

PROGRESS

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY MARCH 23, 1901.

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AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

A Catholic Priest Refused Admittance to the Salvation Rescue Home.

The Maternity Home in connection with the Salvation Army on St. James street was the scene of a most unfortunate occurrence on Thursday. The trouble arose over the refusal of those in charge of the Home to allow a Roman Catholic priest to visit a dying patient. The story as told by those acquainted with the facts is a painful one.

About a year ago a young girl by name Ella Goodine was persuaded to leave her happy home in Kingsclear by a faithless Fredericton lover and come to St. John under the promise of marriage. The same old story of deception, disgrace, betrayal and downfall followed. The poor girl after vain endeavors to find shelter and food was at length taken charge of by Miss Wesley who found the unfortunate one in a place on Brussels street deserted and alone. A child had been born and the mother lay in a helpless and serious condition. Through Miss Wesley's kind offices she was removed to the Salvation Army home where she has since remained.

Soon after arriving there consumption rapidly developed, and it soon became evident that death was but a matter of a short time. An application was made to remove the patient to the Home of Incurables, but before anything could be done that the girl's condition had become so serious that her removal became an impossibility.

About a short time ago Rev. Father Gaynor was requested by Magistrate Ritchie to visit the place and this he proceeded to do. Then the trouble arose. Father Gaynor in talking to Progress said:

"I knew in advance from some remarks which Judge Ritchie made when in the office that there was a young catholic girl at the Army home that he was trying to get into the Home for Incurables. Of course I had no idea that she was in danger, until Wednesday night, when the judge telephoned me that the girl was too ill to be removed to the Home for Incurables and asked me to go over and prepare her for death. On Thursday at 11 o'clock I went over there and met the head nurse, Miss Hicks. I told her that I had been informed by Magistrate Ritchie that this girl was dangerously ill and as she had been a catholic I wished to see her. She told me that I could not see her. She told me that I should have to see her, and that as she was a catholic I must see her. She said she would go and see the girl. She was absent some time and returning told me that I could not see her. She did not say the girl did not want to see me. I told her that I thought they were making a great mistake, that I had understood that this was a charitable institution, receiving support as such but that it seemed more like a place of proselytism. Then I told her that I should be back again. Then I telephoned Judge Ritchie and told him of the reception that I had received and he told me that he would go down himself to the Home between one and two o'clock and he would secure admittance for me. He went down and saw the nurse, Miss Hicks, the matron being still absent. The head nurse told him that the patient was then under the influence of morphine and in no condition to be seen, but gave him to understand that it was possible that I might see the girl later on. He telephoned me as much. I then prepared myself for the last rites. This time the head nurse met me at the entrance and went and brought the matron. The matron told me that this girl was at peace with God that she was saved and every thing had been done for her soul and she could not under any consideration allow a minister of any denomination to see her. I repeated again what I had said about the institution receiving support from the public as a place of charity and instead of that it was more like a place of proselytism. I said this girl had been born a catholic and reared as one and says over her own signature that she is a Roman Catholic. You cannot do anything for her, you cannot begin to help a catholic who is dying. And I asked her what business they had in taking girls who were inmates of the Home, up to their barracks and making them parade the

streets and sing their hymns. That was surely not freedom of conscience in a public and charitable institution. I left then but told the matron that I would come back again. I went to the near drug store and telephoned Judge Ritchie and asked him what he thought I had better do. He said to telephone Mr. Bullock and this I did but was told that Mr. Bullock was out of town. Then I tried Dr. Skinner, who was attending the girl, but found that he was away in Sussex. In the meantime the judge was waiting for me to answer, and when I told him that the doctor was out of town he said he would drive down and meet me. He did so, and together we went to the Home. There we were again met by the head nurse and the matron, and a consultation was held in the hall. The judge said she had no right to interfere with the religious beliefs of any of the inmates and that she could not prevent me from seeing the girl. He said "Father, you go up to this girl's room and ask her if she wishes your ministrations and if she does not wish them then you turn and leave the house, your duty is at an end." I felt loathe to force my way in manner and thought that a little more reasoning would bring them to see things in their right light.

But this did not seem to be the case. After talking a time the judge started up the stairs and I followed him. The matron was behind us but tried to push past the judge in order to get to the room ahead of him, but as she could not do this she called to the nurse. When we arrived at the landing we found the nurse was holding the door.

Admittance being refused we turned away. The judge said that if any one had told him that this institution which professed to be a charitable institution and received the support of the public as such would prevent a catholic priest from seeing a dying catholic he would not have believed it. Mr. Ritchie did not revile the matron, did not say anything offensive, but said the institution had been masquerading before the public as a place where good was done and where everybody was free to visit the sick. Miss Hicks then denied that she had spoken to the judge about morphine.

Here it might be stated that the matron said that Mr. Thomas Bullock knew about the girl. Mr. Bullock when asked about this told Fr. Gaynor that he understood the girl did not wish to leave the Rescue Home to go to the Home for Incurables and that he was not aware any clergymen were prevented from attending the sick at any time.

One who is well acquainted with the facts, in conversation with Progress this morning said that the girl previous to her being taken to the Home had lived for some time in a house owned by Mrs. Corkery on Brussels street. She was sick for 4 or 5 weeks and in poor circumstances. She was kindly treated by the people of that locality and during her illness received every attention.

She often spoke about her religion, and many times stated that she had been brought up a catholic and was one of Father Casey's parishioners.

Even up to the last she had the utmost confidence in the man who betrayed her and would believe nothing against him, always claiming that he was her husband and would come back to her. She said that his name was Mason and that he was for some time waiter at the Grand Union Hotel.

When asked by the neighbors how she intended supporting herself she would remark that she could very easily obtain employment as a waitress and would thus earn enough to keep herself and pay for the board of her child.

Adjutant Holman, matron and ensign Hicks, head nurse of the home give this version of the occurrence: Ensign Hicks said that when Father Gaynor first called at the home yesterday morning she opened the door. He stated that he had been informed by the police magistrate that there was a patient in the Home named Ella Goodine, and that he

would like to see her. I told him that she was resting, that the doctor had just left her after giving her opiates; that I thought she was dying and that she was unable to see anyone.

"Fr. Gaynor informed me that on the girl's papers it was stated she was a Roman Catholic, and he therefore felt it was his duty to administer absolution. He asked if she had ever expressed a desire to see a clergyman. I told him no. I had often asked her that question, and she said this morning she was prepared to die. Fr. Gaynor insisted on seeing her, and I told him that in the absence of the matron I could not let him up stairs. I then went up to the patient and told her that Fr. Gaynor was there. She said she had no desire to see him. Before going away he said he would have to inform Judge Ritchie of what I said and would take steps to see the girl.

About 1.30 p. m. Police Magistrate Ritchie came down alone. He said Father Gaynor had telephoned him that he had been refused permission to see a patient in the Home, but that he (Ritchie) replied there must be some mistake, as the thing could not be so. Mr. Ritchie then said he would like to see the girl personally. He had some little business to talk over with her. I told him I was very sorry, but he could not see her today. Mr. Ritchie said if I refused him he would have to insist on seeing her. He said Mrs. McLellan had papers that she was a catholic and he would not refuse Fr. Gaynor admittance. He urged me very strongly to let Fr. Gaynor go up stairs. I told him the matron was absent and I did not think the visit necessary at all. Mr. Ritchie then went away.

Soon after Fr. Gaynor came again, I let him in. He said he understood from Mr. Ritchie that I said he would be allowed to see the girl. I told him that was a mistake. It was impossible Fr. Gaynor said he must see the girl and would take steps to compel us to let him give her the death rites of the church. He asked to see the matron, and I called Miss Holman.

Adjutant Holman took up the story at this point. She said: "I told Fr. Gaynor he could not see the girl. He persisted and said he would go back to the police magistrate as requested. He said we were trying to make Salvationists of the girls, and that we had no right to take them to the barracks on Sunday. About 4.30 p. m. Fr. Gaynor and Mr. Ritchie drove up. I let them in. Mr. Ritchie said he brought Fr. Gaynor to see the dying Ella. I told him, as before, that he could not go up. Mr. Ritchie said he would have to go up. This was after Fr. Gaynor had started to go up and had turned back.

I got up stairs I think before either of them and called the nurse, who closed the girl's door and then stood with her back to it. They insisted on getting in. Mr. Ritchie caught hold of the girl and pulled her away.

The nurse here resumed her narrative. She said "Mr. Ritchie reviled a motto I wore and said we were not christians. He wanted to go in and would compel us to stand back and open the door. He caught me by the arm and pulled me away from the door. Then I stepped back again. He seized my arm and wrenched my hand off the door. I had previously taken the keys from my belt, and I now reached round and locked the door with my other hand. Mr. Ritchie used a lot of abusive language about the institution. Before that he had said he was so sorry he could not help us with this girl."

The nurse continued, "I asked the girl this morning if she wanted to see any one, and she said no, she was not afraid to die. She said she had been brought up a Catholic, but had not been to that church for years. I told Mr. Ritchie this, and that in the time of her need the church had neglected her and we had to bear the expense of her care. The girl, with tears in her eyes, begged not to be moved. It would kill her at once. She prayed she might die rather than be moved from the home."

"Mr. Ritchie said he could and would get a writ to remove the girl by force. My wrist was red for some time from the force Mr. Ritchie used when he wrenched my hand off the door. At this time there were nine patients on this floor, two recently confined, and the noise made by Mr. Ritchie excited the patients very much."

"I am a nurse with over nine years experience. No one has attended this girl for a long time but myself. She required so much of my attention, she was so weak. Her temperature for the last two weeks was from 102 to 104."

THE COMING CONTEST.

Dr. Daniel and Edward Sears Will Run for Mayor of the City.

