

PROGRESS.

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HAMPTON'S SENSATION.

AN INFANT FOUND DEAD IN A HOT WATER TANK.

Two Inquests Have Been Held and Nothing Brought to Light up to Yesterday—Some Incident That Have Been Connected With a Somewhat Remarkable Case.

A week ago yesterday afternoon, James Lindsay, a resident of Norton, Kings county, and one of the foremen in the well known mills of Messrs. G. & G. Flewelling of Hampton, saw something in the tank outside of one of the buildings of concern. He knew it was something that should not be there and called others from the building to investigate the matter. Then he and his assistants hooked out a dead child and stood aghast at the sight.

And well they might, for the infant was perfectly developed and yet was dead and partially decomposed. Their first duty was, of course, to notify the authorities and in the meantime the body lay there in a biscuit box alongside of the tank awaiting their arrival and being gazed at by all the curious people of the community who had been attracted by the report.

Many of them however ceased to be curious when they had seen the body of the dead child and became indignant, instead, that any deed of so dastardly a nature should have been committed in their midst. What made it worse in their eyes was the place of concealment chosen for the body—a tank open at all times and in sight of everyone who passed that way—a reservoir, almost, of tepid water which was used for various purposes by the neighbors near at hand.

When Dr. Smith arrived, he had the remains taken charge of and proceeded, as a coroner, to hold an inquest. Now Dr. Smith is not used to holding inquests and he did not know whether a jury of three, four, five or seven was necessary. He thought three would be enough but to make all sure he had four good and true men of Hampton chosen to decide how the unfortunate infant met its death. They met and heard some evidence, including that of the men who found the body and the doctor who examined it and decided that the child had died from natural causes. This was in spite of the fact that Dr. Warnford, who examined the infant, had said that it was alive when born, but in his opinion was dead before being thrown in the tank.

Up to this time there had not been much sensation about the affair, but the rumor of foul play was started and soon spread. The people of Hampton became somewhat exercised over the matter and the procedure of the inquest was questioned. What was the result? Another coroner? Mr. Hatfield, of Norton was called in and a further investigation began. More evidence was taken and was being taken yesterday when PROGRESS was being printed.

The rapidly decomposing body of the child was exhumed and viewed by a second jury and proof was adduced to show that it was the same child that had been found in the tank at the mill and buried after the first inquest.

Perhaps it may be said that at the first sitting of the second inquiry nothing of greater importance was elicited that had been learned at the first. The doctors gave evidence again and something may be said in reference to this.

They made a post mortem examination of the body and found that the infant had been born alive and apparently in a healthy condition. In fact it seemed to be a more than ordinarily large child and was so mature, well formed and plump that no woman who takes an interest in new born babes could resist the temptation to call it a "fine boy". The doctors agreed that it had been born alive, that it had not lived long before being thrown into the tank and that in their opinion was dead before it had been thrown into the water. But they also said that the child had died from asphyxiation which is of course capable of a good many interpretations and gave rise to many conjectures. But there was no violence—no signs of ill usage, other than neglect. The poor child had never been dressed and was wrapped in one or two cloths and an old waist. This waist was made of dark print and when it was viewed there were several people who said they had seen it before. But that is always the case. Those who hang around the doors of an inquest always know more than the jurors who hear the evidence. So far as PROGRESS could learn the waist

was of a very ordinary pattern such as any woman might wear.

Hampton is a small place and of course there are many rumors associated with the finding of the body of the child. When PROGRESS representative arrived there Thursday the air was full of rumors which pointed at nobody in particular but yet aimed at so many people as knowing something of the affair that there was no doubt an injustice was being done several persons. The place where the body was found is not cheerful. Imagine a number of mill buildings with a tank alongside of one of them and piles of lumber here and there within the radius of fifty yards. The Kennebecasis river flows by within the same distance and as the newspaper man viewed the scene in the twilight it was a weird one.

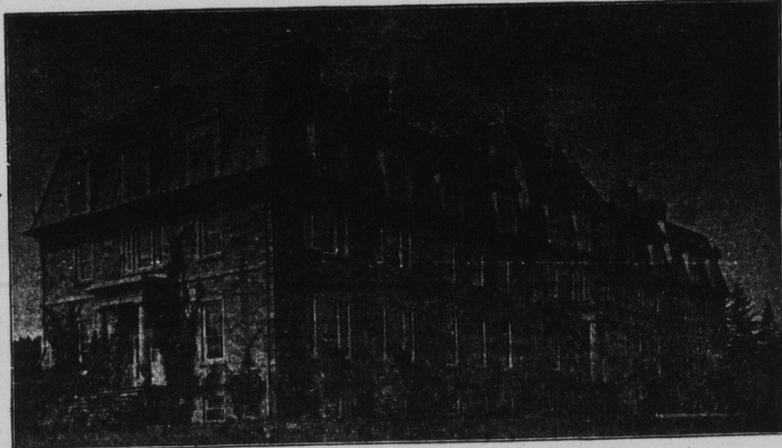
not giving credit to idle rumors but are sitting such as may appear of any value. Few of them have up to the time of writing this, but a clue that will lead to the discovery of the guilty parties may be found at any time. There are not many who indulge in the sensational theory of murder.

The consensus of opinion inclines to the conclusion that the mother of the child concealed its birth to hide her shame and that in doing so, by reason of no medical attendance and her inability to take proper care of the infant caused its death.

But concealment of the birth of a child is an offense in the eyes of the law and if nothing else is gained it may be learned who transgressed in this particular.

the very first opportunity the people elected him—to stay at home. But the worthy alderman for King's has concluded that "discretion is the better part of valor" and he has concluded to "mind his own business" this time and let somebody else look after this department of the public service.

Probably the most surprised man on the result of the election was Alderman—now Ex Alderman MacPherson. Mr. MacPherson was one of the oldest—it not the oldest, civic representative and his defeat was therefore the more surprising; and more especially so when it is considered that the alderman has been carrying along his share of the Department of State with much greater dignity and attention during the past year than he ever had before.



THE MUCH TALKED ABOUT PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY.

One would have thought almost that the tank selected to conceal a human body would have been of considerable size. Instead of that the "tank" is simply the bottom of an old iron boiler perhaps four or five feet in diameter and only about two feet nine inches in depth, and the water was about eighteen inches deep. No doubt for the sake of safety, for fear that some of the children near might fall in, a few boards were thrown over about two thirds of the tank and a small opening was left through which the neighbors living near used to get warm water for household purposes. It was through this opening that the infant was thrown—into the warm water and in plain view of the scores of people who must have passed the spot every day.

This tank served another purpose too. The pump which supplied the mill hands with water for drinking and other purposes was located at another side of the building and frequently when it was necessary to pump water from it "priming" was in order. And the water which served for this operation came from the tank in which the dead child was. When the mill operators heard this there was an unpleasant sensation about their stomachs and water from the tank will not meet with the same appreciation after this.

Such incidents as these have all been talked over at the "village" and "station" in Hampton. The action of the coroner has been criticized for holding an inquest that was not an inquest—even the hearing of the physicians at the post mortem has been before the bar of Hampton opinion, but the people have not arrived at any conclusion that points to any particular woman as guilty of child murder. Truly there were surmises and hints thrown out but investigation quickly brought to light the fact that proof was wanting. There were many who think the child was born some time ago and only thrown in the tank recently, when warm weather compelled its removal. But why any man or woman would throw the body in the tank when the river was only a few yards distant, and open in many places where they have been cutting ice, is a mystery that would puzzle anyone.

Everyone seem to be agreed that no woman could do the deed alone. She must have had assistance provided the infant (was born but a day or two before it was placed in the tank. Who assisted her and who she was are the facts the people of Hampton are trying to discover and they are earnest about it, too. They are

MR. REID STAYS AT HOME.

How the Recent Fredericton Civil Elections Turned Out.

FREDERICTON, Mar. 17.—The Fredericton majority and aldermanic elections have taken place and the people have made their choice for the ensuing year. As was of course expected, the veteran horseman John Hamilton Reid was defeated. But what a surprise his 355 votes was to every body! Who would have thought when Mr. Reid first announced his intention of being a candidate, that he really had the slightest idea of being serious in the matter? How many people laughed at the idea and how many were disposed to wager that Mr. Reid would not get fifty votes! The result of last Monday's election proves one of two things; either that Mr. Reid was a much stronger and more popular candidate than people supposed—or his opponent was weak and unpopular, and in consequence of this the indomitable John Hamilton rolled up a thoroughly creditable vote—more especially so when it is considered that only a month or two before election, he recovered a suit-in-law against the city for something like four thousand dollars; all of which goes to show that pluck, perseverance and bull dog tenacity will accomplish much and that the people do like such things, even if they have to pay dearly for them. But on the other hand the defeat of Alderman Thomse, chairman of the City hall committee would lead one to believe that public enterprise is not appreciated in the capital. For months chairman Thomas has devoted time, which means money, as well as the people's money, to vast improvements upon the interior decorations and accoutrements of the City Hall which have greatly added to its attractiveness and accommodations; but it appears the people wanted none of this, and thus the enterprising Alderman for St Ann's ward has been relegated to the more comfortable and less arduous duties of his "own fire-side." In delivering his farewell speech to the voters on election day, Mr. Thomas very ably in effect said, "It is not often that a man erects a monument to himself previous to his burial—but in this case the Fredericton opera house will be [my monument, and pride for future generations to look upon." Ex-Alderman Rosborough again becomes a member of the board and the prefix to his title will be henceforth dropped. During the alderman's former incumbency he occupied the distinguished position of Chairman of Administration of Justice and so thoroughly did he fulfil his duties that at

But in civic matters nothing seems to count and a representative who may be at the top round of the ladder today may be on the ground tomorrow. The Ex-Alderman calls the new council the "limping" Board. And on the opening meeting it has been suggested that the ceremonies shall begin with a grand cake-walk with Alderman Anderson in the centre supported on the one side by the newly elected representative from St. Ann's Ward, Dr. Henry, and on the other by Alderman C. F. McKendrick for King's. Alderman Golding would no doubt be prepared to "press the button" to start the ball-rolling while Alderman Vanwart would be fanning himself with "a cake of ice." Alderman Limerick would see to it that no "extras" were allowed, and in the event of such an occurrence Alderman Risteen would be on hand with "shot and shell" to make a "short-hand" despatch of the culprits. In the event of serious injury Alderman Rosborough could apply the "plaster" and should the occurrence terminate fatally Alderman Farrell could do the shovelling over their icy remains. Alderman Moore would at once get an order in council to erect a suitable "monument" to the memory of the departed, and the burial lot could be closed in with ex-Alderman Thomas' "brass hand-rails." The Mayor would do well to perch himself on a pair of stilts and thus watch the proceedings out of harm's way.

Progress Prize Competition.

PROGRESS calls attention to the interesting prize competition which begins in this week's issue. The competition is open to everybody and every person has the same chance of capturing the money prize which is offered. The competition is sure to create a great deal of interest and PROGRESS will take pleasure in announcing the successful winners on April 6th. All answers must be handed in not later than noon of April 6th.

News From the Klondykers.

The first news from the Fredericton Klondyke expedition was received this week from Vancouver, stating that all had arrived there in the best of health and spirits and that already four of the party whose destination was Vancouver had struck a good job in that city. Three of the Klondyke expedition have gone forward to Fort Wrangle in charge of the horses and the other three expected to sail on the 17th March.

NO SUNDAY SHAVES NOW

THAT IS WHAT THE GOOD BARBERS ARE AFTER.

But Those Who Are Sabbath Breakers Do Not Agree with Them and There may be "Open" House Sunday For All The Barbers in the City.

The barbers are up in arms, at least those of them who have not been shaving on Sunday. They held a meeting this week and discussed ways and means as to how best to put a stop to Sunday work. The committee was to report last night but as PROGRESS was printed earlier in the day the result of their interview with the Sabbath toilers cannot be given here.

Sunday shaving is not a new thing for St. John. The time was when it was not thought out of place to get a shave or a hair cut on Sunday, but when the tide of Sabbath observance flowed over the town men were brought to see that it was as easy perhaps to go to the barber shops on Saturday night as it was to turn out Sunday. Besides, they made it easier for the barbers who had no wish to work from nine until one o'clock on the Sabbath day. Judge Peters was the police magistrate of that day and he helped along the efforts of the Sabbath observance people by imposing a fine of \$8 upon a barber convicted of shaving on Sunday. Then there was a lull of Sunday work and the shops were closed hard and fast. But that did not guarantee that there was no violation of the law. Some business men who thought it was not possible for them to risk losing an hour or so on Saturday night waiting for a shave, made arrangements with their barbers to call at their house on Sunday morning and relieve them of their surplus beard. Then there were tonsorial artists who were ready to make quarters at the hotels, and of those guests who had arrived by the late train Saturday evening or had neglected to improve the appearance of their face on Saturday. The fact that they had no barber's chair with them made no difference. In emergencies like those a man could not be particular and the barber was prepared to give faces a run over whether their owners were in or out of bed.

The transition from this kind of violation of the law to more open defiance of it was easy. Soon peculiar raps upon the doors or windows of some barber shops procured entrance for the customer and he gladly gave his quarter for the accommodation. In this way a few of the barber shops made from two to five dollars on Sunday morning.

That was before the hotels added such conveniences to their hostleries. One after another the three leading hotels put in first class barber shops, and, presumably, for the benefit of their guests they were open for some hours Sunday morning. Had the prices of 25 cents for a shave remained uncut probably the barbers outside of the hotels would have had no occasion to make much objection because the difference between a quarter of a dollar and ten cents made it an inducement for many men to get shaved Saturday. But the price dropped to 15 cents and regular Saturday customers put off the shave until Sunday and paid the additional five cents with pleasure. Perhaps also it they were well satisfied with the work they might be induced to transfer their custom. At any rate the boss barbers have noted the falling off of Saturday's trade and attribute it to the reasonable Sunday shaving. Hence their action and if nothing comes of it all the barber shops in the city will probably be as wide open on Sunday morning as on other days of the week. Then the Sabbath observance promoters and the law would have a chance.

Captain Ferris for the West.

Amid a tumult of cheers, farewell, torpedoes and good wishes Captain John Ferris boarded the train Wednesday afternoon en route for the Klondyke. He is not going on his own account but as the captain of a steamer on the big rivers in that rich country. He has a good salary and a chance to get gold on the side. But he did not like to leave St. John where he has hosts of friends all of whom wish him the greatest success but regret to lose sight of his kindly face. No man knew this harbor and coast better than John Ferris. He was a favorite with steamboat captains who always sought his services.

LOST LOCOMOTIVE NO. 67.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY OF A DISAPPEARANCE.

A New Engine That Just Threw Its Engineer and Vanished—Affidavit That It Let a Ghost Which Ran Over the Country—Fate of the Engineer.

'One of the most beautiful traits of my character,' began the division superintendent, 'is an overwhelming love of truth. For that reason your demand for a story places me in an unpleasant predicament, since the only story I know is one which no one has ever believed. But you shall have it.'

'Some years ago I was yardmaster at Great Plains, Neb., then the western terminus of the Missouri, Nebraska and western Railway. Along in December we received three new engines from the Baldwin. One was a yard engine, another a twelve-wheel freighter, and the third a big compound to haul the California and Chicago express. Sixty-seven was the number of the last engine, and she was a beauty! For a week or so she was put at jerking the big freights between Great Plains and Millersburg just to get her wind, and then—Dec. 24, it was—she was fired up in the afternoon preparatory to making her first trip with the express from the West. An engineer of the name of Gabbert was to take her out, and a young Irishman, Tom Brine, was to fire. Bill Gabbert was an old hand and one of the best on the road, and we knew that if any man was capable of getting the best licks out of an engine he was that man.'

'There was quite a crowd in the round-house that night when the time came for running 67 out and down to the station. She stood, with her brass work shining brightly in the dim light, humming and steaming as though eager for the road. Bill Gabbert looked her carefully over from pilot to coupler, and then stepped aboard and disappeared in the cab. A moment later we loiterers outside saw him stagger out and fall back against the tender and stand there looking ahead with terror on his face.'

'What is it, Bill?' I cried. He turned toward us, his features drawn and ghastly, passed his hand across his face, and staggered to his feet. He moved as though to leave the engine, and then, pulling himself together, stood there looking down, dazed and white and trembling.'

'What's up, Bill?' cried a dozen voices. He shook his head; then said: 'Boys, I've seen my death,' he said, in a voice low and hoarse. 'I was studying the gauge when all of a sudden I seemed to be looking out of a cab window, and to see something on the track ahead. I jerked the whistle cord and tried to down brakes, but couldn't. Then the engine was over the thing, and I saw that it was me. It was all as plain as day. There was a mile post right in front of me, and the number was 126. I tried to yell and couldn't make a sound, and then—it all went away again.' He passed his hand across his face. 'Boys I've seen my death.'

'Nobody spoke for a minute. Then: 'Aw, chase yourself, Bill. It's indigestion you've got,' cried one of the boys, and 'Brace up, Bill,' cried another, 'it was dramin' ye were.'

'Bill,' said I, 'you're not feeling fit. Go home and lie down and let me send another man out this run. Brinker here will go, eh?'

'That will I,' growled Brinker, just in from a long freight run. 'Go home, man, and rest a bit. You'll be all right by morning. But Gabbert shook his head.'

'No, sir, thanks. I'll take her out. I'm better already. I dare say I was a bit dizzy like. Maybe there's nothing in it.' He went back to the cab and leaned out the window. 'Where's the Brine sir?'

'He's not back from supper yet, Bill. He said to tell you you'd find him at the switch.' Gabbert nodded and waved a hand.

'Good bye, lads,' he cried. 'Good-by,' we answered, without enthusiasm. Then 67 gave a twang of her bell, her drivers slowly revolved, and resplendent in new paint and polished metal she ran slowly out through the big doorway on to the two glistening rails which curved away into the darkness to the left.'

'It was probably a desire to steady his nerves that led Gabbert to pull wide the throttle as he did, for when clear of the house the big wheels bit at the rails, and 67's tender went whisking around the curve like a can on a dog's tail. It was a good quarter of a mile to the station, and owing to the long curve, 67 was out of sight when a third of the distance had been travelled. One or two of the men and myself walked down the track to the paint shop, which, after a moment's talk with the foreman, I left just as the whistle of the express sounded outside of town. Under the shadow of the water tank, a figure hurried past me.'

'Is that you, Brine?' I called. 'Yes, sir. Where's 67, sir? They telephoned from the roundhouse that she came down ten minutes ago.'

'So she did; Gabbert took her out.'

'What! Come on; I'll telephone down to the east tower. Look out!'

'We stepped aside and the express went by, her shoes grinding the wheels as she slid down the frosty track to the platform. Two minutes after I was in the baggage room telephoning to the eastern switch tower.'

'Yes,' came the answer. '67 went east running light at 7:04. What you mean I don't know, but if you're going to run any more wildcats around here let me know and I'll resign. There's an extra freight and I'll resign. There's an extra freight and I'll resign. There's an extra freight and I'll resign.'

'I banged the receiver into place and ran to the platform. Brine, with a scared face, met me at the door. 'They've found Bill Gabbert, sir, down the track with his head knocked open. They're bringing him up. What's it mean, sir?' I shook my head. Down the track a little bunch of lights flashed to and fro, coming nearer.'

'Take a switch engine,' I said, 'run up to the house and bring down 34 or 37. Tell Brinker he'll have to take the run. If Brinker's not there, find someone else.' Then, as Brine rushed off, I turned and sprang up stairs to the dispatcher's room. A minute or two later all traffic to the east was stopped and side tracked. Then the dispatcher wired Millersburg, sixty miles away, to ditch 67 in a good soft bed and for God's sake to keep the track clear.'

