pleasantly spending the month in the St. Croix as the guest of Mrs. Newman. During their recent stay in Colby, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. King were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Gunn.

The handsome residence of Charles F. Woodman of Millbrook was on fire Tuesday the occasion being the marriage of his niece Miss Annie Woodman to Mr. J. Milton Barnes of the C. F. R. which took place in St. David's church on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Brown officiating.

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Brooked O'Ver Egan. The bride was a very becoming blue and brown cloth travelling suit, trimmed with white satin. The hat was a brown, fuzzy straw, trimmed with blue and brown ribbons and old rose.

The bride and groom were a light brown Venetian cloth, trimmed with white satin and black velvet. Her hat was of old rose straw, with shades of old rose ribbon. The bride carried a handsome white shower bouquet, and the bridegroom a handsome bouquet of pink roses. The solemn ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Gordon.

After the ceremony the bride and groom were entertained at a reception at the residence of the bride's parents. The reception was given by Mrs. J. A. Gordon.

The bride and groom were accompanied by their parents and other relatives to the train. The bride and groom were accompanied by their parents and other relatives to the train.

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We expect to announce the result of the School Children's Prize Essay Competition in the next issue.

The WELCOME SOAP CO.,
 St. John, N. B.
 MANUFACTURERS OF

The Famous Welcome Soap.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Free Instructions in Artistic Floral Embroidery,
 With Salter's High Art Wash Silks.

Mr. J. D. MacMaster, one of the most expert Embroidery Teachers in the United States, has arrived in St. John and is located at the Ladies' Art Needlework Store, 89 Germain Street, where she will for the next week or two give free instructions in the art of embroidery. She will introduce the Salter's Art Wash Silks into this city. **AT THE**

Ladies' Art Needlework Store, 89 Germain St.
Harrison Kinnear, Proprietor.

THE BEST READING
 —AT A BARGAIN—

The Offer of Progress
 To 5 end New Subscribers to it

—THE—

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When You Order.....

Pelee Island Wines
 BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Four Crown Scotch Whiskey
 will soon be the leading brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old one trial will convince you.

E. C. SOOVIK 62 Union Street.

"No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE!"

FRY'S pure concentrated COCOA

200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS

STURDIEST AND BEST

FOR ADDITIONAL QUERIES NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



RAILWAY NOTES.

Processions in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and corners.

Monmouth & Co., Barrington street.
Quebec News Co., George & Granville Sts.
J. B. FIDELLAY, Brunswick street.
Queen Bookstore, 100 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeFoyles, 111 Brunswick St.

The South-end Tennis Club is in full swing once more, and any one passing along Young Avenue any day this week saw a pleasing picture.

The first day of the "leafy month of June" began as it should, with a very pretty wedding.

Daddy Dick was the event of the week, and "Georgina" and "The Derby" carried off the honors both evenings.

On Monday evening a large and fashionable audience assembled in the Academy to listen to the last of the symphony subscription concerts.

The annual engagement of W. S. Harkins begins on Monday next and during his stay in the city the popular manager will present some of the latest New York successes in the way of farce comedy.

REVIEWS.

[FORERUNNER in sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. H. O'Brien and at Crocus Brook.]

JUNE 6.—Mrs. Theo. McKay and Mrs. Geo. Donkin are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Donkin at Glasco Bay, C. E.

Mrs. Isabel McKay is here from Ottawa visiting her friend, Miss McKay at Amherst.

Mrs. J. J. Snook and Mrs. Lila Snook, arrived home from Montreal, last Friday evening, everyone is delighted to see the latter looking so well after her long and serious illness.

"Fathoms" was on his last Friday when Mr. and Mrs. Bligh and the Misses Bligh entertained



RAILWAY NOTES.

Devout priests frequently mortify their flesh and voluntarily force themselves to undergo great bodily hardships and deprivation.

In some instances he gets thin and emaciated. In others he gets fat, plump, and weighted down with fatty fat.

Among those calling from four to six were—Mrs. Theo. McKay, Mrs. Moorman, Mrs. Crocupp, Mrs. Calkin, Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Mrs. Henry Blair, Mrs. D. C. Blair, Mrs. Annand, Miss Doggett, Mrs. Lee Russell, Mrs. Russell Johnson, Miss Huson, Mrs. Verna, Mrs. W. G. Reid, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Walter Smith, Mrs. W. Cunningham, Mrs. Judson Hanson, Mrs. L. E. Archibald, Mrs. Hockin, Mrs. Fattilo, Mrs. E. Kent, Mrs. C. Wetmore, Mrs. G. Wetmore, Mrs. Rufus Tremaine, Mrs. E. F. Porter, Miss Mary Crowe, Mrs. Duncan McDonald, Miss McDonald, Mrs. S. L. Walker, Mrs. W. D. Angwin, Mrs. D. H. Smith, Mrs. Geo. Sutherland, Mrs. J. Bigelow, Mrs. Hugh MacKenzie, Mrs. I. B. Fulton, Mrs. E. V. Kent, Mrs. Fred Davidson, Mrs. G. Stewart, Mrs. Geo. Donkin, Mrs. Albert Black, Mrs. W. B. Campbell, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Schaffner, L. J. Cox, Mrs. D. J. Thomas, Mrs. S. O. Gourley, Mrs. G. F. Nelson, Mrs. Stanfield, Mrs. Rufus Black, Mrs. Mrs. Henry Lawrence, Mrs. I. B. Fulton, Mrs. Robbitt, Mrs. I. S. Johnson, Mrs. G. McMullin, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. S. J. Waddell, Misses Waddell, Miss Ida Black, Mrs. J. F. Crosse, Mrs. L. Spencer, Mrs. J. Rogers, Mrs. Fred Fuller, Mrs. H. Douglas, Mrs. L. B. Rattie, Miss Rattie, Miss Fraser, Mrs. McCallum.

The following were here for the evening and were present with few exceptions. Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Yorston, Mr. and Mrs. Learmont, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Archibald, Miss Millcent Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilton, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Schurman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snook, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Miss McKay, Miss Beseman, Wallace, Miss Watson, Miss Peters, Misses Snook, Miss M. Snook, Miss Yorston, Miss Wetmore, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss Florence Leckie, Miss Egge, Miss Maud Archibald, Miss Kenally, Misses Thomas, Misses Nona Stanfield, Misses Nelson, Miss McDonald, Mrs. Robbitt, Miss McLeod, Misses McNaughton, Miss Crowe, Mrs. Turner, Messrs. Stanfield, Messrs. F. C. J. Strainson, L. Sutherland, H. Fowler, W. D. Dincock, D. E. Muir, W. P. McKay, C. B. Coleman, W. Smith, W. Lawrence, J. W. Murray, G. A. Hall, J. Currie, J. N. Dangles, Amherst, F. Ousley, Sydney, G. Lyde, F. Mathers, E. Bailey, Halifax, W. Bligh, Halifax, A. F. McDonald, W. Crowe, W. Mc-

Kearin, P. C. Collins, C. McKenna, F. W. Costin, V. Jamieson, A. V. Smith, E. McDonald, F. P. W. Wainwright, J. S. Bailey, Dr. Blair, F. Turner, W. A. Fitch, W. F. O'Hall, E. E. Stuart, E. Hanson, E. Vernon, B. Vernon, H. V. Bigelow.

Mrs. Bligh received in blue silk, bodice of blue and black silk arranged with white satin and lace. Mrs. Bligh wore a very becoming and chic gown of pink muslin trimmed with black Valenciennes, and a hat of black cloth. Miss Waddell Bligh wore a very gracefully charming gown of white muslin, with Valenciennes lace. Miss Bligh, Halifax, wore an effective and suitably becoming toilette of pink silk and mousseline de soie with orange bouquet of pink roses and made a hair firm. The belle of the evening was undoubtedly Mrs. J. J. Taylor in a simple gown of white muslin, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and devoid of further embellishments save a few pink and white carnations in the corsage. A lovely gown and one most becoming to the wearer was worn by Miss McKay, composed of pink silk with graduated flounces of pink mousseline de soie.

Mrs. J. H. McKay wore a rich gown of cream satin brocade, with girdle and sleeves of pearl grey chiffon embroidered in pink. Mrs. Wetmore was in white satin with flounces of yellow satin corsage and bouquet of white and yellow roses. Mrs. Fulton wore a rich gown of pink silk, very becoming. Mrs. Phillips wore black mousseline de soie over black silk and was as usual looking exceedingly well. Miss Beseman wore white silk crepon, in train, the bodice arranged with white satin. Miss May Smith looked unusually well in a charming robe of pink and white organdie with embroidered chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. Hill presided at the piano, the spacious drawing rooms, on which a canopy had been stretched though affording considerable space, were very crowded at times, occasioning much good natured jostling. The charming grounds, dimly lit by chimes lanterns, where a tent and numerous comfortable sitting-out places, were to be found proved a source of much comfort and were well patronized, by the heated dancers altogether the whole day was a delightful one, bringing many handsome remembrances from friend and relative both near and distant and many letters of kindly congratulations. It was well up the small hours ere final adieux were said and the last good bye.

Mr. Murphy Bar. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy are spending a few days in Wallace. Miss Eva Murray is visiting, New Glasgow friends. Mrs. Jas. McDonald, Hopewell, Ficton is visiting Mrs. J. P. McDonald, Ficton St. East.

Much interest attaches to the wedding of Mr. Owen Price of Bridgetown, Annapolis Co. and Miss Mollie Blanchard, second daughter of C. P. Blanchard Esq., will be solemnized, this afternoon in the first Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Falconer officiating. Mrs. (Senator) MacFarlane, Wallace, and her niece Miss Beseman, who were spending a few days with the Misses Ross, Victoria Square, have gone to Halifax. Miss Peter Moscon N. B. is a guest of Mrs. J. J. Taylor. Mrs. E. F. Wetmore is visiting friends in Wolfville, and attending Cecilia's closing. FROEDERICK.

[FORERUNNER in sale at the Parrish Bookstore.] JUNE 7.—Mrs. E. G. Howe of Freeport, Digby, on her way to Amherst to visit her son, was the guest on Sunday of Mrs. Price. Dr. M. G. Atkinson arrived from Halifax on Friday to spend a day or two with his family. Miss George Cole, Amherst and Clarence Cole, St. Stephen, are here to visit their mother who is very ill. Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Young are guests of Capt and Mrs. Northy. Mr. L. S. Gove was at Amherst on Friday and Saturday. Mr. Stuart Galter has returned from a visit to her parents at Amherst. Miss Humphreys, Springhill, has been for a few days Mrs. Townshend's guest. Miss Kathleen Russell returned home to Windsor on Saturday. Mr. C. Day gave a children's picnic at the Island on Saturday. It is greatly regretted that the minstrel programme to which everybody was looking forward is indefinitely postponed. Rev. V. E. Harris and Mr. Lynde, Amherst, are in town today. Mrs. MacKinnley of Buxton, Mass. is here with her children on a visit to her father, Mr. O. J. Taylor. Mr. Joseph Sallars, Southampton, made an exchange of duties on Sunday with Rev. G. R. Lane. Mrs. (Ferry) Holmes is visiting her parents at Amherst. Miss Upham has returned after spending several weeks in St. John. Dr. Johnson has been to Cheverie for a short visit. Rev. J. C. M. Wade of Aylesford and his little daughter, Constance, arrived by the Evangeline Wednesday and are staying with Captain and Mrs. Peters. Mr. W. B. Lorton of Montreal is in town. GREENWICH.

JUNE 7.—Miss Blanche Richards made a visit to St. John last week. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whelply visited Mrs. Whelply's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod. Mrs. A. Belyea returned from a visit to St. John last week. Mr. James Hannay spent Sunday here recently. Mr. Fred Peters and family are located near Oak Point for the summer. Capt. Postman spent a few days at home this week. Mrs. D. Crowe of Fredericton made a visit to her mother, Mrs. Holder recently. Miss Ada Walton, St. John, spent a few days at

Cheap Rates to Montreal

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home recently. Miss Sarah Walton returned from a visit to St. John at the same time.

FREDERICKTON.

[FORERUNNER in sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fealty and J. E. Barthelemy.] JUNE 7.—Friday evening of this week the B and B club-house will no doubt be looking its prettiest, which is saying a good deal, as that is the evening set aside for "Ladies' night" and the first one of the season when the gentlemen of the club will entertain their lady friends. Mrs. Edith, wife of the late Capt. Leigh and sister of Major Beckwith, is here from England and is a guest at the Queen. Mrs. James Mitchell of St. Stephen is visiting Mrs. W. T. Whitehead. One of the very pleasant teas of the season was given by Mrs. Brad Winslow of Saturday, in honor of her niece and guest, Miss Constance Winslow. Miss Gertrude Fealty has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at St. John. Dr. H. E. McNally and bride are now in their new home on Brunswick street, and Mrs. McNally is receiving her bridal calls on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, of this week. Mrs. Kingston gave an enjoyable luncheon on Friday at "Boutreux House." The Misses Sturges are guests of the Mrs. John Robinson; on Tuesday, Mrs. Robinson gave a five o'clock tea for their pleasure. Mr. H. E. Pitts returned on Monday from a short visit to Toronto. Mrs. Carrie Sealey is visiting Mrs. Foster. While in this city last week Dr. G. B. Parkin of Toronto was the guest of Hon. A. F. Randolph at "Frogmore." Miss Ketchum was also one of the entertainers of the week, on Wednesday gave an enjoyable tea for the pleasure of her guests Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Hanson of Moncton. The Misses Snowball of Chatham are visiting their cousin Mrs. Archie Tibbitt, York St. Mr. Bert Wiley returned to-day from his studies at McGill. Daniel Jordan Q. C. is in the city to-day, Mr. Jordan is removing with his family to Sackville. Mrs. Oshier Sharp is the guest of her sister Mrs. Chulip at Marysville. Miss Gertrude Hunt is home on a vacation from Montreal. John H. Sweet, valedictorian at the University has gone to Victoria B. C. where he will study law with Tupper and Peters. Miss Marion Bissett is home for a few weeks visit to her friends. Miss Kate Beck has gone to Boston where she is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Palmer and after a short stay there she will visit friends at Bangor. Mr. J. A. Payson of Halifax spent Sunday here at the rectory the guest of Rev. Cuthbert and Mrs. Roberts. Mr. Geo. McFarlane and Miss Jeannette Beverley have returned from St. Stephen where they had gone to attend the St. John Freebyrial. Miss May Stevens of Bangor is at "Atholton Place" the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Edgcombe. Mrs. Edgcombe returned from Chateaufort on Friday. Mrs. Tate of Toronto, is here visiting her sister the Misses Kilan. Miss Mac Thompson has returned from a pleasant visit of two months spent with friends in New York. Mrs. Wm. Lamont is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Johnson at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Miss Constance Winslow of Chatham is visiting her uncle, Mr. T. Brad Winslow. Mrs. Bobt. Wiley who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Lawson in Boston returned home on Monday. Mr. Walter Priestley is here from England and is spending a few days pleasantly among friends in the city. CROCODER.