Ex-Mayor Sears has announced his intention of being a candidate in the approaching mayoralty contest, so it is likely the lover of red hot elections is going to have his feelings satisfied. The present chief magistrate of course will be in the field again and whether or not any other gentlemen feel that they should come forward and sacrifice themselves in the city's interest time alone will tell. Mayor Daniel during his occupancy of the chair has, his friends claim done full credit both to himself and the city, while there are others no doubt think very differently. In justice to his worship, however, it may be said that the latter class probably embrace those who voted against him last election and will continue to do so. Mr. Sears has his following and it is no small one. He is popular and stands well with his friends. Besides this he is a good canvasser and in this he excels his opponent and good canvassing means much in an election. Both Dr. Daniel and Mr. Sears have been tried and the general opinion is that they both have made good mayors. Dr. Daniel's knowledge of civic business is unquestionable and the valuable services he has rendered the city in times past both as alderman and in the higher office, cannot but be appreciated. Then His Worship has done his part well on all occasions where the dignity of the city was to be upheld and his speeches on public matters have for the most part been good and sound. The strongest canvasser, perhaps in his favor will be that according to precedent he should be given a second term at least. Mr. Sears has many things to put forward in his favor. His circumstances allow him to devote his time fully to the public interest and not a few think that a large salary like \$1600 should guarantee a man's whole time, and so the ex mayor pleases these. There is no better host than Mr. Sears and St. John people feel that with him at the head of affairs visitors to the city cannot leave without carrying away a good impression. If the Duke of Cornwall should visit here this fall, there could be no better man to meet His Highness. This may seem of little account, but it is the little things that often work an election. Mayor Howland of Toronto, or at least his friends used it as a drawing card that Howland should be elected as he was the right kind of a man to entertain a Duke and the canvass went like a charm. It is not likely that Count de Bury will be a candidate as he has likely come to the opinion that winning elections is not in his line. Mr. Moulson may be heard from but it is doubtful. The probability is that Dr. Daniel and Mr. Sears will fight it out between themselves, and it is better if this should happen to be the case. Mr. Sears' friends claim that if such had been the case before the result would have been different. It is hardly worth while to say that the mayor does not agree with such a statement. That the fight will be an interesting one can be taken for granted, and whoever the people may select they can feel that he is a good man, and it is not always that this can be said about an election.

If there are to be many opponents to the present board of Aldermen they are certainly keeping very quiet. As far as can be judged there seems to be no aldermanic fever in the air this spring. The great honor of being a city father does not as usual attract. In one sense this is to be regretted as it shows a lack of interest in public affairs. Progress would be very sorry to believe as some believe that many of those who get to be aldermen do so from their own personal desire and are not brought forward by the people themselves. It may be the case in one or two instances, but the ratepayers for the most part induce the man and put him in the fight. That there will be contests in certain wards are certain. Lansdowne would be lost if it did not have a chance to vote and North End wards are very much the same. A few days may bring something to light, but the time is drawing near when the dark horses will have to come out of the wood pile.

Dr. Smith's friends say that he will again

be a candidate, and several names have been mentioned for siftermen-at-large, but the latter are only rumors. If Mr. McKown's bill passes the legislature there may be quite a change in the present quietness. It is hoped, however, that politics may be kept out of the coming contest. They do no good and much harm may result.

STILL FURTHER GLIMPSSES. I Into the Future as Seen Through the Great Instrument.

It would be wrong to read too much fun from the newspapers future issues as it might greatly interfere with the sale and success of many journals. Some items therefore will not now be produced and long accounts of council meetings, political notes and such will only be summarized. The first paragraph of interest that strikes the eye is found in a St. John paper of February 1901. It reads:

At a meeting of the Safety Board held this morning it was decided to make still further changes in the police force, by the appointment of two majors. This is to be by the elevation of the two now holding the office of captain. The force as reconstructed now consists of chief, deputy chief, colonel, two majors, two captains, three sergeants, three colonel sergeants and three corporals. The rest of the force is just known as common policemen. Any complaints must be made to an ordinary policeman, who will in turn transmit it to a corporal, who will report to a sergeant and it will be reported through the others in order until it reaches the chief.

November 1912—The Exhibition Association declare that the deficit of the exhibition this year will amount to \$5,000. The attendance during the ten days was seventy-five thousand. A few years ago with the attendance sixty thousand the deficit was but \$3,000. It has always been the history, however, of St. John exhibitions that the larger the attendance the greater the deficit. There is some talk of making a change in the management, Mr. Everett, it is said, not having sufficient experience.

January 1918—Edward VII, King of Great Britain, Emperor of India, Lord of Africa, Supreme chief of Canada, High sovereign of Australia & Co., will open the Imperial Parliament tomorrow. The Earl of Quebec (formerly Sir Wilfrid Laurier) Canada's representative in the government has arrived in London to attend the session.

March 1910—The delegation appointed by the St. John Board of Trade to go to Ottawa to present the claims of St. John to a Dry Dock proceeded on their journey yesterday. Mr. Robertson who is still in England writes that everything looks favorable towards getting a grant from the home government.

February 1914—The Chief Magistrate this morning gave the police a severe lecture for not putting down the disorderly houses that exist so numerously throughout the city.

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- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social happenings throughout the province.
- PAGE 9.—Newfoundland's Graveyard—Natives that save life and also loot the wrecks. Latest Moving of Chili—Her object in seeking a coalging station from Salvador.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Opening chapters of an interesting serial entitled "A Terrible Bond."
- PAGE 11.—Many matters of interest to Sunday readers.
- PAGE 12.—A Cross Roads Gambler—One of the type once common on the Mississippi.
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- PAGE 15.—Miss Desire Prim's Will—An interesting short story. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

Lockjaw's Deathly Germ.

The lockjaw bacillus is a formidable beast. It is inseparable from dirt. Down on Long Island, where the tetanus bacilli most do congregate the microbe ought to be used as a bugaboo for scaring dirty youngsters into reformation. Dirty hands, lurking bacillus, a scratch or cut—and the mischief is done.

The unenlightened public persists in associating all lockjaw with rusty nails, and quite refuses to accept the bacillus that was formally introduced in 1885. As a matter of fact, the nail's only function is the making of a wound through which the poison can enter the system, and an oyster shell or a toy pistol can serve the purpose of the bacillus quite as well as a nail.

Why the bacillus should be especially prevalent in certain localities scientists do not explain, but the fact remains. The Shrewsbury river is a happy hunting ground for the beast, and a clam shell taken out of the mud, down there, may inflict a scratch that will mean death. All Long Island mud is full of the bacillus, and the fact that Long Island children live to grow up would speak volumes for their cleanliness, were it not that exposure to sunlight kills the bacillus immediately, and so the sun fights for the preservation of the Long Island species.

New York itself isn't inhospitable to the tetanus bacillus. In 1899 there were ninety deaths from lockjaw in New York city and its vicinity, many of the cases being due to accidental wounds made by toy pistols on the Fourth of July. The pistol wounds in themselves would not have bothered the small boys more than on any other Fourth. Probably there were no more of the wounds than there usually are on that glorious day; but unluckily for the owners of the pistols, lockjaw bacilli were out in tremendous numbers that season and seized the opportunity offered by the pistol wounds. No boy can celebrate the Declaration of Independence properly and keep his hands clean, so there was no escaping the lurking foe.

Last year two cases of lockjaw in this city were due to abrasions on the head, caused by diving in shallow water. The diver in each case struck his head against something sharp on the river bottom and the bacillus in the mud entered through the cut, causing lockjaw within a few hours.

A wound upon the face or head, if affected by the bacillus, will be more dangerous than a wound upon the foot or hand. The poisoning develops more rapidly and is more violent in form. A large majority of lockjaw cases originate in the feet or hands of the sufferers because those parts of the body are most exposed.

In warm climates the disease is more common than in colder localities, not because the germ levels in heat, but because the feet are less heavily shod in warm countries and so are more liable to injury.

For the same reason, in the south, more negroes than Caucasians have lockjaw. The negro makes a practice of going bare-foot and his feet are frequently scratched or cut. In one recent mild case of tetanus poisoning, caused by stepping upon a nail, a New York doctor analyzed leather scrapings taken from the shoe around the point of incision, and found them full of tetanus bacilli which had been rubbed from the nail in its passage through the thick leather. Had the patient's foot been bare, the germs would have entered the wound.

Another New York doctor tells of several cases of lockjaw which he had treated while at his summer home, and which have been caused by the introduction of the tetanus bacillus through wounds made by the horns of catfish.

I have known of tetanus poisoning from cuts made by fish fins and from lobster claws and from oyster or clam shell," said the doctor to a Sun reporter, "and I'd advise any one to suck a wound like that vigorously, the instant it is made. The poison isn't, ordinarily on the fish or the shell, but it is on the dirty hands, and the fishermen is pretty likely to have dirty hands and to get occasional scratches in handling fish."

The mosquito carries the tetanus bacillus along with other germs, and in localities where the bacillus is plentiful cases of lockjaw for which no cause could at first be found have been traced to mosquito bites.

In violent cases of lockjaw the poison toxins may develop and produce alarming symptoms within a few hours after the entrance of the bacillus into the blood, but in most cases the development is slow at

the outset. The trouble shows first in a soreness and stiffness of the side neck muscles appear.

These spasms increase in violence, and extend to the muscles at the back of the neck, and then to the entire spine and trunk. The abdominal and chest muscles become rigid, and the spine is ordinarily curved. The face takes on grimaces, with the forehead furrowed, the angles of the mouth drawn back into a grin, and the jaw firmly set; and this facial expression, in connection with the hoarse noise made by the sufferer, renders a case of violent tetanus poisoning one of the most frightful sights in the range of medical experience. Chronic convulsions sweep over the body at intervals more and more frequent, as the case becomes more violent, the slightest noise or jar or even a current of air being enough to bring on one of the spasms. It is only during these convulsions that the patient suffers pain.

Mild cases may last several weeks; but, in acute cases, death occurs in from one to seven days, and then mortality is very high. It is estimated that about 90 per cent. of the cases end fatally, and, among infants, there is no recovery. The mortality from lockjaw is, however, decreasing as a knowledge of the nature of the disease becomes more widespread and physicians learn how to treat it.

Analysis has shown that tetanus poison is much like strychnine poison in its effects, though much stronger, and various experiments have been made that will neutralize the poison. While the results have not been thoroughly satisfactory, prompt inoculation with tetanus antitoxin is undoubtedly valuable in many cases and should always be tried, if that is possible.

Thorough cauterisation of the wound is necessary, and, if done promptly, will ordinarily prevent danger, but the difficulty is that the wound is often too slight to occasion any notice or alarm until after the toxin has developed and the harm is done.