'The California and Chicago express pulled out of Great Plains four minutes late, drawn by engine 44. Brinker at the throttle and Tom Brine firing. Bill Gabbert, with a cracked skull, lay in the hospital two weeks before he spoke. Then it was little enough he told. He had opened the throttle for a spurt down the yard and when about 300 feet shy of the station had put his hand out to slow down when a fit of dizziness seized him. He clutched at the side of the cab, felt as though some one was pushing him from the cab, found himself falling and knew no more. That blow had left him not quite right in the head, it was thought, and two months later he was made foreman of section 12 and went down the road to live in the section house. His engineering days were over.'

'Engine 67 was never again seen—at least not in the flesh. Somewhere between Great Plains and Wilson's, twenty-three miles east, she disappeared as completely as though she had sunk into the earth or flown away through the sky. Never was there a more astonished set of officials than those of the M. N. and W.'

'But she must be somewhere,' shouted the general superintendent. 'Of course she must,' shouted everybody else. 'She had no wings,' growled the traffic manager. 'Nor legs,' grumbled the chief dispatcher. 'Between Great Plains and Wilson's,' the division superintendent went on 'are two branches, one leading north and connecting at Centre City with the A. N. O. and G. for New Orleans, and another running northwest to the Black Hills. The agent at Byer, distant from Great Plains nine miles, reported that a light engine had passed through a little after 7 of the night of the 24th. He had been in the station at the time and did not see her number. A few minutes later a trackwalker on section 13 saw her pass, observing her number plainly. He saw no one in the cab. There all trace ended.'

No. 67 never reached Wilson's. She had not left the track nor jumped the one bridge on the way. She might have broken a switch and gone south or northwest, but no one on either branch saw her. Inquiries were sent to all connecting lines, and two car hunters travelled the country for a month, at the end of which period 67's disappearance was as great a mystery as ever. Of course, during that time we heard plenty of stories of light engines running about the country. A letter from a place in Kansas bore the signatures of eight reputable citizens who swore before a notary to having seen an engine like the 67 running west over the main line of the Kansas Pacific Railway at 12 o'clock at the rate of a mile a minute and with all lights burning. Young Burns, who was then assistant freight agent, made quiet a scrapbook out of the stuff that came by mail and wire, until the general superintendent borrowed it—and burned it. For the company kept the escapade of 67 very quiet, and, for a wonder, the papers never got hold of it to any extent.'

'One day—67 had been gone then nearly two months—I met Bill Gabbert in town, and dragging him into the Brunswick, bought a beer for him.'

'Bill,' said I, 'where in the name of a cow's horn, is 67? The old engineer's hand shook as he sat down his glass and turned to me with a white face.'

'For God's sake, sir, don't say nothing about her.'

'Look here, Bill,' I continued. 'You know more than you've ever told. What night? What did you see in the cab of 67 after you pulled out of the roundhouse that night?'

'But he only shook his head and turned to go. Then he hesitated, and, facing me again, said, 'I know this, sir; 67 is still running. I've seen her twice—once in the Big Cut; again on bridge 6. The next time I'll not live to tell of it. Good-by, sir.'

The division superintendent paused to light a fresh cigar, then continued: 'But I'm making a long dog of a short tail, friends. So for what I have told may be corroborated by referring to the company's officials, though they won't care to say much. What follows was seen by two men of whom one is dead, the other here before you.'

'It was the anniversary of 67's exodus, Christmas eve. The night was cold, dark, and still, and smelt of snow. I had gone down to Wilson's in the afternoon to take supper with a friend, and now, at 10:30, I found myself some four miles from home speeding through the darkness on my railroad bicycle. No trains were due until almost midnight, and I paid small heed to the track ahead as I pedaled but buckled tightly down to my business, and made the little wheels fairly fly. Through the Big Cut I flew with deafening clatter, crossed a little bridge, and a moment later sighted the lights of the section house twinkling far up the track.'

'Suddenly above the noise of my own locomotion I distinctly heard the hum of an approaching train behind me. Astonished, I looked backward over my shoulder. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and then a flood of light rounded the curve behind, out of the Big Cut came a glaring headlight, and instantly the track became two long, curving needles of light. It was useless to attempt to reach the section house. I applied the brake, swung my bicycle off the rails into a gully, and, drawing back, watched the oncoming train. What it could be I could not think. Possibly some belated freight, though, for the matter of that, I was almost certain that all the trains had passed. Louder and higher grew the rattle and jar, higher and higher sang the rails, and more distinct each moment came the bang-bang, thump-thump of the great wheels. Then I noticed a strange unsteadiness of the headlight. From side to side it swayed, like a mast head light in a heavy swell, and with a queer tremor at my heart I knew that the engine approaching me was light; running light, and at such a terrific speed as threatened each moment to hurl her from the track. And at the same instant Bill Gabbert's strange tale came back to me. With a gasp I crouched back against the further bank of the ditch. I felt faint, and then my sight cleared, a glare of intensely white light was all about me, a deafening noise filled my ears and I saw quite plainly the black figures 67 against the light, caught a fleeting glimpse of the empty and dimly illumined cab, saw the tender piled high with coal, and then found myself running blindly down the track in a cloud of dust and cinders in the wake of the monstrous swaying shape. Nearly opposite the section house I slackened my pace and tried to pry the gloom. The engine was only a faint echo of sound in the back distance.'

'I stumbled over some obstacle, and fell to my knees. With fingers that trembled I drew forth a match and lighting it, held it aloft. A man's body lay directly across the rails. As the little flame brightened I looked about me. A few feet distant within the dim circle of light, stood a milepost, white and ghostlike, and the black figures on it stood forth distinctly, 126. Gathering courage, I dropped my gaze and looked into the wide, unseeing eyes of Bill Gabbert.'

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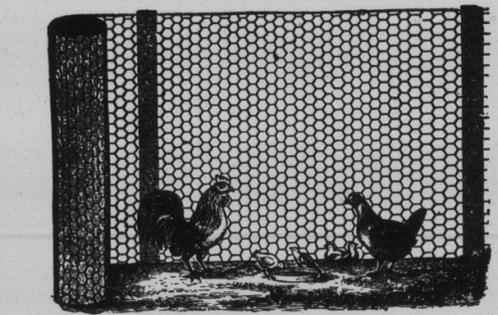
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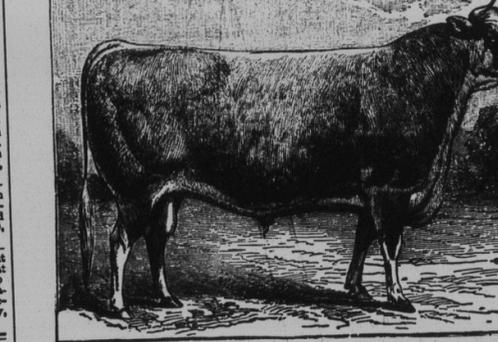
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The much anticipated musical events—the appearance of Mary Louise Clary and H. Evan Williams in concert—took place the beginning of the week and it is pleasing to note that manager Fred G. Spencer's energy and enterprise have again with success. On both Monday and Tuesday evenings the opera house was crowded to overflowing, thus again clearly demonstrating the fact that whatever singers may come from time to time, these two great vocalists stand easily first in the estimation of St. John music lovers, and may always be relied upon to draw out just such large and fashionable gatherings whenever they come to this city. Mr. Williams and Miss Clary arrived with Mr. Spencer on Saturday afternoon and during their stay were guests at the Royal.

On Monday afternoon it was rumored that there was a possibility that one important number on the programme, viz: the famous love duet from "Sampson and Delilah" would be cancelled owing to the fact that Mr. Williams was suffering from severe throat trouble and for two days had been under the care of a local specialist. The report of the cancellation was verified later on and great regret was expressed in consequence. When Mr. Williams made his first appearance Monday evening he was greeted with a storm of applause that lasted for some time. It soon became quite apparent however that the rumors regarding his condition had not been exaggerated, and the very natural disappointment which at first swept over the audience was soon succeeded by sympathy for the singer's evident suffering, and admiration for the courage that made his appearance at all possible. He sang first a little cluster of songs "Who Is Silvia?" by Schubert, "Moonlight" by Schuman, and "Cloudy Heights of Tatra," by Dvorak. Of these the second was perhaps the best. In it Mr. Williams' hoarseness was less noticeable. During the evening he sang "The Star of Bethlehem" and in the duo "Barcarolle" by Chaminade with Miss Clary—this last winning four recalls for the singers,—and as an encore piece to his last number he sang "Little Boy Blue" one of Eugene Fields' touching poems set to music by Neven. Mr. Williams was recalled after every number, the audience fully appreciating the fact that though a cold might have impaired the sweetness of his voice his incomparable method and power of expression were the same that had enthralled them last December. On Tuesday evening Mr. Williams was greatly improved and those who attended on that evening enjoyed a veritable treat.

A new programme announced the fact that all his heavier numbers had been abandoned and that his work would be of a light character. To his numbers of the night previous he added "All thro' the night," one of the pieces that scored a triumph for him here last fall. His beautiful work was rewarded with the most enthusiastic applause throughout the evening and expressions of pleasure were heard on every side.

In regard to Clary, criticisms upon her magnificent voice and method have already appeared in this column upon several occasions and a mention in the

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greatly pleased with her work. She has a graceful and charming stage presence too, and this combined with the art of knowing how to dress—for she certainly wore most becoming gowns on both evenings—made her an especial favorite.

On Monday evening Dr. Wasgatt made a sudden bound into public favor in his first solo number, "Legends" by Bohm which was played with a beauty and delicacy of touch that showed him a master of his art. His intonation was at all times true and his bowing excellent. His execution was musically and refined, and he was received with warmest demonstrations of applause.

The concerts have been a success artistically and financially, and to Mr. Fred G. Spencer is due the thanks of all lovers of what is best in music. He has established a reputation for upright, honorable dealing with his patrons and he may rest assured that the warmest support will be extended to any future ventures of a similar nature in which he may engage.

Tones and Undertones. It seems about decided that New York will have her much talked of permanent Symphony orchestra next season, and that Anton Seidl will be the leader. There will be half a dozen concerts in the late autumn, and one each month after then. A part of the plan is an acceptance of an engagement with Maurice Grau's company for term of two years.

Alexander Heindl, the cellist, has fallen heir to an immense fortune, and a New York exchange tells the following romantic story in connection with it. At the beginning of this century there were three brothers Anton, Alois and Martin Heindl, living in the village of Umberg, Bavaria. When Napoleon passed through the village on his way to Moscow he carried off the younger brothers, Martin and Alois. Anton stayed at home and amassed a fortune of \$3,000,000 in the paper business. At his death he left his fortune to his two brothers, who had not been seen or heard from since the war. Diligent inquiry satisfied the attorney for the estate that Alois had been killed; further search revealed the fact that Alois had become an officer in the Australian army. This was discovered after his death and the emigration of his family to America. The search then began inquiry in this country and the family were traced to New Orleans. Then the trail followed to northern cities. A family by the same name are living in Rochester, but they are only a branch of the much wanted Heindl family. When they saw

"The Bride Elect" is said to be due to her refusal to make up the role of the Queen of Capri as a sort of comic harridan of the May Robson type. Miss Carlsmith certainly has a right to consider her face as part of her fortune, especially in view of her proclaimed intention to star in a new opera next season. There can be no doubt however, that "Bride Elect" queen should be more of an Italian Kathia than Miss Carlsmith has made her, to lend proper zest to Pappalardo's repartee and reluctance to consider a matrimonial alliance with her. Miss Carlsmith will next appear, it is now rumored, in Francis Wilson's production of "The Chieftain."

Sousa's band opened its regular series of Sunday-night concerts at the Boston theatre last Sunday night. The soloists were Miss Maude Reese Davis, soprano, and Miss Jennie Hoyle, violinist.

The Handel and Haydn society of Boston, has engaged Johanna Galski for its Easter concert, when Gounod's "Redemption" will be performed.

Mr. Richard H. Dana has resigned the presidency of the new England Conservatory of Music, an office which he has held for seven years, and has gone south for a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel gave their last recital before sailing for Europe in Association hall Boston, Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening of this week.

Anna Held will leave for Europe at the conclusion of her present tour, returning in the fall to appear in a new musical comedy.

Adele Ritchie will star next season in a new comic opera.

The Castle Square Opera company will revive "Sinbad the Sailor" at American theatre, New York, next week, and Marie Celeste and Louise Royce have been especially engaged for it.

"The Ballet Girl" opens in Washington tomorrow night.

A Boston correspondent writes PROGRESS as follows regarding the recent season of grand opera in that city. "The season of grand opera at the Boston theatre closed yesterday afternoon. Messrs Damrosch and Ellis have every reason to feel satisfied with the remunerative success which has attended it, and although Boston is proverbially fastidious in the matter of its music, there has been a general satisfaction with the attractions offered. The band of singers did not contain so many brilliant artists as came to us last year, but the company was of even excellence, and the public was not as often disappointed, because of changes of bill or the non-appearance of its artists announced. Most of the disappointments, in fact, have been caused by Mme. Nordica, concerning whom the 'Observant Citizen' of the Post remarked: 'I am informed that the indisposition of Mme. Nordica, the eminent singer is more interesting than serious, and that before long both she and her husband will be open to congratulations.'"

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Yvette Guilbert was a shop girl. L'Opinion Franz Ebert is to marry Midget Elsie Lau. The Hawthorne sisters will return to America next month. Fanny Davenport once played Carlina in the "Black Crook." Sarah Bernhardt may appear on the Drury Lane stage in May. Hammerstein is to reopen the New York Olympia on April 1. Whitney has purchased an opera called "Papa Chryssenthemum." Eddie Foy will star next season in a new farce adapted from the French. The author of "What Happened to Jones" has written "The Last Chapter." Al Canby will produce next season a comedy called "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson are writing a new comedy for Charles Wyndham. Katherine Germaine submitted to a surgical operation in New York the other day. Wilson Barrett's repertoire in Australia includes "Virginus" and "The Manxman." Charles Frohman had no less than ten attractions playing in Greater New York this week. Augustin Daly will produce the "Queen of the Ballet," a piece by the author of "1492." Lillian Carlsmith has consented to appear in Francis Wilson's production of "The Chieftain." A new British melodrama, "Honor

Bright," contains a female Vidocq as one of its chief roles. Stuart Robson celebrated his 63d birthday on March 4 at Richmond, Va., where he made his professional debut in 1858. Modjaska is expected to play one scene from "Adrienne Lecouvreur" at the benefit at the Astoria, New York, March 18. The new play by Bronson Howard and Charles Klein is a comedy of Washington manners of to-day, with a dramatic background. The forthcoming London revival of "Jack Sheppard," with that rogue in his true colors, will also be historically exact in costume. James Doel, the oldest actor in England, and probably in the world, boasts that he has never worn an overcoat or carried a stick or umbrella. The only new play in London this past week has been a conventional, homely comedy, "The Seafarer," by Arthur Law, at the Comedy Theatre. A new three-act comedy has been written by Arthur Sturges for little Louie Freear, who has made such a hit as Aurora in the London production of "Oh! Susannah." Although quite farcical in character the piece will furnish Miss Freear with another role displaying pathos as well as drollery. Ada Rehan's illness compels her to abandon a projected revival of "The Merchant of Venice," in which she has been preparing to enact Portia for the first time. In the current performances at Daly's, Lettice Fairfax assumes the leading role whenever Miss Rehan is unable to do it. The favorite actress will after this week retire until next season. Elizabeth Robbins has postponed her production of "Hedda Gabler" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y., until March 28. She does not profess to be a rabid Ibsenite. J. M. Barrie has written a one act play, called "Platonic Friendship," for Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery, who are now playing in London in "The Little Minister." The Bennett-Moulton company are playing this week in Waterbury, Conn., to excellent business. Mrs. John E. Miles, wife of the clever young star who captured the provinces last summer, has been very seriously ill at Rochester, N. Y., the result of a critical surgical operation. Mrs. Miles is convalescing now and hopes shortly to resume work. James O'Neill has been playing Illinois this spring and is meeting with excellent success throughout that state. W. S. Harkins who has been playing in Montreal for several weeks in a stock company closed this week to prepare for his annual engagement in this city and Halifax. Mr. Harkins was a great favorite with Montrealers. Charlotte Behrens wife of Robert Mantell died last week at Port Huron, Michigan, where she had been ill for several weeks. Edward J. Ratcliffe was removed from the Tomb, N. Y., March 1 to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, to serve six months for beating his wife, Alice De Lacy Ratcliffe. The death of his son abruptly ended Chirgwin's engagement at Koster & Bial's, New York. Chirgwin, says the Sun, is polished in all that he does. He sings better than most grotesques do, but gives what taken in its entirety, seems intolerably stupid to New York audiences. But he need not be too much distressed over his rejection in New York, Chevalier pleased only in New York, and other American cities rejected him. Otero never satisfied anybody. Yvette Guilbert failed to draw the public after it had once seen her. Mr. Lederer engaged 20 chorus girls in Paris for the review he will produce at the New York Casino this summer, and he secured several operas and comedies which he may produce later. He has one piece he thinks will suit Miss Lillian Russell, and another in which Miss Lipman and Mr. Mann will probably appear in New York this spring. These latter, by the way may possibly go to Australia this summer in "The Telephone Girl." "We've got another piece ready to put on if 'The Belle of New York' fails to please them," said Mr. Lederer. "While I was in Paris I secured a concession from the Exposition Commissioners for space on which to erect a theatre right in the Exposition grounds." Robert Hilliard is going to resume his starring tour in a "New Yorker." Nat Goodwin has purchased "Ambition" outright from Henry Guy Carleton. Charles H. Hoyt has finished another play which he calls "A Day and a Night." Marie Burroughs is going to play Kate Carnegie in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault and Max Figman are plying in vaudeville at Proctor's, New York.

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Wilton Lackaye is likely to appear in a dramatization of J. Lever's novel "Charles O'Malley."

Miss Gertrude Coghlan, the young daughter of Charles Coghlan, supports him as "Juliet" in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," which he has introduced in the fourth act of "The Royal Box."

Frank L. Perley has received from Ian MacLaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," a letter stating that he heartily approves of the dramatization of the book, in which J. L. Stoddort will star.

Louis James, Frederick Warde and Mme. Rhea will join forces next season, and their repertoire will include "Othello," "Julius Caesar," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "School for Scandal."

Henry Miller has made such a success in "The Master" at the Garden theatre, New York, that Charles Frohman has decided to cancel all engagements for coming attractions so that he may continue there the rest of the season.

Minnie Seligman, contemplates a tour with a company playing many and various short pieces, in the manner which the late Rosina Vokes practiced successfully.

A 130 pound conger eel has been caught in Loch Long, Scotland. It measured 6 feet 10 1/2 inches in length and 2 feet 7 inches in girth.

British trade ethics are about to apply to the Klondike. Liverpool has sent out on the steamer Manasse, bound for St. Michael, the largest cargo of liquor ever shipped. It includes 14,000 cases and 1,000 barrels of spirits, chiefly whiskey, and 3,000 barrels of beer.

The manufacture of rubber goods has improved and grown to a remarkable extent both in Russia and Germany.

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WHERE THE FAULT LIES.