The head has 77 muscles—6 for the eye and eye-lids, 1 for the nose, 7 for the lip, 12 for the jaw, 11 for the tongue, 11 for the larynx, 11 for the ear, 17 for motion of the head and neck, 1 to move the hairy scalp, 1 for the eyebrows. Creditors who after a long tour have a good appetite do not feel a desire to go to sleep at once, and are awakened by heavy dreams at the night following, may consider that they have not made too great a demand on their physical resources.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not yet published), edited by STUART CURRIE. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles. RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Buccaneers"—Illustrated by BOSTON. SENATOR HOAR'S "Reminiscences"—Illustrated. MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated. MEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann." Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars." ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Commo-Commo essays. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions. G. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists. THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$4.00 A YEAR; 25c A NUMBER < CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

LIFE LAS 7 LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Figs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

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Maypole Soap. DYES Children Frocks, Pinafones, Stockings, Blouses, etc. DYES ANY MATERIAL. DYES ANY COLOUR. For sale everywhere. FREE BOOK on "Home Dyeing" on application to Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL.

INDIAN DEVIL'S VISIT.

INDIAN TELLS OF A MEETING WITH A LEGENDARY BEAST.

The Bull's Head Frowler of the Maine Woods That Only a Thunderbolt can Kill—The Indian and Scientific Theory of a Black Tooth.

'Heem come some more, same las' time Ai seen heem, heeg lak some moose, twelve, twenty feet long. Heem tooth shine like some icicle on es house gutter. Heem growl more toog as es locomotif holler. Heem Pomoola zia tim' for sure. Ai seen heem.'

The staid faces of the Indians who heard Alexander Nicolas tell of his meeting with an Indian devil while trapping muskrats on the shores of Abal stream at the base of Mount Katahdin did not relax a muscle as the tale went on at interminable length. As he was a practical minded Indian with a trace of imagination his hearers knew he was not capable of inventing a lie, and the conviction grew that the story teller had either seen an Indian devil in the flesh or some strolling woodsman had played a practical joke upon him.

As well as he can remember the animal appeared to him on a May night coming within ten rods of the campfire, near which he was sitting skinning muskrats. As nearly as he could estimate the visitor was fully fifteen feet long from tip to tip. It was not a panther, because panthers are of the color of fresh iron rust, while the caller was prettily barred with stripes of slate grey and brown. What convinced him that the beast was an Indian devil was the presence of four long white tusks that protruded from the animal's mouth and ad shone like polished ivory. In all the traditions of the tribe the men who had seen Indian devils and lived to tell about it had described them as having great pointed tusks nearly a foot long.

'Ai'm skeen heem musquash an' smoke heem pipe,' said Alex as he continued the tale. 'Bim' by Ai hef skeen seex, maybe ten, an' look oop. W'at Ai see, you t'ank? Mogre! Heem all thar, set oop on heem tail, lak some dog, an' lap heem chop so heem hungry. W'at's Af'm do? W'at's you do, you bin thar—hey? Ai t'row heem one musquash what Ai skeen. Heem peck heem oop an' eet him lak some sassage. Course Ai t'row heem some more, an' some more after heem. Which Pomoola eet him all. Voils! Musquash w'at Ai skeen all gone. Pomoola, heem want more, Musquash skin py 25 cents at es store. Alex skeen not breeng nuching now? Musquash skeen mine long'. Ai hef eet. My skeen Pomoola's pretty dam queck. Ai trow him musquash w'at Ai don't vet akcen, an' bimoby Pomoola heem go 'way. Ai go 'way, too, lak Ai scart. Ai don't was stop teal Ai geet home. W'at you say now—hey?'

Indian traditions that have been handed down in wigwam tales for centuries differ as to the size, coloring, and general habits of the Indian devil, but all unite in declaring that he has four long incurved canine teeth that hang outside his mouth, giving the creatures a most ferocious look. The Ahasaki story asserts that a pair of these animals, who are bullet and arrow proof, and defy all weapons except a thunderbolt live on the steep side of Mount Katahdin, where they kill and eat moose and other large game, taking a sunburned brave or a squaw by way of desert whenever one happens to be nearby. As for the whites, an Indian devil will not taste of their flesh. Therefore, while a few Indians have survived a meeting with Pomoola, no Caucasian ever saw one.

A century ago, when the Old Town tribe contained more than 1,000 souls. Pomoola took five or six Indians as toll every year. In September 1823, a party of twenty-one braves and squaws were coming down the West Branch with fourteen canoes loaded with moose and caribou meat when an Indian devil visited them over night while they camped on the shore of Jo Mary lake and killed four. The fall rains had swollen the streams and made the current very swift. Though the flood favored the fleeing Indians, Pomoola overtook them on following day, and swimming out, tipped over a canoe in South Twin lake, drowning two braves and a squaw. The animal swam about in the lake for an hour, waiting for the bodies to come up, and then gave chase to the party. The Indians had passed from Elbow lake (into Millineokert Rips when they saw their enemy behind. There was a brisk gale blowing at the time and the sky was dark with thunderclouds. As the canoes shot out of the rips into smooth water beyond the men in the rear canoes saw Pomoola stretch his striped legs up the trunk of a great yellow birch tree testing his claws upon the tough bark to see if they were sharp enough. When he was stretched out at full length, "twice as long as a canoe for four men" a thunderbolt fell splitting the tree into halves and filling the air with sulphurous smoke. As the vapor lifted they saw the Indian devil

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver.

Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLINN, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Self-guard—"As I had lost five children with alphasia I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

lying dead on the bank of the stream. A line of scorched fur marked the passage of the lightning from the animal's nose to its hips, where the current divided and passed down the hind legs to the ground. One of the ivory tusks had been turned coal black by the stroke, the others remaining untouched. The body was taken to Old Tower on two canoes, and for a week the Indians did nothing but celebrate the death of their ancient enemy. The black tooth was given to Sol Sockalexis, who was chief at that time. It is kept as an heirloom in the Sockalexis family. Though somewhat damaged from rough usage, it is eight inches long, and the inside edge is still sharp.

Scientific men who have examined the trophy are inclined to believe that it comes from the jaw of the sabre-tooth tiger, an animal which geologists say lived in Maine about six million years ago. Opposed to this assertion is the tradition of the Sockalexis family, which declares that the tooth was taken from the upper jaw of an Indian devil that was killed by lightning in September, 1823.

Speaking Three Languages.

A parliament in which the discussions are carried on in three different languages is probably unique. The country where this singular fact occurs is Switzerland. The languages spoken are French, Italian and German. Italian, it is true, is not as employed as the other two, the members for Tessa (a canton in the south) often delivering their speeches in French. As almost every educated Swiss speaks French and German, members are able to understand each other's speeches, although

spoken in a different language from their own. It often happens that when a French-speaking member wishes to make a strong impression on the German speaking part of the house, he delivers his speech in German, and vice versa.

One of the Civil War's Queer Stories.

'We sometimes have peculiar incidents at these reunions,' said Mr. J. C. Alderson of West Virginia to a reporter. 'The other day I was invited to the home of Major Willis to a reception, and while there met Capt. William Hammond of Florida. I had never seen him before.

When Capt. Hammond learned that I was from West Virginia he spoke up, and said that he served there during the war. He was in one battalion and I was in another. We got to telling stories, and Capt. Hammond gave an account of how he escaped the Yankees by a clever ruse one day. He was at the house of Col. McNeil, when it was announced that the enemy was approaching, and he ran out hurriedly to hide. The only place offering safety was a hen house, and the captain climbed up on a roost. He was not seen. When the soldiers left,' said Capt. Hammond, 'a little girl came up and told me to come out. She carried me into the house. She was a pretty child, and while the Yankees were searching the place she stood guard over me.'

Major Anderson says that after Capt. Hammond had spoken of the incident he remarked, 'well, Captain, here is that little girl,' and he introduced him to Mrs. W. R. Wilson of Chattanooga, Mrs. Wilson is the daughter of Col. McNeil, and she was the child who watched Capt. Hammond while the soldiers were hunting him. She had not seen the captain since that day.

Yet Another Instance.

Speaking of the influence of the mind on the body, a noted medical writer thinks there is nothing improbable in Herodotus's story of the dumb son of Croesus who suddenly found his speech when he saw a soldier raising his sword, and exclaimed 'Do not kill Croesus!'

Medical records, he says, contain well-attested cases of dumbness cured by sudden fright. Hysteria and epilepsy also have been benefited. A physician in a lunatic asylum not long ago cured a hypochondriac by sending him a number of violently abusive postcards.

The singer aroused by them and the eagerness to find out who wrote them diverted the patient's mind, and he improved rapidly.

Drink Only Good Tea.

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

A novel system of advertising has been inaugurated by a Scotch distiller. He bought a cargo of parrots, taught them to say "Drink Blank's whisky," and then presented them in gilt cages to the saloon-keepers of Liverpool.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its benefits: 'Surprise Soap makes a surprisingly heavy, soft lather—quickly. It makes clothes surprisingly white, clean and sweet. It gets it's work done in a surprisingly short time—without scalding or boiling or rubbing or streaking or discoloration or injury to the finest fabric or the most delicate colors. And the price is surprisingly small—only 5 cents for a large long-life cake. Buy SURPRISE and take no substitute.'

Wedding Words. A jewel for my lady's ear, A diamond for her finger fine, Her locket that is mine. Dear glances for my lady's eyes, Dear looks around her form so true, Her dear lips, that are mine. Dear breathings to her, soft and low, Of how my lot she's made divine; Dear silence, my love that show For her who's love is mine. Dear eyes lest clouds should shade her way, That gladden only on her shine, That she be happy as the May Whose lot it is to mine. Dear wishes hovering round her life, And tender thoughts, and dreams divine, To find with perfect joy the while Whose happiness is mine. Some women never can find anything in a newspaper; other women know it like a bureau drawer. Don't do not change shape after childhood, although they change slightly after middle life. It has been found that the right and left of each pair of ears usually vary in size.

They die to live. 'Numbers of men,' said a hairdresser to the writer, 'come to me regularly every week to have their hair dyed, not out of any feeling of vanity, but simply as a matter of necessity. 'Some of them are clerks, but the majority are shop assistants and the better class of artisans. Nowadays, as you may know, when a man's hair turns grey, employers begin to think that his best working days are over; and, indeed, there are many employers who wont engage a grey-haired man. 'This state of things is a very serious matter to many men, and is especially hard on those whose hair turns grey while they are still in the thirties. One man who comes to me regularly would be as 'grey as a badger' apart from the dye, and he tells me he is only twenty eight. He says, and I can believe him, that his employer won't have a grey-headed man on his premises. 'Some of these men, I may add, buy the bottle of dye, and dye their hair themselves; but the majority of them get me to do it. In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public cress, where for a small fee, hot cress is have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.'

Advertisement for Progress, Munsey, McClure, and Cosmopolitan magazines: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, -and those popular magazines- Munsey, McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John at number 6887, in Book 66 of Records pages 50, 51, 52 and 53, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say: - 'A LITTLE CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows: - Beginning at the South West Corner of Drake and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Drake Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Drake Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Southerly along Westworth Street to Westworth Street twenty feet thence Southerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty feet to the place of beginning. ALSO, All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the said City of Saint John and bounded and described as follows: - Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street and Southerly one hundred and five feet from Drake Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet to the place of beginning. thence Southerly along Westworth Street twenty feet to the place of beginning. Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE E. FENETY, Mortgagee. MACRAE & SINGLAI, Solicitors to Mortgagee.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

SPORT WITH FLYING FISH

THEY ARE SHOT ON THE WING OFF CALIFORNIA ISLAND.

A Water Sportsman Tried to Hit Them—The Flight of Flying Fish—Great Tuna That Lays After Them and Catch Them in the Air.

May 30.—Look out! Look out! shouted the man at the wheel of the little launch Linda. The two men lying on deck ducked their heads and over the bow went a flying fish at least thirteen inches in length; its wings outspread and locked, its hind wings trawling and its big black eyes staring.

It was a singular sight; but one of the men had no poetry in his soul, for the moment the flyer was a fair distance away he raised a shot-gun and fired, bringing it down whirling and struggling into the water. Immediately a water spout sprang over the sail and swam toward the game.

'He won't get it,' said the dog's master, throwing the shell out of the gun. 'There's but one trouble—the game sinks.' And such was the case. The flying fish went to the bottom and disappeared before the dog reached it. The animal swam around in a dazed fashion and finally was hauled aboard.

Flying fish shooting is peculiar to Santa Catalina, where the big California flying fish makes its summer home in the San Clemente channel.

'I have a patent on the sport,' said the man who had the gun, 'but, as I said, it has but one drawback—you can't always get the game. No, I am not in it for my health or pleasure. You see, the tuna season is beginning here. The tuna is particular and wants a flying fish first; but the trouble is the flying fish don't come into the bay until it gets a little warmer; so we have to go and get them. Last night they were offering 45 pieces for flying fish and everybody was out. Some had nets, some went with two lights in the bow of the boat and tried to spear the fish; that works in summer. The flying fish seems not to mind when it sees the light and can be struck with a spear very easily. Another man rigged up a big sheet on his boat so that the flying fish would strike it and fall in, but it didn't work, so I'm out for some on a new plan. You see, we just steam ahead at full speed, and when a fish rises, frightened, and tries to swim away, why, I let him have it and the dog jumps over and retrieves it if it doesn't sink. Look out! There they go!