When the disease is once fully developed the physician has a difficult proposition upon his hands. The patient is relaxed by the use of chloroform, and hypodermic morphine and bromide injections are given. Hot applications are sometimes beneficial. The patient is kept in a dark room and absolutely quiet, the slightest excitement being enough to bring on convulsions. If there is no tooth missing in the patient's closed jaw it is not unusual to extract one, so that a stomach tube may be passed through an opening and nourishment given in that way. Artificial respiration is often necessary. A case developing before the sixth day has chances of recovery; but if the trouble does not appear until after the twelfth day, there is comparatively little hope for the patient.

PIG-HEADED MAN ON A CAR.

First He Wouldn't Pay His Fare and Then He Would, and Both Times Made Trouble.

He looked just as pig-headed as he turned out to be. There was no doubt about his being a stranger in a strange land, for while his clothes were not rustic in appearance there was an unfamiliar cut about them. And then he carried a travelling bag and wore spats.

When the conductor of the Fourth avenue car called for his fare the stranger dug down into his pocket and drew out a bill. The man in blue, who bore on his right sleeve three gold service stripes as proof of wonderful forbearance with all kinds and conditions of people, squinted at the bill and shook his head.

"That ain't no good in this country," he said.

"Of course it's good," said the stranger, still sticking it forth. It's a Canadian five-dollar bill.

"Can't take it," repeated the conductor.

"They won't take it off me at the office."

"Well, you've got to take it," said the stranger, "or stop the car and put me off. It's money and good money."

The conductor acted like a human being. He took the bill and looked it all over again. Then he referred it to a passenger.

"I never saw a bill like that before," he said. "What do you think of it?"

The passenger told him that he was right in not accepting it because it was not a legal tender in this country and because he couldn't get rid of it except at a discount even at a bank. So the conductor passed it over to its owner once more.

"You're in America now," he said, good-naturedly. "You'll have to pay American money. If I took that I'd be stuck with it myself."

"Well," the passenger was pig-headed.

"Well," he said, "you'll have to stop the car and put me off. That's all."

Then he settled back doggedly and scowled. The controversy had attracted great attention in the car. Every one was looking at the stranger, and a man who sat across from him, thinking that the five-dollar bill was all the stranger had, gave the conductor a nickel for the fare and the other passengers took it for granted that the controversy was all settled.

But not so. The pig-headed young man arose with a grunt and again dug into his trousers pockets. This time he pulled out several American one-dollar bills. One of these he offered to the conductor.

"I got your fare," said the conductor.

"No, you haven't," insisted the stranger.

"I haven't paid."

"But this man paid for you."

"He's not me. Change the bill."

"I ain't got the change, insisted the conductor.

The man with the spats was getting red in the face. He offered the one-dollar bill to the man who had paid his fare. The man would not take it.

"I can pay my way," exclaimed the stranger. "Give me the change."

"Haven't got any," said his benefactor, with a grin. "It's all right now. Sit down."

But the stranger would not. He went from passenger to passenger, asking for change, poking his one dollar bill into their faces. They all thought it was Canadian and examined it closely, while the stranger rocked around the car.

At the end of the line he found a man who could give him four quarters for the bill. He offered a quarter to the man who had paid his fare. The man would not take it. Then the stranger started up the line to get change for one of his quarters.

At last he got five nickels. He gave one of them to his benefactor, drew a deep breath and sat himself down again, glaring at everyone. After two minutes' thought he remarked:

"I'm pretty pig-headed when I get started."

No one in the car undertook to deny this assertion.

A Great Industry.

The following letter, received yesterday by a gentleman in this city, is self-explanatory:

Gentlemen:—Since the establishment of a branch warehouse in Montreal, under the able management of Andrew A. Brown we have been favored with an ever increasing patronage from the wholesale and retail trade of the Maritime provinces, and being convinced that our mutual interests will be better served by having a local agency "on the spot," we have decided to open a distributing depot about the first of April next, in the city of St. John, N. B., where we shall be better able to serve our many customers in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, than formerly.

We purpose placing in immediate charge of the agency John J. Foot, a gentleman in every way qualified for the position and bespeak for him your favorable consideration. Mr. Foot has grown up in our establishment, and is familiar with every detail of the business. Mr. Owen, who has for some years so ably acted as representative for our Montreal branch, will continue to do so for St. John.

We shall have an office and show-room in St. John, where samples of all the goods we manufacture, and sufficient stock to meet immediate requirements, will be kept, and by energetic attention on the part of an efficient staff, we hope to be favored with an increased patronage.

Our factory in London is altogether the largest and most complete of its kind in Canada. We manufacture Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Tin, Enameled and Japanned Ware, and handle a complete line of metals and supplies required by the Tinsmith and House furnishing trades. We have already branch warehouses at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and have every confidence in our Maritime Province ventures, stating, as it does, under such favorable auspices, and trust this move will merit your approval and support.

We take this opportunity of thanking you for your past favors,

Yours truly,
THE McCLARY MFG. CO.,
W. M. GARTSHORE,
Vice President.

Gold Medal awarded Paris Exposition, 1900.

A Very Singular Pearl.

In the Australian department at the Paris Exposition was exhibited, among many other curiosities, an extraordinary pearl, or rather a natural jewel formed of pearls and shaped like a cross. Nine fine pearls had grown together, and were found thus conjoined on the northwest coast of Australia in 1884. The owner of this singular gem is said to regard it as a kind

Montreal

TO St. John, N. B.

Canada's Wall Paper Store practically brought to the homes of Ganada through our sample book system. A post card to us about your wall paper needs, and our agent will bring our exclusive line direct to your door without any charge whatever. Surprising value, choicest designs.

The G. A. Holland & Son Co.,
2411 and 2413 St. Catherine St.,
MONTREAL.

of charm on account of its shape, and has refused to sell it for \$10,000.

INNS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Traditional Cheer is Fast Becoming Only a Memory.

To use the very word "inn" seems to promise good cheer and comfort. Comfort in England, however, usually means cleanliness and a good bed; of cheer there is none. The evenings pass wearily. The bar is a cold-blooded place, filled with tobacco smoke and political arguments. The proverbial bar maid has cheeks that are too red, and hair that is really too blond. The coffee room is the only other refuge, and it is occupied by a stately matron with a novel, or two young ladies talking in undertones in the corner. One is really afraid to smile. The centre table is adorned with a Bible, the Sportsman's Magazine and "Burke's Peerage."

Still, these conservative inns are certainly quaint and interesting. They are in many cases extremely ancient. Many still retain their old signboards—replete with memories of bygone days—the Falcon, the Stirrup Cup, the Bird-in-Hand, the Woolsack, the Boar's Head, or, as we approach the sea, the Eight Bells, the Mermaid, the Anchor. Under each sign is the legend: "Licensed to sell by retail beer, spirits and wines, to be drunk on the premises, and dealers in tobacco."

Huntingdon still retains the old George inn, at which the coach put up for the night and relayed its horses. The entrance is a low carriage arch giving access to a paved court, large and roomy and connected with a still larger one in which are the stables and "loose boxes"—stalls for the putting up of travelers' horses. Around the main court are the various public rooms, the kitchen and laundry.

Accommodations at these inns are arranged in three classes—sitting room, coffee room and commercial room service. If the wayfarer be a mere travelling salesman he pays for his commercial room service; if ladies are of the party we dine in the coffee room, a shade more comfortable in its appointments, the three courses at dinner are reinforced by a piece of fish. If one is of the gentry and loathes to mingle with the common horde he rents his sitting room, adjoining his bedroom, and his meals are served in his suite. The

kitchens are usually far removed from the dining rooms, and all dishes are carried on trays across the court. The little maids who serve the meals are an attractive feature, dressed in black with aprons and caps stiffly starched.

In Durham we found one quaint inn, where, on your arrival, the amiable hostess makes it a practice to send a glass of port wine to your room; or, if she greets you in the doorway, bidding you enter, she pours the wine herself. It is a small favor, but in these days of hurried travel it smacked a bit of the good old time when mine host dispensed a large hospitality.

The Pickles Test.

There had been an epidemic of mumps in Denver, and every afternoon brought to the health department a number of children seeking permission to return to school. Sometimes no doctor was present, and they had to wait. So, says the Republican, Doctor Carlin devised a means by which his secretary, Miss Currihan, might test the applicants.

"Pickles are the things," said Doctor Carlin. "If a person with the slightest trace of inflammation in the thyroid glands takes a bite of anything sharply sour, the face is instantly contorted. In extreme cases the pain is extreme."

So a bottle of mixed pickles was added to the pharmacopoeia of the office.

Now, when there is no doctor in the office, Miss Currihan lines up the applicants for certificates and goes down the line with the bottle of pickles. If the child takes the pickle and smiles as a healthy child should, he may go back to school again; but if he scowls in pain, he is condemned to stay at home.

Not Enthusiastic.

The following, from Short Stories, recalls W. M. Hunt's definition of a critic "as somebody who stands in the way and snubs."

A small darky and his sister were in the back yard of a wealthy Southerner's house. The girl was admiring things, and exclaimed:

"Wouldn't you like to live here?"

Sonny dug round the hydrant in silence.

Presently he replied:

"Some pretty good fish bait here."

Dr. Chase Endorsed By Leading Divines.

Great Suffering Ended—Painful Operations Avoided—Chronic and Aggravated Diseases Cured—Greatful Testimony From Well Known Ministers.

The daily habits of ministers are conducive to constipation and itching piles. More clergymen have endorsed Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and Ointment than probably any remedies on the market. The following extracts are from letters of leading ministers of the gospel, who speak for the benefit of fellow sufferers. For more particulars regarding these surprising cures write to these parties. They will gladly make known to you the virtues of Dr. Chase's Remedies.

Rev. S. A. Dupran, Methodist minister, Conesecon, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation, and thoroughly cured me of a very severe and aggravated form of itching, bleeding piles. The large lumps and abscesses have entirely disappeared."

Rev. J. J. Johnston, Evangelist, Wiar-ton, Ont., writes: "I believe Dr. Chase's

Kidney Liver Pills to be an A1 preparation for constipation and liver troubles. I speak from experience."

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, A-kons, Ont., writes: "For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching, protruding piles. I underwent three very painful surgical operations, and without obtaining any permanent relief Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured me, and I believe it will cure any case of piles."