The graduates of the University of New Brunswick have had to rally to their arms this week and the fact that they did so quickly and heartily, shows how warm a place the institution has in their hearts. We made some reference last week to the peculiar ideas of Mr. Geo. W. FOWLER in regard to education. They were certainly of a radical nature and not in accordance with the views of the members of the legislature or the people. But the member for King's County was not content with expressing his views but gave notice of a resolution affirming the desirability of withdrawing the grant of \$8,000 a year from the university—or, in other words, to abolish it as a provincial institution. The motion was subsequently withdrawn but not until it had aroused the friends of the university and provoked an animated discussion among the people and in the press.

Perhaps it would not be wise at this moment to inquire into the motive for the attack upon this time honored institution, whether it proceeded indirectly from the administration or whether it was engineered by those who are not so antagonistic to the university as they are hostile to the powers who reign over it. The university has its enemies and some of them are ingenious in their method of attack. This has been clearly shown during the past few days. The motives that prompted this movement are doubtless better investigated. But all of the friends of the college will agree that the discussion of the question of its usefulness and efficiency has been beneficial and may lead to such reforms as will please all who take a keen interest in its welfare.

The senate is the head governing body of the university. It meets twice a year and devotes a few hours to the consideration of its affairs. The presiding officer, Dr. INCH, is also the superintendent of education for the province. But the real conduct of the affairs of the university is in the hands of the chancellor and the professors of the college, who, together, constitute the faculty. They are responsible to the senate but the success or failure of the institution is dependent upon their energy and ability. Ability, knowledge and skill in the classroom are of course necessary. That goes without saying. We will presume that the professors of the university are thoroughly competent in this respect. But that is not all that is needed. Harmony in the faculty is also indispensable. The professors must work together without jealousy, without bickering, and for the success of the institution. Has that been done? We do not think so. We know it has not in the past and if there is any improvement to day the record of the university does not show it.

There is competition in education as in everything else, and the college that succeeds must present her advantages to the people. The university has been more dead than alive in this respect. Its chancellor and professors have not shown that energy that has characterized the gentlemen connected with other institutions in these maritime provinces. They have six months in the year to do missionary work, and yet how much has been done? We find the men of Mount Allison on the alert at all times; we read their advertisements in the press of the three provinces; we find their calendars out a week or two after their closing and the greatest energy displayed to induce parents to send their sons to Sackville to finish their education. Does the University do so? No. The professors are truly enjoying a rest in the long vacation aside from an occasional visit to some county or provincial institute; there is no

mention of the fact that the provincial University exists during that period; instead of being issued in June the calendar appears in December, or later, and nothing worth speaking of is done to induce young men to take a University course. Who is to blame? Let the Senate inquire. Dr. INCH knows how to plan a campaign productive of good for the University but he is too busy a man to do it personally. His experience as head of the Mount Allison institution for a long time will however enable him to give many valuable hints to aid in booming the University of New Brunswick.

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

The readers of Progress have had on business come before them for years. It has been before the people generally in newspapers for half a century and that is what caused the Messrs. J. C. AYER Co. to make the 50th anniversary of their establishment the occasion of such a celebration as will as be remembered for a long time by those connected with their firm. There are few proprietary medicines that have stood the test of time so thoroughly as this. Nothing but merit of the highest standard can account for such long continued popularity. Business enterprises have had, of course, much to do with the universal success the firm's remedies have met with, but the most energetic, skillful and persistent advertising can have little permanent value unless the article possesses genuine merit. We are glad upon this occasion to congratulate Messrs AYER upon their 50th business anniversary and to wish them continued prosperity. Incidentally it may be noted that the press has profited from this industry quite as much as the firm from its advertising in the newspapers. The success that has attended the J. C. AYER Company year after year and which they are celebrating to day shows the true value of good advertising. They have used the news papers systematically and intelligently and their reward has been proportionate. There is a suggestion in this to many of the readers of Progress who are in business but do not advertise in any newspaper. They are content to sit down and wait for trade to come. How long would the large business concerns of this country be upon their feet if they pursued such methods. They are wise enough not only to use the columns of the newspapers but to follow up their announcements to the public by sending smart men to solicit orders. This would not pay the pure retailer but it would be successful in business he must not depend upon the patronage of his friends; he must not wait for curiosity to lead the stranger to his counter; he must induce and persuade him to come by advertising and the newspapers are the best place to advertise. Glance at the success of the firm mentioned above, take pattern from them so far as your business will permit you and you will soon note the effect upon your trade.

Good luck and riches to Captain JOHN FERRIS, Messrs HENDERSON and all the young men who have left the city this week for the Klondike! They have a life of great hazard before them and many aching hearts bade them farewell. But they bear hope and determination with them and went burdened with the best wishes of their friends. No people in the world are more clanish away from home than those who leave New Brunswick. They will meet many sturdy fellows with brave hearts from this province in the region of gold, and in the future many a story of good-will and kindness among fellow provincialists will add to the reputation, New Brunswickers already have of "sticking together."

Exhibitions of the many art such as that which was held in the Institute Monday evening are not very desirable at any time, but if they are licensed and allowed to be held there should be some guarantee that those who attend will see the programme carried out as advertised. The omission of a minor event on the bill would probably be considered of little moment, but when the attraction of the evening does not take place then the people who attended have a real grievance. The fact that they were so patient, good humored and forbearing speaks well for a St. John audience of that character.

Accommodating Road.

A bit of dialogue reported by the New Jamaica affords a good specimen of the dialect of the island, and at the same time shows the weakness of the native judgment in regard to distances. 'How far is it to Cherry Garden?' 'Na too far, maastah.' 'Thank you. Where does this road go?' 'E go wehevah you wansteth go, sah.' 'Accommodating road.' 'Yessah, anywhere you wish, es—' 'Does it go to Hope Garden or Constant Spring or Mona?' 'No, sah, none o' dem places, sah. It jus' goes wehevah you wants to go, sah, an' 'aint too far.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Woman's Crown of Daisies. Beside the flowing stream to-night, The darkness my true friend; I passed in peaceful homes the light, Of life that now I find. The life that breathes upon my knee, The angels overhead; Thought best that I myself should see My way born of pring dead. How dark and deep the waters glide, The world is hard and cold; It has but once were by my side, My grief need not be told. With wine and revelry and glee, To-night will he be wed; Perchance not one kind thought of me, May to my heart have sped. He swore he loved me as his life, I yielded heart and soul; I dreamed that I should be his wife, In passion's uncontrol. The solemn promises he made, I treated as we cas; But he, the world must not degrade Because he is a man. The paradise once in his arms, Must now be all that's mine; For ravishment of all my charms, The world has him divine, He swore that never woman's hand, Nor woman's heart of love; Between his own and mine should stand, He pledged by heaven above. They bless him where he says ere this, "Until death us do part!" And give her willing lips a kiss Blood-stained in my dumb heart. But may they hate, they curse my sin, They curse me and his child; They curse the heaven that welcomes in, Saved souls on earth defiled. They bless him where he says ere this, As mine to me, is theirs; When loving hearts its name shall greet, And bless it in their prayers. Why stands that mother in her pride, Where love her days end; Where I should have been his bride, Whose soul believed him true? To God my spirit must depart, To Him who pardons all; Though men should men with wondrous art, Who violate His will. I take his dead babe on my arm, The stream runs chill and deep; To live might work him future harm, But none for me will weep. The agonizing scream, the leap, The gurgle stinking down; Not all who sow alike shall reap, The truth we cannot drown. The dead drift out to sea away, With silver light its stars gemmed; But in the flaming judgment day; Which shall be most condemned? CYNTHIA GOLDB.

Hour by Hour.

One single day Is not much to look upon. There is some way Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face A life of day, but place Too many days before and evers— Too many days for another sigh And see love heart. Just at the start— Years meet which survive; And yet to lo across The future we must tread, bowed by a sense of loss, Be some burden weighing down so low That we can scarcely go. One step ahead—but so hard, So stern a view to face, unstarred, Unreached by light, so marked with dread, If we would but take a step ahead, Be brave and keep The feet quite steady, feel the breath of life sweep Even on our face as usual. We must not look across—looking in vain— But downward, to the next one step, And up. Eyes that have wept Must look a little way, not far, God broke our years to hours and days, that hour by hour. And day by day, Just goit on a little way, We might be able, all along To keep quite strong. Should all the weight of life Be laid across our shoulders and the future rife With we and struggle meet us face to face At just one place. Our feet would stop, and so God lays a tie on us every day And never, I believe, on all the way Will burdens bear so deep, Or paths ways be so steep, Or we can go, if by God's power, We only bear the burden of the hour.

Millinery Opening.

The attention of lady readers is called to the advertisement in another column of H. G. Marr's millinery opening which takes place at his Moncton store on Tuesday next. Mr. Marr has made great preparations for this opening and to make it more pleasant for those attending has engaged the services of the Moncton Amateur Orchestra which during the evening will render the following programme of music under the leadership of Prof. W. Harry Watts:

- PART I. 1. March, "Le Journal," Engelman 2. Overture, "A Jolly Night," Beyer 3. Waltz, "Marmion," Le Thiere 4. Schottische, (a) "On Song of," Cohen (b) "Umbrella Dance," Hunyad 5. Polonaise, "Hunyarlas," Hunyad 6. (a) Intermezzo, "From Cavalieria Rusticana," (b) Cornet Solo, "The Lost Chord." MR. F. G. BEZANSON. PART II. 1. March, "Washburn," Jefferson 2. Gavotte, "Autrepolis," Cohen 3. Grand Selection, "The Bohemian Girl," Balle 4. Polka, "Air Varié," Luscombe MR. W. H. WATTS. 5. Morceau, "La Fascination," Tobani 6. Two Step, (a) "Hot Time in the Old Town," (b) "Raccoon and Bee." God save the Queen.

We want to impress upon you that we only charge 25c per pair for curtains and blankets. Certainly let us do them Ungars Laundry and Dye Works Telephone 58.

Why look older than you really are, when Hall's Hair Renewer will completely restore the natural color, as in youth, to gray, faded or discolored hair.

NO REFLECTION ON THE DOCTOR.

Mr. Sears's Ambiguous Remark at the Clara Williams Concert. Everybody with a particle of business ability acknowledges that advertising is absolutely essential to the success of business these days; that is judicious advertising, but Dr. Bruce, eye, ear and throat specialist, had some this week that was neither judicious nor desirable, though of course, the medium through which he received it was all right. The incident happened in connection with the Williams-Clary concert when, at the last moment, the management found it necessary to make a change in the programme. It was after the evening papers had gone to press that the change was decided upon, and as that medium was not available, Mr. Edward Sears, candidate for the mayoralty, was selected by a supporter of his who had an eye to business to make the announcement from the stage. It was a chance for Mr. Sears to get a little advertising on his own account too and he eagerly seized the opportunity to address the large and distinguished audience. The would be mayor made what theatrical folk would call "a good entrance," from the rear of the stage and was armed with several important looking pieces of paper. Mr. Sears had forgotten his glasses and after a very minute and critical examination of one of the documents he held he made the rather startling announcement that "owing to the fact that Dr. Bruce was attending Mr. Williams the distinguished vocalist would be unable to sing the duet from Sampson and Delilah as was originally intended." Mr. Sears didn't mean to be funny, either, at the doctor's expense, by getting off one of the senseless jokes so often indulged in with regard to the medical profession. Notwithstanding the very ambiguous announcement however no one imagined for a moment that Dr. Bruce was responsible for Mr. Williams' condition, but it was made the occasion of all sorts of funny remarks that would perhaps not have seemed especially amusing to the doctor who treated Williams for a sore throat.

Hard-Worked Officials.

Among all the employees of the C. P. R. there are probably none harder worked and employed longer hours than Conductor "Bill" Hagerman and Station Master Williams, of the Fredericton branch. Ever since the days of the old stage coaches between Fredericton and St. John, Conductor Hagerman has been a faithful



and steady official on the Branch, and even now his duties are more arduous than ever. Conductor Hagerman makes eight trips over the Branch (four each way), in all 176 miles, every day. To form some idea of the regularity of his trips, he leaves Fredericton at 6.45 a. m., returns on the 9.30 a. m., goes out on the 10.55 a. m., and returns on the 1.45 p. m., goes out on the 4.45 p. m., returns on the 7.30 p. m., goes out on the 8.45 p. m., and returns on the 10.30 p. m. His day is certainly a long one—from 6.45 a. m. to 10.30 p. m., from Monday morning till Saturday night. Station Master Williamson has also the same hours at his post of duty, and he is never absent. The travelling public always receive the most courteous treatment at the hands of these two worthy officials, and Her Majesty could do no more popular act to further give distinction to unprecedented reign, than to confer the honor of Knighthood upon these two popular C. P. R. officials. PROGRESS cannot recall any more becoming title than Conductor Sir William Hagerman and Station Master Sir Harry Williamson.

A Physician Thanks Progress.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: When so many give but scant praise, or are so lukewarm in the interests of that worthy and educated class of men belonging to the medical profession, it is but right that you should receive credit for the interest you have taken in their behalf with regard to the defeat of the Osteopathy bill now before the house. I refer more particularly to the article in your last issue from the Moncton point of view. You have the expressed thanks of one member of the profession (I know you have the thanks of them all) who has the best interests of the profession and secondarily the general public at heart. I have the honor to be A MEMBER OF THAT PROFESSION. HAMPTON, March 16, 1898.

Something for Puzzle Workers.

To sharpen the wits of its readers, PROGRESS opens the following competition: What line or lines among the poetical selections in Royal Reader No. 5 is illustrated by this picture? The picture and coupon will appear for the last time on April 2nd and the result be announced on April 16th. As many answers can be sent as one chooses, provided each one is on a properly filled out coupon, including the picture. No answers received after noon on April 6th will be considered. A prize of Ten Dollars will be given to the fortunate winner or should there be more correct guesses the money will be equally divided. PROGRESS hopes that the prize will go to one or at most to two bright readers. Care has been taken to make the puzzle hard enough, but not too hard. Only experiment can tell how successfully the idea has been carried out.



The large class room were veritable bowlers when a high tea and supper were devoted to entertainment decorated and great arrangements of colored waltzes however were made and made it do was named after the attendants at a character in some way the table was named pink and silver was in taker, Mrs. Alex. W. The waltzes were: Lady Burt-igh, Miss George Scammell; Cora, Miss Annie Knud; Dunning; Sir Laurence Burleigh, Mr. Alex. The Shakespearean was presided over by E. Stone and Mrs. W. Mrs. Prindle, Mrs. Mrs. Clarence Fe White; Preciosa, Mrs. Emma Rankine; John Blacksmith's D. John Edickoff, Mr. Danston Robertson; Cowan.

The Scott table was green was in C. Taylor, Mrs. H. C. son, with the following: Rainie; Lady of the Amy Robert, Mrs. Mrs. Mieses Gill; Queenin Durward, Miss Taylor, Hallie Smith, Dalrymple the tables, and Armstrong. They thought as they walk. Upstairs to play and the room with its pretty tables of dainty green and the charge of Mrs. F. eron and Miss B. The center table with the sweetmeats Ella Macaulay, Stone.

The spron table charge of Mrs. W. and Mrs. James. One of the attractive tables was served. It occupied one charge were Victoria, Mrs. Inches; Canada Miss Jean Maclean, Miss Jane Miss Hannah I. Lizzie Roberts.

The entertain course the dia have made the otherwise have Mr. Thomas of the week. Miss W. a few days in the Among the ing the spot-mack, George H. Foster, Jo son, H. R. M. Miss Keane the city durin Miss Cora a short visit. Mr. A. H. to Nova Scot Mr. E. J. Americans w

A quiet w residence of when Miss L. Burpee, was McCready of Bruce of St. ed the cere nearest rela bride, The

NEW BY THE



ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mr. William Lemon left yesterday afternoon on a business trip to New York, he was accompanied as far as Boston by his son Wilnot who will remain some time in Boston and enjoy the sights at the apartment's exhibition.

We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper laying. We want you to know that there here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheery patterns. But nowhere till you have asked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS. LOST IN THE POSTOFFICE. Taking Care of Letters and Parcels That Go Astray.

March 16.—Mrs. J. B. Snowball, who has been visiting friends in Marysville, has returned home. Miss Lily Snowball was warmly welcomed upon her arrival home this week. She is one of Chatham's most talented young ladies and has been absent from home pursuing her musical studies.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hayland entertained a large party from town. The evening was charmingly spent in dancing to the strains of McClellan's orchestra.

From the rapidly with which the "beautiful" has been disappearing, one may judge that snow-holing for the season is a thing of the past. Perhaps one of the most enjoyable things that our young people have had, was that taken on Monday evening. The party on this occasion after pursuing a trail, "over the hills and far away" toward Loggieville, returned to the residence of Miss Louise Stewart, where until the very sun hours, they tripped the light fantastic. During the evening refreshments were served and the party soon after broke up.

The Choral society under the leadership of Mr. Harrison organist of St. Luke's church, is progressing favorably in its practice for a concert which it proposes giving in the early spring. The society includes many of our best vocalists so that music lovers may anticipate a treat with the advent of spring.

Mrs. Clyde Johnston returned last night from St. John where he has been taking a course at Kerr's business college. His friends are pleased to learn that he graduated with honors.

Mrs. George Fisher has been called to her home in Woodstock through the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. O'Connell.

Mr. Robert Logan is visiting her daughter Mrs. E. Phinney, in Riverview.

Mr. Freeman McDonald of Millerton, spent Sunday in town.

First Always Hood's Sarsaparilla. Last and all the time Hood's Sarsaparilla has been advertised as a blood purifier. Its great cures have been accomplished through purified blood—cures of scrofula, salt rheum, eczema, rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling. It cures when others fail, because it strikes at the root of the disease and eliminates every germ of impurity. Thousands testify to absolute cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla, although discouraged by the failure of other medicines. Remember that Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

In Sunshine or in Storm. For the house, travelling, golfing, bicycling, and all out-door sports, Priestley's rain and damp-proof Covert Suitings serve the ideal purpose of perfection in style, fit, finish, wear. Rich, firm, durable in texture—always in fashion—cravenetted. In Greens, Fawns, Browns and Greys—and in Black and White, Brown and White, Blue and White. "Priestley" stamped on the selvedge of every fifth yard. Cravenetted. Sold by Dry Goods Houses Everywhere.

Every month the periodicals which have gone astray in the mails and reached the dead letter office are distributed among the charitable institutions of the district. They are the department missionaries that cheer the sick and bless the lonely. It is expected that the recent order to postmasters in regard to the plainer stamping of letters will facilitate the work of this office to a large degree. Postmasters are now ordered to stamp each letter distinctly with the name of the mailing office. It sometimes requires half a dozen clerks with magnifying lens and every facility for "blind reading" to decipher a single postmark. This kind of stamping is usually done in the smaller offices. The letters from large cities almost always have a legible postmark. When this ruling is enforced the percentage of matter returned will be largely increased.—Washington Star.

No body can sit down in the Queen's presence without being requested to do so by her, and in the open air men must not come nearer than three paces to her person. The Queen must not be addressed unless she speaks first, and people may not speak to each other in her presence.

A Neighbor's Advice. The Means of Restoring a Little Girl to Health.