As he spoke two large flyers started out of the water and went bounding away. They did not fly, that was evident; they merely looked their wings and soared. One went to the right and one to the left, about two feet above the surface, and the sportsman picked off one with a shot as neatly as one could wish.

'A queer sport,' he said, 'and they're a queer fish. Six this one. Ten to one it will strike the boat with its eyes wide open.'

Instead of darting away from the boat, a flying fish that had dashed out of the water headed directly for it and was coming on about three feet above the surface. It tipped slightly with the wind, but preserved its balance perfectly, and, with a headlong plunge, struck the cabin and fell into the water, from which it was rescued by one of the men. Presently the rushing boat started two more fish, and the man with the gun picked them off in a manner that elicited applause from the lookers on; but, unfortunately, both fishes were lost, the spaul reaching one just as it went down.

'Shooting flying fishes requires as much skill as in shooting quails,' said the sportsman. 'They move just as fast and look so much like the water that they are hard to hit. They swim in coveys, just like quails, too, and one of the prettiest sights I ever saw about the California Islands was the flight of a covey of flying fishes. I was out after them in a small launch, and as we turned the corner of the island we suddenly struck a heavy west wind. It happened that at that moment a school of tunas came rushing in and chased the flyers into the air. There must have been thirty or forty of them, and as they cleared the water, head to the wind, the gale struck them and carried them high into the air, where they darted away like a flock of insects glittering in the sunlight, gradually falling away before the wind and disappearing in my view.'

'How far can a flying fish fly?' asked one of the fishermen.

'Well, that's difficult to say. I know that they can soar an eight of a mile, and I'd be willing to say that they often go over a quarter of a mile under favourable conditions. There has always been a good deal of mystery about the flight of flying fishes, and there are two decided factions among men who ought to know. One side says that the fish flies, that is, flaps its wings; and the other that it merely soars. Now, if you interview the steward of the steamer that runs between San Pedro and the island, he will prove, or try to, that they fly like birds. The steamer is high forward, and one day he saw what he thought was a bird in the air. A moment later it shot through the glass window and landed among his glasses. He will make affidavit that he saw wings going. But if you interview President Jordan of Stanford University, who is an authority on fishes, or any of our local naturalists, he will tell you that flying fish does not fly. Why, just look at it; they come plumb against the side the boat. Once I was rowing some ladies along shore when I saw two flying fishes coming right for us. One, despite the fact that the lady waved her hands to frighten it, struck her in the back, while the other passed a few inches from my head; in fact I turned to avoid it. Now if the fish could fly, in the proper acceptance of the term, it would avoid obstacles. Why, I have seen them fly upon the beach in numbers. A lady was sitting on the shore at Avalon when a flying fish flew right into her lap, frightening her with its noise. Another fish struck a fisherman in the face face. This was a night one might have resulted seriously, as a man could easily be stunned by such a blow.'

'No, the fish don't fly. I have watched hundreds of them and spent weeks trying to photograph them. There is a porch in the Hermosa, and I went out of that and held my kodak trying to catch one, but it was almost impossible. But I saw how they fly. You see, all sorts of fish prey on the flying fish, and when the steamer comes along they think it's a big killer perhaps or a tuna, and being slow swimmers they leap out of the water, and they do it in this way: they whirl the tail around and around, and it acts as a screw and sends them out of the water. The tail is lashed with great vigor and that conveys to the body a quivering, wriggling motion that makes the side fins or wings look as though they were being flapped; but it is only for a second. The moment the fish clears the water the wings are seen to be rigid, and they are held that way while the fish shoots away three feet above the surface, like a kite, supported by the rush through the air, and impelled by the momentum received by the action of the tail. They shoot along, say, for 500 feet, then the force of the rush begins to be exhausted and the tail drops—not the head, mind you; just the tip of the tail; and see, and the speaker picked up the four-pound flyer—'see the lower lobe of the tail. It is longer than the upper. This touches the water first, and the moment it does the tail is twisted furiously, and once more the fish darts away, clearing, perhaps, 300 feet before its tail drops again. This is repeated three or four times, enabling the fish to travel a great distance without returning to the water. The only heaving of the wings is caused by the wriggling of the tail. In a word, the flying fish has four parachutes that it fixes—two in front and two behind.'

As the speaker finished a flying fish crossed the bow of the boat followed by a huge fish gleaming like silver, that shot up into the open air like an arrow, struck the flyer, and sent it, whirling like a pin-wheel into the air.

'There's a fish,' exclaimed the man with the gun, as the big creature dropped gracefully back; 'there's the fellow that retrieves the flying fish and rarely misses him. The tuna is the only fish that can catch its prey in the air. You see, he frightens the flying fish into the air and follows it, just beneath the surface, and when the opportunity comes makes a flying leap and sometimes catches it again, as now, he hits and kills it by picking it up as it falls in to the water. The tuna is the sharp-eyed fish of the sea. I have seen them following the flying fish. The water would fly directly over my head, the tuna would go under it at the tuna would never lose sight of the flyer, and he would do it finally, exhausted, after a long, tiring flight.'

'It may seem queer to a man to say that he is afraid of a fish, but I have seen the time when the tuna demolished me. I was on the sago road above the town one day when I noticed a white patch of foam about two miles away. It was a dead calm elsewhere and I knew it was a school of fish; so I hurried down, jumped into a boat and rowed out opposite the entrance to the bay and waited. In a short time I could see the fish. They were big tunas, leaping after a school of flying fish, going into the air by correct flight or more feet at a jump, and covering an area of many acres with a mass of foam. First the flying fish reached me, as demoralized a throng as I ever saw. Scores were in the air at a time; some struck the boat, others went over it, and I could see dozens of dead bodies beneath it as if for protection, while others again seemed utterly fagged by the long chase and were unable to move very fast. Pretty soon a tuna went into the air 100 feet away from my skiff, then another, and I saw that if by accident one should strike my boat it would go through it as though through paper and I would be left a half mile or more away from shore. 'I was rather late in making up my mind to retreat, as by this time the tunas were going into the air all around me, the most remarkable sight it was ever my good fortune to see, and I believe that I do not overestimate the facts when I say that they went up a dozen feet in a straight line. Then they would turn and come down like an arrow, and when numbers were in the air at one time you may know it was a great sight. That's what makes the demand for flying fish at the beginning of the season; the tuna fishermen must have them as they are the natural food of the tuna.'

THE ROMAN OF COINCIDENCES

Some Startling Events in the Lives of Great Men.

Few things in life are more surprising than its coincidences, some of which are so startling and improbable as to assume the appearance of fate. Charles Dickens was dogged throughout his life by the most perplexing coincidences and his death completed one of the most remarkable of them all. On the ninth day of June, 1855, he escaped death by a railway accident as by a miracle; and in commenting on his escape he wrote: 'I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers for ever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words—"the end." These two words were written by death five years later on the same day of the same month. A more remarkable coincidence still was noted in the death of Mr. Potter, the free-trade champion and friend of Cobden and Bright, who died at the same hour of the same day and month as his wife, who had preceded him by twelve years. It was a strange coincidence that led to the identification of one of the most skillful burglars of recent years. The criminal had been arrested on suspicion of having committed several daring burglaries in the Midlands, and was lodged in Holloway prison. Although it was clear that the man was a practised burglar, it was found impossible to identify him, and thus to trace his career in crime. Fate or coincidence, however, did what Scotland Yard was powerless to do. One of the warders of Wormwood Scrubs, who had served in the Scottish Borders in India, saw the prisoner, and recognized in him an old soldier comrade named Holy, who had been imprisoned for felony at Calcutta. This clue was followed up, and led to the disclosure of a long list of crimes and convictions. An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France a few years ago. In 1894 the deputy for the Ardennes was a M. Ferry; for Loir et Cher, M. Brisson; and for the Vosges, M. Hugo. In 1793, 101 years earlier, each district had been represented in the Chamber by a man of exactly the same age. By a happy coincidence the three sons of a Birmingham man, named Howes, all returned home from different parts of the world, unknown to each other, on the same day. One son, who was in the Cape Mounted Rifles, had started home without his father's knowledge, and to the latter's intense surprise, met him on his return from business in the evening. Father and son had barely reached their home when a knock at the door heralded a second son, who had unexpectedly come from India; and later in the evening the family circle was made complete by the arrival of a third son from London. In no case had either the father or sons any suspicion of the strange chance that was bringing them all together from the corners of the earth. A very touching coincidence recently brought his two long-lost daughters to the death-bed of a man named Nalls, in the Bloomfield Hospital, New Jersey. Dur-

ing the Civil War Nalls had fallen into the hands of the Confederates, and, after a long term of imprisonment, had been sentenced to be shot.

At the last moment he escaped, and for several years wandered about the States in fruitless search for his wife and daughters. He finally settled down at Bloomfield, a broken-hearted man, and lived there for many years, until a serious accident took him to the hospital to die.

He had not been in the hospital a day when he recognized in a lady visitor an old Virginia neighbor of his, who knew the whereabouts of his lost daughters. Within a few days the daughters were at his bedside, ministering to the father they had lost for thirty-five years.

It was almost more than a coincidence which brought together, a few months ago two lovers who had been parted for nearly fourteen years. In 1885 Charles Delaver, the son of a wealthy Philadelphian, was engaged to be married to Miss Charlotte De Bois, and Christmas Day was appointed for the wedding.

A lovers' quarrel, however, estranged the young couple, and a week before the wedding the bride-to-be disappeared and young Delaver, in disgust, emigrated to Australia. Here he prospered, and, having amassed a small fortune, he decided to take a holiday trip to Europe, returning to Australia by Philadelphia, his old home.

On his way to New York, he was pacing the steamer-deck one day, when he stumbled over the feet of a lady who was sitting alone. Apologies and recognition followed; for the lady was his old fiancée, Miss Du Bois, whom chance had thus strangely thrown in his way. The sequel is obvious; and the happy couple thus strangely re-united, are, at the moment of writing, on their way to Australia.

COULD HARK THREE LIVING.

Royalties Who Could do it if it Were Necessary.

It is probably some small gratification to the Sovereigns of Europe to know that if by any strange chance they were to lose their crowns and fortunes, many of them would be in a position to earn their own living quite as well as the majority of their subjects.

Although the Queen of Roumania has long passed her half-century, she could still for many years earn a comfortable and sufficient income in a variety of ways. By her beautiful stories and poems she has long taken rank among the writers of established fame, and there would be keen competition among the publishers of Europe for the fruits of her pen.

She is, too, the only one among European Royalties who is a licensed lecturer; and for some years lectured in the public schools of Roumanian. She would make an ideal principal of Girton or Newnham; and if this resource failed, she could still make a living with her hands, as her marvellous collection of dolls, which excited so much admiration at a recent Berlin doll-show, amply proved.

The Royal lady who ranks next to 'Caroline Sylva' in natural cleverness is the Carina's eldest sister, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia. The Grand Duchess has much of the literary talent of the Queen of Roumania, and has written many charming books under the pen-name of 'Ary Geilau.' She is also quite the cleverest actress and mimic in Royal circles; and, if rumor be true, she has acquitted herself brilliantly at least once at a Moscow theatre, where she took the part of the leading actress when she was to ill to appear.

Such a distinguished and clever recruit to the stage would command a salary appropriate to her rank. Queen Margherita of Italy ranks high among clever Royalties. She is reputed to be one of the best linguists in Europe, and to have a very unusual knowledge of the literature of the world.

The Queen of Portugal is, as the world knows, a qualified doctor of medicine, and practices her profession, like the famous oculist, the Duke of Baden, for the benefit of the poor. If circumstances should ever compel her to turn her training to financial account, she would establish a new record in medical incomes.

Time was when the ex-Empress Eugenie might have made a magnificent income as a rival of Worth. In the days when she was mistress of the Tuilleries she kept a small army of needlewomen constantly busy in executing her designs in costumes, which were the admiration of all the Courts of Europe.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has few rivals among Royal ladies in the range and degree of her gifts. She is, perhaps, the cleverest musician in a family which has music in its blood, and is equally clever as executant and composer. She is

a skilful sculptor, and has painted pictures which few amateurs can rival.

The Empress is also a scientific gardener, and knows as much about rose culture as even the Dean of Rochester; while she makes quite a small revenue out of the fruit and vegetables grown under her own eye at Friedrichshof.

It is no mere speculation that the Marchioness of Lorne might rank amongst professional sculptors and painters, a position for which both her training and her natural gifts qualify her; while Princess Christian and Henry of Battenberg are among the cleverest amateur musicians in England.

Like the ex-Empress Eugenie the Princess of Wales has a marked and trained aptitude for millinery and dressmaking, and has nothing to fear in competition with many who make their livings by these arts; while her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, was a painter of sacred subjects of European fame; and her father, in the far off days when a crown was but a dream, proved conclusively that he could support his family by teaching languages.

The Czar of Russia is said to have a small fortune in his sweet tenor voice, and might even now challenge comparison with singers who make good incomes.

King Leopold of Belgium is a born financier, and is said to have made £5,000,000 by one brilliant coup in Suez Canal shares. In spite of madness, he has all the instincts of a successful speculator, and if it were not for his crown, might find a place among Wall Street or Chapel Court millionaires. The King of Greece is said to be the shrewdest business-man in Royal circles; and the German Emperor, with his varied gifts as painter, musician, orator and architect, could not make a living, it would certainly not be for want of his own ability or confidence in his own power.

NEW YORK MAPLE SUGAR.

A Belt in This State Which Surpasses Vermont's Famous Product.

I have sopped pancakes in the maple syrup, and got toothache from the maple sugar, and stomach ache from the wax pullings of the maple-blisters of five States and sixteen counties, all the way from old Vermont to Michigan, including Schoharie county, New York, said a man from that part of the State, and I have been ready to stand up and say, and to bet heavy on what I said, that the sun never shone on any land nor quickened it to the production of anything that could even begin to think of being one-half as good as the maple sugar Schoharie county bulled down out of its sap, or the maple syrup that Schoharie county got out of its sugar, or the maple wax that we pulled out of both of 'em. But that was before I got over into Otego county; and if this resource failed, the could still make a living with her hands, as her marvellous collection of dolls, which excited so much admiration at a recent Berlin doll-show, amply proved.