Rev. Chas. Fish, 192 Dunn avenue, Toronto, states that Dr. Chase's Ointment cured him of eczema on the head and hands, from which he had been a great sufferer for ten years, and from which even specialists on skin diseases could give him no relief.

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cent a box, at all dealers, or Edmandson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Music and The Drama

PROGRESS has been much indebted to choir leaders and organists for programmes of Easter music, and takes the present opportunity to express a hope that the courtesy may be extended this year.

Mrs. F. G. Spencer and Mr. John Kelly went to Fredericton Monday, to sing at a concert on that evening.

St. John is to hear a celebrated Scotch singer, on April 15th and 16th. The lady is Miss Jessie MacLachlan who is entitled "The Queen of Scottish Song."

Siegfried Wagner will not produce his new opera on March 20, in Lepcis, but in Munich as was originally intended.

In Paris, Faust is still the most popular of all operas. It was sung forty times last year and brought \$145,840 into the box office.

It is said that Edward Greig, the Norwegian composer, may visit America in the near future if his health will permit him to travel.

Peter Benoit, the Flemish composer, died recently in Brussels, aged 68. For many years he was director of the Conservatory of Antwerp, which was instituted mainly through his personal efforts.

The Cosmopolitan character of the musical life of Berlin is indicated by the fact that during the month of January no less than thirty foreign artists sang or played before public audiences there. There were five from France, five from Bohemia, four from Italy, three from Holland, three from America, two from Russia, two from Poland, two from Sweden and Norway, one from Hungary, one from Romania, one from Finland and one from England.

"Not many people now living can have heard the recorder, an instrument of the flute pattern, well known in Shakespeare's time, but now quite obsolete," says the critic of the London Truth. "One belonging to the seventeenth century was shown some years ago at the loan exhibition at South Kensington. It is said, however, that only two complete sets are known to exist, one of them at Nuremberg and the other at Chester, where they belong to the local Archaeological Society. Lent by that learned institution, four recorders were brought to London last week by Dr. J. C. Bridge of Chester Cathedral, and he, with Mr. Radcliffe and two other modern flute players, gave upon them an old tune which, it was rather unkindly explained, used to be played by the waits. The effect was extremely curious, so much so, in fact, that there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that the instrument is never likely again to come into fashion. Indeed, what with Bach Choir trumpets, oboe d'caccia, and recorders, the ears of our forefathers must have had a trying time."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

May is likely to be an interesting month in theatrical circles, Edward R. Mawson comes to the Opera house with a specially selected company opening on May 20. The Institute management the other evening announced that W. S. Harkins would open in that house on the same date. Mr. Harkins will have to secure something stronger than he had when here last before he can counteract the effect of Mr. Mawson's presence, for after all everybody concedes that he was the great attraction during the first engagement of the Valentino Stock Co. here a year ago.

Miss Marie Furlong will have a place in the big star production of The Christian to be given shortly in Chicago. The names of some celebrated players are among the principles. Harry Morger will play John Storme.

'A Temperance Town' is to be revived in New York next week.

Ada Behan returns to New York for a brief engagement shortly.

Dan Daly will not take 'The Girl From Up There' company to Europe.

Henry Miller closed his Boston engagement in Richard Savage on Saturday.

Daniel Frohman has bought a new piece 'Bon Bells,' by Kinsey Piele author of 'An Interrupted Honey Moon.'

The Century Theatre is the name decided for the New Adelphi London. It will be opened in June.

Ibsen's 'The Lady From The Sea' will be the next production of the London stage

society. This piece was originally played about ten years ago.

Elsie de Wolfe, a prominent actress of Charles Frohman's forces will head her own company next season in a play by a prominent American playwright.

Edmond Ristand has in view, besides a comedy dealing with theatrical life in which he hopes Bernhardt and Coquelin will act, a play for the Comedie Francaise, to be called 'La Maison des Amants.'

Thomas E. Shea gave the first New York production of 'The Voice of Nature' last Monday evening, and the piece made a popular hit at the start. It is more than likely he will play it while here.

Mr. Robert Taber has been engaged by Mrs. Langtry as leading man. He will play the chief male character in her Marie Antoinette play which is to be called 'A Royal Necklace. The theme is evidently old enough whatever the plot may be.

Julia Marlowe had played 'When Knighthood Was In Flower,' at the Criterion Theatre, New York, before 74,999 people when the curtain fell on the closing scene of the drama last Saturday night. The figures represent the Criterion's capacity, to which Miss Marlowe has been playing nightly since Jan. 14. The first person taking his seat last Monday night was therefore the seventy-fifth thousandth to see the play.

Kirke La Shelle has signed contracts with Oscar Hammerstein for the presentation of the Bonny Brier Bush, a dramatization of Ian MacLaren's stories of Scotch life. It was originally made by James McArthur who acquired the dramatic rights from the author, and was later rewritten by Augustus Thomas. James H. Stoddard will again assume the leading role and Reuben Fax that of Posty; John W. Jennings will be the Dr. McClure.

'The Climbers' most talked of episode—the sale by the widow and her daughters of their Paris dresses on the day of Mr. Hunter's funeral—is said to have been duplicated in New York. The death of a well known member of the smart set, has placed her wardrobe on the market. It is being sold by a woman who deals in second-hand clothes, and yet the author of The Climbers was criticised for the introduction of an incident "so palpably untrue to life."

It is the intention of Sir Henry Irving to produce 'Coriolanus' in the London Lyceum about the middle of April. He has divided the play into three parts, the first terminating with the honor paid to Coriolanus by the Senate, the second with his banishment from Rome, and the third with his death in the Volscian camp. Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Harker have for some time been busy getting ready the necessary scenery, which is being painted after the designs of Sir L. Alma Tadema.

The action of 'The Soldier of Fortune,' the new play which Mr. Cyril Halliwell has written for Mr. Lewis Waller, is laid in Florence whether the hero, having been deposed from his position as president of the minor South American states flies for safety. There he lives the life of a professional gambler. One redeeming quality he possesses, however, a passionate love for his daughter. She, on her side, is possessed by a profound love for the memory of her dead mother and when at length circumstances conspire to force the hero to choose between destroying the girl's illegitimate and suicide he adopts the latter alternative.

In a letter on the French stage the Paris correspondent of the London Times writes: "Even if they cannot bring about the revulsion of which they dream, the writers in this gutter press undoubtedly succeed in exciting in the minds of some of their readers racial hatred and a contempt for religious belief. This is why we are at present witnessing attempts to introduce into the theatre also the discussion of those themes which inspire the worst side of current opinion. For this reason the censorship has had to interdict at the last moment a comedy at the Yandeville entitled 'Decadence,' in which the theory of anti-Semitism would seem to have been pushed to the length of utter madness. Thus, too, the Gymnase Theatre has given a three act comedy entitled 'Le Domestique,' by Lucien Besnard, in which we are shown to what depths the French hereditary noblesse have fallen. On the other hand, M. Antoine has produced a piece entitled 'Les Remplacantes.' In this M. Brieux, whose talent as an observer is incontestable, produces a study of the corruption introduced into country ways by the habit of luring to the city young mothers from the country to nurse the children of the rich."

William Gillette is one of the few actors whom the general public and even press agents know little about, except so far as his public career is concerned. Mr. Gillette has a peculiar personality, and even those who know him well know him scarcely

ly at all, and even his intimates would never think of asking him about his private life. In view of this fact some impressions by one of his boyhood friends, Professor Richard Burton of the Johns Hopkins University, are especially interesting. Professor Burton described him as a precocious youth, who at the age of ten astonished his family by constructing a miniature theatre fitted with grooves, scenery, foot and border lights, the puppets for which were worked above with black thread. The next step came a year later, when this juvenile theatrical experimenter, organized in the Gillette attic a complete high class stock company. When this had been tried, "on a dog," as it were, it descended to the drawing room, which became an extemporized temple of the drama to the dubious edification of the Gillette household. Mr. Gillette's father was one of Connecticut's representative men, prominent as an abolitionist and social reformer, a member of Congress at Washington, and a candidate for the governor of the State.

It is reported that Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of "Herod," is now engaged upon a new poetic play on the subject of 'Ulysses,' which is to be produced in the near future by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. According to a somewhat discursive and windy account in a London journal, the story will start with the assembling of the Olympian gods, who determine upon freeing Ulysses from the witchery of Calypso. The play then passes to Ithaca, revealing Penelope with Telemachus and her crowd of suitors. Then follows the picture of Ulysses in the home of Calypso and his departure. The next scene is to represent the arrival of Ulysses in the realm of shades, which is to be made the subject of a most elaborate spectacle. From Hades the scenes shift to Phœacia, and Ulysses is afforded the opportunity of recounting his adventures, which are to be illustrated panoramically. The closing scenes will be at the home of Penelope. It is explained that recent archaeological discoveries will enable Mr. Tree to give something like an accurate representation of life in this prehistoric period. That, of course, is balderdash, but it is plain that a subject of this sort gives the widest possible opportunity for imaginative and decorative scenic treatment. It also furnishes an excellent theme for the poet, who can embroider it in any way which may seem best to him without offending anybody's susceptibilities. Nor need he fear that the average audience will compare his work with Homer's. The piece, apparently, is intended to be more spectacular than dramatic, and doubtless will be a splendid show, even if it should fall short of the literary and artistic eminence predicted for it. Some of Mr. Tree's legmen are as good at drawing the long bow as Ulysses himself.

A CRUSHED ACTOR DETECTIVE.

Last State of the Man Who Devoted Himself to One Phase of His Art.

"It doesn't do to become too fine in any one line of work," said the actor as he divided into the pickle jar to spear another onion which vexatiously eluded his thrust. "This is a business in which you've got to show a little variety, even though the managers will try to keep you doing the sort of thing they think you can do best. 'There's Nat Guilford, for instance, who used to be the greatest man in detective roles that ever lived. He could come in for five minutes with a false mustache and a hat pulled down over his eyes and the audience wouldn't see anybody but him on the stage. He had an insinuating sneak about him that marked him as a born detective the first time he ever played in 'The Ticket of Leave Man,' on the Oil City Circuit."