She was Gradually Fading Away and Her Parents Doubted Her Recovery to Health. From The Examiner, Clark's town.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure that has ever been recorded is that of little Minnie Woodside, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Woodside, of Baltic, P. E. I. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside are members of the Princeton Presbyterian church, and are well and favorably known in the settlement where they reside. Mr. Woodside does an extensive business in cysters. A newspaper correspondent hearing of the remarkable recovery of this little girl, called on Mr. Woodside and ascertained the exact facts of the case. The following is substantially the result of the interview:—

About a year ago last June I first noticed that my little daughter was not as bright as usual and that she complained at times of pains in her head and chest. Up to that time she had regularly attended school and was remarkably clever for a child of her age. She did nothing except attend school and although I never supposed it would do her much injury, I allowed her to study too sedulously. Thinking that she was only a little run down I kept her from school for a few weeks and expected that she would be all right again. By the end of that time I was badly disappointed in my expectations, however, as she rapidly grew weaker and lost flesh every day. I was alarmed about her condition when she complained of a soreness in her lungs and began to cough. I was just preparing to take her to a doctor when a neighbor called to see her and advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She assured me that Pink Pills had restored her own daughter to health after several doctors had failed to do her any good. I therefore resolved to give them a trial and purchased a couple of boxes that very day. I began giving my little daughter those pills being very careful to follow the directions. At the end of a month I noticed a decided improvement in her health and then encouraged I continued using the pills three months more. Her health was quite restored by that time and she was able to attend school again. I regard my daughter's cure as almost marvellous and accord all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For little girls and boys of delicate constitutions no better remedy could possibly be prescribed. What was done for my little girl could certainly be done for other children.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

AN ARTILLERY DOG. Without Training This One Can Manage a Gun Skilfully. A dog that, without being trained for the army, can take the place of a man in serving a gun is a dog worthy of being remembered, and Mr. W. Carruth only gives this particular dog his due when he narrates his doings in the Indianapolis News.

Styx was a fox-terrier. He came into the battery one morning just as the soldiers were 'hitching up,' at daylight, to resume their march in Louisiana. He attracted the writer's attention by running up to him and placing a small stick at his feet, asking plainly that it might be thrown, so that he could catch it and bring it back again; but as the captain of a battery has at such a time something better to do than to throw sticks for dogs, his opportunity was disregarded. Styx, however, was not discouraged. He picked up his stick and started with the column, keeping somewhere between the gun-carriages of that battery all day. The writer says:—

Late in the afternoon when we halted for the night, he reported himself at my particular fire as it on duty as an orderly. He asked for no food or caresses, but putting down a stick at my feet declared in his fox terrier language that if I would please throw that for him just once, he would consider all obligations discharged in full, and I threw it. He brought it back before it had fairly touched the ground.

The next day we were in action. The enemy, in their retreat, had made a gallant stand at a narrow pass where it was most difficult for us to advance, and here the genius of Styx came into play. The 'No. 5' man, as he is called, runs between the limber and the gun when the battery is in action, carrying the missile or cartridge from the ammunition chest to the 'No. 2' man, who places it in the gun, when the 'No. 1' sends it home with the rammer.

Styx had joined one of the gun detachments, and was acting as 'No. 5' man. Receiving the cartridge from 'No. 6' who took it from the chest, he rushed like lightning to the gun, and delivered his burden to the expectant artilleryman. He was in his element now. The thunder of guns could hardly drown his shrieks of joy as he rushed back from having delivered one charge to get another. This was something like. Now he saw what a battery was for.

That day gave Styx a reputation through our whole corps. The commanding general heard of him, and requested me to bring him up to headquarters. An admiring circle of officers sat about him one evening and discussed the possibility of using dogs in artillery in general.

Three days later Styx was in the midst of his favorite battery, when an almost spent six pound solid shot struck the ground, and rolled, as it seemed, slowly into the battery. Styx jumped for it, and the moving mass of iron that seemed as harmless as a rubber ball crushed the ball out of the little volunteer. The career of Styx was ended.

Rather Roman Bald. Two or three of our citizens, one bald-headed and the other red-headed, met in Mr. Wiley's barber shop the other evening, when the red-headed one said to him of no hair: 'You weren't there it seems when you were giving out hair, were you?' Baldy replied: 'Oh, yes, I was there all right, but they had nothing but red hair left, and I would wear red hair.'

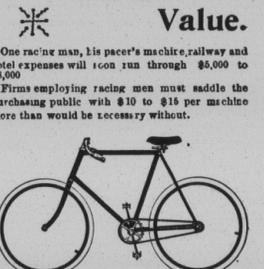
'Next,' shouted Mr. Wiley, just in time to prevent bloodshed. TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY. The Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Wanted at Once. A good, live, hustling agent to work for Encinas. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply.

The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd. SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING. Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail. First class certificates granted to pupils when proficient enabling them to obtain good situations or start in business for themselves. Shorter courses also taught in cutting and fitting for home use. Terms moderate. For any further information address.

National Dress Cutting Academy, 85 St. Denis St., Montreal.

Price Versus Value. One machine, his pecker's machine, railway and hotel expenses will soon run through \$3,000 to \$5,000. Firms employing racing men must saddle the purchasing public with \$10 to \$15 per machine more than would be necessary without.



We have no such expenses and give the Best Goods at the lowest possible prices.

Speed King \$40 Cash Empire \$55 King of Scorchers \$75

All fully guaranteed. AGENTS WANTED. E. C. HILL & CO., 101 Yonge St. Toronto.

No Other Ceilings can compare with the advantages offered by our Embossed Metallic Plates For Ceilings and Walls.

They are suited for every class of building and are not only more handsome and durable than others—but are also Fire-proof and Hygienic and may be decorated in any combination of shades to suit the taste. To get the best at first is the surest economy—write for our catalogue and find out all about it. Prices are moderate. METALIC ROOFING CO., Limited 1370 King St. west, Toronto.

From SCHOOL-BOY of tender years to hardy KLONDIKE MINER, OXFORD CLOTH (Made only at Oxford) is best for Clothing.

THE RUINS OF ZIMBABWE. MYSTERY OF THE BACKGROUND HAGGARD'S STORY.

Ancient Fortresses in South Africa. Funtai Archæologist—Theodore B. Theory That They Were Built by a Race of Arabs in Search of Gold.

The ruins of Zimbabwe, which form background of Rider Haggard's new South African romance, have excited much interest among archaeologists. They are picturesque, nor have they cyclopean dimensions; but in the attributes of mystery and suggestiveness they are interesting relics of the past. They constitute gleam from the darkness that surrounds South African history, and as such have puzzled investigators. Who came the powerful race that built them? What purpose did the massive walls and narrow, winding passages serve? Were they prisons for confinement of the slaves who worked the gold mines near by? Were they fortresses built by an invading army with view to permanent settlement in the country? Were they temples or palaces of the aborigines of the land? All four theories have found their supporters. The first explorer to examine them thoroughly, less than thirty years ago, came to the conclusion—now wholly credited—that one of the ruins was a production of King Solomon's temple; the other a copy of the Queen of Sheba's palace. The latest and best theory, skilfully set forth by the last Theodor Bent, holds that they are of a settled established and garrisoned by Arabs for sake of the gold they found between the Zambezi and Limpopo rivers.

Zimbabwe is a Bantu word, and means 'the great kraal,' or palace. It is used to denote any kind of building, but especially the residence of a native chief. Among the Kafirs, Zimbabwe is a common noun, only Europeans use it to denote these peculiar ruins in southern Mashonaland. There are about fifteen miles southwest of Fort Victoria, about 250 miles due west of Beira on the Indian Ocean, and about 100 miles north of the Transvaal. They are the largest and most important, but not any means the only ruins to be found on the rolling table lands of Matabeleland, Mashonaland. About fifteen such ruins in the past have already been discovered in different parts of the plateau, and as yet un-country and hilly districts are gradually exploring no doubt more widely with. These ruins all show signs of workmanship. Most of them are fragments of walls built of granite blocks or chipped into fairly uniform shapes. These blocks, which are usually a foot long by six inches high, are strongly and neatly set together, without mortar or any kind of cement. Why the ancient architects abstained using cement cannot be conjectured from the flooring of the buildings shown. They were acquainted with its manufacture. The buildings are generally found on the summit of some hill; the are rarely under seventy feet in height—always thinner at the top than at the base. Two more characteristics are common to them all. They are found only near mines and they all show the same signs of ornamentation. This attempt at decoration is of the simplest kind and consists in placing some of the layers of blocks at an acute angle to the layers above and below, thus producing what is known as the herring-bone pattern, and the of the wall that contains this ornament work invariably faces the rising sun. majority of these ruined walls seem to have been constructed for purposes of defence, though a few have possibly a religious significance. According to Theodore B. theory they constitute a chain of fortresses erected by the conquerors of overthrown native tribes, culminating at Zimbabwe.

The Zimbabwe ruins are split up into two buildings, one of which stands on top of a rocky and precipitous hill another on comparatively level ground a third of a mile away. The building on the higher ground was obviously a fort. Its outer defences consists of a series of walls, some single some double, stretching from point to point around the eastern southeastern sides of the hill—the sides, that is from which an attack could be feared. The walls which are of the same granite blocks already mentioned in parts thirty feet high and two feet thick, and decorated along the top with a succession of masonry and

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1898.

THE RUINS OF ZIMBABWE

MYSTERY OF THE BACKGROUND OF HAGGARD'S STORY.

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The Zimbabwe ruins are split up into two buildings, one of which stands on the top of a rocky and precipitous hill and the other on comparatively level ground about a third of a mile away. The building on the higher ground was obviously a fortress. Its outer defences consist of a series of walls, some single some double, stretching from point to point around the eastern and southeastern sides of the hill—the only sides, that is from which an attack was to be feared. The walls which are built of the same granite blocks already mentioned are in parts thirty feet high and thirteen feet thick, and decorated along the top with a succession of monoliths and small

round towers. From openings in them, narrow passages, barely wide enough to allow two people to pass, go zigzagging up the side of the hill toward the summit twisting in and out among the rocks joining one gigantic boulder with another, and completely commanding every possible approach. These passages are flanked in on each side by high walls, and from an intricate and bewildering labyrinth. Although destitute of any roof, they are dark and gloomy. At the top of the hill are ruins of what was once a temple, and close by Mr. Bent discovered a gold-smelting furnace and many curious tools.

The other building on the lower level frowned down upon by the fortress somewhat as the Acropolis frowns down on Athens or Edinburgh Castle on the city below, consists of a wall thirty-five feet high in parts and sixteen feet thick at the base, surrounding about three-quarters of an acre of ground. The ruin is rather elliptical than circular. Here, as in the other buildings, the wall is composed of chipped blocks of granite, fitted in perfect symmetry but without mortar. Where it faces the rising sun it is higher and thicker than at other points, and near the top runs the simple zigzag scheme of decoration described before. It has three entrances, the principle one facing the fortress to the north. From the entrance a very narrow passage, formed by the great surrounding wall on one side and an inner wall of the same height on the other, leads after twenty or thirty yards to an inclosure, in which stand two solid towers also of granite blocks, one of them thirty-five feet high and the other about five feet. The actual approaches to this are defended with battresses on either side in which a rudimentary portcullis could be and probably was fixed. Obviously this inclosure, with its two solid towers, was considered especially sacred.

Such are the main features of the Zimbabwe ruins. They do not amount to much, but they raise some puzzling archaeological questions. What was the significance of this sacred inclosure and the two solid towers, and what the meaning of the decoration facing the sun? One thing at least was evident, that the Kafirs were not responsible for their building; for the Kafirs never trim their blocks, but use loose stones, filling up the interstices with mud. The natives say that some white men erected the walls long ago, and were afterward poisoned by the tribes. Mr. Bent is believed to have got upon the right track when he made careful observations of the Makalanga who live near Zimbabwe and found among them evidence of a Semitic descent. Their faces which are distinctly Semitic; their religion, which is a monotheism, their habit of laying out food for the dead, of taking a day of rest during the ploughing season, of sacrificing goats to ward off pestilence and famine, their wooden pillows which resembled the head rests used by the Egyptians, their musical instruments, their drinks even, all pointed to some far-off Arabian influence. Turning to the ruins, Mr. Bent found that the decorations on the wall facing the east suggested a worship of the sun as a reproductive power—a common Oriental religion. As to the towers within the inclosure Mr. Bent had no difficulty in placing them among the objects which the Arabians used to worship. Allusions to similar towers are constant in the Bible, and the ruins in Sardinia, Malta, and Mesopotamia prove there is authority for saying that stones like these were used in other Semitic worship in every country reached by Phoenician influence. Other indications of a Semitic origin were found in the discovery of some stones decorated in the conventional Phoenician style, and of part of a vase with letters on it resembling the proto-Arabian style of lettering used in the earlier Sabaean inscriptions; and Mr. Bent concluded therefore by naming the Arabs as the builders of Zimbabwe.

There is nothing historically inconsistent in this supposition. It is known from Egyptian monuments that a trade in gold between the Red Sea and southeast Africa existed 1,500 years before Christ; and much later the Book of Kings tells of Solomon's commercial adventures in the country of Ophir, which is believed to be south of the Zimbezi. All over Mashonaland and Mashonaland are discovered ancient gold mines, some of which show architecture as simple and venerable as that of Zimbabwe. It seems, then, as if from Arabia, went down into the country now called Rhodesia, subdued the native Kafirs, lived in the midst of them in garrison towns and carried on a trade in gold with the Red Sea. When they came to present unknown, except that it must have

been before Mohammed. The general tendency is to compromise on Solomon's reign.

ONLY ONE PEARL KING.

A Young Californian's Interest in South Pacific Trade.

It is not generally known that one single merchant, a young Californian 32 years of age, controls the pearl shell markets of America and Europe. This monarch of the pearl trade is Samuel Harris. He operates in the Pacific Ocean, and he has built up an astounding commercial reputation in the course of eight years. There are plenty of cattle kings in the west, and wheat kings in the east and money kings everywhere, but there is only one pearl king, and that is Harris. Thousands of rare, translucent gems are brought to this country and shipped to Europe by his agents. He deals in mother-of-pearl shells by the ton, and the magnitude of his transactions has made the private mark of Harris, namely, a diamond enclosing a large H, a seal of international importance and a guarantee of genuine kingship.

Harris gathers his gems exclusively in the Society Islands. For eight years he has made these Pacific land spots the field of his interesting business. It was on the shores of Tahiti that first he earned his title of king. After repeated transactions with the natives whom he employed in pearl fishing he stimulated them from passivity to great activity, gaining their confidence and trust by honest and reliable barter. He never made promises to them that he did not keep. He paid them in full the price which they demanded. Himself a finished critic, a connoisseur, he never permitted them to overvalue a pile of shells, and they grew to admire him. He controlled the situation at Tahiti. He was easily king.

It is said that Harris has been a lover of these delicate gems since his boyhood. Pearls have always been to him the most mysterious, the most wonderful, the most beautiful handiwork of nature. To him, gifted with an artistic, idealistic temperament, they appealed in a romantic, poetic way. To him each translucent globule seemed like a tear from the weird eyes of an earth-bewitched mermaid. They were silent tokens of the water maid's grief, she who perhaps pined for a terrestrial lover.

Finally young Harris took a pleasure voyage to the distant Society Isles and saw what made his enthusiastic eyes bulge in their sockets. He saw native children playing along the sands with the richest pearls he had ever seen; he saw the native belles passing by with ropes of pearly gems about their throats, such treasures as would have made a society queen turn pale with envy. Then Harris made his first business trip to Tahiti, and he took with him \$3000 worth of merchandise. His burden consisted mainly of tobacco, knives, rope, fish-hooks and articles of clothing. These were luxuries to the native Tahitians, and the pearl trader brought back that year in exchange for his merchandise fully \$40,000 worth of pearl and pearl shells. He did not consider it a bad bargain and he has been back every year since.

Formerly only the lowest grade pearls were brought to the American market. The finer ones were retained abroad and rarely ever found their way this side of the water. Harris has turned the tables, and now brings to the San Francisco market the most perfect pearls found anywhere. The perfect stones are Orient and of translucent whiteness or glimmering iridescence. They are finely symmetrical in form and the best are generally pear-shaped, like a falling tear. The hunt for these beauties of the deep goes on incessantly. The same excitement and uncertainty attend the fishing as surround the tireless chase for gold or the determined digging in a diamond mine.

There is the same labor and the oft-repeated disappointment. Now and then a great surprise is brought up by the fearless pearl diver. That compensates for all the rest. Lately it was an immense black pearl, the handsomest of its kind ever snatched from the fathomless ocean. Harris brought it on his last recent voyage to San Francisco. After careful examination it was found to be absolutely perfect, having a weight of six karats. It is valued in the London markets at \$750.

Since 1895 Harris has revolutionized the trade in pearl shells. Only one grade ever found its way to the manufacturers of pearl shell ornaments and gewgaws. It was generally shell that was thin, flakey, and colorless, and sold for \$800 a ton. This

energetic young pearl king now exports four different grades or varieties, ranging in value from \$600 to \$1200 a ton.

All shells are purchased in bulk from the native fishers. They bring down their hauls of shell to the young king's schooner as it lies in port, fretting restlessly against the side of the rude pier. They bring down their find here for the king's inspection. He sits in state and passes judgment. Harris can tell at a glance what a pile of shells is worth. He is an expert at determining value, and he is a shrewd buyer as well, and has never remitted the native experts to outdistance him in judgment. When a pile of shells is dropped and he runs his arm carelessly through the heap, and in a moment can determine the grade for the natives are clever at assortment. No uncommon shell are found among the poor ones. They have not learned yet the trick of deception by mingling the good and bad.

NOTABLE FIRES.

Those in the United States Have Proved the Least Serious.

The largest fire of the year 1897 was what has come to be known as the Aldersgate street fire in London, the damage from which, variously estimated at first, has been put officially at \$10,000,000. Ten-million-dollar fires are very rare nowadays in countries equipped, however imperfectly, with apparatus for the extinguishment of fires, and in the United States conflagrations of such dimensions are practically unknown. In former times, however, such fires were not so rare, and what is known as 'the great New York fire' of 1835 involved a pecuniary loss of \$30,000,000, which represents, of course, a much larger amount, relatively, than would such a fire today, the purchasing power of money being probably greater at that time, and, moreover, the system of insurance being such that by the failure of a large number of companies the insured were practically left without any compensation for the losses which they sustained. The number of buildings burned in the great New York fire which started in what was then known as Merchant street, in the Wall street district, was 700, and it was not the firemen who put a stop to it, but the United States sailors who came over from the navy yard and blew up a number of buildings.

The Chicago fire of 1871 entailed a loss of \$190,000,000 and covered an area of more than 2000 acres, consuming 17,000 buildings. The Boston fire, which occurred little more than one year later, entailed a loss of \$80,000,000, and destroyed 800 buildings, but these were of a much more substantial character than those burned in Chicago. Only about 20 per cent. of the Chicago fire losses were paid, but more than 60 per cent. of the Boston losses were met by insurance.

The aggregate losses in New York city from fires of all kinds occurring during the year, are now about \$3,500,000, and in any recent year they have not been so large as \$7,000,000. The nearest approach to that was in 1891 when they were \$6,900,000, the largest item of which was supplied by what was known as the Bleeker street fire at the corner of Greene and Bleeker streets on St. Patrick's day, the loss from which was \$1,466,000.

The largest and most serious fire of which there is authentic record in Germany was in Hamburg in 1842, the loss resulting from it being \$35,000,000. The great fire of London took place in 1666 and consumed two-thirds of the city, but there has never been any very accurate computation of the

loss and perhaps no such computation was possible. There have been many serious fires in France, but no one of them large enough to take rank in respect to loss among the notable fires of which there is a record.—New York Sun.

INDIANAPOLIS CURFEW LAW.

Followers to Warn Children off the Streets Every Night.

Seventy-five policemen at roll call sat in the crowded temporary station room last night in a solid damp blue block. Says an Indianapolis paper and this mass of the majesty of the law was leavened with knowledge of the curfew law before being sent broadcast to set the law working in all parts of the city. Superintendent Quinley read the curfew ordinance slowly and distinctly, from 'Be it ordained' to 'witness my hand and seal.' The enforcement of the law was to begin that night, he said, after finishing the reading. The efforts at first must be in the nature of an experiment. The patrolmen must not be severe at first, and must always use a great deal of judgment. All children seen out in the streets after 8 o'clock must be warned, and warned in a way that would make them understand that the police meant to be serious. There must be no joking with the boys on the subject.