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A Perplexed Old Lady's Plan.

You see, my daughter Harriet is married to one of these homeopathic doctors, and my daughter Kate to an allypath. If I call in the homeopathy, my allypath son-in-law and his wife get mad; and if I call in my allypath son-in-law, my homeopathy son-in-law and his wife get mad; and if I go ahead and get well without either of 'em, then they'll both be mad; and I don't see but I'd better die straight.

Surprise Soap advertisement. Text: 'Surprise Soap makes a surprisingly heavy, soft lather—quickly. It makes clothes surprisingly white, clean and sweet. It gets its work done in a surprisingly short time—without scalding or boiling or rubbing or streaking or discoloration or injury to the finest fabric or the most delicate colors. And the price is surprisingly small—only 5 cents for a large long-life cake. Buy SURPRISE and take no substitute.'

They die to live. Numbers of men, said a hairdresser to the writer, come to me regularly every week to have their hair dyed, not out of any feeling of vanity, but simply as a matter of necessity. Some of them are clerks, but the majority are shop assistants and the better class of artisans. Nowadays, as you may know, when a man's hair turns grey, employers begin to think that his best working days are over; and, indeed, there are many employers who won't engage a grey-haired man.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65887, in Book 16 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Joseph of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George B. Fenwick of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Queen's Printer of the other part, there is still for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage debts having been made in the payment thereof, as held at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following:— That is to say:—

ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT OR PARCELS OF LAND situated in and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets, thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet, in a Westerly direction, thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet, thence Southerly, parallel to Duke Street forty feet, to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning. ALSO, All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated in and being in Westworth Street, described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street and Southward one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty-two feet to Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet to the Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty-one feet thence Northerly eighty feet to the place of beginning. Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the sixteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE B. FENWICK, Solicitors to Mortgagees.

Thy Neighbor's Wife.

CHAPTER I. IN CHURCH.

'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife!'

Solemnly the words of the decalogue rang through the little mountain church.

To Basil Montague, sitting in one of the front pews, they seemed like words of fire scorching his heart, and making the blood flow like a torrent of lava through his veins.

For his neighbour's wife was kneeling beside him in a pew, with her fair Madonna-like face bowed low over her prayer-book, and—oh! the grim irony of Fate!—his neighbour, in this particular aspect, was the minister himself, the Rev. Paul Martyn, who stood before the communion table, in his white surplice and purple bands, enunciating, in his clear penetrating voice, the law as given by God to man.

All through the rest of the service—sermon, and hymn, and prayer—those words kept ringing through Montague's brain.

'Thy neighbor's wife! Thy neighbor's wife! Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife!'

Alas! he did covet her—coveted her with a mad, despairing longing.

He was a strong man—a veritable Hercules, who had borne the palm among the athletes of his college; but he was trembling like a leaf as he knelt beside Eva Martyn in her husband's church.

Not much of a church-goer he. But he was spending part of his summer holiday with his old college chum Martyn, in his Welsh home, and, of course, it was only decent to go and hear him preach in his own pulpit.

It was such a tiny church, perched halfway up a mountain side, and there was such a primitive simplicity about the service, that Montague felt as though he were inhaling a breath of his bygone boyhood—as though he were slipping back into those times when belief was easy, and he had not learned to scoff and doubt.

If only Eva Martyn had not knelt beside him, with her pure profile, and her eyes which reminded him of a summer lake, or of a freshly gathered forget-me-not!

How had he come to love this woman?

She was his friend's wife, and he had hitherto accounted himself a man of honor.

He was no saint, but assuredly he was no villain.

Ten days ago he had not even heard the name of Eva Martyn, and now her merest touch—nay, less than a touch, one glance from those soft blue eyes of hers—was enough to send the blood running riot through his veins.

How had it come about?

There had been no deliberate running into him.

How, then, had this mad fever come upon him?

A thousand times he asked himself this question; a thousand times he told himself he did not know.

At last the service was over.

That is, three-fourths of the congregation turned homewards, and a mere handful of worshippers, half-a-dozen at most, remained behind to partake of the sacred bread and wine.

Eva Martyn turned to go, casting a slightly wistful look at the Communion table, where her husband knelt.

Montague followed her out of the church.

They two would have to walk home alone.

'How is it you are not saying?' he asked, breaking the dangerous silence which so often fell between them.

'I did not intend to stay today,' she answered, low and hurriedly; 'I—I was not prepared.'

A faint, shell-like pink tinged the pure whiteness of her skin as she spoke.

Her eyes sought the ground.

The man who was walking beside her

dared to tell himself he knew what that flash and that tremor meant.

He fancied this pure-faced Eva Martyn loved him—loved him against her will.

He fancied she dared not approach the Holy Table while he was beside her, because she loved him with a love she had never felt for the good man who was her husband, and whom she had married three years ago, before she knew her own heart, when she was a child of seventeen.

He told himself she was pure but weak.

Pure as the mountain snows, but weak as they beneath the kisses of the sun.

He told himself that, if he were to speak he could win her—he could persuade her to give up all for him.

And yet he did not speak.

'No; although he felt at that moment willing to lay down his life for the privilege of holding her but once to his bosom, he walked beside her, and marked her flushing cheek and drooping eye, and spoke no word her husband might not have bid to hear.

What was it that held him in such strong restraint?

Not honor—not dread of shame.

These things would have melted like wax beneath the fire of a passion such as his.

It was simply that a voice was ringing through his brain as though uttered direct from the skies above him.

It was simply that he had just listened to the plain command of Holy Writ—

'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife!'

Paul Martyn's vicarage was fully a mile from the church, but it, too, was perched on the side of the mountain; a lovely old house with many gables, and all but covered with roses.

Behind it the mountain, crimson and purple with heather; before it, a shining stream rippling merrily over a pebbly bed.

Here Paul Martyn lived, supremely happy with his books, his young wife, his flowers, and his work.

He himself was nearer forty than thirty, and he had but one gratified wish, to write a book on his darling theme—botany—such as might win from his fellow botanists some meed of gratitude if not of applause.

When he came home from church that Sunday morning, he found his wife in the porch looking for him.

She ran down the garden path to meet him, and slipped her hand in his.

'You are late, Paul,' she said, softly.

'Where have you been?'

'Peggy Jones was waiting for me as I came out of church. She wanted me to baptize her child. Poor little mite! I am afraid it will be gone before morning.'

He signed as he spoke, even though he was looking down into his wife's fair face.

He had so tender a heart that all human suffering moved him almost as though it were his own.

They passed into the house together, and dinner was served in the pretty, low-ceiled dining room, whose windows, thrown wide open to admit the summer air, looked out over a wide expanse of mountain, lake, and sea.

Surely, if any place on earth were an abode of peace, Paul Martyn's vicarage seemed so that summer afternoon.

The girl-wife seated at the head of the table, dispensing the viands with a simple grace, the calm-faced, scholarly vicar at the foot, the handsome aristocratic guest seated between the two, made such a charming little family party, that one would have said, surely here was a home as peaceful as a mountain lake, as untroubled by the storms that rend and tear the outside world.

And yet, so deceitful are appearances, two of that trio hid in their bosoms an agitation too deep for words.

Dinner over, all three repaired to Eva's dainty drawing-room, a tiny room, furnished with the most exquisite taste.

The hearth fire led with ferns, and foxglove, and heather; and garden flowers, roses, and lilies, and sweet scented pinks, shedding forth their brightness and fragrance, from every available nook and corner.

The vicar took a chair near the open window; Eva nestled down on a footstool at his side, and sat with her hand in his, her graceful, willow form pressed close against him.

Basil Montague, watching her every movement with jealous eyes, told himself she had never clung and nestled to her husband in that way before.

It was as though she knew she was in some great danger, and was mutely beseeching him to save her from it.

'Was it so?' brooded Montague, as he sat in a shadowy corner, and watched the pair.

Was it that she mistrusted her own strength, and was beseeching her husband to save her from herself?

From that shadowy corner of his, he noted, for the thousandth time, how fair she was.

His eyes dwelt hungrily on her every feature, and he told himself over and over again that no other woman in the world was half so fair.

She wore a grey gown, almost Quakerish in its simplicity of make, and her soft, nut-brown hair was worn somewhat in the fashion of a bygone day.

There was something saintly in the character of her beauty—it was so soft, so gentle, of such an exquisite purity.

A painter in search of a Madonna, or of a guardian angel, would have said his search was ended at sight of her.

And yet, for all that angelic purity, she was sweetly human.

The tender-loving woman breathed from her in her every look.

That, though the reverend

esteemed her husband, she did not

him with a full, widely love, Montague had

been certain from the first day of his arrival here.

There is a wonderful freemasonry in love, and he who himself loves greatly may be trusted to read its signs in others.

Circumstances had led her, as he knew, to marry the grave, kindly scholar, who was nearly twice her age.

Her father, on his death-bed, had committed her to his care, and she, in her child-like simplicity, had suffered him to make her his wife, in order that he might have the right to protect her and to take her to his home.

But she did not love him; she had not learned to love him even now—not with the love of a wife; it was rather the calm affection of a sister, or the grateful devotion of a child.

CHAPTER II. A RESOLUTION.

'Are you coming to church to night, old man?'

It was the vicar who asked this question, as he rose from the tea-table.

'Thanks; but if you won't think it rude of me, I should prefer a walk.'

'Just as you like,' said the vicar, with his pleasant smile. 'Eva, my dear, hadn't you better go and get your bonnet on? We have not too much time.'

She went away at her husband's bidding, and when she came back and stood in the full sunlight in the porch, Montague noticed that her face was almost colourless, and that there was a look of sadness and of secret anxiety in her sweet blue eyes.

'There must be an end to this,' he muttered, sternly, within himself. 'There shall be an end—y, to-morrow! I swear it!'

He watched the husband and wife walk together, she with one hand resting lightly on his black coat sleeve, her prayer-book carried in the other.

They disappeared round a curve mountain, then Montague crushed his soft felt hat hard down upon his head, set his teeth together almost fiercely, drew a long deep breath, and strode away in the opposite direction.

The man was torn by conflicting passions—by love on the one hand, by honor and duty on the other.

On the battle-ground of his soul the fight raged fiercely.

It was as though he was torn this way and that way by wild beasts.

He himself, seemed almost without volition in their grip.

He knew not which were the suggestions of his own mind, and which suggestions from without.

That things had come to a crisis with him he knew.

Another day, at furthest, must needs decide it.

Either he must go away from Paul Martyn's house upon the morrow, or he would stay and proclaim himself a villain.

He had come to that.

He could not trust himself to spend any longer time in Eva Martyn's presence, and not declare his love.

There was no safety but in flight.

'Shall I stay, or shall I go?' That was the question he wrestled with as he rapped through the lonely mountain pass.

'Shall I give up all for love; or shall I give up love for duty and honour?'

He flung himself down on a patch of ground, soft and odorous with wild thyme and looked around him with a steady eye before he answered that fateful question.

He was in the heart of a great mountain pass.

Before, behind, and on either side of him, mountains reared their shaggy heads to meet the sky; twenty yards away a cascade of water hurled itself over a precipice of two hundred feet, and close beside him a lake, dark and gloomy, reflected the purple of the evening sky.

The moon, a pale clear crescent, hung high in the heavens, and a single star, like the eye of an angel, pure but awful, looked down into his face whenever he raised his head.

Perhaps there is no place on earth where a man feels so strongly the importance of eternity, and the littleness of things that pertain to human passion, as in the midst of lofty mountains.

They oppress him with a sense of his own insignificance; they awe him into some measure of communion with the wide heavens which stretch above their loftiest peaks.

Such, at least, was their effect on the

among them in the purple

weights.

The very sight of these everlasting hills made him think of the mount that burst with fire—the Sinai whence the Eternal Law went forth to man.

'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife. No, and I will not!' he exclaimed almost fiercely. 'At least, I will flee the temptation. She is not for me. I know it, and will avoid her while some little sanity, some little power of self-control, remains. If I were to stay here, Eva Martyn would drive me mad, and I will go.'

He sprang up in haste, all eagerness to put his new firm resolve into execution.

It was ever thus with this man.

He was always either hot or cold.

His worst enemy could not have accused him of being lukewarm.

'Before this time to-morrow, I will be far from here,' he muttered, as he hurried along the narrow path. 'It will be easy to plead business of importance. By the first train in the morning I am gone.'

He hurried on faster and faster.

And, at every step, his resolution increased rather than weakened.

He came within sight of the vicarage.

It was quite dark now, and lamps were lighted inside the house.

He wondered whether he should find Eva sitting as she had sat in the afternoon, nestling close to her husband's side, and holding his hand.

'It does not matter. Nothing matters now,' he muttered. 'All I have to do is to go away and—forget.'

He had reached the little brawling stream which ran at the foot of the vicarage garden.

It was full of great boulders, and he and he crossed on them rather than go a dozen yards out of his way to the bridge.

The last boulder he sat his foot upon was slippery.

He missed his footing, fell heavily forward, and, trying to rise, found he could not without great pain.

He dragged himself to the house as best he could, but he knew there would be no travelling for him upon the morrow.

'I shall be either badly sprained or broken.'

CHAPTER III. THE VICAR Schemes.

The reverend Paul Martyn looked grave enough when his friend limped into the parlor with a white, set face, and announced that he had hurt his ankle; but, grave as he looked, Eva looked graver still.

The color in her cheek came and went with a curious fitness, and a close observer would have said that the look in her blue eyes was one of dread.

The sprain proved to be a bad one.

A doctor who lived half a mile away was summoned, and his instructions were imperative: Mr. Montague must consider himself as chained to the sofa for at least a week.

'I'll do no talking, I'm bound to get away from here,' said Montague, gloomily.

'My dear fellow, what nonsense!' returned the vicar. 'You had promised to spend another week with us, and surely you can turn it into a fortnight if you like. You know we shall be delighted to have you,' he added, with simple heartiness of look and tone.

'You're very good; but, to tell the truth I'd found I couldn't stay the week. Circumstances have arisen,' he added, very slowly, and letting his eyes rest on Eva as he spoke, 'which will compel me to get back to town at once. I had meant to be in France by to-morrow evening.'