"He was simply saturated with mystery the moment he came in sight and you couldn't have found a better person for the line of parts the managers gave him. He played them so well in Oil City that after a while he got on Broadway and there wasn't a London melodrama produced here in ten years that didn't have Nat in the first act or the seventeenth as a detective looking for the man who had stolen the lost daughter or the lost will as the case happened to be.

"After a while the public got on to the melodrama, didn't want any more of them, and one after another they began to fall. Then the managers wanted new people to act them; thought that fresh blood was needed to give them life and even had the courage to fire Nat after a while. 'He tried hard to get another line of business, but it was no good. It was as if somebody had hung out a sign. 'No detectives wanted,' wherever he applied. The managers never thought of him as an actor. They looked at him only as a detective, and that light he craved to be regarded by everybody.

"He was out of work three or four years, though he kept offering to do anything except act the detective, which was just

what nobody wanted him to do, although there didn't seem any desire on the manager's part to have him in anything else either. He wanted to do a sketch in vaudeville, but the manager wouldn't have anything but a detective sketch, and he put Nat on one day as an extra turn. Then he told him the act was no good and that anybody ought to have known that a comic detective wouldn't go.

"After three or four years of this sort of thing, Nat's money was gone and he had no prospects of getting work again. By luck it happened that a friend of his opened a hotel and wanted a detective to look after the guests. Nat looked the part so well that his friend engaged him to walk around the office and look at the people in an inquiring way. This Nat did so well that he made cold chills run up their spine and gave them the impression that they really had come in there to steal something even if they were the most honest churchgoer in the world.

Well, Nat did that job so well that he got more money to come to a larger hotel and now he is drawing bigger money just for prowling around and scowling than men who have served a long apprenticeship for that sort of thing in Mulberry street.

"One thing he can't stand is the sight of an actor, and that affords his sole relaxation from the labor of making other people uncomfortable. Once he sees an actor sitting comfortably down in an easy chair he fixes his eyes on him like two sugars and he bores the same sort of holes through any other actor who sits down to write a letter. When he spies one nibbling at a bit of cheese at the free lunch table he hovers around until in desperation the actor runs out of the place and declares he'll never go back.

"That's his revenge, of course, for not being able to keep in the profession. But wasn't it his fault to devote himself too exclusively to one line of business?"

STORIES OF THE WAR.

Strathcona Boys are Reminiscent.

Quite a number of the Strathcona boys are still in Montreal, though the number is lessening every day. In small groups of two or three, one may see them surrounded by admiring friends in public places. Story telling is going on, one may be sure to judge by the rapt attention bestowed upon the returned heroes. All of the boys concur in saying that their success depended upon each member acting upon his own initiative. They scouted so well that they never suffered the British to be ambushed. They went in advance of the main body, feeling their way. They were often fired at, but had wonderful escapes. They admit that they were pretty good at 'rustling'. They 'rustled' sheep, pigs, chickens, eggs, and, indeed, all they could lay their hands on. They justify this by saying that if they had not 'rustled' the 'niggers' would have done so. On one occasion Lord Dundonald saw a man 'rustling' a chicken, and reprimanded him, but the temptation, particularly if you were on short rations, was not to be resisted. One trooper caught a young pig one day, and, having no place for the moment to bestow it, he thrust it into the ambulance wagon, which happened to be occupied by wounded men. The lure of the white flag is an old story, but it proved to be disastrous to the Boers on more than one occasion, so far as the Strathconas were concerned. One day the white flag was hung out of a farmhouse. A trooper went up, only to be met with a pointed rifle from the door of the house. He was ordered to give up his rifle and did so. The Boer farmer at once turned the rifle upon the trooper and shot him in the breast. The trooper, a man named Stewart, had his revolver, and he fired, hitting the son of the farmer. The latter was subsequently killed in a scrap which took place next day.

In all their scouting they scarcely ever came across any considerable number of Boers, who had a marvellous faculty of concealing themselves. Tommy Atkins was voted to be a good fellow, who could endure long marches and fight, as we were told, splendidly. He wanted to be allowed to exert a little more individual intelligence, and probably would do so in the future. There were hard times to be endured, rain mud, dust and dirty water—water, which the horses refused to drink. This they made tea of—when they could get the tea. They had to put up with long marches, the briefest possible time for sleep, the lack of change in clothing, uncertainty in regard to food, and the danger of the sniping Boers, but all the boys spoken to say they were more than compensated for all they endured by the presentation to them by His Majesty the King of the

E. W. Loxton

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 23.

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HANDSOME GIFTS.

A Boston paper calls attention to the fact that the gift of \$5,000,000 which ANDREW CARNEGIE tendered for the benefit of the employees of the CARNEGIE Company as being not only incomparably the most magnificent gift ever made by the multi-millionaire steel magnate, and as probably the greatest single act of pecuniary beneficence ever performed by one man at any time in any part of the world.

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There is no need at this time for debating the question whether, and if at all, how far, the benevolent use of great riches can justify questionable methods in their acquisition. It is enough to say, on that head, that ANDREW CARNEGIE has accumulated his many millions of dollars in accordance with the commonly accepted rules of business competition.

The lake is a floating mass of asphaltum sealed by narrow channels of clear water, with a few straggling islands covered with thin, low shrubs. At the center, the fountain of all the foulness, the pitch is at boiling heat, and covered with yellow and white sulphurous foam, upon which are floating innumerable bubbles filled with loathsome gas.

The supply for shipment is chopped from the surface, where it has been hardened and dried by the evaporation of moisture; but like ice on the ponds of the frozen zones, the quality cut away during the day is always replaced during the night for some action of nature keeps forcing the unsightly substance out of the earth.

The Pitch Lake is a mystery which scientists have discussed for many years. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the first account of it in 1595, when he landed there on his voyage in search of the El Dorado and the land of the Amazons. Humboldt gave a good deal of study to the phenomenon, and declared that the Pitch Lake is 'a constantly aggregating mass formed from the cornical gaseous fluid'—which seems to settle it.

PARLIAMENTARY CRISES.

European politics have been recently perturbed by parliamentary crises in Austria, Italy and Spain.

In Austria the crisis has, in fact, become chronic. The trouble is the old one of race feuds between the Czechs and the Germans. The new Reichsrath is unmanageable as were its predecessors. It transacts no business; its sessions are attended with wild disorder and occasional personal encounters between deputies. The emperor has threatened to suspend the constitution and to govern without a parliament; but if he does this, he will introduce new complications, inasmuch as the tie between Austria and Hungary depends upon the action of the parliaments of both.

In Italy the troubles of the ministry began with a strike at Genoa, and with the dissolution by the government of the board of labor of that city. The ministry tried to pursue a moderate course, but when the matter came up in parliament, those who thought that the government had gone too far joined with those who thought it had gone far enough, and the ministry fell before this curious coalition.

fore this curious coalition. Socialism, complaints of excessive taxation, and discontent with the burdens imposed by the Triple Alliance, all had their share in bringing on the crisis.

The first two causes operated in Spain also to produce the riotous demonstrations which attended the marriage of the king's sister. To them were added a hatred of the Jesuit and other orders as representing accumulated property and political influence, and a cordial dislike of the Duke of Caserta, the prince's father.

The simultaneous occurrence of these crises is suggestive. Hasty generalizations are unsafe. It would be as unjust to argue from these crises that parliamentary institutions are a failure as it would be to suppose that the municipal governments in the United States has failed because some city governments are corrupt. But it is clear that something more than a declaration of rights is essential to fit a people for self government. There is need of intelligence, stability, loyalty, respect for law, and self-restraint.

Aldermen are scarce.

To be an alderman in Fredericton does not seem to be a very popular thing that is judging from election. This year all the board with one exception was returned by acclamation, showing that there are not many who desire the honorable position. But not only this, one of those elected refused to be sworn in and one of the wards is minus an alderman. The ward will no doubt be able to get someone to fill in the gap, but it may not be very easy. If there is to be a boom in being a city father, Frederictonians evidently want none of it. They are either so rich or so uncorruptible that aldermen are scarce.

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

The most interesting place in Trinidad, the largest of the group of Windward Islands, or Lesser Antilles, is the famous Pitch Lake, from which comes a large part of the world's supply of asphaltum. It covers ninety-nine acres, and contains millions of tons of pitch, which never grows less in amount. Mr. W. E. Curtis, in his book on Venezuela, thus describes this famous lake, the subject of so much interest just at present:

In the neighborhood of this Stygian pool the air is heavy with sickening odors, and the surrounding country is covered with its overflow, so that the earth is as hard as the pavements of Washington; but neither the steam and fumes that arise from the pitch roasting in the sun, nor the asphaltum in the soil seem to injure vegetation. Flowers and fruit actually grow in the midst of them, and pine apples are there brought to the greatest perfection.

The lake is a floating mass of asphaltum sealed by narrow channels of clear water, with a few straggling islands covered with thin, low shrubs. At the center, the fountain of all the foulness, the pitch is at boiling heat, and covered with yellow and white sulphurous foam, upon which are floating innumerable bubbles filled with loathsome gas.

The supply for shipment is chopped from the surface, where it has been hardened and dried by the evaporation of moisture; but like ice on the ponds of the frozen zones, the quality cut away during the day is always replaced during the night for some action of nature keeps forcing the unsightly substance out of the earth.

The Pitch Lake is a mystery which scientists have discussed for many years. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the first account of it in 1595, when he landed there on his voyage in search of the El Dorado and the land of the Amazons. Humboldt gave a good deal of study to the phenomenon, and declared that the Pitch Lake is 'a constantly aggregating mass formed from the cornical gaseous fluid'—which seems to settle it.

A Warning in the Air.

Mr. L. E. Dudley, the United States consul at Vancouver, reports that experiments are being made on the coast of British Columbia with an automatic system for warning ships of their approach to dangerous rocks and shoals when the weather is so bad that neither lights nor fog-horns can avail. The principle is that of wireless telegraphy, and the operation is automatic. From a metallic conductor fixed at an elevation on or near the point of peril, electric waves are transmitted over a zone seven miles in width. Any ship provided with a proper receiving instrument, and coming within this zone, is immediately warned of the proximity of danger, and the direction and distance of the concealed peril are automatically recorded.