The superintendent called attention to the fact that some children under 8—such as those working at night or running errands for their parents or guardians. Some, too, he said, went to church, such as those attending choir practice. Some way of identifying such children he said would probably be adopted. Those of St. Paul's church intended to adopt a ribbon or ticket. Some girls under fifteen attended the Young Women's Christian association prayer meetings and other gatherings, and these were also to be distinguished by some sort of badge.

The superintendent said that, while the police were to use good judgement in the enforcement of the law, they were to be on the lookout for violations of it, and to speak to all children whom they found out after 8 o'clock. If they were in doubt they should call up the station and get advice from the sergeant or captain in charge there. He said their would be further instructions on this subject from time to time.

After all, a large part of the enforcement of the law came about without any action on the part of the police. When factory whistles gave forth a solemn tooting in various parts of the city at 8 o'clock, boys who were still in the streets made a grand rush to cover, and policemen saw boys scurrying home without lectures on their part. It was an impressive night for the beginning of the enforcement of the ordinance—full of wet darkness which gave a mournful sound to the whistles, for the curfew blew rather than rang. The rain, however, was as effective as the curfew in keeping many children indoors.

Insect Horrors and Their Riders.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of Washington some specimens of chrysoptera, a species of golden-eyed fly, which had been collected in the White Mountains, were exhibited as curiosities, because each carried on its back one or more minute cecidomyiid flies. The opinion was expressed that this was a true case of a smaller species of insect using a larger species for the purposes of locomotion from place to place.

HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

And kept it two years.

The great World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893, while it gave pleasure to many, gave pain to not a few as an indirect result of their visit to the White City. People were lured along the miles of wonderful exhibits by the new marvels that met the gaze at every step, and did not realize their exhaustion until they dropped into a chair in some heavy corner by the lake and "cooled off." That's what began the trouble, in many cases. Of one such case, Mrs. L. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me., writes:

"My husband took a severe cold and cough two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This cough lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be done to help him, although various remedies were tried. Several doctors were consulted, but their prescriptions afforded no relief. Finally I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel very grateful for what Dr.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done for us, and shall keep it constantly on hand in the house."—Mrs. L. W. STEVENS, Fort Fairfield, Me.

Two years of doctoring for a cough, two years of "remedies" that gave no help, of prescriptions that profited only the man who wrote them, and then a trial of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped from the very first dose and effected a complete cure in a short time. The difference between Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and all other cough medicines could not be better stated than in this comparison of results. It has cured the most stubborn and obstinate cases of chronic bronchitis and asthma. It is a specific for croup and whooping cough. It cures all coughs and colds and all affections of the throat and lungs promptly and effectively. In response to numerous demands Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is put up in half size bottles—sold at half price—50 cents. More about cures effected by Pectoral in Dr. Ayer's Cure book. Sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sunday Reading

How little it costs. "How little it costs, if we give it a thought, To make happy some heart each day— Just one kind word, or a tender smile, As we go on our daily way. Purchase a look will suffice to clear The cloud from a neighbor's face, And the press of a hand in sympathy A sorrowful tear efface. One walks in sunlight, another goes All wearily in the shade; One treads a path that is fair and smooth, Another must pray for aid. It costs so little, I wonder why We give it so little thought— A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch— What magic with them is wrought!

A STRUGGLE TO BE HONEST.

"Rosy Jack," as he was called on the streets, and his brother Joe were two little vendors of matches and cigar-lighters, who made a precarious living in the great city of New York. Friendless, homeless, waifs, they slept in empty barrels and under archways, or down in old barges along the docks.

Joe was a delicate little fellow, ill fitted to bear the hardships of their vagrant life; but his brother was devoted to him and sought in every way to protect him. It other boys spoke crossly or tried to impose upon his weakness, Jack's temper was roused in a moment, and it was but a word and a blow, his strength making his championship all-powerful.

During the warm season they lived without much hardship for Rosy Jack's bright, honest face won him a customer when other boys failed; and he always made sure that Joe had enough to satisfy his hunger, if his own more hearty appetite went unappeased.

But during the last bitterly cold weather hard times came to the boys. Neither of them had sufficient clothing, and what they had was so tattered their blue, pinched limbs frequently appeared between the rents.

For two days Jack was unsuccessful in his efforts to find purchasers, and his brother became sick with hunger and exposure. In the afternoon of the second day Jack found some straw in the bottom of an empty barrel, near the Washington Market. Here he placed little Joe, who was no longer able to follow him, first taking off the remnant of coat he still had and wrapping it around the shivering boy; then he left him, determined in some way to find relief.

Passing through the market, he noticed a stand where there were hot rolls and raw oysters on plates, all ready for the buyer. Jack drew near, thinking how Joe would enjoy such a treat. He saw that the owner was busy at the other end of the stand, with his back toward him. One roll would satisfy Joe, and, if he took it, probably no person would see him. He stretched out his hand to grasp it; but the thought flashed upon him that Joe's first question would be as to how he obtained it, and he could not look him in the face and tell a lie or that he had stolen the food. So, putting his hands behind him, he ran away as fast as he could, to resist temptation; but, faint and sick from long fasting, he stopped a few streets off and sat down upon a doorstep, to collect his thoughts and decide what to do next. Before he could rise a policeman's hand was placed upon his shoulder, while he said, gruffly: "Here's the little thief. Mr. Smith says you robbed his till. We saw you run off; but I've caught you now, you young rascal!"

"I haven't stolen nuffin!" cried Jack, in a terrified voice. "Oh! that's what you all say; but that were a lot o' prigs round you this mornin', plannin' fer you to do some littin'." So I've kept an eye on you ever since, my young coo, an' I saw you slidin' up to that stand in the market, when you thought no one was lookin'."

"I never touched a single thing. You kin search me an' see."

"We'll do that at the station-house. So come along, an' make no fuss, or it'll be wuss for ye."

A crowd by this time had gathered about them, and Jack no longer 'rosy' but pale as death, was hurried away to the dreaded police court. They put him into a cell to await his trial. There for hours he sat alone thinking of his own little sick brother. What would become of Joe, if he was locked up in prison for several months? The policeman would not believe his story. Could he hope the magistrate would be more likely to trust him? It was true that some well-known thieves had that every day been urging him to become their assistant. No doubt they had taken this way to secure their revenge at his indignant refusal, at the same time making him their scapegoat. Completely overcome by these thoughts,



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he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed aloud.

In the midst of this burst of grief the door opened, and a policeman summoned him to the presence of the magistrate. Choking his sobs as well he could, he followed his attendant into a large, crowded room; but, dizzy and faint for want of food, he could scarcely comprehend the charges brought against him.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" at last asked a stern voice in front of him. "With a desperate effort, he looked up and replied:

"I'm not a thief, sir, I was orfully tempted to steal a piece of bread on that stand fer my little brother Joe, who's dyin' o' hunger in an empty barrel on West street but I know he'd ask how I got it, an' I couldn't tell him I'd earned it, so I just run away as fast as I could, to keep my hands off. We hain't neither of us had a bit to eat fer two days. I kin stand it myself, sir; but oh! don't lock me up from little Joe."

The boys appeal was so earnest and his whole aspect so fully corroborated his story that the magistrate was very much touched, though prepared for all sorts of deceptions. Turning to the witness box, he asked: "Has this boy ever been up before?"

A man arose and replied: "Yes, your honor, he was up as a pick-pocket and sentenced to a month's imprisonment. He then went by the name of 'Snobby.' Now he's known as 'Rosy Jack.' He was seen givin' the money he took from Mr. Smith's stall, afore he was caught, to one of those jailbirds that the policeman saw talkin' to him this mornin'."

"Have you anything to say to this?" asked the magistrate again of Jack.

"I've never been in prison nor took the money. Them prigs tried to get me to do littin' fer 'em, an' some was arter me today; but I told 'em I'd starve afore I'd steal."

"I would like to believe your story true," said the magistrate, slowly, "but Mr. Smith who keeps the stand, testified that he saw you take something then run. And when he looked his money was gone. The policeman also gives corroborating testimony; and this cabman, who was near when you were arrested, swears that you have been up before. Therefore, I am compelled to accept their testimony as the most correct. I shall send you to prison for three months, where you will have an opportunity to learn a trade, by which you can earn an honest living when you come out, if so inclined."

"Oh, what will become of Joe?" cried the boy, in a voice of agony, then fell unconscious to the floor.

Just at that moment an old gentleman pushed his way hurriedly to the front, and said, in a loud voice:

"Will your honor listen to my testimony a moment, before committing that boy? I am a member of a firm that you may see, I added, quietly handing the magistrate his business card.

"I shall be glad, sir, to hear anything in the boy's favor," said the Judge, in a tone

of evident respect, as he recognized the well-known position of his witness.

"I was passing along West street, when I noticed these two boys, as pitiable objects as I have seen during this bitter weather. I watched the one committed as prisoner take off his ragged coat and wrap it around his little sick, shivering brother, who lay in an empty barrel, while this one said: 'I'll see what I can do to get us a bit to eat. Perhaps I can sell some matches in the market, then buy something right there. I won't be long.'"

"Touched by his devotion to his brother, I followed him, intending to purchase his stock and inquire into his history. I stood right behind him, and I saw him struggle with the temptation to steal the lot rolls. I heard him say to himself, 'I can take it, then go back and tell Joey a lie;' and instantly he ran off as fast as he could. I pursued him, but did not catch up till he was carried off by the policeman, and I heard from others the charge brought against him. On my arrival here I learned the hour when his case would probably come up, and I thought I would have time to go back and see that this little brother was properly taken care of."

"I feel, your honor, that the circumstantial evidence already given has done this boy great injustice, for he has maintained his honesty against sore temptation. I can take my oath that he touched nothing on that stand. There was a man also near him, who, in my opinion, was the real thief."

"We magistrates, sir, must take the evidence of those witnesses that seem most reliable. Your testimony is conclusive, and confirms what the boy has already said in his own defence. I now gladly recall my sentence and pronounce him not guilty."

The old gentleman, after thanking the judge, went at once to Jack, and finding him still unconscious, had him carried into a quiet eating saloon, where the welcome influence of a warm fire and simple remedies soon revived him. In a short time he was able to comprehend the release he had obtained.

After his kind benefactor had given him a substantial dinner, he said that he was in need of an honest boy in his store and he believed that in Rosy Jack he had found one he could trust. He also told him that he had taken little Joe to the hospital, and had given directions that he should receive the best of care, and that Jack should be allowed to spend his nights with him; but, if he cared to enter his services, he must report to the store early the next day.

Most thankfully Jack accepted the offer, and promptly the next morning he was at the old gentleman's office, neatly dressed in a suit given him by some kind ladies at the hospital. He began his duties with an energy and clearness of apprehension which proved that this would be but the stepping stone to his future prosperity—a prosperity, I trust, that he will share as generously with his little brother as when they were friendless boys upon the street.

SOME DAILY THOUGHTS.

Gems of Religious Thoughts Gleaned From Various Bright Sources.

What profit is it if we elay our brother? (Gen. xxxvii, 26.)

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." (1. John iii., 16, 18.)

Without riches, without dwelling, Wounded sore by foe and friend, In the garden and in dying— Jesus loved us to the end.

—Unknown.

Let us learn to give God time. God needs time with us. If we only give him time, that is, time in the daily fellowship with himself, for him to exercise the full influence of his presence on us, and time, day by day, in the course of our being kept waiting, for faith to prove its reality and to fill our own being, he himself will lead us from faith to vision; and we shall see the glory of God. Let no delay shake our faith. Of faith it holds good; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Each believing prayer brings

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who had a heart large enough to attract and hold a church of nearly two thousand members, in a letter to Evangelist E. P. Hammond, felt this testimony: "Never in all my ministry have I kept a little child waiting on the doorstep of the church if he gave me any satisfactory evidence that he loved the Saviour and was trusting in him; and I believe it is a growing conviction that they are the best Christians who come earliest to the Lord and earliest into the Church." To a mother, whose twelve-year-old boy had accepted Christ and was wishing to unite with the Church, she objected because she thought he was too young. Dr. Shaw replied: "Why, we do not want all old sheep in the flock!" It was a wise shepherd's advice: "Get the lambs folded early; and then keep the fold warm. There could be no wiser advice for us. Get the children—the lambs of Christ's flock, folded early; and then keep the fold warm. We believe in warm sheepfolds."

READ THIS.

Mr. F. X. Frechette, a merchant of Wolfestown, Wolfe county, having been a long time sick with chronic bronchitis and being hopeless of ever recovering because he had already taken so many different medicines without any relief. He was rich enough to have a good time and take pleasure, but he had no desire to recover thinking all the time that he was incurable and that he had only to prepare himself for the great change that everybody has to undergo.

However one day somebody urged him to try one medicine more which would certainly not fail to relieve him, if it did not cure him. He decided, as the drowning person who catches at the first straw, to take this advice, even if he had no confidence. Hardly had he used Dr. Ed. Morin's Creso-Phates Wine when he experienced great relief. The bad cough which weakened him, the pains in the stomach and in the sides, which made him suffer, disappeared altogether. His appetite and strength came back gradually and the hope of cure soon encouraged him a great deal. He continued the use of Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine for some time longer and obtained the best results. Mr. Frechette is perfectly well today. His confidence in Morin's Creso Phates Wine is so great that he recommends it to every person suffering from pulmonary diseases.

Wheat is Always Growing.

Wheat is grown all over the world, in the southern as well as in the northern hemisphere, and, as the winter of the southern half of the world occurs when we have our summer, the Chilians and Australians are sowing and reaping wheat while the northern hemisphere is wrapped in snow. In so many countries is wheat grown and under such diverse conditions that there is no month in the year during which wheat sowing or a wheat harvest is not going on in some part of the world.

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Notches on The Stick

Another collection of poems by R. v. Frederick George Scott, entitled "The Unnamed Lake." (Toronto, William Briggs, Wesley Buildings,) is worthy the welcome. This writer is moved by the great events of the age, and the great thoughts vibrating the heart of man today. He deals with them strongly, poetically. There is a note of grandeur in these lines:

"When the ages were young and the tongue of the universe sounded his praise,
Over the dismal, abysmal, dark voids, where God went on his ways
To crown his creations with nations of flowering
and animate life—
Implanting a germ in the worm that would grow to his image with strife.

Ye tempests that sweep from the deep which the night and the light overspan,
Assemble in splendor, and I render the praise of magnificent man!"

This sonnet has a noble, but no idle beauty. The poet ascends to the stars, but he stoops to touch the heart. The heavens that declare the glory of God, and the law of loving sympathy that moulds a tear, may not be far apart.

The Heaven of Love.

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
So vast and thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
Up on the floorways of His house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their courses by wisdom planned
The weary wander, the gulf no sight hath spanned,
An endless time forever passing by.
Then filled with wonder and a sacred dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

In his mastery Mr. Scott is not among the least of our poets; and while he has humor and tenderness at command, he touches high themes with a grave reverence, and while he makes his appeal to the higher intellect he seeks to improve the heart of his reader.

We could never find it in our heart seriously to condemn that kid of the old fable, who, from the hatch of his shed, rated the wolf. He had the rare opportunity of speaking to his ancient enemy without diplomatic courtesy, and with comparative security to himself. We feel how human this is,—out of a high pulpit to deal out truth, or to say it cuttingly, like the editor, or the nameless correspondent. No doubt the kid did it in his heartiest manner. That hit about this occupancy of "coward's castle" was but the convenient sneer of his wolfship, who, doubtless, was just then out on a predatory excursion; and who exhibited as much of his native disposition as was possible to any timid kid on the earth. As for the kid, he might never have such an opportunity again.

A correspondent writes: "Have you read 'Quo Vadis' yet? A strong work, that, (yes, we could not be rid of it for many days after it was finished!) as depressing as experience. The din at Nero's banquets; his pageants, grotesquely gorgeous; the restless, imprisoned lions, sending their desert cry through the doomed city; the mighty fire, thundering sonorously among Rome's seven hills, in triumphant deluge,—we hear, see, feel it all, to our very marrow! The apostles are kindly drawn. Peter, standing aloft in the crowded amphitheatre silent, absorbed, courageous, masking from time to time over the dying martyrs in the ring, the barbaric, solemn, tragic, holy sign, is more impressive than Bulwer's Arbas, as he stood that day in the theatre of Pompeii, his white robe glittering with jewels, his arm outstretched, pointing to the rift in the awning at the upspringing fires of Vesuvius, while the audience surged towards him, wild for blood, and shrieking, 'Arbas to the lions! There is much else in the book I would like to speak of, but that, perhaps, might weary you. But listen to one thing more. 'Whiter than the lilies of Hebron,' we shall see them after death, says this gifted Pole—those who on earth were sinned against. And that is my own doctrine." As might be supposed, the author of the above paragraphs has a poetic mind, and is a maker of excellent verse. The name of Mary Ellen Blanchard is not unknown to the public. I may be permitted to copy a few more sentences, containing no privacy. After speaking of some things that sadden and embitter life, she says,— "And yet, at this very hour, out of doors there is no dearth of loveliness. The snow-crystals glitter in the clear light of the sun, the sky is soft and full of sweet spring promises; while across the street one solitary cedar is moving its faded fans in a pleasant way, as though the impending greenness was delicious. We of Bohemia shake ourselves from dreams, moreover glad, to note the season's mir-

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insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

acles once more,—being, as we are, brother and sister to yon cedar, the wide, bright azure sky, and the whole world."

We have been more than entertained by Dr. W. A. Quayle's article on 'The Gentleman in Literature,' in the current Methodist Review; we have been refreshed as with a draught of pure ether—the ozone of the hills. Whatever things are cleanly, noble, and inviting to a pure spirit, he has chosen to think upon these things. He has a crisp, sententious manner of uttering his thought, which he conveys imaginatively. A delicate poetic tinge shows through his style's texture, and he has the power to grasp and group salient things. To him the Knight of La Mancha is the matchless gentleman of literature. His forlorn grotesquerie does not discourage this admirer or becloud his view. He 'seems fantastic' and his creator (?) 'a laughter-monger'; but these are the strains of circumstances on the deep swift current of reality. 'Dare we think a gentleman could be ludicrous and fantastic?—for this Don was. We revolt against the notion that so gracious a thing could be grotesque. Yet is this our mature thought? Do not the facts certify that from this world's unregenerate standpoint manliness is grotesque? Was not Christ looked upon as mad? Did not his ideas of manliness appear as nothing other than fantastic, when he would substitute love for might, meekness for braggadocio, and purity of heart for an omnipresent sensuality? What were his ideals of manhood but battling with windmills or being enamored of a myth? Tested by standards of this world's make his notions and conduct were sheerly fantastic. As recorded on one occasion, 'They laughed him to scorn'; and this they did many another time, covertly or openly. Indeed, grasping the state of civilization as then existing and comprehending Christ's unearthly idea of what a gentleman was, we cannot be slow to perceive how ludicrous this conception would be to the Roman world. Tall dreams seem madness. Hamlet's feigned madness puzzles us even yet. Many an auditor heard Columbus with a smile illy concealed behind his beard. All high ideality sounds like a madman's babble.