'Well, that's out of the question now, so you must just content yourself as well as you can. Come, old fellow, don't look so glum about it, or we shall begin to think there is a lady in the case. Has he some sweetheart in France, think you, Eva that he's so eager to be gone?'

The good, simple-hearted vicar had uttered these words simply to rally his friend who he fancied seemed rather more depressed than the sprained ankle, and the consequent enforced confinement, could justify.

But, if he had been a close observer he would have wondered at their effect on both his hearers.

Montague's dark face flushed a sudden dusky red, and Eva turned quite pale.

'Come, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, went on the vicar cheerily. 'We shall have your company, and that'll be famous; and you'll be well attended to. My little girl here is a capital nurse; it's worth while being sick only, to be nursed by her.'

And he laid his hand on his young wife's shoulder with a tender, fatherly like pressure, which had the singular effect of bringing the tears into her eyes.

'You are very good,' said Montague; but it was said without heartiness—moodily almost. After a moment or two, he raised his dark, glowing eyes, and looked full at his friend's wife. 'Shall I be a trouble to you if I stay?' he asked.

'To me! Oh, pray don't think of that! I shall be very glad,' she answered hurriedly.

'Then I will stay—indeed I must,' said he a little grimly. 'I don't know how to thank you. Thanks are so little used; however, I'll try to show you I'm not ungrateful.'

'Why, what a fuss your making over a trifle,' said the vicar, laughing; 'you're in quite a tragedy humour, Monty. I never saw you more serious in my life.'

The next morning the vicar came into his wife's room as she was dressing.

He had been up, a couple of hours or more, had taken a long, solitary tramp over the mountain, and on his return, had met the postman at the garden gate.

'I've got a surprise for you dearest,' he said, stooping to kiss his wife, and passing his arms fondly around her pretty, bare neck, as she sat brushing out her hair.

'Here's a letter from Caroline; and—would you believe it—she's actually coming to us to-morrow. It appears that Foster wants to spend a month in Norway. Caroline

hates the sea, if you

aimed not to go with them.

'She suggests that she should come to us instead. We're to wire it we can do with her. Of course we can—oh dear!'

'Oh yes,' said Eva, a far-away look in her blue eyes. 'To-morrow if you say, Paul?'

'Yes; but here's her letter. Read it for yourself; it's short and sweet as usual.'

Caroline was Paul Martyn's sister.

She was twelve or fourteen years younger than he; and, as she was an orphan, her home hither had been made with her married sister, Mrs. Foster, the wife of Major Foster.

She was, however, a young lady of rather unsettled temperament, and every few months her brother was informed—usually by telegram—that she intended to come and make her temporary abode with him.

Eva read the letter and went on dressing.

The vicar, who had got an idea, and was anxious to be delivered of it, looked at her with a beaming countenance.

'Eva, wouldn't it be rather nice if Caroline and Montague were to fall in love and make a match of it?'

A faint pink flush ran all the world like the lining of a sea-shell, overspread Eva's face.

With a sudden movement she let her hair fall about her in a soft shower, and so concealed the flush.

'I hadn't thought of that, Paul,' she answered, softly.

'Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know how I came to think of it,' said the vicar, with a frank, hearty laugh. 'You always tell me I'm slow in these matters; but as I came up the garden, it flashed on me all at once. Caroline is so beautiful and graceful, anyone might love her, mightn't they my dear?'

'And as for Monty; well, you see he is the best and dearest of fellows. There's hardly a man in the world I like so well as I do Basil Montague. It would be a splendid arrangement, wouldn't it?'

'Perhaps it would,' said Eva.

But she spoke listlessly, without heartiness.

'You like Montague, don't you dear?'

asked the good, simple-hearted vicar, a little anxiously.

It would have hurt him to think his wife did not like the friend he himself had loved and esteemed so many years.

'Oh yes; I like him well enough.'

'He is such a thoroughly manly fellow,' went on the vicar. 'That is what I so admire in him. Now, I myself am so much of a dreamer. I go about with my eyes shut half half of the time. Oh, I know that well enough; but Montague is so refreshingly strong and vigorous, amazingly clever, too, and the very soul of honour. He and Caroline would harmonize beautifully, I should imagine. She has lovely ideas of what men should be, but I verily believe he would come up to them; and he would be proud of such a wife.'

'I never gave a thought to match-making before, but I'm going in for it now with a vengeance, ain't I? Don't laugh at me, dear. I know it sounds a bit ridiculous, but I should like Montague for my brother-in-law. We'll help it along between us if we can.'

Eva did not answer.

'Have you a headache dear?' asked her husband anxiously.

'Yes—so I mean that I'm a little tired nothing to signify, but I didn't sleep very well; I shall feel better after breakfast. We'll go down, shall we? I'm quite ready.'

When they entered the breakfast room, they found Montague there. Martyn had meant to assist him downstairs, but he had managed to hobble down alone, and was lying at full length on the couch, his face set and pale.

Of course he was told of the expected arrival.

'You will like Caroline, old fellow,' said the vicar. 'What a lucky thing it is she's coming to us just at this time. She'll keep you from feeling dull.'

Montague did not answer in words, but a smile that was haggard, and strangely grim, passed over his face.

CAROLINE.

It was a lovely summer evening when Caroline Martyn arrived at her brother's home.

He himself drove her from the railway station, in the old-fashioned phaeton, drawn by the stout brown cob.

Eva had begged, with curious earnestness, to be allowed to go with him, but this he would not hear of.

'My dear, think how rude it would be to Montague, to leave him alone,' he said. 'It must be very dull to be tied to a sofa all day—such an active fellow, as he is, Continued on Fifth Page.

With Years WISDOM.

The answer to that old query, 'What's in a name?' was not hard to define in the case of one justly celebrated Family Remedy that had its origin away down in Maine, which proves that with age comes wisdom about

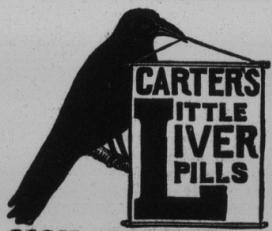
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said "they were out, but could supply her with another just as good." The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen stiff when she replied:

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SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

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See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

Sunday Reading

The Christian II's. Blindfolded and alone I wait; Loss seems too bitter, gain to late; Too heavy burden in the load...

Enthusiasm Not Enough.

There came one running to Jesus, and from St. Matthew we learn that this one who sought Jesus with so much haste was a young man. It would be interesting to recall the numberless instances in which young men have hastened to ally themselves with enterprises from which others shrink.

A leader in reforms must be gratified to see the readiness of such young supporters. All regard as most helpful and most hopeful the immense impetus given the modern Church by the Y. M. C. A. and by the numberless Christian Endeavor societies. The young people may be said to come running, as the young man came to Jesus; and we read that Jesus was especially moved by the unusual spectacle of an enthusiastic young man appealing to his side.

The young man 'knelt down' to him also. In this he acknowledged devotion to Christ. As we recall the worshipping young man, we think of the modern Endeavor pledge which so many have taken, which begins with the words, 'Trusting in the Lord Jesus.' That is to say the Endeavorers also come kneeling to Christ, calling him 'Master.'

But further the young man may be regarded as speaking the succeeding words of the pledge, which read, 'I promise that I will try to do whatever he would like to have me do.' The kneeling young man says to Jesus, evidently pledging obedience, 'What shall I do?' He believes himself ready for any allotted service.

Here, then, is an enthusiastic (he comes running) young man, kneeling at the feet of Jesus and pledging service. The rest of the story we remember too well. When Jesus looked straight at the young man's heart, and required of him the one thing from which he shrink, alas! this enthusiastic young man drew back. 'He went away sorrowful.'

Here is the warning. Enthusiasm and pledge taking are well, may even attract kindly notice from Jesus; but the next step must also be taken, that of hearty obedience. Do not disobey. Do not shrink from known duty. Are there not some who go away from the Church, from prayer, from holiness of life, from active service, of whom cannot be said even that which was said of the young man of Gospel history, and which, because attesting the existence of conscience, to a degree seemed to extenuate his guilt, viz., 'he went away sorrowful?' Unlike this young man, there are those who have come to Christ with apparent enthusiasm, but who disobey in seeming disregard of their Master.

Enthusiasm, consecration (in words only), are not sufficient. There remains further the absolute requirement—obedience.

The Touch of Jesus.

The sense of touch is the fundamental sense. For example: We hear, because the auditory nerve is touched; we see, because the optic nerve is touched; we taste, because the gustatory nerve is touched; we feel because some sensitive nerve is touched. Handling, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling, sensibility—these are different illustrations of the same foundation sense—the sense of touch.

How vividly all this comes out in such familiar expressions as these: 'Artist's master touch'; 'touch of genius'; 'a touching story'; 'in touch with the people'; 'out of touch with the times'; 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

No wonder, then, that the Lord of nature so often used this sense of touch. For example: Does Peter's mother-in-law lie ill of a fever? Jesus touches her hand; the fever leaves her. Does a Galilean leper kneel before him, begging to be cleansed? Jesus is moved with compassion and stretches forth his hand, touches him; the leper is cleansed. In a funeral procession coming from Nain? Jesus approaches the bier, touches it; the dead young man rises and is saved.

Do citizens of Bethsaida bring a blind man for cure? Jesus touches his eyes; the blind man sees. Are the favorite three terrified by their Masters' transfiguration? Jesus comes and touches them; they are calmed. Is the demagogue boy convulsed in death? Jesus touches him; he is healed. Does a woman bowed with a spirit of infirmity eighteen years worship in a synagogue? Jesus calls her and touches her; immediately she is made straight. Are blind men begging by the gates of Jericho? Jesus touches their eyes; straightway they see. Does Peter strike off the right ear of Malchus? Jesus touches his ear; it is healed. Is the exile (John at Patmos) affrighted by his vision of the risen King. The risen King touches him; he is calmed.

Why did Jesus thus appeal to the sense of touch? Was it because he could not heal without touching? No; he healed the nobleman's son in Capernaum, while he himself remained in Cana. Why then did he touch? Because his touches, like his miracles, were acted parables.

Glance at some of these parable-touches. For example: There was the touch of encouragement, as when he stretched forth his hand to the sinking Peter. There was the touch of affection, as when he laid his hands on the infants of Perea. There was the touch of instruction, as when he healed the deaf stammerer of Decapolis, taking him aside from the crowd, putting his fingers into the unhearing ears, touching the inarticulate tongue, looking heavenward. There was the touch of sympathy, as when he stretched forth his hand and touched the Galilean leper.

Here in fact was one of the great meanings of the Incarnation itself. The Son of God became the Son of man in order that he might get in touch with our leprous humanity, and cleanse it with his own purifying contact.

Here is the secret of Christ's great sway. He rules our hearts, not by patronizing us from heaven's throne, but by associating with us in earth's vale. His gentleness makes us great.

And here also is the secret of our own healing ministry. What our leprous world needs is the healing touch of a practical, sympathetic contact. It may be that the Church is losing many a Paul, because no Ananias or Barnabas offer to give the right hand of fellowship to Saul of Tarsus.

Go and Tell Jesus.

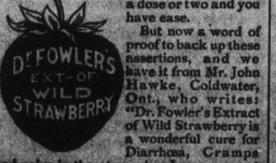
So did blind Bartimaeus, so did the woman of Canaan, so did Jairus and so did the disciples on stormy Gennesareth. So also did the sisters of Lazarus, and so did Mary Magdalene. Indeed, there was a good deal of 'telling Jesus' when he was on the earth. The sons of want and need and sorrow and weakness, of pain and affliction and oppression and sin, soon discovered that in his bosom welled up an ocean of sympathy, that out of his great heart kept flowing a deep, broad, sweeping stream of compassion.

The disciples of John were sad. Cruel enmity had bereft them of their beloved Master. Whether shall they turn in their desolation? Jesus loved John. That they knew. Jesus understood and felt for suffering.

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When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too. You don't want an untried something that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease. But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Goldwater, Ont., who writes: 'Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and Colic in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort.'



HOME FRIENDS AND MONEY-SAVERS.

Mrs. H. Birtz, of Winnipeg, Man., Says: "Diamond Dyes are First and Best."

"Diamond Dyes have been our friends for many years. I have dyed dresses and suits for the children and myself, and have in this way saved considerable money which we have used for other purposes. I find that Diamond Dyes give perfect colors; they are easy to use, and when the directions are observed there is no such thing as failure or poor work. I have tried other dyes, but the Diamond are first and best."

For over twenty years Diamond Dyes have been the standard dyes in every part of the civilized world. Their widespread popularity has brought imitations and cheap package dyes on the market. These common dyes are composed of ingredients dangerous to the materials and the hands of the dyer.

The Diamond Dyes are the only chemically pure and perfect dyes in the world and the only dyes fully guaranteed to the public.

As success in home dyeing is only assured when the Diamond Dyes are used, ladies should see that their dealers supply them with the "Diamond." Refuse all imitations.



Go and tell Jesus, all who are in circumstances of pain, or sorrow, or need. If there is a Bartimaeus still, whose life has been darkened and distressed by disease, "tell Jesus." If there is a mother whose child like the one of old weeps under the power of evil, causing her soul to writhe in anguish over his falling into sin, choosing evil companions and learning evil ways, let her tell Jesus. Are his closet and the sanctuary and the Word and Christ and heaven as idle tales to him? Tell Jesus, cry "mercy" of him. Mind not though he answer not a word, still cry, "Help, Lord! Even the children's crumbs!"

Has trouble entered the house of any? Is there a vacant seat at the board? Has death changed to marble the little lips you loved to kiss? Has that voice been silenced that used to invoke in the family's behalf the morning and evening blessing? Has the strong arm on which you leaned been paralyzed, the heart that sent out its flow of sympathy so often for your good cheer, ceased to beat? Are you often inclined to feel lonely and wretched? Tell Jesus. No one knows so much about trouble and bereavement and loneliness as he. Is any one conscious of being a sinner, a great sinner, a worthless one, deserving the wrath of God? Is the soul all black with crime against God?

Go and tell Jesus. His heart is full of compassion, he has the only balm for such. Thy sins be forgiven thee: will be the sweet assurance that will give strength and hope and joy.

Bereavement forces the soul to recognize its destiny. Tears are sometimes telescopes with which other worlds are viewed. Aching hearts feel their helplessness and then call on God for the comfort that is not within reach. They see visions, have revelations, and doors are opened the key to which is forged out of some grief. The ties of earth are loosened that we may be bound by stronger cords to heaven.