Bacon—What's the matter with our naval people, anyway? Egbert—Why so? 'Why, Dewey gave his house away and now Sampson's given himself away.'

On the 20th of March, 1901, at Fredericton, N. B., 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Song of the Drums, We are nautic but a little brass kettle, With a tight little cover at top— Just a circle of sheepskin and metal, And a pair of quick drumsticks a hop— And we make quite the poorest of music, Just a rhythmic rattle and hum: Yet there's many a slave, In the heat of the brave, But responds to the beat of the drum.

There's a witchcraft concealed in our hollow; There's a mystery hid in our round; For we beat men cannot but follow, Keeping time with their feet on the ground. With a drum and a gleam of glory, Like a wave of the ocean it comes— As we sing and we say, 'Home away! Home away! Follow me! Follow me!' say the drums.

We tap and we hum and we mutter; We throb to the scream of the file; And as every noise that we utter, The iron's blood leaps in 's life; We roll and we crash and we thunder, Like the roar of the avalanche comes; And there's many a lad, So gallant and glad, Who's been caught by the song of the drums.

When we rattle a lively chorus, To the long shining columns we stand, With the cavalry waiting before us, And the foot doing two step behind us, As we pass through the ranks away safe, Not a heart's our music but thrums, And for all the long way, Not a horse a driver we find, But will dance to the time of the drums.

When the drums are unlimbered for action, And the men for the slaughter a-chie, Yet the hell must attend or a fraction, Till the drums are rolled away safe; Though the ranks may be reeling and broken, When the charge like a thunder clap comes; And the officers dead, You can run to the line of the drums.—Herbert Shadwell.

Forgotten. A little year or so ago I spilled glory where, With shoulders bare and face aglow— The fairest of the fair; We read about her every day As having been at this or that— At club or tea or ball or play, A attraction courted where she sat.

A little year or so ago She swayed a certain set— Without her tumblers raised, but oh, How much we missed her! The men who flock around her then Now flatter other girls, and they That read her name with envy when She swayed 'er'think of her to-day.

A preacher said some words, and lo, A maiden ceased to be! The air one people used to know, Oh where, or where is she? There's one who bends with loving gaze O'er something small and sweet— I wonder if she mourns the days When all the world was at her feet?

Trouble in the Barnyard. In the racket and rattle when the fowls and the cattle In the barnyard assemble for a rally, There was on the run 'till the setting of the sun As they drank rap-R-tee 'long 'till rally.

'Oh, it takes six pecks to a bushel and a half,' Said the butler to the hen to the rooster; 'The chicken's a good fellow, but he's not to be called And the male voted eight—like he useter.

Then the pullet kicked the teeth—in the comb the hen wore, And the hen showed a bill for collection, And the little rooster crowed like a great big crower 'Cause he too'd big gads for protection.

Next the 'Dominicker' flew on the fence where he crew, 'Oh, he's all me, all me on a feather duster,' But the old chicken d' 'No, 'says gay feather boss 'Tao' 'I'll still to the sera ce— I must, sir.'

Next the cat made a 'bunch' at the odder side, for lunch; Then the maid with the rope said: 'I'll bar you! With his eye on the bucket when the milk shake shuck it. He exclaimed, 'Oh, the strain! Won't 'far you?

Then the chickens flew high to a limb next the sky, In a tree that was 'till for a roost, For an acclimated 'coon couldn't climb to the moon 'Though the fowls he accused of high trees-on.

When the does don't howl it's a disappearing fowl That will roost on a limb that is lower, For the chickens that at once severance any more, 'Caws the 'coon' picks a quarrel that's shore, Phill Glenn Byrd.

The Wind. When sleighs lace my pale, I plead The rigorous No. 3 will rouse and blow, Starting the rime-chaunt of the fir, And bringing for mice earnest need The bracing tonic of the snow.

When I incline to dreams, and fain, With half-shut lids, would lounge and see The bonny swing lappis-roses above To low, low, humbler things below, And ripples goldenly the grain, The Earth for me 'till the South for me!

When melancholy suits my mood, I long to lie, 'mid lapwing leaves The many East discourse of pain In its thin mirror, and the rain With ancient sorrow imbued, Make pleasure better round the eaves.

And when the pilgrim rest is strong For brackened pathways mounting high Along the hill-slopes so the crest, This would I have the ardent West Fine me his best and welcome song, To me his old ecstatic cry.

So with the veering winds that sweep The egyptian I am one; For the close-knit hush of rain each, Soul-sympathies of spirit-speech, Blow thy or shrill, or low, or deep, Across the face of God's white sun!

Love's Geography. Wise men delight in globes and maps. They trace Each kindly wrinkle in the old earth's face; Pursue the mountain peaks, and the States,—towns,—asides, as mere external dust.

But I, an humbler student, when I con Such maps, with little trickled towns thereon, Love takes my hand, and pointing whispers clear, 'Here lives a friend, and here,—and here,—and here!'

So small the dots, so cheap and pink the charts, I close my eyes. The world is in my heart! But Love still points,—'O world, so strangely dear, Here lives a friend who loves me,—here,—and here!'

Her Choice. If fate should bid me choose a road 'Twixt easy path and byway, Where, now, 'twixt life's relentless load, We toil along the highway; Should choice 'twixt path of promise gay And steeper climb be given, Oh! I would choose the crooked way That you might tread the even!

If life were as a garden green, Where roses bloomed unhidden, With many a stealthy thorn unseen, Beneath the blossoms hidden; If I were in the cloister'd day, We'd make our choice of pines, Oh! I would pluck the thorns away, That you might wear the roses.

And life is changed with changeful lot Of mingled joy and grieving; We learn that love endureth not, Since hope is all-deceiving; But be our future what it may, 'Mid all the work or leisure, I will win smooth the cares away, While you enjoy the pleasure! Kathleen Haydn Green.

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

News of the Passing Week

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall were at Gibraltar on Wednesday.

Baden Powell's Canadian troops are expected to sail from Halifax next Tuesday.

Gen'l Botha has refused to make peace and the war in South Africa will continue.

Power Palmer has been appointed commander in chief of the India British forces.

McKinnon, liberal, defeated Martin, conservative by some 400 in the P. E. I. bye-election.

The Local Legislature and the Dominion house have been occupied most of the week debating supply.

Seven gunners were killed by the explosion of a Howitzer shell at Secunderabad, India, Tuesday.

The annual report of the Chicago police department shows 70,000 arrests and \$44-181 worth of stolen property recovered.

Thursday's London Mail says that King Edward contemplated a big exhibition in London that will outrival that of Paris.

Another big blizzard raged in Marinette Wis., Tuesday, and over a foot of snow has fallen. Trains are late and traffic generally is blocked.

Andrew Carnegie has been suggested for Mayor of Greater New York by Abraham Gruber, Republican leader of 21st Assembly district.

A mob lynched a negro woman near Nashville Tenn., because she had 'refused to return' a purse of \$200 she was supposed to have found.

At a meeting of the St John safety Board it was decided to increase the force from 34 to 36 men, also that an appointment of deputy chief of Police should be made.

De Castellane was successful in his duel with the editor of the Paris Figaro, the latter was slightly wounded. Handshaking succeeded the firing and again French honor was redeemed.

Assemblyman Price, Monday night introduced a bill at Albany, N. Y., to enable New York city to accept the offer of Andrew Carnegie to give \$5,200,000 for public library purposes.

Early in the week the leader of the opposition in the Canadian Parliament laid down the policy of the Conservative party accentuated in its application to the conditions now affecting the country.

Fire Monday destroyed more than half the business section of Bismarck, Mo., including ten business houses, two or three hotels and the Iron Mountain railway station. No estimate of the loss has yet been made.

Fire Monday afternoon destroyed more than half of Minocoka, a rural village of 300 inhabitants ten miles east of Joliet, Ills. Help was sent from Joliet, as the place is without fire apparatus, but the place was destroyed.

The subscription books for the public \$8,000,000 issue of the 7 per cent cumulative stock of the Dominion Iron & Steel were closed Monday at Montreal with the result that the issue has been a little more than three times subscribed.

A disease has appeared in an epidemic form in a part of the mountain district in the west part of the town of Windsor, Vt., from which six deaths have occurred with in a short time. The physicians appear to have been unable to cope with the trouble, all who have been stricken having died within a week after they were taken ill.

Gen. Bruce Hamilton's force, which is sweeping over the southeast portion of Orange River colony, has reached Wepener (on the frontier of Basutoland) where the troops found heavy stocks of grain and cattle. They carried away as much as possible but had to destroy 80,000 bags of grain. The houses at Wepener were found to be intact.

The 300 miners at West Pineville, formed Monday night to lynch Deputy Sheriff Frank McCoy of Middlesboro, Ky., who it is charged recently killed Vance Howard cousin of Berry Howard, indicted in the Goebel case. A strong guard was stationed around the jail and the miners finally dispersed without attempting to storm the jail.

Ald. McKendrick, of Fredericton, neglected to take the oath of office and there-by lost his seat.

Gen'l Harrison was buried on Sunday last. Pres. McKinley was among those who attended the last obsequies.

King Edward has sent letters of thanks, for the messages of sympathy sent by the St. John and Fredericton City Councils.

The St. John School Trustees have appointed James Coll, to fill the position vacated by the death of the late D. P. Chisholm.

Queen Square Methodist church Sunday school, St. John, celebrated its 32nd anniversary on Sunday last. The services were of unusual interest.

The British Government has decided to ask for nine million pounds for naval construction, the largest sum ever appropriated, out of which thirty-three new vessels are to be started.

The house committee on judiciary in Boston, Thursday, reported favorably on a bill making the maximum penalty for the crime of kidnapping in Massachusetts, 20 years imprisonment.

Montreal has had another big fire, loss estimated at a quarter of a million. The wholesale druggist supply house of Leeming Miles & Co., was completely destroyed with its big stock.

Rev. Henry Kitson, rector of the Church of the Advent, Montreal, has been appointed rector of Christ Church and dean of the diocese of Ottawa, in succession to the late Dean Landers.

The jury in the case of Cobana against the Canadian Pacific railway awarded the plaintiff six thousand dollars. Cobana was a conductor and was killed by a train backing up on a track alongside his train. The children claimed fifteen thousand.