To see a life live truly will strike many as a jest, and others as pathos too deep for soba. Don Quixote conceived a man ought to live for virtue. To be self-dedicated to the help of others; to be courageous as an army which has never met defeat; to be self-forgetful, so that hunger, pain, thirst, fatigue, become trifles; to have love become absorbing; to fill the mind's untamed sky with dreams outshining dawns; to count honor to be so much more than life as that honor is all and life is naught; to interpret all men and women at their best, and so to expect good and not suspicion evil; to meet all men on the high level of manhood; and to love God with such persistency and eagerness as that the soul's solitudes are peopled with Him as by a host—if this be not a gentleman we have misconceived the species. Read this history of his early and later battles for right, and you will not find an impurity of right, and suggestion, thought. God's lilies are not cleaner. . . . Better to be blinded as Don Quixote by a ravishing ideal, than to see, besotted in soul and shut out

from God. That humorous figure astride lean Rosinante, esquired by pudgy, sensible Sancho, eager for chances to be of use, faithful to his love as dawn to the sun, strong in his desire of being all eyes to see distress, all ears to hear a call for succor, . . . this does not touch us as being humorous so much as it does as being pathetic. We see, but do not feel, the humor.

After Cervantes' great ideal, Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, and Tennyson's stainless knight, who 'hated foulness as he hated hell,' stand at his peak of honor. Of Newcome he says: "How unostentatious his bravery, . . . how alert his love, how open to enjoyment, how young his heart and how pure! What simplicity and what grave courtesy, particularly to women, how wide those windows of his soul open toward heaven, how magnanimous, how sad his face and heart, how sensitive his nature! . . . We can see him now, as if he lived among us yet." A gracious company, not far apart from these, are well spoken of. "Literature more and more concerns itself with spiritual quantities. The air of our century is aromatic with these beautiful conceptions, as witness, Jean Valjean, Dr. MacClure, Deacon Phoebe, Sidney Carton, Daniel Deronda, Donal Grant, Bayard, Red Jason, Pete, Captain Moray, John Halifax and Caponsacchi." With regard to gentlemanliness "Spenser stood on a high mount of vision" than Shakespeare. He finds among that great poet's men no single gentleman. Heroes and strong souls enough, but lacking gentleness,—no ideal spiritual type among them all. "Shakespeare's men are always a little lower than the angels," whereas a gentleman might fittingly stand among angels as a brother. "Joseph, premier of Egypt" stands with him peer among gentlemen of the early world. Why not Daniel, premier of Assyria, with him? "Classic scholarship can show no gentleman Greece produced. Greek soul grew no such flowers beneath its radiant sky. . . . Test them by this canon of Tennyson: 'I would pluck my hand from a man, even if he were my greatest hero or dearest friend, if he wronged a woman or told her a lie'. . . Julius Caesar was the flower of the Latin race. Nothing approximates him. Great qualities cluster in him like stars in the deep sky. But his ambition was like to that of Milton's Satan, and his lust was a bottomless pit." So no proper gentleman was he. "Dante knew not a gentleman, and could not dream him therefore." Milton evolved heroes and demigods, but has given no spiritual type of the gentleman. John Storm, in the much-talked of "Christian" of Hall Caine, may be hero or saint, but not gentleman. He lacks balance, "he means well, but is erratic, fugal, lacking centre. . . . Red Jason, in The Bondman is a worthier contribution to the natural history of the gentleman. View him how you will, he is great." Dr. Quayle made his literary mark in his recent volume of essays, "The Poet's Poet." His is a new voice but one to which we shall love to listen.

A friend, a little to the south of us, (Pennsylvania,) writes: "You should have heard our birds sing this morning! We can see no snow except in shady places and there very thin. Still, we may have a big storm this month; this is our month for blizzards. . . . I see by the last 'Bookman' that the 'London Academy,' an English literary journal, has awarded a prize of one hundred guineas to Stephen Phillips, the author of 'Christ in Hades,' for the best book published in 1897. It also gives a portrait of Mr. Phillips. Also an article by Stephen Crane 'Concerning the English Academy.' . . . Did you read, Clifton Scollard's poem 'A Winter Song'? He is a beautiful singer. Here is a sonnet by Eliza Woodworth, contributed to Scribners in 1892:—

Asleep Upon the Grass.

Upon the warm and fragrant grass I lay;
Above me towered the whispering maple-tree
(Whose voice, when it rains march past, is like the sea.)
And round me was the throng of Summer-Day;
Thin gnats, and dark ephemera, at play;
Passe d'yellow butterflies and banded bee;
The large-eyed robin came and I looked at me,
Then briskly hopped, content about the bane.
Wee, swinging spiders slid down mist-threads high
Grim, hurried ants across my palm would pass,
The shortest way, and lady-bugs, unsly,
Beetles came close, with backs like hammered brass,
For fear had left the elves that walk or fly,—
They said,—She is asleep upon the grass.

I have several of her poems descriptive of shore life, which I think are very fine. Her poems are mostly printed in the Independent. Miss Woodworth is much of an invalid, I take it, who lives in Washington D. C. I have corresponded with her for several years at intervals. She is certainly a rare poet. . . . I think you would like her very much. . . . Have you read in the March 'Cosmopolitan' 'The Dreyfus Mystery'? It is enough to make one's blood boil. Capt. Dreyfus may be guilty; but

and that quickly. Many mixtures are temporary in effect, but Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a permanent remedy. The oil feeds the blood and warms the body; the hypophosphites tone up the nerves; the glycerine soothes the inflamed throat and lungs. The combination cures. This may prevent serious lung troubles.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Of the Household.



1. It was tea which cost her ninety cents, and yet the dame looked sad; It didn't seem to have the taste that China tea once had.



7. The lady bought the tea at once, as she was told to do. And if you'd seen the change it made, you'd go and buy it too.



2. And the good man wasn't cheerful, for his tea was never strong; He scolded servant, wife and child—vowed everything was wrong.



8. And what a change! The good man's face is beaming o'er and o'er; He said, 'I'm fifty-two to-day and feel like twenty-four.'



3. The maids gave "sass" about their tea, and said that they would leave: And they broke some extra plates and cups, their feelings to relieve.



9. And the maids are so good-tempered—never give an answer tart: While they do their work with such good-will, and always look so smart.



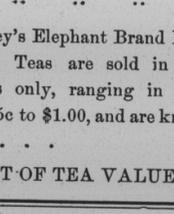
4. Then the children, too, were fractious— their mother thought them ill; And quickly sought a famed M. D., although she feared his bill.



10. And the children are quite happy, and add up two and two; And make it four instead of five, as they always used to do.



5. The sympathising doctor soon made the lady see That the fault of these disasters must be due to wretched tea.



Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Teas are sold in lead packets only, ranging in price from 25c to \$1.00, and are known as

BEST OF TEA VALUES.

guilty or not, he has had no trial worthy of the name—but the rankest mockery of Justice. I don't believe him guilty. He has the misfortune to be a Jew, and that's enough to kill him in the French Army. You have read of Zola's trial and conviction for asserting Dreyfus' innocence and charging his crime upon high officials. Now he is in prison, and justice is outraged again.' (B. F. L. Ward, Del. Co. Penn.) Our foregoing correspondent has touched this subject: 'What sort of novel, think you, will Zola now hurl at the public head? Now, if ever his realism should be given a good airing. He has a right to black-guard if he likes!'



6. He said, "My best prescription isn't powders, draughts or pills. The regular use of TETLEY'S TEA will cure your household ills."

We like the beginnings of government, when it is for the people, and the people are right. We forebode the time when government is to be organized and administered in the interest of wealth and privilege. We love to live under primitive conditions of society. PASTOR FRANK.

WOMEN

After we women have had our cade and several our tempers and with the insidious it has been left man—a mere know what it is that curling iron which sible the mischief-cessor.

Someone has tongs have a their way to and I believe it justifiable ha' rec' poses the adv' the hair, but w' natural looking nothing left but by nine women: the disadvantage are willing to su' ful, and so we o' our scalp and shoulders, when the quivering fl' is to be a joy f' cool lamp at iron and keep' It is never hot and yet it cur' beautifully, sav' and does aw' which always gas is used.

Strange to s' no more bulky, old one being ial, and in a v' gether it come' to feminine h' house, which o' should be with' it must have heart, or been' ing his wife b' temper over th'

And now the Well truly it only way we c' diet cranks w' that all the ill' ced from this be to give up e' en 1 of trouble heard that the self to the ver' enough salt, t' required a gen' tar to keep th' and that it w' known. Wom' more in the h' than men, and dish that come' less, because fact that by s' hair fall out, c' ting our nerve terrible state I darsay that lead most of u' hecy of what we persist in t' jure salt altho' salted almon' souls adore.

I wonder w' or the woman will rise up in masculine tyr' to have overlo' of grievances, once dominan' of doling o' families in everyone in anything wh' disposition al' to see pater' vously in his

THE L

AL I guarantee habit, no m' when my net' as directed, within three effected in th' make no cha' privately, a' business duti' health impr' able testimo' investigation

Woman and Her Work

After we women have spent the last decade and several years before it, in ruining our tempers and our hair at the same time, with the insidious and deadly curling tongs it has been left to the inventive genius of a man—a mere man who cannot possibly know what our sufferings have been from that terrible little instrument, to invent a curling iron which shall undo as far as possible the mischief wrought by its predecessor.

Someone has wittily said that curling tongs have started more women on their way to predilection than original sin, and I believe it is true. Most of us have a justifiable hatred of curl papers, which may possess the advantage of being better for the hair, but which seldom make pretty or natural looking curls, and there is really nothing left but the tongs, which are used by nine women out of ten, in spite of all the disadvantages which surround it. We are willing to suffer in order to be beautiful, and so we cheerfully burn our fingers, our scalps and frequently our necks and shoulders, when we drop the hot tongs on the quivering flesh. The new curling iron is to be a joy forever, having a little alcohol lamp attachment which heats the iron and keeps it at the same temperature. It is never hot enough to burn the fingers and yet it curls the hair naturally and beautifully, saves the trouble of re-heating and does away with the smoke and soot which always collect when either a lamp or gas is used.

Strange to say the new curling iron is no more bulky, and no heavier than the old one being made of much better material, and in a very compact form. Altogether it comes as a boon and a blessing to feminine humanity and is something no house, which contains occupants of our sex, should be without. The man who invented it must have either possessed a feeling heart, or been driven to despair by watching his wife burn her fingers and ruin her temper over the curling tongs of the period.

And now they say we eat too much salt? Well truly it will not be long before the only way we can satisfy the demands of the diet cranks who are always discovering that all the ills humanity is heir to, proceed from this or that article of diet, will be to give up eating at all, and so make an end of trouble. It is not long since we heard that the human race was bringing itself to the verge of the grave by not eating enough salt, that both stomach and blood required a generous amount of saline matter to keep the system in perfect health, and that salt was one of the best tonics known. Women, we are told are much more in the habit of going to extremes than men, and therefore we resist every dish that comes to the table utterly regardless, because probably ignorant of, the fact that by so doing we are making our hair fall out, drying up our blood, and setting our nerves on edge. This is indeed a terrible state of things to contemplate, and I despair that our love of extremes will lead most of us who read this dire prophecy of what is likely to happen to us if we persist in the error of our ways, to abjure salt altogether even to the beloved salted almonds and peanuts which our souls adore.

I wonder when either the New Woman, or the woman who is not especially new, will rise up in revolt against one piece of masculine tyranny which she seems always to have overlooked in making out her list of grievances against the sex which was once dominant, but is now subject? I mean the exasperating habit so many men have, of doling out collection money to their families in church. It might not strike everyone in the same way, but it there is anything which rasps my naturally sweet disposition almost beyond endurance, it is to see paterfamilias begin fumbling nervously in his pockets before the clergyman

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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

A. Hutton Dixon,
No 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.



has finished pronouncing the benediction, pass a small coin pompously to the wife of his bosom, and then put a number of smaller coins in circulation amongst his progeny, extract a larger one for himself from a separate pocket and then lean back with folded arms and an expression of conscious rectitude which might call up a sigh of envy from Mr. Coadband himself. Why can't that misguided man go through the ceremony before he leaves home? It would be less trouble I should fancy, and would look so much better. If he is afraid of the children losing their collection money on the way to church, he might see that they tied it up in a corner of their handkerchiefs, and put it securely in their pockets. The wife's contribution might be enclosed in an envelope for safe keeping, and pinned to the bosom of her dress.

It may be merely a prejudice of mine, but somehow the spectacle of a husband and father proclaiming the fact in public that he holds the purse strings, and keeps his family in object dependence upon him, is very unpleasant indeed, and not by any means, calculated to elevate that husband and father in the opinion of the spectators. And yet numbers of men do it every Sunday of their lives.

How shall we dress our necks so as to let ourselves down gradually from the lovely heights of frill, ruff, and ear touching collar, which have beautified us for so long, to the plain and most trying neck which is slowly but surely coming into fashion. The high linen collar with its neat little tie is a sort of happy medium, but then we dare not near it if we value our necks,—their beauty, I mean—and the huge bow tied under the chin and reaching its lace trimmed ends down to the waist has become so common that one hesitates to adopt a style so lacking in originality. The pretty tie of soft Roman striped silk, which is first passed around the neck towards the back, crossed, and then brought forward and tied in a four-in-hand knot offers an attractive compromise, but it is very difficult to arrange, and still more difficult to keep in place as the lack of stiffness makes it terribly inclined to double up into wrinkles and creases which are far from becoming, but if the dress collar is very stiff and the tie pinned firmly in place after it is arranged, there is a possibility of making it "stay put" as the children say. Probably this is the hour beyond all others is the four-in-hand of bayadere striped silk, and though it had a great run at first in lengthwise stripes the girl with a long thin neck has discovered that they make her look like a giraffe, so she is wearing her ties with the stripes across. These Roman striped ties are comparatively new, and therefore expensive, so if one wishes to economize a bit it is well to buy a yard and a quarter of bayadere silk cut into widths for ties and then hem and fringe it at home. One would thus obtain at least three wide ties for oneself and friends for little more than the cost of one if it were purchased ready-made.

Of course one does not care to have three ties exactly the same, but most girls have plenty of friends who would be only too willing to enter the syndicate, purchase a yard of silk each, and then exchange so that each should possess three or four ties of different patterns. I believe the bayadere silks are wide, so it is possible to get four ties out of a yard and have them quite a respectable width. They are quite easy to make, only requiring a narrow hem, and the fringing process is equally simple. Embroidery silk in the two or three shades which compose the stripes can easily be purchased, and run through the ends of the tie with a coarse needle each strand knotted to keep it in place and then cut even at the ends. It can be braided loosely and knotted again if one cares to take the trouble, and thus have the real imported look.

Another variety of the soft fringed tie is made of velvet ribbon, in some delicate shade, such as pale pink, blue, or green and fringes to match is added. This is the very newest thing in ties and is both pretty and becoming.

A return to the ever popular stock collar is promised, and it is to emerge from its retirement but slightly varied, almost the only changes being the different posi-

tion of the bow, which is now placed at the side instead of the back, and the number and fineness of the folds in which it is laid. This stock will be worn with light silk blouses now and with all the summer waists when summer comes, it is a succession of folds so narrow that they are sometimes only a quarter of an inch wide, and they always turn upward. These collars are easily made at home and as half a yard of china silk is ample to make a stock they cost but a trifle. Hemstitching is a favorite decoration for the new stock, the ends of the bow, the flaps which turn over just below the ear on each side and are called "ear-pieces," and the ruff, which sometimes finishes the neck, are all greatly improved by a border of hemstitching.

In spite of the repeated assurances frequently given by high authorities in the fashion world that plain collar bands will certainly be worn this spring, some of the newest of the beautiful cloth gowns which are being made for early spring wear, show a decided novelty in neck trimming. Nearly all of these dresses show the regulation stock collar with the addition of a frill set on at the back, and standing up against the hair; instead of the lace which composed this frill last year, the material now used is ribbon, velvet or silk and cut into the oddest of shapes. For example one frill is shaped from two half circles of velvet, the straight edges being gathered and the rounded ones lace trimmed and standing up. Another neck frill is square, just a plain strip of velvet doubled and plaited into an upstanding frill, while others again are triangular or pointed as the fancy may dictate.

The cuffs of these dresses are also quite novel, being cut separate from the sleeve and either flaring over the hand in the same odd shapes as the neck trimming square, circular or triangular; or else turned back from the wrist, and faced. One pretty imported costume showed collar, cuffs and neck frill in a contrasting color, and the effect was both pretty and striking. In spite of the popularity of braid trimming of every description during the present season, it promises to retain its hold on public favor through the summer, and braided cloth gowns will be worn as much as ever. The narrow soutache braid of silk and mohair is used for the trimmings in narrow parallel lines, and also for the open braided designs which require fine braids in their development; but a thicker quality which gives a raised effect, is the silk and mohair tubular braid which is wider than the soutache, and more showy in effect. A decided novelty in braids is the "drawn," or "pulled" braid which comes with a corded edge, in order to allow of its being drawn up into a diminutive ruff, according to the prevailing fancy for frills of all kinds, and also to get the proper spiral effect, in decorative braiding of large design, such as panels, and front breadths for skirts. In some of these braids the cord runs through the centre forming a double ruff or ruche, when drawn up. ASTRA.

Worried Over a Dollar.

"What's the matter, Brinkerton? You look as if you had something on your mind. 'I have,' he replied. 'I'm worried, badly worried. I found a dollar in my Sunday breeches this morning.' 'Your first man I ever saw that worried over the finding of money he didn't know he had.' 'But wait. You don't understand me. I can't make up my mind whether I forgot the dollar or whether my wife slipped it in there to try me. She has been accusing me for some time past of keeping things from her. Now, if I were to blow this money in without saying anything to her about it, and it should turn out that she had played a trick on me, my finish would be well worth writing up. On the

The D & A CORSET.



For Evening Dress

Women find the D & A CORSET as well suited for evening wear as it is for ordinary purposes. It gives "chic" to the figure, without stiffness or discomfort. It is sold at popular prices.

Wear the D & A Corset.



Don't bear the burden of the wash board any longer. Hasn't it caused enough damage and trouble and weariness? Do you realize the amount of wear and tear that it brings to your clothes in a single year? Get Pearlina—get rid of the wash-board and that eternal rubbing. Be a free woman. You ought to see for yourself that Pearlina's easy way of washing—soaking, boiling, rinsing—is better for the clothes and better for you.

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A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.

We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50.

This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

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other hand, if I go to her and confess that I found it, she'll simply take the dollar. I wouldn't have had this happen for 50 cents."

MAKE OLD DRESSES NEW!

Diamond Dyes the Simplest and Easiest way of Home Dyeing.

Their Great Superiority Over all Other Ways of Home Dyeing—A Ten-Cent Package Will Color From One to Five Pounds of Goods—Colors That Will Not Wash out in Strong Soapsuds.

Success in home dyeing depends wholly upon the kind of dyes used. With Diamond Dyes, if the simple directions on the package are followed carefully, and the special dyes for cotton are used for cotton and mixed goods, and the wool dyes used for wools, there is absolutely no chance of failure. Diamond Dyes are very simple and easy to use, and by using a stick to lift up the goods while in the dye bath, there is no need of soiling the hands. For beauty, brilliancy, and fastness, no other dye stuffs, whether for home use or for the dye-shop, equal the Diamond. The latest scientific discoveries are used in their manufacture, they are guaranteed the strongest and fastest of all known dyes, and their solid colors will not wash out in the strongest soapsuds, nor will they fade when exposed to the sunlight.

Try Diamond Dyes once, and see how easy it is to make old and faded dresses, waists, ribbons, coats, etc. look like new.

SCIENCE AMONG SAVAGES.

They Obtained Fire by Strictly Scientific Principles.