The cruelty of death imbues us with a longing for immortality. The surgeon cuts in order to save the body, and when it is all over we bless the knife. God wounds because a wounded soul needs sympathy and consolation, and can only find them in the sure faith of another life.

From genius as well as revelation, we learn that our actions can alone become harmonious with the universality and naturalness which we see in the outward world when they are made to accord with the will of our Father. From both we learn that of ourselves we can do no positive act; but have only the power given us to render of no avail that which is so that we cannot make one hair white or black; that our seeming strength is weakness—may, worse than weakness—unless it co-operates with God's.—Jones Verty.

THE WICKEDNESS OF THIS WORLD.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn Tells What He saw on a Train Going out of Chicago.

The nearest J. A. Milburn ever came to indulging in a skill game was on a train coming out of Chicago some time ago. Dr. Milburn tells the story himself to illustrate the shrewdness of some of the sharks around Chicago who prey upon the unwary.

"The train was crowded," said Dr. Milburn "and I just settled myself to enjoy my paper. The train was slowly moving out of the depot and I was touched upon the shoulder. I looked into the face of a fine-looking man who rather impressed me by his manner. He asked me very courteously if I would like to join in a game of cards to which I replied, 'No, sir. I do not care to join in a game of cards,' I replied.

"The man apologized for the intrusion, and I followed him with my eyes. He stopped by an elderly gentleman two seats from mine, and I supposed asked the same question and received an affirmative answer, for the old gentleman arose and followed him down the car a few seats, where two seats had been turned facing each other and were occupied by two gentlemen, one of them a young man of refined appearance, resembling a professional man.

"I saw introductions made and the four settle themselves for their game and thought no more of the circumstances till the train was pulling up for Grand avenue station, when I noticed two men pass hurriedly by my seat out on to the platform and disappear in the crowd. As they left the car I noticed one of them was the same man who had asked me to join in the game of cards.

"I was somewhat surprised at this, as I had inferred that the gentleman was beginning a long journey, and we had been on the train but twenty minutes, Grand avenue station being only about eight or nine miles out. In fact, we were still in Chicago.

"I looked back to the seats where I had seen the four settle themselves for their game of cards and saw the young man sitting there alone. He seemed to be in distress. Indeed, it was very apparent that he was in deep trouble. So pronounced was it in fact that I arose and walked back to him.

"You are in trouble, my friend," said I, "what is it?"

"I have just been robbed of \$182," said he, "by those two men who left the car. I am sure I was robbed."

He then told me that he had been approached by the two men the same as I had been by one of them and had agreed to join in a game of cards to pass away the time. The old gentleman had evidently been called in just to fill up the time. It was suggested that the four play euchre and have the opposites for partners. The young man was the partner of the man who had approached me. They had played two or three hands when one of the two men, who were evidently together, remarked as he picked up his hand that he wished they were playing poker, as he had a splendid poker hand. The other remarked that he also had a good poker hand, and the young man, who knew the national game, remarked that he, too, had a good poker hand.

"I would be willing to bet \$5 just for fun that my hand is the best," said one of the two with a laugh.

"I believe my hand is better than yours" remarked the other in a careless, laughing way, and I will bet you a ten-dollar note that I have you beaten. Maybe my partner has a poker hand too," looking across at the young man.

"The young man said he did have a remarkable good hand—four aces or something like that, I believe he told me—and as he wanted to be sociable and at the same time show his friends that he was a man of the world he said he would take a hand in the betting and would be willing to stake \$20 that he had both the others beaten.

"Well," that is a coincidence," remarked one of the two. "Three good poker hands out all in one euchre hand. Maybe our other friend here has a poker hand, too."

"The old gentleman replied with a shake of his head that his hand was not even a good euchre hand.

"Well, I guess you have me beaten this time," remarked the first speaker, "but I am going to throw you a little more money and just call you."

"The other man did the same, remarking that it was going to see the thing through if he spent all his pocket money. There was \$396 on the grip they were using for a table.

"I have a king full," said the first speaker. "Is that good?"

"No good," said the young man excitedly. "I have four sevens."

"King, queen, jack, ten and nine of diamonds—straight flush," said the second stranger. The train was slowing up for Grand avenue station. The man, as he called his hand, threw the cards down, grabbed up the money, pushed the young man's grip over his lap and in five seconds the two men were gone.

"Of course, I was skinned," said the young man brokenly, "and I don't know how I will get home."

"And to think," said Mr. Milburn, "those two sharpers approached that young man, got him into a game of cards, brought the subject up to betting, made him think he had the best of a bargain and succeeded in robbing him of \$182, all in less than twenty minutes. The two were certainly adepts with a wonderful knowledge of physiognomy. I have marvelled over it ever since."

"But," added Dr. Milburn reflectively, "the young man was trying to get their money, wasn't he? He just got hold of somebody smarter than he."

Mr. Milburn won't say whether he gave the young man money to get home on, but the chances are he did.

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President of the Company—"I guess you'd better discharge that boy."

Manager—"Why? He seems to be a nice, quiet kind of a boy and I haven't noticed that he has neglected his work."

President—"That's all very true, but I don't think he has the making of a financial genius in him. He's been around here for more than three weeks now and hasn't given either you or me to understand that he knows more about the business than we do."



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With Years WISDOM.

The answer to that old query, "What's in a name?" was not hard to define in the case of one justly celebrated Family Remedy that had its origin away down in Maine, which proves that with age comes wisdom about JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said "they were out, but could supply her with another just as good." The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen stiff when she replied: "Young Man, there is only one Liniment, and that is Johnson's."

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AN ANTARCTIC WINTER.

DESCRIBED BY EXPLORES WHO HAD A TASTE OF IT.

The Belgians' Year in the Antarctic—Drifted 200 Miles to the West—Blasts from the South and Warmest Winds—Fouling and Seals in the Water.

The Royal Belgian Geographical Society received on April 27 a report from Lieut. de Gerlache, commander of the Belgian expedition, on the year and two months spent in Antarctic waters. The Sea has already printed many facts about the experience of the expedition, but no sufficient data concerning the scientific work of the Belgians have been at hand hitherto to make it possible to prepare a summary of the results of this journey, which extended some distance into the unknown Antarctic area. The following facts deduced and some of them computed from the Lieutenant's report relate entirely to the exploratory work and the hitherto untried Antarctic winter.

Starting on Jan. 14, 1898 from Staten Island, at the southeast end of Terra del Fuego, seven soundings were made as the Belgica crossed the 500 miles of waters to the South Shetland Islands and the greatest depth was attained, was 13,251 feet. The comparative shallowness of these waters had previously been ascertained. A wide submarine plateau connects the southern end of the American mainland with the islands visited by the Belgica.

On Jan. 21, a week after leaving South America, the Belgica entered Bransfield Strait, which separates the South Shetland Islands from the larger land masses known as Trinity, Palmer and Graham Lands to the south, and steamed west through the Strait to Low Island. It was while crossing southeast from Low Island to Hughes' Gulf, Palmer Land, that De Gerlache saw what he reports as a possible discovery of land. He says he found a narrow strait separating the 'terres de l'Est' (Trinity Land) from an important archipelago, which he provisionally named the Palmer Archipelago. In view of the visits to these regions of Bellingshausen, Biscoe & Urville, Dallman and a number of British and American whalers, it is strange if the Belgica has brought to light new land north of and near to the large land mass.

In the three following weeks, Jan. 25 to Feb. 12, about twenty landings were made on the islands of the Palmer Archipelago and the coast on the south side of the narrow strait, and three weeks were very fruitful in collections. The zoologist, Mr. Racovita, discovered specimens of a new kind of podurelle and a species of dipterous or two-winged insect, besides many specimens of minute organisms, all representatives of a terrestrial Antarctic fauna hitherto unknown. He also collected mosses, lichens and grasses and made notes on the penguins, cormorants, and many other kinds of birds that were seen in large numbers. Mr. Lecointe determined the geographical position of a number of points. Lieut. Danco determined the magnetic elements wherever he was able to land his instruments. Dr. Cook of Brooklyn took many photographs of the picturesque coasts, and Lieut. de Gerlache speaks in high terms of the value of this work, which is a fine and faithful representation of the aspects of a part of this coast line, the longest yet known in the South Polar regions except in Victoria Land. Mr. Arctowski collected specimens illustrating the geology.

On the Feb. 12 the Belgica made her way westward into the ocean and turned south. A heavy fog prevailed until the 16th and prevented observations that might otherwise have been among the most interesting of the journey. The Biscoe Islands, extending for some sixty miles southwesterly, were not visible and of course nothing was seen off the west coast of Graham Land, not yet outlined on the maps, though its known to be bordered by mountains. The 16th was bright and sunny, and Alexander I. Land was visible at a distance, but a wide field of ice prevented our approach to it. The fog thus prevented the expedition from solving two interesting problems—the determination of the west coast line of Graham Land and the problem whether Alexander I Land is isolated or is a part of Graham Land. The great desire, however, was to enter the unknown area of the south, and so the Belgians turned to the southwest, skirted the edge of the floe ice and on Feb. 28 in 86° west longitude, attained 70° 20' south latitude. She had passed into the unexplored area, which, between the 80th and 150 meridians, west, is bounded on

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Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

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the north for the most part, by 66th to the 70th parallel. A gale from the north-east had made wide breaches in the floe ice, and the Belgians pushed in, making her way without difficulty to 71° 34' south and 85° 16' west. On March 3 the vessel could not gain another foot south, and so she was put about, and for a week

the prevailing direction was towards the west, and particularly in the summer months of 1898-99. She emerged from 81° 13' W. to about 480 miles west of the point where she was caught in the pack. She had also been drifting north or south all these months within very narrow limits, the most southern point reached being 71° 36' S.

It was invariably remarked that the drift to the south, under the propulsion of the north winds, was as rapid as the drift to the north when southern winds were blowing. This fact, together with the abnormal soundings obtained, convinced De Gerlache that if there is an Antarctic continent he was very far from its northern edge on the South American side of the polar area. He does not think that he was near any large land mass to the south.

The sun disappeared on May 17 and rose again sixty-two days later, on July 21. Of course, the winter night in a latitude averaging only about 4° within the Antarctic circle would not be of long duration. The ice was over six feet thick. High gales were frequent, and heavy snow falls, that rendered work outside the ship

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the pack when, under the influence largely of the swell, wide leads finally opened to the north and much of the pack was broken to fragments, though to the south it still appeared to be impenetrable. The Belgians arrived at Point Arenas in Magellan Strait, fourteen days after she emerged from the ice.



made seven to eight miles a day to the north in very compact ice.

On March 10 she was frozen in solid, the ice field probably extending sixty to seventy miles north of her. Preparations were at once made for the first winter spent by human beings in the Antarctic regions. Snow was heaped up around the vessel to the height of the bridge, and the bridge was roofed over. Steam was kept up till March 26, in view of a possible chance to break out, which did not come. Frozen in on March 10, 1898, the party spent a year in the ice, as it took all the summer following the winter season to break out of the ice prison, which they finally escaped on March 14 1899. During this long, helpless drift in the Antarctic sea the little party was 1,100 to 1,250 miles from the nearest human beings on the south shores of Terra del Fuego.

It was found that the severity of the weather depended upon the direction of the wind. In the second half of March, 1898, for instance, there were strong south winds and low temperatures. South winds bring cold, clear weather. North winds, coming from the open sea only a few score miles away, bring cloudy weather and frequent fogs, with temperatures rising to zero or even to the thawing point. The drift of the vast ice field was also found to be directly a function of the wind. Throughout the year, the ice, with the imprisoned vessel, was in slow-motion. For a wide belt south of South America there is a general set of winds and waters to the east, but south of the 70th parallel, where the Belgica was in the ice,

impossible. The aspect of the pack ice was constantly changing. It felt the influence of the ocean swell as well as of the winds. Generally very compact, there were sometimes wide gaps in the ice or long channels or narrow veins of water. Then the openings would close by freezing or pressure, and in the latter case ridges of hummocky ice would mark the line of contact. In the openings of the ice some seals and penguins appeared, particularly during the last months of the winter, and they proved a desirable addition to the bill of fare. The polar night was marked by more or less impairment of heart action among the men, and Lieut. Danco succumbed to the malady.

During the winter a series of important meteorological observations were obtained, but the details are not given in this report. Fine collections were also made of specimens of pelagic and deep sea fauna and sediments. The party had very hard work getting out of the ice last summer, and everything looked like a second winter in

Not the Judge He Thought He Was. Everyone knows how easy it is for everyone else to be mistaken, and yet so many of us continue to express very hasty judgements of persons and things. Here, for example, is a scrap of conversation reported by an exchange:

HUNDREDS OF MEN ARE WEARING PALMER'S TOUPRES. You can't detect it, can you? That's just why they are wearing them. Nobody wants people to know that they are wearing a toupee. Call in or write for Prices, etc. J. PALMER & SON, 222 1/2 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

'I distrust that man on sight,' said Jinks meaningly. Jinks is one of the men who think they are borne detectives. 'Yes, sir I wouldn't trust that man with a saucapan lid.'

'H'm,' said Ratsibon, who happened to know the man in question, and held a very different opinion. 'And why not, may I ask?'

'In the first place, do you notice the stooping, insinuating way in which he carries his shoulders? That's craft.'

'Oh!'

'In the second place, you observe that he clutches his fists as if he had a grip upon something that nothing would persuade him to loosen. That's cupidity.'

'Ah!'

'In the third place, do you see how furtively he glances from side to side? That's guilt.'

dead sore on him—Why? what was the trouble? Look! Fine Bill—Well, it seems as though he turned out to be the wrong man.'

A HOME MADE HAPPY.

MRS. TUCKER, OF NIAGARA FALLS TELLS WHAT DID IT.

Her Daughter was Afflicted With St. Vitus' Dance and Helpless as an Infant—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Expecting to have Failed.