The prospects of peace are still considered hopeful at Pretoria. The Boer losses last month were 160 killed, 400 wounded and 1000 captured and surrendered. Owing to heavy rains, Gen. French's transport difficulties are still enormous. Gen. De Wet's commando has been broken up at Senekel, Orange River Colony.

Controller Coler called at the mayor's office in New York Saturday to confer with the mayor regarding the gift of Andrew Carnegie. The men were closeted for some time. Upon leaving the controller said: 'We have decided to accept the gift up to the limit. We will go to work immediately so that the city can accept the gift at once.'

A Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific passenger train bound for Fort Dodge, jumped the track Monday, about two miles north of Grand Junction, Ia. Two passenger and mail cars and the tender were overturned. These people were seriously burned. Many others were more or less injured. C. R. Grant superintendent of the Mason City & Fort Dodge railway was seriously hurt.

On the cabled requisition of the British under secretary of state, John Roberts, an Englishman, a passenger of the steamer Cornithian, which arrived in Halifax, Tuesday afternoon from Liverpool, was arrested and held for extradition on a charge of embezzlement. The prisoner was arraigned and remanded to await the receipt of extradition papers from England. His real name is Walter Pope. The prisoner has been doing business as a commission merchant in London.

Terry McGovern, featherweight champion pugilist, who is matched to fight Oscar Gardner before the Twentieth Century Athletic club at San Francisco on April 30, said in New York Sunday that it is his intention to meet all comers as soon as he goes to the Pacific coast. He prefers Frank Erne of Buffalo or Tom Haggerty, the Australian champion, just as soon as possible after his bout with Gardner has been decided. He says he is willing to concede several pounds in weight in order to get on a match with any of the fighters

(Continued on Page Eight.)



During the past entire attention interest, or perhaps, will no doubt of weeks, until the There is something in through the p... amount of time... The daintest of laces are everywhere some of them prudent and ec... tempted into extr... Of course the mo... apparel and the o... and patience n... To let Ester S... new head creati... serious state of s... The hats this se... even prettier and... season. A visit to... to please even... almost every call... and in fact it can... pleasant to all who

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The sacred cantat... will be sung in St... evening. The you... been constantly pr... they will have as... tian a smooth and... doubt be given. Mr. F. G. Spence... ing the necessary s... John's music lover... great Scotch sopr... Miss MacLachlan... the English house... touring the princip... has engaged the op... April 15th and 16th... treat in store for the

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MAKING POWDER

Wholesome

Week

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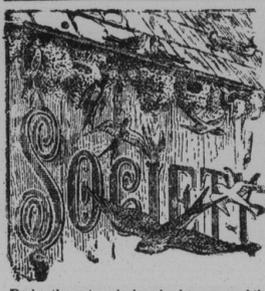
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rn, featherweight cham-... is matched to fight Oscar... the Twentieth Century... in Francisco on April 30... Sunday that it is his... all corners as soon as he... coast. He prefers Frank... or Tom Haggerty, the... ion, just as soon as... out with Gardner has... e says he is willing to... und in weight in order... with any of the fighters... on Page Eight.]



During the past week shopping has engrossed the entire attention of the ladies of St John. The interest, or perhaps enthusiasm would be a better word, will no doubt continue during the next couple of weeks, until the great feast of Easter has passed. There is something so really fascinating in walking through the principal stores, just at this particular season that one cannot express surprise at the amount of time thus expended by ladies of leisure. The daintiest of dress fabrics, chiffons, ribbons and laces are everywhere displayed and so attractive are some of them arranged that even the most prudent and economical June bride might be tempted into extravagance.

Of course the most important article of wearing apparel and the one over which the most thought and patience is expended is the new spring hat. To let Easter Sunday pass without appearing in a new head decoration would be to most women a very serious state of affairs.

The hats this season, promise to be as dainty and even prettier and more becoming than those of last season. A visit to the most fashionable stores cannot fail to please even the most fastidious in the demand for pretty headgear.

Next week there will be many openings. Miss Bartle announces hers for Thursday and Friday, March 28 and 29. Miss Bartle has just returned from New York and will as usual carry a full stock of the latest New York and Boston styles.

There are few people in the world who are not curious about the future, and while many would have misgivings and would no doubt feel repugnance at consulting a professional fortune teller, still the amateur card reader or cup reader is much sought after, and to the one endowed with the talent of story telling, and making that story please and mystify the listener, success is sure to come and the fame of the reader rapidly spreads in the immediate locality.

But the reading of the lines of the hand, or palmistry, as the science is called, has always been looked upon as a thing of certainty and there are many firm believers in the oft used expression that "your fate lies in your hand".

Women have generally been credited with evincing more curiosity as to the future than men. But when it comes to palmistry there seems to be little difference between the representatives of both sexes.

This fact has been amply illustrated during the past week by the numbers who have called at the Clifton house in quest of Major Astral. Society ladies, men of sturdy business habits and people of almost every calling have crowded into the reception room and patiently waited their call to the private sitting room of the professor. The private interviews have as a rule suited the individual if beaming countenances and excited conversation are any indication of a pleasant frame of mind.

The evening of March 28th has been selected for the appearance of Dr. Drummond of Montreal at the Mechanical Institute. The High School Alumnae has been instrumental in bringing the learned gentleman to the city. Dr. Drummond will give several readings from his "Habitant" and other sketches of his own composition. This will be an event of much interest to persons of literary tastes and in fact it cannot fail to prove instructive and pleasant to all who attend.

The sacred cantata, "David, the Shepherd Boy," will be sung in St. David's church on next Tuesday evening. The young people of the church have been constantly practicing for a long time, and as they will have assistance from some of our local talent a smooth and pleasing performance will no doubt be given.

Mr. F. G. Spencer is at present busy procuring the necessary support to enable him to give St. John's music lovers an opportunity of hearing the great Scotch soprano, Miss Jessie MacLachlan. Miss MacLachlan supported by Mr. Tom Daniel the English basso, has been since early in January, touring the principal American cities. Mr. Spencer has engaged the opera house for the evenings of April 15th and 16th, and there is certainly a musical treat in store for those who attend.

Mrs. J. H. Thomson left on Thursday afternoon for Clifton Springs, where she purposes remaining for a few weeks. Her daughter Miss Muriel Thomson who for the past couple of months, has been visiting friends in Upper Canada, will join her mother at Clifton Springs and at the conclusion of their visit there will return home with her.

Miss Mabel and Miss Mona Thomson, daughters of Mr. Robert Thomson accompanied by Miss M. Mc-

Kean and Miss May Blair daughter of the Hon. A. G. Blair left Portland, Me., where they took passage for England. They will visit in the Old Country for some months, returning about the middle of June.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McGregor of New Glasgow spent a few days of last week in the city. While here they were guests of the Royal hotel.

Mrs. Robert Thompson has returned from Bermuda, where she enjoyed a pleasant visit of five weeks.

Miss Constance Smith daughter of Mr. George F. Smith of Union street is still visiting in Toronto and vicinity. Miss Smith attended school in that city and is of course renewing many old friendships and making many new ones.

Miss Katherine Greaney who has been visiting in Montreal for the past two months is expected home next week.

Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Miss Bessie Wetmore and Mr. J. A. Kelly went to Fredericton on Monday and on that evening assisted at an entertainment given by some of that city's amateurs.

Mr. Douglas Sutherland accompanied by his sister Miss Beatrice Sutherland left on Monday afternoon for Toronto, where they have many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McKay are enjoying a vacation in New York.

Mrs. George F. Baird has returned from Sydney where she has been visiting Mrs. E. Le Roi Willis.

Miss Bessie Armstrong went to Boston this week where she will visit for some weeks.

Miss G. Constance Main has returned to her home in Amherst after spending several weeks very pleasantly in this city. While here she was the guest of her brother, Mr. Harold Main of the Halifax Bank.

Mr. Graham, collector of customs at St. Stephen and Mrs. Graham were in town for a few days during the week.

The social held in the school room of the Queens Square Methodist church on Thursday evening was a pleasant little affair. Corporal Coombs, who was a member of the Sunday school, was the guest of honor. The very enjoyable evening was taken up with a musical programme and interesting conversation.

Miss Edith Little of this city, is in Halifax, paying a visit to Mrs. C. C. Blackadar.

Mr. Andrew K. Dysart left Thursday morning for Boston where he intends studying law at the Boston University and later at Harvard.

Miss Nellie Campbell of the north end leaves by boat on Monday morning for Boston, where she will make an extended visit to friends and relatives.

Miss Nellie Kane, formerly of this city but now of Halifax is spending a few days here. She is staying with friends in the north end.

Miss E. A. Warrell is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. H. H. Dunham received quite a surprise on Thursday evening, when the (twenty five) members of Sunday school class in connection with the Main street Baptist church, called at her residence on Adelaide street to congratulate her on her birthday and present her with a handsome silver cocoa pitcher. After the presentation a very pleasant evening was spent, during which a dainty repast was served and the happy gathering broke up at quite a late hour.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of O. S. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. F. Trear's.]

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hartt and children of St. George were here during the week.

Mrs. John F. Grant's friends will be pleased to hear that she is recovering from her very serious illness.

Hon. George and Mrs. Curran have gone to Agassiz, Ma.

The bachelor members of the St. Croix whist club, entertained the club in a royal manner on Thursday evening last. The entertainment took the form of a dance at the Windsor Hotel. The members were delighted with their evening and say that it was the pleasantest event of the season.

Bruce Belmore of Princeton was in Calais this week for a brief stay.

The pleasant dance given by the Trio club in the G. A. Hall on Tuesday evening was well attended. Collector and Mrs. Graham went to St. John this week for a short visit.

Miss Lilla Maxwell of Milltown is here paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Herbert Beck.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoop leave this week for Boston where they intend residing.

and their young son expect to spend the coming summer in England.

Mrs. E. Mill of Demonts hotel has been visiting friends in Calais.

Miss Emma Bonness has returned from an extended visit with her brother, Fred Bonness, in Minneapolis.

Dr. Blair is still confined to his residence and unable to visit his patients.

Mrs. C. G. McCully was recently a guest of Mrs. C. F. Todd in Milltown.

Mrs. A. D. McFall of Machias was in town last week for a brief visit.