It has been less than 100 years since civilized humanity used many odd devices for the purpose of obtaining fire. In this country, then claiming to be "enlightened," the tinder box, with steel flint, was the apparatus most generally used, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. However, if there was no tinder box in the house, the old flint-lock musket, with a few grains of powder in the pan, together with a few shreds of paper or greased rags, were considered a household necessity. Rubbing sticks together until they were fired by friction was the method used by the savages of that time in nearly all the lands of the globe. There was one single exception, however, to all of the above, as well as any of the more common methods of "striking light," and that method was practiced by a rude tribe of semi-savages inhabiting eastern Tibet. Curious as it may seem, these rude savages obtained fire by strictly scientific principles, which involved a wonderful knowledge of compressed air.

The apparatus used consisted of a wooden cylinder two and one-half inches long by three-quarters of an inch in diameter which closed at one end. Into this cylinder (which tapered off at one end until it was not larger than a common lead pencil) was fitted an air-tight piston (which had a large flat knob at the top; the other end of the piston was slightly hollowed out the indentation being intended for the

reception of a small piece of tinder or "punk." When this apparatus was in use, it was held in one hand, the piston being inserted with the other and pushed about half way down. A very sharp blow was then given with the palm on the piston. At the same instant the fingers were closed around the knob and the piston instantly withdrawn. If everything had worked to perfection, the scientific savage was usually rewarded by finding that the tinder had been lighted and a fire assured. Sir William Gill, an English scientist, who investigated this queer mode of striking a light, says that "it requires skill to use the fire-producing apparatus, as well as science to invent it."

RECIPE TIP.

A hungry guest at a Chicago hotel, who had sat at one of the tables unnoticed for several minutes, called a waiter to him at last and said:

"Young fellow, I saw that man over there hand you a tip of half a dollar just now."

"Yes, sah."

"You've got his order, have you?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, now, I'll give you a tip also—which is this: Bring me exactly the same order, served in exactly the same style as his, and with the same promptness, or I'll report you. Do you get the idea, young fellow?"

"Yes, sah."

The two dinners were served at the same time, and were precisely alike.

Not Enough.

They say she is a poem
Quite likely that may be;
I had into my sorrow
she is averse to me.



A Welcome Knock!

Every mother should welcome into the household

Baby's Own Soap

Like baby himself, though small it brings happiness, because it is so good for baby's skin, and makes him so fresh and nice.

BABY'S OWN SOAP is made from purest vegetable oils, is delicately scented with flower extracts, and is pre-eminently THE nursery soap of Canada.

PENNIES AS MONEY

Perceptions From the Time They are Stamped and Leave the Mint

All the pennies in the United States are stamped at the Philadelphia Mint but they are not, as most people suppose, made there. The government buys the blank coppers on which the design is stamped from a Western firm, each thousand costing \$1.25. So 100 cents, with a face value of \$1, cost the government less than one-fifth of that sum.

As a result of all this Uncle Sam makes a big profit on his pennies. This would not be true if all the pennies that are coined were presented for redemption. They never are, however, for fully one-fifth of them seemingly go out of existence in mysterious ways. All the ways in which the pennies are lost are as multitudinous as the sins of the usurer. If the lost pennies were weighed, it is estimated that they would tip the scales at 2,500 pounds.

When the blanks with which the cents are made reach the mint they are first run through a stamping machine which cuts them out, imprints the design and drops them into boxes.

Then they are run through a sorting machine, which throws out any that are imperfectly made and the rest pass on to a broad table, where they are counted, not by hand, but by means of a grooved case into which they fall 500 at a time. Then they are tied up in canvas bags ready to be shipped away as they are called for.

One would think that the penny would be the last coin to be counterfeited, but as a matter of fact there are more spurious cents than there are of dollars or dimes. A pound of copper, enough to make 100 cents, can be bought for 11 cents, so that the counterfeiters can make a good profit if they are skilful enough. So many bad pennies come to the United States Treasury that some of the Secret Service men are at work all the time looking for the men who make them.

The hardest worked member of the whole coin family is the penny, said Superintendent Muhlman of the New York Post Office. The other day, as he watched the unloading of an express wagon piled high with canvas bags of the copper coins. It is the errand boy of the money world, and a remarkably spry youngster, too, who covers a lot of ground in the course of a year. It is also pre-eminently the children's coin though I dare say there are a lot of interesting things about it that those whose sticky fingers help to keep it under motion do not know.

For instance cents often come to us at the rate of a million a day. The Superintendent is the clearing house of these coins for the metropolitan district, and we handle an immense number of them in the course of the year. That lot just coming in contains \$5,000 worth and represents a day's collections from a single big slot machine company.

Perhaps before the day is over a delivery truck from one of the great department stores will be down here after \$10,000 worth—1,000,000 pieces. That often happens, and it shows the way they come and go. Here, leading the way to the room occupied by what is known as the minor coin division, you see the way we handle them.

The part of the room which hold the money was protected by a railing of heavy iron bars, and behind these bars clerks were busily at work. In one corner, piled as high as the men's heads, were the canvas bags, each with its 1,000 coins. Just as they were brought in. On the opposite side were three clerks busily counting off from a great heap of loose pennies.

Perhaps there are 50,000,000 one cent pieces here now, continued the Superintendent, possibly more. This stock is growing now, has been since the beginning of the year. That is to say, there are more people who have pennies which they want to exchange for bills than there are who bring us large denominations and get cents for them. The pennies are as good as calendars for us.

For several weeks before Christmas we didn't take in many; the children were saving them up to buy presents. All those that passed into the hands of the candy man, toy dealers and other shopkeepers about D. C. 15 are coming back to us now. But they will go out again by and by. Every fall when school opens the pennies begin to come in fast. The children are spending more for candy and such things. During the summer months they accumulate on our hands, for then the youngsters are not spending so many. Whenever there is a storm, a spell of bad weather, or anything that keeps the penny-spending population at home, we can see the difference in the numbers that come to us.

The craze for 49-cent and 99-cent bargains requires a great many pennies in the way of change, and it is no unusual thing for the big department stores to take \$10,000 worth at a time. Most of these come back to us by the way of the slot machines, which have come to be wonderful in number and variety.

There are kinestoscopes views, phono-



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won. SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use. Don't forget the name SURPRISE.

graphs automatic music boxes, candy and chewing gum sellers, weighing machines, lifting machines, and a hundred and one others standing at every hand and coaxing the pennies from their owners' pockets. The result of all this has been that the government has had hard work some of the time in maintaining the supply, and can't hardly make pennies fast enough to keep up with the growth in demand for them.

A soup of which you can't swallow the second spoonful is very bad soup; and a letter that won't bear being read twice isn't worth the postage. Why you don't begin to get the favour of a really good dish until you have got to the second helping; and as to songs, for instance what should you think of a song that fell flat as a flounder after it was first sung? And as to books, I have several hundred of them, and not one in the lot that I haven't read half a dozen times.

Now a business letter, which by its very nature in some way touches the question of money—why, that ought to be read twice to make sure you precisely understand what the writer means; and when it comes to a letter full of friendship and loving kindness, certainly that sort are not so plentiful—we can afford to skim the contents and light the fire with them.

But, after all, the best letters are not the letters that entertain us or the letters that stir up our feelings, but the letters that give us a lift. The men who shout out cheerily when we meet, and hopes we are all right, is of course an agreeable chap; but the man who puts his shoulder under our cart wheel when we are stuck in the mud is the fellow for our vote if he stands for parliament.

It is on this principle that we re publish the following letter. On my table there are scores of others—all excellent and of recent date—but somehow this one chimes in with my mood, and accords with my judgment as the proper lesson of the day. It is from a woman, who has the rare knack of putting things short, straight, and plain.

"When I was a young girl," she says, "I was subject to frequent attacks of sick headache, and heaving, and retching afterwards. I got along fairly well up to the autumn of 1884 when I broke down altogether. I had a pain in the mouth, my skin was sallow, and I had no appetite or relish for food. After eating the least morsel I had a sense of pain, weight, and oppression at the chest, with a feeling of tightness around the sides. Besides these things there was much pain between and under the shoulder blades, and so much pain and weight at the back of the neck I could hardly hold my head up. Then, too, my breathing got to be so short and difficult I was unable to lie down in the bed. It seemed as if I must suffocate.

"Night after night I walked in the floor all night long, anxious for daylight, I wanted to be moving about the house, as though to escape from myself. I had no rest night or day, saving an occasional dose in the armchair by the fire. I was very weak, and what the end would be I scarcely dared to think.

"I took many medicines and consulted two doctors, but was little or none the better for anything that was done. The second doctor said that my trouble all came from indigestion and the liver, and the result proved he was right; but it is one to know what to do and another to be able to do. For two years I suffered agonies and feared I should never be well again.

"Back in December, 1888, my husband had heard what wonderful cures had been done throughout the country by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and, now that other medicines had failed, he suggested that I should try it. Then he got me a bottle from Mr. Wand, chemist, at Leicester, and I began taking it, although I must confess with out a particle of faith.

"Yet behold! in less than a fortnight I was a new and another woman; free from pain and able to eat and digest nourishing food. This was so encouraging and surprising that I kept on with the Syrup, and after I had used three bottles I was in better health than I had been for years. Since then I have grown strong, and am in the best of health. You are welcome to publish my letter, and I will gladly answer any inquiries. (Signed) Mrs. Eliza Farmer, the Common, Birtwell, near Hinckley, Leicestershire November 6th, 1894."

So far as we can learn Mrs. Farmer has had no illness since, which shows how real and complete the cure was. Surely so helpful a letter as hers ought by rights to be printed once a month in every paper in the land.

Drowning. If you are in danger of drowning throw yourself on your back in the water, clasp your hands together on your back, and throw your head back so that the nose

and mouth may be above water. You cannot sink in that position, and may float for hours.—Yourg People's Paper.

DELAY NO LONGER. Your health is getting worse every day, this cough threatens you with consumption. Throw it out without respect. Don't you stand this Bronchitis either, this Asthma or this Catarrh; they are dangerous guests. To get rid of them immediately take Morin's Creso-Phates Wine.

Smallpox is ravaging eastern Africa in both the British and German protectorates. The epidemic started five months ago in Zuzibar.

STRENGTH CAME BACK. The Avil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years my



nerve have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrefreshed. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and felt enervated and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Dyspepsia.

The Essence of the Virginia Pine

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

Cures Coughs 25c per bottle Promptly

Children like it It likes them

Does not upset the stomach

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL

Beware of Substitutes

Of BENSON'S Porous Plaster

plasters which some unscrupulous druggists offer as being "the same" or "just as good as" the genuine. Do not be deceived. These worthless substitutes are totally unlike the genuine and will disappoint all who are betrayed into buying and using them. BENSON'S is the only strictly medicinal article and never fails to relieve Muscular, Neuralgic, Lung and Chest Pains and Aches, Sprains, Joint and Kidney Affections, etc. Look for the Three Regia Trademark across face-cloth of the genuine. Price 25 cts.

SNAKES IN COSTA RICA

The Culebra de Sangre the Most Deadly of Them all. Costa Rica means the Rich Coast, and in most respects it is rich, particularly in the snake family, the most deadly of which is the terrible Culebra de Sangre (or blood snake).

This variety of reptile does not grow to a large size, and perhaps for that very reason is most to be dreaded, as it is not easily seen. It is red, and resembles a large, swollen vein, ready to burst with blood.

A short time ago I stepped on one of these snakes, and like a flash he struck at me, but as I had a pair of leather leggings no harm was done, though it was a close call. Not so fortunate was a poor day laborer who was bitten by the same variety of snake. The man was working for a neighbor of mine, and I did not see him until the day after he was bitten. The moment I heard about it I went over to see the poor fellow, taking with me a remedy for snake bite, thinking it would do no harm to try it, anyway. When we reached the man's camp the sight that met our eyes was a sickening one.

The man was bleeding from his nose, mouth and ears, also from his finger and toe nails. How a man could bleed as much as he had, and still live, was a marvel. He had been bitten in the foot; only the fang of the serpent had entered the flesh. The manager of the estate had given him several doses of curarine a medicine made in Columbia and much used here in Central America for poisonous bites. We also gave him the medicine which I had brought with me, which made him vomit profusely.

In a few hours the bleeding stopped and next day the poor fellow was sent to the hospital. No one expected that he would live, as the bite is considered deadly but strange to say he did recover, and in a month's time was at work once more. If both fangs of the snake had entered the foot instead of one, he would undoubtedly have died. I have known a horse to die in a few hours after being bitten by one of the snakes. In the past three years ten men in my district have died from snake bite, and in hunting in the country one must always keep a sharp lookout for snakes.—Forest and Stream.

THE CURSE OF A DICE

This Form of Gambling is Old as Man According to Antiquarians.

It has long been known that the method of deciding a wager by the cast of a die is of great antiquity. Aboriginal tribes in almost all of the divisions of the earth were accustomed to gamble with dice. Antiquarians have found these implements in their explorations in the mounds, etc., which mark nearly every portion of the habitable globe. Now it has been demonstrated that the ancient Britons were addicted to this habit and that they prized their dice boxes and dice very highly. A number of other curious relics were picked up in some recent explorations in the late dwellings in Glastonbury.

From the remains of animals and from shells found in these lake dwellings it is concluded that these ancient Britons, wherever they were, lived on oysters, oxen, horses, sheep, deer, dogs, cats, beavers and swine, which is not a bad variety for a mixed meat diet. They also had quern stones for grinding wheat. They also had spindle whorls of stone for making bread, needles made of bone and combs made of horn.

A dice box was apparently one of their most precious treasures, for one of these was found carved out of deerhorn, with two neat bands around it. As it to make sure that there was no mistake about the use to which this instrument was to be put the dice themselves were found inside of it. No coins, however, were found, though some small crucibles which it is conjectured were used for melting gold were discovered. The first skull found was that of a young man who had evidently been decapitated, for it was stuck on the top of a pole. The second skull found was that of an old man who had evidently had a rough life for numerous healed-up scars on his skull bore eloquent testimony to this fact. The general belief of antiquarians is that the owners of these two skulls were killed in the late fight of the lake dwellers, and this theory is borne out by the finding of numerous slings, with hard baked earth the size of walnuts as ammunition, while only one iron spear was found. It is supposed that the lake dwellers had only slings, while their adversaries had spears and also probably bows and arrows.

First Floating Dock.

In the time of Peter the Great, a British captain finding that his vessel, in Cronstadt harbor, was in want of docking and that, owing to the absence of tide in the Baltic Sea, the then orthodox method was impracticable, obtained a bulk named the Camel and completely removed the whole of her decks and internal work, cut off one end and fitted it with a gate. He then berthed his ship inside the hollow hull of the Camel, closed the gate and pumped the water from its interior. This says a writer in Cassell's Magazine, is the very first instance on record of the use of a floating dock, and it was directly brought about by the absence of the hitherto essential tide.

Every Berry Selected as carefully as the master builder chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee is par excellent. And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.

Give the Baby a Chance. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food. A simple, scientific and highly nutritious preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. PLEASANT TO USE. CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES—ARRESTS DECAY—MAKES THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE. ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

13 RUNNING SORES.

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

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Love

"Of course I have known Harriott with a light. She was sitting in a ed bonnet, snug with eries, and carpeted in bordered with scarlet filled tall of flowering statue of H-be occupied in the middle of the r of the walls, filled in the young bride's eyes times.

Mrs. Harriott was wrapper of rose-colored around her in pink tan corals, carved so nying glass would n who had taught in the clapped the folds of r mounds glittered on b handkerchief peeping edged with lace that princess' ransom l ilities and roses. w floating away from worth all this expen-

Flora Field, her c posit to her, secret splendor, and wood who had taught in the as herself, was not sudden promon ion. "Well, then," said marry him? "Because I was p Because I was trect offered me all this! "And May glaucou- urier that surround-

"Nobody could b pose it was a low m ever so much oter all my ideal! I but forever at my prot made a l uky excha "May, you are c ried out Flora Fie "No, I am not," of the lovely golden just the same thing if you had the ch would?"

And as May lau chime, she did no words had had ano Field—that the do banker's study was heard every syllab It was quite true was not a young u Rubicon of middle- lowed himself to f the flame burn more tender, in the ed by age! He Haven as in the le now—

"I should have said to humilit, trembling limbs, that spring and at she married me. "May," he said tickets for the ope like to go?" "No, I don't th May, listlessly. "Then we will read you that n husband

"I am tired of May. I do not enjoy myself in white." "Do I bore you riott asked with his voice. "Awfully! I a delightful story, interrupted." "Very well, T peated," said M. Alter that a came over his courtroom, but M and soul were p esies, the script

For a while she rell f to feel that her, his thought go where she pl no questions. S to suit herself cism nor comm she began to r- thing which was hand's love as of her existenc her hat at wh was somehow a "Frederick," ting opposite to tended you?" He glanced "Offend d m culous idea! O ed me.

"I thought different of lat bending her broidity. "One can't forever," said Harriott grew her husband w the old idolat in love with t money.

Frederick E was in the pri not boyishly b May had sen but he had th All women ar our little May dinary rule, she was talki husband.

Love or Lucre.

'Of course I have not married him because I was in love with him,' said May Harriott with a light laugh.

She was sitting in a gold-and-dun-colored boudoir, hung with silken fluted draperies, and carpeted in pale gray Aubusson, bordered with scarlet. The windows were filled full of flowering-plants, an exquisite statue of Hebe occupied a marble pedestal in the middle of the room, and the panels of the walls, filled in with mirrors, reflected the young bride's every motion a score of times.

Mrs. Harriott was dressed in a wattleo wrapper of rose-colored silk, which fell around her in pink clouds, pale Neapolitan corals, carved so delicately that a magnifying-glass would not have put them to the blush, hung from her delicate ears, and clasped the folds of tulle at her throat, the diamonds glittered on her fingers, and the tiny handkerchief peeping from her pocket was edged with lace that had done to princess' ransom! And May's face, all lilies and roses, with the glory of gold hair floating away from it, was a jewel well worth all this expensive setting.

Flora Field, her old schoolmate, set opposite to her, secretly envious of all this splendor, and wondering that May Haven, who had taught in the same district school as herself, was not more elated by this sudden promotion.

'Well, then,' said she, 'why did you marry him?'

'Because I was poor and he was rich because I was tired of teaching, and he offered me all this!'

And May glanced around upon the luxuries that surrounded her.

'Nobody could be foolish enough to suppose it was a love match,' said she. 'He's over so much older than I am, and not at all my ideal! But I couldn't drudge on forever at my profession, and I think I've made a lucky exchange.'

'May, you are a heartless coquette!' cried out Flora Field.

'No, I am not,' said May, with a shake of the lovely golden curls. 'You would do just the same thing yourself, Flora Field, if you had the chance; you know you would.'

And as May laughed out a sweet, defiant chime, she did not know that her silly words had had another audi or than Flora Field—that the door leading into the rich banker's study was ajar, and that he had heard every syllable she spoke.

It was quite true that Frederick Harriott was not a young man. He had passed the Rubicon of middle age before he had allowed himself to fall in love and marry—and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender, in that the word was mellowed by age! He had looked upon May Haven as little less than an angel, and now—

'I should have known this before,' he said to himself, with ash-pale face and trembling lips. 'I should have divined that spring and autumn were unsuited. So—she married me for my money!'

'May,' he said that evening, 'I have tickets for the opera tonight. Would you like to go?'

'No, I don't think I care about it,' said May, listlessly.

'Then we will remain at home and I read you that new poem,' suggested the husband.

'I am tired of poetry,' pettishly retorted May. 'I do wish you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way once in a while!'