From the Review, Niagara Falls. It is a horrible feeling to know that you have lost all command or control of your limbs, and most depend upon your friends to wait upon and serve you the same as an infant. This was the condition of Miss Myrtle Tucker for nearly a year, and the Rev. is learning that she has been wonderfully benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People sent a reporter to hear her story. We called, at the residence of Mrs. Edw. A. Tucker, of the village of Niagara Falls. Mrs. Tucker received us very cordially on ascertaining the object of our visit. As nearly as possible these are her exact words in speaking of her daughter's case:—'My daughter Myrtle is in her fifteenth year. About a year ago alarming symptoms of St. Vitus' dance made their appearance, but for some time we did not know what was really the matter. She lost the use of her arms; her right arm was completely paralyzed. She had to be dressed and undressed, being totally unable to help herself. The best local physicians were called in and prescribed for her, but they appeared to be unable to afford relief. We made a trip to Buffalo last January and a specialist was consulted, who recommended that Myrtle be shut up in a dark room for three months, allowing no one to see her, or speak to her but the nurse. In fact the doctor insisted upon her being sent to one of the city hospitals. Arsenic was one of the specifics used; it helped to quiet for a time, but no permanent relief was obtained. After our return from Buffalo, my father urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Myrtle. He said he was sure it would do her good as it had cured his boy of a similar complaint. I was then determined to try them as I was conscious the treatment she was getting was doing her no good. I purchased a box and the effect of the pills was almost marvellous from the very beginning; before the first box was used an improvement was plainly discernible. Five boxes in all have been used and Myrtle is now able to run and enjoy herself in a manner she could not do for months and months back. Two weeks ago she commenced to attend school.

'I want it distinctly understood,' said Mrs. Tucker, 'that the physicians all agreed that my daughter was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance; that the treatment of the medical attendants did not benefit her and that no other medicine was taken after commencing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so that there is no doubt her recovery must be attributed to the use of these pills. Her state of health is now most excellent, her appetite is good and I am only too pleased to be able to certify to the above facts in order that others similarly afflicted may be encouraged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

An impoverished condition of the blood, or a disordered state of the nerves is the fruitful source of most ills that affect mankind, and to any thus affected Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. No other remedy has ever met with such great and continued success, which is one of the strongest proofs that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplish all that is claimed for them. They cure locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, diseases depending upon vitiated blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, curing all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by dealers of each post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Reminiscence.—They had been married seven years; the doctor had been called in and pronounced him a very sick man; as his wife entered the room after the doctor's latest visit he called her to his bedside, and in a tremulous voice remarked: 'Darling, I am going.'

Leaning over him she stroked his head gently, and reminiscently replied: 'Cheer up, Charles; that remark assures me that you will live; don't you remember how often you said that during our courting days and how persistently you didn't go?'

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At a pleasant farm-house where I boarded for a few weeks last summer, there were two such nice young girls spending their vacation—they were bright and jolly without being silly or noisy, and there is a very great difference I can tell you. These girls lived a great deal in the open air—of course that means they came there for; it was then rowed upon the river when it was calm, went for long rambles in the woods, gathered and potted some lovely ferns and picked berries very often; yet they seemed to get a great deal of time for sewing I noticed, and without making a toil of their holiday were invariably employed with some pretty little bit of fancy work; and as I saw one thing after another completed and laid away in what they called a work-box, I confess I felt very curious to know why they were so anxious to accomplish a lot of work in summer hours—surely I thought they cannot be making Christmas presents already, for although it is a capital plan to begin in hot weather, not many young people do so. Well, one rainy day when we all gathered in my room for a sewing-see and I had the pleasure of helping these young friends out of a little difficulty a certain heart-shaped pin-cushion was giving them (and if there is anything hard to fashion decently it is that particular article of toilet use) they became confidential and told me the object for which they were working. A nice respectable old lady they said who used to work for their mothers when they were small had lost the sight of one eye and was getting old and quite unable to do much more than her own housework. She could still manage to knit a little and with presents of tea and sugar from old friends, kept herself in food, but she was then in sore trouble about her stove, which was about worn out, having seen many years of service; having told her troubles to these bright young friends of mine she felt better for their kind sympathy and a hope held out for her encouragement that before cold weather came, she might be the happy possessor of a new stove. So, helping to bear the old lady's burden, and thus fulfilling one of Christ's laws, is it any wonder they were bright and happy at their work?

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Chat to Boys and Girls.

One or two of my girls who are about starting off to the country for their holidays have asked my advice about their packing, their outfit and their "traps" generally, and among the latter I have advised a book of "soap-leaves." You know how difficult it is to easily clean away a cake of soap after it has been used, or a wet sponge—they are both troublesome things to pack if at all damp as any trace of moisture plays and leaves in truck or chest. So if you can get the soap leaves which come in a book, covered with chemicals or oil cloth I advise you all the best forward to a trip to have some—my leaf is just sufficient for washing the hands. Another great convenience for the traveller is a triple tin—that is three bags made of gray linen and lined with rubber or oil cloth and fastened together, forming a safe receptacle for spoons, knives and soap. These silk, challis or cretonne bags with drawing strings will also be found very useful in holding your work and materials. Make a three-sided foundation for your bags and sew one on each side of your triangle—thus you will find a fourth bag in the centre formed by the conjunction of the other three. One bag will hold your scissors, your thimble and spoons, another your crochet work, another your bit of sewing and so on—you will find them all useful and so handy to pick up and carry on the arm from house to hammock, from front porch to shady grove; wherever the sun drives you to seek shelter or fancy leads you.

Frills of Fashion.

The opening of the Salon in Paris, heretofore such an event in the fashionable world, has last season measure of its fame as a representative inauguration of the new spring fashions, quite after the manner of all public social functions which serve the purpose of an opening parade of dress. Just as soon as an event of this kind has established a reputation for presenting a show of fashionable people in fashionable attire the idea promptly turns and these invited objects of interest reserve their attractions for a later date when they can be less conspicuous as models of the leading modes. Everything in the way of materials, between cloth and gauze, seems to be worn at the Salon, and pale blue is the popular color used for pretty touches of trimming as a contrast. One of the most striking effects in the new gowns is a combination of white satin and black cloth, which is put on in serpentine bands all over the princess foundation dress of satin, showing a narrow line of white between the bands. Black cloth cut out in arabesque designs over white satin forms another gown of this class. Black and white effects in every conceivable form are perhaps the leading features in dress if any one of two things can be said to lead in the midst of a variety so great that it seems almost impossible to be specific at all. A pretty idea for a black and white gown is carried out in white taffeta, trimmed with black chintilly lace in a festoon pattern. Two rows of this are sewn on around the skirt fifty-sixteen inches apart, forming a deep point in front and one on each side of the back. The space between is filled in with embroidered black silk polka dots, which cover the entire waist and sleeves. Taffeta gowns in pale blue, with blue mousseline de soie sleeves, are among the latest fancies of fashion, and are trimmed with point d'eyrpt and straps of narrow black velvet ribbon. Very filmy and fairy-like materials form many of the gowns worn at the salon in the daytime, one striking illustration being a mauve mousseline de soie laid in tiny plaits all over the tunic and bodice. This was made over pale pink satin merveilleux, finished at the bottom with a shaped flounce of the mousseline. Cream guipure edged the tunic and the bodice around a yoke of white chiffon, dotted over with small lace applique designs. Fashion has developed a variety of eccentric whims this season which add the coveted chic to many of the new gowns. The use of pique chemise ties, vests in foulard gowns and cloth bands on elegant lace costumes quite reverse the order of things, but anything which can produce an unusual effect is the thing most sought after. Machine stitching, as a means of decorating one's gowns, has a prominence it never had before, and the latest freak of all is the "tulle-built" gown of silk, which is a soft, dull tulle or taffeta. A novel trimming seen on some of the fashions gowns is a rather wide band of white taffeta silk, meeting tucked with black silk and finished on each edge with a lace heading, through which

I was so pleased to have them tell me their plan, which was to hold a sale, in the early autumn, after all the friends had returned to the city; a sale of fancy work, and nice home cookery—all to be made by themselves and their immediate school friends. "You see" said Mary the eldest of the two girls "some of us are not handy with the needle but love to mess in the kitchen—There is my friend Nellie who makes lovely cake, so she will help in that way, and Pauline makes delicious lemon jelly, Hattie and I like sewing and making over-pretty, fancy things so we brought along all our bits of silk, plush lace ribbon and such things, to make what- ever we could contrive, while still enjoying our holiday at this lovely old farm." How glad I was to help them! For of course the proceeds of this fair or sale were to go towards the old lady's stove and anything else for her comfort that they could get with the means so raised. Many a cozy hour we spent together planning and working till the work-box filled to overflowing, and we were so sorry when our stay in the country was brought to a close. However one friend-ship thus formed has not ended there by any means, and I shall honor and love those dear unselfish girls, for the truly christian spirit in which they spent their vacation.

Now don't you think we might all enjoy our holidays very much better if we had in view some object of use or kindness toward somebody else? Next week I may perhaps give you an idea of some of the things we made for that sale in case you want to go and do likewise.

ADY BELLS.

narrow black velvet ribbon is run. This forms the yoke, and the bodice is trimmed with applique lace. One of the special novelties this season is the lace coat with a "Moulin" collar. White embroidered muslin forms the vest and collar. Navy satin toulard forms another blouse, with a vest of plain blue glace tucked and stitched with white. The upper part of the sleeves are formed of this, and the inner vest is of white tulle muslin. In main dress here are two pretty models for the graduation gowns so much in demand just at present. One is of white organdie trimmed with rows of gathered white satin ribbon, and the other is of white silk dotted muslin over white taffeta, and is trimmed with ruffles of white chiffon. The neck is of chiffon and the wide lace collar of lace. Many of the muslin gowns have lace yokes, and bolero or Eton jackets of lace.

BEA OF THE PLAIN GIRL.

Reasons why Beauties are not Wanted in Department Stores. 'I'm very much afraid I cannot find a place behind our counters for you,' said the appointment clerk of the big department store, with a negative shake of his head, which implied all manner sorrowful things. The applicant, a young girl of remarkable beauty, turned away with a sigh, and a shower of tears seemed imminent. 'Oh, dear!' she faltered. 'I understood you needed at least ten saleswomen, and I certainly could furnish you the best of references as to my ability to sell. This is the seventh place I have applied for this morning. I've no luck at all.' 'Why, I thought you said you were hard pressed for competent saleswomen?' remonstrated the reporter as the beautiful young woman vanished. 'Well, so I did,' retorted the clerk. 'Then why did you not give that one a chance? Surely her beauty!'

'Her beauty?' interrupted the clerk. 'That's the sole reason why I refused her, and it is also, perhaps, the sole reason why she did not obtain any of the six other places she sought. This is the era of the plain girl in business, and the girl whose beauty is so insistent that none may deny it has to step aside for her sisters who are less bountifully endowed with charms of face and figure. You will find that is the case in every important department store in New York, not to mention scores of retail establishments of less magnitude. Not that there is any aversion to a modicum of beauty in the saleswoman; rather that is often to be desired; but pronounced loveliness is entirely too attractive both to its possessor and contemplator to facilitate the interest of employers. Go into any large retail store in the shopping districts and you will see scores of saleswomen, who are downright plain, although not positively ugly, and an equal number of girls who might be set down as pretty without stretching the truth; but you will seldom find one whose charm of face or grace of form is so near perfection as to hold you spell bound. Once there was a great establishment set up in the heart of the shopping section, whose saleswomen were

all conspicuous for their beauty. The establishment made a specialty of feminine loveliness behind its counters and largely advertised the fact. What was the result? Why, the store was crowded from morning to night with persons who came to take in beauty show, but rarely remained to purchase merchandise. Dresses and matters were always hanging around, and, lost in the admiration of their own charms, the beautiful saleswomen had little time to devote to their real mission in the store, which evidently went up the commercial flag with a rick.

'No a really beautiful girl will not go for the big metropolitan stores. Her advent behind the counter is only an invitation for customers to stop and stare, for a woman to become envious and consequently prejudiced against the establishment which retains her; for fellow clerks to become jealous of her superior attractions, and for loppish male shoppers to flirt with her. She may be a paragon of modesty, virtue and innocence, but still the fact remains that she is a beauty, has probably been told so often and is not likely to forget it, and that in all likelihood, she will render conspicuous the salient features of her prettiness rather than to keep them under cover to the promotion of her employer's interests.'

Another reason for this opposition to the very beautiful saleswoman is that she is rarely clever at making sales, being too much absorbed in her personal affairs, whereas the plain girl who must rely on her mental abilities to run the battle of life, cultivates her persuasive facilities and becomes an expert in the manipulation of a convincing tongue. To be a good saleswoman one must be free from self-consciousness, and who could expect a strikingly handsome creature to forget herself?

'The life of a beauty behind a counter is often rendered miserable by envious shoppers whose plainness of face and form she makes doubly noticeable by comparison. The ugly ones grow to hate her, and leave nothing undone to annoy her. She is always under their stony surveillance, and her slightest intruding want of the rules governing the department of the employee is instantly reported at headquarters in hope that it may bring about her discharge. Sometimes to accomplish their purpose malicious clerks will go to great lengths, although taking care not to expose themselves. Such conduct, of course, is death to that discipline and thorough organization of forces which is necessary to the success of large enterprises, and it has become absolutely intolerable for department stores to employ beauties.'

High Lights.

Fortuna is very human; we hold off her choice gifts by hinting for them. The value of a dollar depends on whether you earn it or have it given to you. When life begins to give man the cold shoulder he decides that he is tired of life. According to the germ theory, the only safe way to clean a house is to set fire to it. Some persons struggle so hard to climb in a social world that bystanders can hear their souls squeak. A woman begins a diary when she first falls in love, and again when the baby commences to say bright things. The lover who sends a passionate key across the ocean will probably make just that much more for the other man when his own comes to go down and see if the front door is locked.

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. Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND.

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BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE TO LADY READERS OF THIS PAPER. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 595, Montreal.

MADAGASCAR'S IRON RULE.