'Do I bore you, May? Frederick Harriott asked with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

'Awfully! I am just in the midst of this delightful story, and I can't bear to be interrupted.'

'Very well. The offense shall not be repeated,' said Mr. Harriott, quietly.

After that a tuble and sudden change came over his whole life. He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but May felt that all the heart and soul were gone out of the little courtesies, the scrupulously-rendered attentions, the carefully-remembered likes. It was a relief to feel that his eye was not always on her, his thoughts followed her. She could go where she pleased now, and he asked no questions. She could employ her time to suit herself and he had neither criticism nor comment to offer. But gradually she began to realize that she had lost something which was not easily to be replaced.

May Harriott had regarded her husband's love as one of the fixed polar stars of her existence, and as a cool chill crept over her heart when she fully perceived that it was somehow slipping away from her.

'Frederick,' she said one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, 'have I offended you?'

He glanced carelessly up from his book. 'Offended me, May? Why, what a ridiculous idea! Of course you haven't offended me.'

'I—I thought your manner somewhat different of late,' faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

'One can't keep on the hon-moon-glass forever,' said the banker, indifferently. 'Life is full of antitheses; and love is the strangest complexity in life. For, as May Harriott grew strengthened in the idea that her husband was ceasing to adore her after the old idolatrous fashion, she began to fall in love with the one she had married for money.'

Frederick Harriott was not young, but he was in the prime of middle age. He was not boyishly handsome like the wax heads May had seen in the barber's shop windows, but he had the port and mien of a prince. All women are prone to hero worship, and our little May was no exception to the ordinary rule. For the first time in her life she was falling in love—and with her own husband.

A few weeks only elapsed when a crisis in the banking business rendered it imperative necessary that Mr. Harriott should go to Vienna for two or three months. Poor May looked aghast as her husband mentioned his intentions to her in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticized the weather.

Going to Vienna! she gasped. 'Oh, Frederick!'

'My dear child it is a mere bagatelle of a journey! One doesn't mind travel nowadays. I shall not be later than November in returning.'

'But—I may go with you!'

'You? My dear, don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to think of encumbering myself with a companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed!'

May said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart. He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once. Oh, what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life?

It was a rainy June twilight when the banker, wrapped in a deadnought coat, and with his traveling-cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer Galatea, heedless of all the tumult of weighing anchors. Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of the city spires—the city that held his young wife.

'She will be happy enough without me,' he told himself, bitterly. 'She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less of my love. Dear little May—sweet spring blossom—my prayers may reach you, if my love cannot!'

And, as the steamer plowed her way onward and the darkness deepened, Frederick Harriott went below.

To his infinite surprise, the stateroom he had engaged for his own behalf and use was not empty. A lady sat there, with veiled face and drooping head, Frederick Harriott paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and, throwing aside its veil, revealed the blue, starry eyes and pale cheeks of May herself!

'Oh, Frederick pardon me!' she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms; 'out, I could not let you go alone! I love you, Frederick. I cannot live without you! When I thought of you reing alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land, I thought I should lose my senses. Dear husband, tell me you are not angry with me?'

And she burst into a flood of tears.

'My own May—my wit—my love! Close close to my heart for evermore!'

And that was all he said.

May Haven had married for money; May Harriott had learned the secret of love.

MORIN'S WINE

Creso-Phates

Recommended by a physician.

For the last two years, I have been using Morin's Creso Phate's Wine in my surgery for troubles of the respiratory tubes, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and the Tuberculosis. The results obtained, with the patients whom I treated with the above remedy, were surprising. I will prescribe it every day to anyone suffering with the above mentioned troubles and even during the first period of convalescence.

A. WATER M. D. L. Quebec.

A Marvellous Machine.

A machine has been invented which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby one is able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measures the 294th part of an inch in length by the 440th part of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of the dot over the letter 'i' in common print, says the Philadelphia Record. With this machine any one who understood operating it could

write the whole 3 556,480 letters of the Bible eight times over the space of an inch—a square inch. A specimen of this marvellous microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, and every letter and point was perfect, and could be read with ease.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life. But to every lady who uses TURKISH DYES success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible. Simple to use, these beautiful dyes produce the richest and most lasting effects. TURKISH DYES are complete in themselves. Every color is distinct, effective, and has its own special character. Use TURKISH DYES upon any material whatever that can be dyed, and you are sure of success. They put life into old garments, they add lustre to what is lack lustre and dingy and pure. TURKISH DYES are as different from the common dyes as the bright day is different from the dark and desolate night.

Send for postal "How to Dye well" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Troads in a Solid Wood Cavity.

A Providence (R. I.) man who was visiting Norwood the other day, brought to the Journal office three trunks that were found in a cavity of the trunk of a tree entirely surrounded by solid wood. He said that the tree was being split by a couple of wood-choppers, and as they cut it open the trunks fell out. All three were in an apparently lifeless condition, but one that was smaller than the other two showed some signs of life later in the day.—Providence Journal.

CATARH CAN BE CURED.

Dr. Henry G. Carroll, M. P., Kamouraska, Que., is one of Fifty Members of Parliament Who Have Successfully Used and Endorsed Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Medical etiquette and conservatism makes members of the profession shy in bearing testimony to the efficacy of a proprietary medicine. Medicine that the doctors do endorse you may be sure are good. Dr. Henry G. Carroll M. P., of Kamouraska Que., tells over his own signature of the good qualities of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, not alone from personal use but as a medical man. Upwards of fifty members of Parliament, who have suffered from catarrh, have used this medicine with success.

Deafness Cured by Telephone.

N. Strime of Columbia, whose hearing has been affected for a number of years, was using the telephone during a heavy thunder storm. He received a shock over the wire, causing intense pain in his ear. When the pain ceased he was surprised to find that his hearing had been entirely restored. It has always been claimed by physicians that deafness is one of the most obstinate afflictions to treat successfully, and here may be a practical suggestion.

From Him of General Happiness.

Is secured by Nerviline—the great nerve-pain cure. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, lumbago, &c. We heartily commend it.

Home, Sweet Home.

'My brain is on fire! tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins as she threw herself down upon the sofa.

'Why don't you blow it out?' absent-mindedly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening paper.

And then he dodged a flying hair-brush.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Head.

Is a heaven-sent boon to sufferers from heart disease. No matter of how long-standing it will effect a radical cure. Don't postpone treatment if you suspect heart-weakness of any sort. This great remedy has been tested and proved the quickest and safest of cures. Eminent physicians are using it in their daily practice.

A Two-Bushel Sack of Silver Dollars.

The very unusual scene of a man walking through the street with two bushel meal sack chok'd full of silver dollars was witnessed here yesterday afternoon. Just before the closing of banking hours two men apparently of good old fimers, walked into Pooenix National Bank, one of them carrying the sack. The told Cashier Walter Rhodes that they wished to make a deposit, which he, knowing the men to be citizens of this county, near Jack's Creek accepted. They untied the bag and counted out a sum which looked to be about \$3,000, every piece of which was a shining silver "plunk." A part of the money was carefully wrapped in paper packages, \$20 in each. The scent of these packages clearly indicated that the money had been buried beneath the earth. Louisville Post.

Rescue on the Brink.

A story about a dog, told in an English sporting book, 'The Man on the March,' brings out the fact that too much praise may be as injurious as too much fault-finding. A half-bred retriever pulled a girl out of the river near her home. Of course the dog was much praised and petted, and this brought on what the author calls an attack of 're-uce on the brain.' No man, no feather-d biped, no quadruped was allowed to go into the river without being pulled out by the dog. Cows were not allowed to drink; ducks and geese were not allowed to swim, and if an angler attempted to wade, he was 'rescued' against his will.

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

the fraud of the day.

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WON A WIFE WITH AN EGG.

Oklahoma Farmer Made Happy by a Random Love Message.

Ross Williams of Enid, O. T., wrote a love message on an egg ready for shipment several weeks ago, and as a result he won himself a bride.

'On a farm in the Cherokee strip I sit a sad and lonely bachelor, thinking sadly over my fate and would love to come off the nest and join my life with that of some comely young lady of not too many summers growth. Should the message on this egg meet with the eye of a fair one who is matrimonially inclined on short acquaintance, and I who thinks she could enjoy a prairie life with a student of nature's beauty, address Ross Williams, Enid, O.'

In due course of time this reply came: 'Dear Mr Williams—From the quiet precincts of my boudoir I write thee. I am lonely, too, and have often longed to quit city life and go west, where the tall, wild grass sways in the wind as it listens to the sweet songs of the cinch bugs. After chopping wood to kindle the kitchen fire and after the fire was ready for business and the pan was sizzling in the sparkling fat, I was about to break an egg into the pan, when behold! your message meets my gaze. It seemed like a dream of a lost, unknown love. I am comely, but not fat. Am twenty three, no money,

but plenty of grit. Let us exchange photographs. It may all end in another American union, to go to be preserved. M-thinks I know you now. BESSIE CARROLL. Chicago Ill.'

Further correspondence resulted, and a few days later the young people were married. New York Herald.

Your druggist cannot find a substitute for Dr. Harvey's Southern Kidney Pills—The Cough Cure.

BOUGHT HIMSELF TWICE.

Strange Bit of a Slave Revealed in a Law Court.

The will of Nathan Springfield, when on trial in the Supreme Court, brought to light incidents in a career that was remarkable. Nathan Springfield was born in Virginia in 1812, a slave. On Dec. 16, 1896, when nearly eighty-five years of age, he died, leaving property valued at between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

In his youth Nathan acquired the trade of a blacksmith. He was owned by a Methodist minister. After attaining his majority Nathan bargained with his master to buy his own freedom for \$800. The pledge was given, and the youth went to work with a will. The young slave accumulated the sum and gave it to his master as a ransom for his freedom.

The clergyman took the money, but failed to keep his agreement. Nathan remained a slave. Later his master sold him to a wealthy planter. Still nourishing a desire to be liberated, Nathan made a bargain with his second master, this time offering \$400 as a ransom. Consent was given, and the young man, after much labor, procured the money. But he was again destined to disappointment. The second master also kept both money and slave. Exasperated by this treatment, Nathan discarded arbitration and resolved to gain his freedom by flight.

At the age of thirty five an opportunity was afforded, and he made his escape, coming to Boston. He left a wife behind him, but the wife of the second master, knowing of the previous negotiations, induced her husband to release the lonely wife, who soon after rejoined her husband in Boston.

Nathan worked at blacksmithing in and about Boston for a time and later started peddling straw. He was industrious and saving, his business grew rapidly and within a comparatively short time he was the proprietor of a large and profitable hay, grain, straw and coal business. At his death he owned real estate in the West End, Cambridge and other places, and had large deposits in various Boston banks.—Boston Journal.

You need it to bear the daily burdens of life. If your back's weak—Doan's Kidney Pills will strengthen it. If it pains and aches—Doan's Kidney Pills will cure it. No experiment in taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured hundreds of weak, aching backs long before other kidney pills were dreamed of.

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

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

the fraud of the day.

BESSIE.

"It's only Bessie Raven," said Mrs. Liddington to her niece, Mrs. Enfield, a blooming city matron, who had brought her two boys to the country for the summer.

"There are no trout there! You might throw a bait and wait a year, and you wouldn't get a bite!"

"I don't know that we asked any information from you," said he, haughtily. "Have the goodness to be about your business."

"I won't!" retorted Bessie Raven, with an ominous flash in her dark eyes. "It's a free country, ain't it? And I've as much right here as you have!"

"Very well," said Hal, rising and gathering together his tackle. "I'll go, then. Coms, Felix."

Hal stalked away in high dudgeon, Felix remained behind to cultivate the acquaintance of Bessie Raven.

"If there are no trout here," said he, composedly eyeing the brown gypsy face among the leaves, "where do they hide?"

"Just show you," said Bessie, with alacrity, "just a piece further on. There's lots of 'em—only everybody don't know it. Come on!"

And the two children spent a long summer's morning together under the green trees.

Until just as Felix Enfield was turning to go home, half apprehensive that he had missed the farmhouse dinner, he did not perceive that the little gold cross he wore attached to his watch-chain was gone.

"Oh!" cried he, "where is my watch-chain?" He stopped abruptly. For in the very moment in which he spoke, he perceived half hidden in the folds of the bosom of Bessie's tattered dress, the gleam of some golden ornament. Involuntarily he caught at it—it was his own.

"You little thief!" cried he, "you must have stolen it!" Bessie stood sullen and silent, her eyes cast down, her bare feet impatiently patting the velvety grass below. She could not deny it—she scorned any attempt to justify herself.

"Bessie," said the boy slowly, "what made you do it? Don't you know that it is wrong to steal?"

"Wrong?" cried out Bessie, passionately. "Why is it wrong? You are rich and I'm poor! You've got everything, and I've got nothing! Why shouldn't I help myself when I've got the chance?"

Felix Enfield looked at her. Verily there was more in her creed than he had realized of.

"I'll tell you why, Bessie," said he. "At least, I'll tell you what I think about it." So, in his boyish way, he unfolded the philosophy of meum and tuum.

But at the voyage's end Mr. Enfield was deeper in love than ever. "Look here, Miss Richfield," said he; "if you don't say you'll have me I won't leave the steamer's deck! I'll go back and forth perpetually between New York and Southampton."

"I don't think papa would care for so permanent a passenger," said Miss Richfield, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"But, really, do you know, Miss Richfield, I believe you are engaged already." She colored a little.

"Why?" she asked. "Ah! you think I have no eyes. You think I haven't perceived that you always wear a black velvet ribbon around your neck—a black velvet ribbon, from which is suspended some trinket of gold, hidden in the lace trails of your collar. Is it a gauge?"

"Yes, Miss Richfield calmly answered, 'it is a gauge of true love. If I ever am married—'"

"H!" almost scornfully ejaculated the lover. "Well, when I am married," Miss Richfield corrected herself, "it will only be to the gentleman who gave me this."

"Then I may consider myself rejected!" slowly spoke Felix, with a face of the bitterest chagrin.

"Not quite," said the dark-eyed damsel softly, as she drew the golden talisman from her throat and held it toward him. "Don't you remember who gave me this?" He uttered an exclamation of recognition.

"It is the gold cross I gave years ago to Bessie Raven!" cried he.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and I am Bessie Raven."

"Yes. My mother died shortly after you gave me this. My uncle, who had just returned from the West, adopted us all. Two of my sisters are in boarding school. My brother is being educated in a German university. And I am my uncle's adopted daughter, known only by his name."

"But, Bessie, you said you would marry the one who gave you that!" cried out Enfield.

"So I will," confessed Bessie, laughing and blushing, "if he is still intimated enough to persist in wanting me."

They were married within a month—a regular true love match—grand aunt Mrs. Liddington finds her-elf grand-uncle-in-law to "only Bessie Raven!"

"I don't think Felix could have made a better match!"

GUMPTION AND A FILE.

By the Use of Both Commodities a Boy Won Fame and Fortune.

If a boy has any 'mechanical faculty, if it comes handy to him to use too', let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—'gumption' it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

When I was fourteen years old, he says, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy Wanted.' I pulled down my hair, bru had the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk. "Back office," he said. I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped inside. It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk. I turned around quickly. "At home, sir." "Well, what do you want?" "I came in to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me. "Any parents?" he asked. "Mother," I answered. "Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.

Relieved by one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment in ten minutes I radically cures tetanus, salt rheum, eczema. No case too long standing to be fitted on a fair trial. For babies, scald head, common at teething time, it is without a peer. 35 cents.

Hollow wedge bricks were used by the Romans for constructing arches at their baths at Bath, England. According to The Engineer, the roofs of the dressing rooms were covered in some instances with flat brick arches, and as these would have fallen by their own weight if constructed in the ordinary manner, hollow voussoirs were moulded with a cylindrical projection on one radical side and a semi-cylindrical cavity to correspond on the other. The bricks were about one foot from intrados to extrados and ten inches wide on the back. They were finished well and apparently of fire-burnt, ordinary clay.

YAH! YOU CAN'T BUST THEM, THERE'S DOMINION.



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

Halifax, to the wife of R. P. Anderson, a daughter.

Sydney, March 2, to Capt and Mrs. J. C. Peters, a son.

Springhill, March 12, to the wife of Geo. Caning, a son.

Springhill, March 7, to the wife of Dan Beaton, a son.

Springhill, March 6, to the wife of Jude Gould, a son.

Hallifax, March 10, to the wife of C. Winter Brown, a son.

Beech Hill, Feb. 27, to the wife of Albert Trenholm a son.

Woolville, Feb. 25, to Dr. and Mrs. H. Lawrence a son.

Sydney, March 8, to the wife of Alex. J. Grantmyer, a son.

Hallifax, March 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hartling, a daughter.

Upper Ailton, Illinois, to Mr. and Mrs. DeBlois, a daughter.

Springfield, Annapolis, Feb. 8, by Rev. J. Webb, William M. Deane to Anne Maud Allen.

McKenzie's Point, C. B., Mar. 1, by Rev. A. McMillan, John Sutherland to Mary McMillan.

Debert Station, Feb. 24, by Rev. W. Dawson, B. D. Matthew Peppard to Emma E. Fleming.

Sherbrook, Mar. 3, by Rev. W. J. Fowler, E. D. John H. Dunbrack to Mary Ann Spencer.

Bathurst, N. B., Mar. 7, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, F. H. Robinson to Bertha Ida Brockington.

Riverside, E. I. Feb. 23, by Rev. A. C. Campbell, James McQuarrie to Miss Florence J. Maclean.

West B. Y. C. B., Mar. 3, by Rev. A. McMillan, Duncan John McLean to Jessie Ann Campbell.

Middleton, Antigonish, Mar. 8, by Rev. A. J. MacDonal, John K. Cameron to Cassie J. Ferguson.

Digby, Mar. 9, by Rev. W. L. Parker, and G. H. Thomas, Robert T. Warren to Miss Alice E. Wilson.

MacDonald's Point, Mar. 9, by Rev. A. W. MacDonald, William A. C. Selver to Bessie J. MacDonald.

Victoria, P. C., John Reed 41.

Halifax, Mar. 3, John W. Jones 62.

St. John, Mar. 9, James Ritchy 83.

St. John, Mar. 9, Martin Jeffrey 35.

South Bay, Mar. 8, Agnes Smith, 22.

Truro, Mar. 9, Leander J. Crowe 66.

Milltown, Mar. 8, Patrick Tyrrell 48.

Sherbrook, Mar. 8, Paul F. Sarette 81.

St. John, Mar. 15, Robert Gask 81.

Halifax, Mar. 10, Mrs. John Chase 90.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lvs. St. John at 1:15 a.m., arr Digby 10 15 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a.m., arr in Digby 12:50 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1:00 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3:30 p.m. Y. & N. and P. N.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOBION STEAMER

By far the finest and "safest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, March 15th, 25th, 30th; April 5th, 15th, 20th, 27th.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....13.10 Express for Sussex.....16.35 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton(daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp Hillton..... 13.32 Accommodation from Moncton..... 14.2

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

Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Money Orders

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

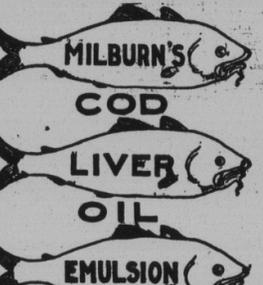
Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages on every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and St. Lawrence, and other lines, and also over the Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Pacific and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlotte Harbor and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 steamships.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Mississippi, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamships. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. B. STONE, C. BREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.



MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION

If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

VIVID. The vivid fact about cancer is that it eats away the flesh. Knife and plaster have failed to cure our natural Home Treatment does cure. Full particulars to Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont. (stamps).