Madagascar's Iron Rule. Returns to France of the man who made Queen Ranavalona in his presence. One of the most interesting and forcible men of France has just returned to his native land for rest and recuperation after some years of very arduous and responsible service. He is Gen. Gallieni, who went to Madagascar in the fall of 1896 to take charge of the country after the great island had been betrayed by the cowardice and incapacity of the Hovas into the hands of the French with scarcely a drop of blood shed by the natives for their Queen and independence. When Gallieni reached the capital he was proclaimed as Resident General, but it was not long before he signed himself Governor-General of Madagascar, and from that day to this he has ruled the island with a rod of iron. There is no doubt who is the ruler, from end to end, of the fourth largest island in the world. It is Gallieni. France has simply ratified his policy and his deeds. He has been the terror of all who raised their feeble hands or voices in opposition to the new regime. He is acclaimed to-day by all the rest of Madagascar, and that is practically the whole of the island.

The character of the man is indicated by his official intercourse and meeting with the Queen of Madagascar. He had arrived in the country just about a year after the French army entered the capital. After that time things had gone at sixes and sevens and an insurrectionary spirit and then revolt had made great headway among the Hovas. On Feb. 26, 1897, he sent word to the Queen that the Resident General desired to see her at a certain hour on the following day at his office. He believed that the man who was tempting rebellion were making a tool of the sovereignty and he had a most important announcement to make to her.

Ranavalona III, returned answer that the Queen of Madagascar gave audiences only at the palace, where she would receive the Resident General. In an hour she received a peremptory order from Gen. Gallieni to appear at his office at the appointed time, and when the time came she was there. As she entered the room Gallieni arose.

'Madame,' he said, 'as I am the representative here of the power and dignity of the French republic, whose colony Madagascar is, it is fitting that you remain standing to hear the message I have for you.'

Gen. Gallieni then resumed his seat, and the Queen, for the first time in her life standing on an official occasion, listened to the fatal words that abolished forever the throne of Madagascar. The Resident General told her of his proofs that she was in secret alliance with the traitors who were plotting to overthrow the power of France, and that she was from that hour deposed from the throne and would be exiled from the island.

The poor Queen bore the ordeal bravely showing then, as she had shown before, that she had courage and stamina, qualities that were lacking in her pusillanimous counselors, who had boasted so loudly of their prowess and invincibility before the French army came, only to flee from the capital as fast as their legs could carry them when the crucial moment came, leaving the Queen to the mercy of the victors. She simply [asked] Gen. Gallieni that she might be permitted to live on the Island of Reunion, and he granted her request. The next day she went to her future home.

In the proclamation with Gen. Gallieni issued to the people on the evening of his interview with the Queen, he told them of her downfall. 'Royalty has become useless in Imerina,' he said. 'For five months you have been seen at work. I have shown you the meaning of the words: "Madagascar a French colony." They signify that henceforth France is the sole sovereign in Madagascar, and that she does not intend to share this sovereignty with any one. France is the sole mistress in this island. To the Malagasy who labor in peace and are faithful and obedient subjects to France. I shall never cease to give proofs of my good will. To the others, to the rebels, the mutinous, of whatever rank, I shall untiringly mete out the severest chastisement, and other soldiers will hunt them down to their lairs. I have done. Heed my words. You know what I say, that will I do.'

He has kept his words in all respects to the letter. His name has been a terror to all who sought, by refuge in the forests or in other ways to escape allegiance to France. He has ruled the Hovas justly, but with a rod of iron. Some of his acts have made him extremely popular among other tribes. He abolished slavery, and declared that henceforth the slaves were the equals of their former masters. 'You Betsileo,' he said to the people of this tribe when he visited their country and 40,000 of them gathered to hear his words, 'I have seen that if France is strong, she is

generous and kind to her subjects. Scarcely a year ago your people furnished numerous slaves to the Hovas, Sakalava and other tribes. These slaves have been freed and returned to their families, who thought them lost forever. Everywhere on my journey I have been surrounded by them, pressing round me to express their gratitude.

There is no doubt that Gallieni has done wonders, and, as a whole, the people of Madagascar adore him, even the Hovas, though he has treated many of their leaders with such severity. His soldiers have been among his missionaries. He sent them out among the people whose homes were ruined in the revolt and made them rebuild their houses, and teach French to the natives. His taxation system weighs equally upon all, and this has made him more popular than anything else, for the former tax extortions bore very heavily upon the people. He has established numerous schools, and the French language is the first thing they must learn. Early and late he insisted that the people must learn French. 'You see always Betsileo,' he said on one occasion, 'but you are also French and you must learn the French language and dress in clothes of French materials of world wide renown for their quality.' And with all his laws and his severe interference in everything that in the slightest opposes the policy and purposes of France, he lets the people elect their own chiefs and they have a large measure of self-government, and are free to exercise their own religion.

France and her glory and the good of the natives are the inspiration of Gallieni's acts, and there are some discriminations against which the representatives of foreign nations have complained. But the Governor-General is a most faithful promoter of his country's interests, and there are few administrators of colonies in any part of the world who have the genius for that business which Gallieni has shown in his government of Madagascar.

Are You Still in Suffering and Misery?

HAVE CONTINUED DISAPPOINTMENTS MADE YOU DESPONDENT?

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND Guarantees Safety and Good Health.

There are thousands of well meaning people in our Dominion who are either adding to their burdens of physical suffering, or who are making so little progress in banishing disease from their bodies, that they are continually despondent and miserable.

The people we refer to are the men and women who are placing their confidence in the many advertised pills, tablets and sanaparillas and nervines that have little or no medicinal value to commend them.

The ten of thousands in Canada who are at present using Paine's Celery Compound for the banishment of blood diseases, nervous affections, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, are the wise and prudent. They have been guided by the advice of relatives, friends and neighbors, who have found new life, health and strength from Paine's Celery Compound.

The continued flow of testimonials from cured people is the strongest proof that Paine's Celery Compound is the only salvation of the sick, the one true friend that never disappoints when disease threatens life.

Are you, dear reader, one of the many disappointed ones still in the death grasp of some serious ailment? If you are, we would counsel you to throw aside the useless medicines you are now using and give Paine's Celery Compound an honest trial.

The great medicine is a prescription of the ablest medical men that ever lived, and is endorsed by the highest practitioners. You must use it if you would have a new and happy lease of life.

Two of a Trade.

Agitator—'Are you a human being?' Sandwich Man—'What?' Agitator—'I say, are you a human being or are you a chattel—a thing—a soulless creature of flesh and blood, made in the likeness of man, but without any of the attributes of manhood? Do you know the human race exists? You talk, you can stand upright, you wear clothes, you have hands, feet,



Face to Face.

Learn about Pearline that way, if you like. Any woman who has been using Pearline in the right way will tell you the truth about it just as strongly as we could. If Pearline has made the washing easy and economical for her, why not for you? Is your case so different from that of the millions of women that are being helped by Pearline? Isn't "washing without rubbing" worth looking into?

Millions use Pearline

head body, and, powers of locomotion, yet you voluntarily surrender yourself to wage slavery. At the bidding of some representative of organized greed you place that badge of servitude upon yourself, and without a blink of shame march forth into the light of day to advertise your infamy. Have you said your birthright for a dog-collar? Where is the spirit that should nerve you to throw off the galling yoke? Sandwich Man—'Say, you close that mouth of yours and get out of my way! I'm something of a walking dog-tag myself.'

With rich and profitable—the rich man in a rush to keep up—and dyspepsia a common complaint. Dr. J. C. Stone's Finest Tablets keep the stomach sweet, the nerves steady and insure health—they're vegetable peppin and Nature's most potent aid to keeping well. 35 cents.

The Drama Up-to-Date. 'I tell you my scheme for novelty and doing away with moss-bound tradition in my new melodrama, 'The Wealth of Gold,' will make a howling success,' said the seedy dramatic author, eagerly. 'Well, you can give me a synopsis of it; don't read the stuff,' said the successful manager wearily, for he had heard this sort of talk before. The author brightened up. 'The first act does not begin,' he said, 'with a rosy checked maid dusting the furniture. The second act has no delay in the action of the pieces to allow songs to be committed by the Imperial Duplex Quartette. In the scene in the lawyer's office there is no comedy business by the superannuated old clerk with a cold in his head. Finally in the last act, it is discovered that the villain has expired in agony from nicotine poisoning caused by excessive cigarette smoking, and it all ends unhappily with the millionaire's heirs contesting the will; and the lovers quarrel and part.' 'My boy—there was a tremor of pathos in the manager's voice—'name your price. I want that manuscript to destroy, for it aims a blow at melodrama and all the sacred traditions of the stage, in comparison with which all the living pictures are as naught. It is a bad thing, push it back.'

Desperation. He looked tired, and seemed to have worked hard all day, but the tram was already full, and there was no seat for him, so he remained on the platform. At the approach to each street the tired man looked hopefully inside the car. But his face saddened as street after street went by and the conductor was not signalled to ring for a stop. The tired man lived a long way out, and counted on a seat a good part of the distance. This particular tram seemed to be made up of stayers' who showed no inclination to get off. Finally the tired man put his head inside the tram, and exclaimed, in a voice of appeal that went to every heart not made of adamant: 'Great Scott! Have none of yez no homes?'

A Query Answered. Anxious questioners ask, 'Is there no cure for corns?' We are glad to be able to tell these sufferers that Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor will relieve them in a day, and extract corns without pain. It never fails.

Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her husband that she owned it a silver, that she owned the furniture, and so on, until poor Smith almost wished he'd married a poor girl. The other night Mrs. Smith awoke to hear strange noises in the lower part of the house, and, vigorously punching her husband in the ribs, called:

'John, get up! There are burglars in the house!'

'Eh?' inquired Mr. Smith, sleepily.

'Burglars! Downstairs!' howled Mrs. Smith, as he turned over. 'Well, I don't own anything.'

After one of the exhibitions by the Indians, a Boston girl undertook to talk to a young Indian brave. 'Heep much fight,' she said. The Indian smiled a stolid smile, drew his blanket closer about his stalwart form and replied:

'Yes; this is, indeed, a great exposition, and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attractive here. May I ask who it is that I have the honor of addressing?'

The girl was thunderstruck and hastily fled. She had been addressing one of the Carlisle Indian School graduates.

'Your brother? I did not know you had a brother.' 'Oh, yes I do, what is the same thing. I have two half-brothers.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

A lie on the ocean wave.—A man overboard.

'Is it true, darling, that you gave the minister \$30 for marrying us?'

'Yes; but keep it to yourself. I was never so awfully in my life.'

'That's the girl.' 'But why do you think they are engaged?'

'Because he has stopped taking her to the theatre, and goes to church instead.'

Wicks—'Pon my soul, I believe a bad cook applies a doctor with half his patients.'

Hicks—'Yes; and a good one supplies him with the other half.'

Patient (about to have his leg removed, cheerfully)—'Well, doctor, I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more doctors.'

Dr. Knifer—'No, after this you'll have to confine yourself to hops.'

She—'Do you remember you said you would do anything I asked when I promised to marry you?'

He—'Yes, but I didn't know then how much spare time a woman had to think up things to ask for.'

May—'So you scouted Jack last night, did you, dear? He wanted to bet me you would!'

Maud—'He did!'

Grimes—'No; but the man who did act as though he had.'

'My horse has reasoning powers, I tell you.'

'In what respect particularly?'

'Well, instead of shying at that automobile cab he edged up to it and kicked it.'

'I once reported one of these waiters for incivility.'

'How did it seem to strike the management?'

'The management seemed to think I had a good deal of nerve.'

Jinks—'Well, I see the French didn't succeed in hissing down the Wagner opera.'

Winks—'Of course not. Nothing less than a thunder storm or a dynamite explosion can down Wagner after the orchestra gets its second wind.'

Wife—'Here are some household bills, dear, that came in today.'

Husband—'Harg it! Why can't you wait until I've had my dinner?'

Wife—'I was going to give you my own bills then.'

The Artist—'Se here, how often must I tell you to stand up straight? Imagine yourself an officer in the army.'

The Model—'an' how the devil can I imagine myself an officer in the army wid you orderin me around loike that?'

Cassidy—'Oj don't see who's English or Ameriky or Garminy should 'ank av feightin' over a dom little 'ting loike Samos?'

Kerrigan—'Ye don't, eh? Then, begorrah! ye're a dom poor scedimin av an Oorishman!'

Mrs. Harduppe—'John, the butcher we had who lived at the other side of the town has found out our address. He called with that last year's bill and was very impertinent.'

Mr. Harduppe (bottly)—'Impertinent, was he? Well, now, we'd just let him wait for his money.'

'So you are a rapid stenographer?'

'Yes, sir. I should think it would be very difficult to take down everything a speaker says.'

'It's not hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I would try and see how fast I could report, and will you believe it, none of the speakers could follow me.'

First Burglar—'Oh, no! I'm not goin' to rob a poor, lone, unprotected woman!'

Second Burglar—'What's de matter wit' yer?'

First Burglar—'Well, de way dem lone, unprotected women is goin' on dese times de chances is she'd land de hull lot of us in jail.'

Doctor—'James, did that lady in the waiting room come in her own coach or a trolley car?'

Servant—'Trolley car, sir?'

Doctor—'Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses!'

Mr. Winterbottom—'Emily, the doctor says all we need for these colds of ours is whisky and quinine.'

Mrs. Winterbottom—'Cyus, if you think you're going to get any whisky down my throat you are much mistaken!'

Mr. Winterbottom—'And I haven't a particle of faith in quinine, so I brought them in separate bottles. Here's your quinine.'

Mrs. De Fashion—'Is Mrs. De Style at home?'

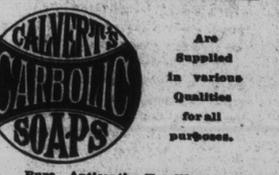
Servant—'No, mum.'

'Will she be back soon, do you think?'

'No, mum; she'll be away all day, I'm thinking. Ye see, I've giran her notice, an' she's gone out ter find a gurrul good enough ter fill my place. Yes might come in an' rest 'erself. There's none o' the family home to talk ye to death.'



Guess what it is! It is the coffee that never fails to give absolute satisfaction. The seal which it bears is a guarantee that its purity and strength have not been tampered with, and that it truly is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE. Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guilford, Ont., says: 'Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum. 'When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. 'After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire.'

Laxative Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.



PATENTS: When you want to secure or sell patent rights, write the firm who understand the patent laws—be aware of firms who offer schemes—Our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. L. E. GILLES and F. W. WASHINGTON, D. C. CUTLER & SANBORN, 100 N. 3rd St., Montreal.