General Murray is now convalescent and able to see his friends.

Mrs. Thomas I. Byrne gave a tea on Saturday for the pleasure of her grandmother, Mrs. W. T. Rose, it being the occasion of Mrs. Rose's eighty-fourth birthday.

Miss Blanche Keller of St. John is staying here with friends.

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweed's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

MAN. 10.—Miss Wood, daughter of Senator Wood of Sackville is visiting at the home of Dr. Ferguson.

Mrs. H. Gordon Perry of Fleet street is entertaining her sister, Mrs. E. A. Redding of Yarmouth.

Miss Logan of Charlottetown is in town staying at the Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Donald left here on Thursday last for Montserrat, where Mr. Donald has accepted a position as engineer.

Mr. Francis Mackay and Miss Orlo Gilford both of this city were united in marriage on Tuesday evening at the Baptist parsonage, the Rev. R. S. Crisp officiating. Both are well known and popular in the city and are receiving the best wishes of their hosts of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Jarvis of Truro were in the city during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald have been called on to mourn the loss of their infant son, whose death occurred on Sunday after a short illness.

The St. Bernard's Amateur Dramatic club presented a pleasing little drama at the opera house on Monday evening. It was well patronized and quite a sum realized for a very good object; that of assisting the poor. Many of our best local singers assisted and added materially to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison were quite seriously injured in a runaway accident here last week. They are both recovering now, however.

Miss Nellie Gallagher has returned from Monmouth where she spent a week the guest of her friend, Miss Laura McManus.

Mrs. Thos. Milton left yesterday for Halifax to see her son, Robert Cameron, before he leaves for South Africa.

Mr. Geo. C. Peters is confined to her home through illness.

Mr. A. W. Cruise of Sydney, C.B. is in the city spending a few days.

CHATHAM.

MARCH 20.—Miss Bertie Johanson has returned from Boston.

Dr. Ellison veterinary surgeon is in town this week on a professional visit, and is staying at the River View.

Mr. James Vanstone and his mother went to Gibsons last Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. David Vanstone who died Sunday morning last.

Masonic hall was filled from entrance to stage, last Monday evening to witness the drama, "The Rebel of '93," which was successfully presented by members of the B. C. T. A. society. The society orchestra played between the acts and was a pleasing feature of the entertainment. The boys prepared themselves without the assistance of an instructor, and deserve credit for taking their parts so well.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise... Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

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

SMOOTH SEWING SILK. Corticelli sewing silk is twisted on automatic machines which stop when a break or knot happens in any one of the hundred strands it is twisted with. It is therefore perfectly smooth. Being smooth it is strong—free from knots or flaws. Better than cotton or linen because it lasts longer, goes further, and won't fade.

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

Fry's Cocoa is absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is very rich, healthful, nourishing. It is economical to use because of its great strength. It dissolves easily. It has taken medals everywhere because of its superior excellence. A quarter pound tin of it costs but 25 cts. and makes fifty cups. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.



BRIDGE TOWN.

Mar. 19.—Miss Fannie Smith of Digby, is visiting Miss James. Miss Annie Langley has returned to her school duties at Clementsport. Mr B D Nelly left last week for a business trip in New Brunswick. Miss Minerva Hall of Middleton, is the guest of Mrs B M Williams. Miss Bertha Cann of Yarmouth was here last week, the guest of Mrs H W Cass. Mr J Howe Cox of Cambridge, was the guest of his uncle J L Cox, Esq, early in the week. On Friday evening, Mar 8, a number of friends gave Mr and Mrs Henry Chute a surprise party at their new home in Hampton. Refreshments were served, and many tangible proofs of regard were left behind. Mr Chute left on Monday to join the schr Swanhilds for Boston.

ANNAPOLIS.

Mar. 19.—Mr. Chas G Godfrey was here recently. Mrs Bradford has returned from Windsor accompanied by her brother, Colla Locke. Mrs Clarence Dimock of Windsor was the guest of Mrs J M Owen last week. Rev Geo E Harris of Weymouth, was in town last week. The Annapolis Band held a most enjoyable social in the Academy of Music Hall on Monday evening. The affair passed off most successfully and was quite an encouragement for the promoters. Mrs Merkle of Digby was a guest at the Rectory last week. Mr Colin Locke was visiting his sister, Mrs Bradford for a few days this week before leaving for New York. Miss Christina Leslie is visiting Mrs Frank Whitman.

WESTVILLE.

Mar. 19.—Miss Cumming and Miss Ethel Cameron of New Glasgow, were here recently guests of Miss Essie Cumming. Miss Susie Baillie of Pictou was in town recently the guest of Miss Isabel Cumming. Mrs Baskine of Pictou is here the guest of her sister Mrs Edward Graham. Mrs C Bert Fraser of Sydney, C. B., is here staying with her sister Mrs W. C. Stewart. Mrs D. Guan McKay, daughter of Mrs. L. McKinnon has returned to Lethbridge after a pleasant visit to her mother and sister here.

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

WOODSTOCK.

MARCH 20.—Mr. and Mrs. A B Gaines of Florenceville were here for a short time last week. Miss Katie Curry and Miss Lizzie left for Newburyport, Mass., last week where they will permanently reside. Charles Wright is very ill of pneumonia. His mother is nursing him. F C Denton, U. S. Consul returned last Saturday from Washington where he witnessed the inaugural ceremonies of President McKinley. Mr. and Mrs. G A Russell of Hamilton, Me., were in town for a few days last week. Miss Naa Gusham has returned from a very pleasant visit to Fredericton. Mrs W Frank Thornton and Mrs. Albion Foster of Hartford were in town during the early part of the week. Mr. A Kelly of Boston is here visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. M Kelly. Mr. W E Mullin of St John accompanied by his wife paid a visit here last week. A parlor concert is to be held at the residence of Mr F B Carvill on Monday evening. A small admission fee will be charged and the proceeds will go to a very worthy object. Mrs G B Masser is visiting her relatives in Fredericton, E. I. Miss Bertie McCann of Florenceville is visiting her friend, Miss Violet Watson. Miss M E Burt has returned from a two weeks visit to friends at Centreville. Miss Ada K Boyer has gone to McAdam where she will visit Mrs Charles Burpee.

ST. GEORGE.

MARCH 19.—The funeral of Mrs. McDougal took place from her late home on Tuesday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Fraser. Mrs. McDougal has been an invalid for several years she leaves a husband and one son to mourn her loss. Miss Josephine MacVicar is visiting friends at the Upper Falls. The friends of Mr William Johnson will be pleased to hear he has obtained a situation in C'lorada. At a recent meeting of the B Y F union, Rev. Mr. Lavers was elected president, Miss Bessie O'Brien vice president and Miss Sobey. The many friends of Major Branby and Mr. William Coutts are sorry to hear of their continued illness their condition are causing their relatives much anxiety. Mr. Walter Lynott of Brooklyn is visiting his mother. Mrs. Ursula Hibbard, Mrs. Wm. McInure and Miss Fannie Gillis are among those who are connected to their home through illness. The sad news of the death of Mrs. Edward Gillmor was received here on Saturday last. Mrs. Gillmor was Miss Bertie Taylor of Lawrence station. The sorrowing husband is accompanying the remains with his three little children from Seattle. MAR.

CAMPBELLTON.

MARCH 19.—Mrs McDougal arrived in town yesterday morning to visit her sister Miss Clara Kerr. Miss B Mullin is visiting Miss Quigley at Newcastle. Miss M Richard who has been spending a few months in Fredericton returned home Wednesday morning. Mrs Percy Baker, Metapedia entered a number of friends last Tuesday evening with progressive

ive enche. The evening was delightful and a very pleasant evening spent.

The Misses Means of Bathurst were in St John last week. Miss Mary LeBlanc of Carleton, is visiting Mrs Jos Benchamp for a few days.

Miss M Richards who has been spending a few months in Fredericton, returned home Wednesday morning.

Miss Henderson, who has been attending the millinery openings in Montreal has returned home.

NEWCASTLE. Mar. 19.—Mrs D. Chesman of Chatham, was in town recently.

Mrs Chas Call entertained a number of young people at the Waverly last Friday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Ester, previous to her departure for her home.

Rev J. D Murray of Red Bank was in town last week.

Miss Ester who has been visiting her friends here for some time returned to her home at Shubenacadie, N. S. on Saturday.

Hon J. H. Burchill, Mrs and the Misses Burchill were in St John last week.

Mr H. Lamont of Douglastown, N. E., was the guest of Mr and Mrs Alexander McLennan, Campbellton on Sunday en route home from Quebec.

Mr C E Fish, M P P., who was obliged on account of illness to return to his home here has returned to Fredericton on Friday last.

Chinese Schoolboy. The model schoolboy is to be looked for in China. Eleven hundred college boys, all bound for Queen's College, Hongkong, and not one of them indulging in boisterous or light or even letting of his superfluous spirits by a run or a leap, is a sight to be witnessed any day in that Eastern city.

A correspondent of the Captain stood in front of the streets crowded by these Chinese schoolboys, and watched them as they passed. They did not hurry, but walked sedately along with their books under their arms. The almost exhibition of youthful feeling was a reserved smile which lighted up the face of a boy here and there, as he listened to the conversation of his companions.

Believable behavior would have been considered by these Chinese lads as undignified and quite contrary to all ideas of schoolboy good form. The more sedate a Chinese boy is in his behavior, the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more aristocratic he is considered by his schoolfellows, and the more praise he receives from his schoolmasters and his parents.

In America and England parents and sons do not invariably agree as to what virtues are, to be admired in a schoolboy. In China they always do. Strange as it may seem, Chinese youths go to school with the sole idea of acquiring knowledge. Hence the stolid, determined faces of these eleven hundred boys as they entered Queen's College.

There was little variety in the color and cut of their dress. They wore no hats. Some had brushed all their hair straight back into their long queues others had a fringe of stiff bristles dividing the unshaven territory of their heads. All carried fans.

In the boys' ranks from nine to twenty three and many of them had family cars in the shape of a wife and children at home. Every year, however, sees a decrease in the proportion of married schoolboys, and the average age becomes less each year. In the early history of the school, boys of all ages were to be found in it, and it was not an unheard of thing for father and son to be running a close race for the first prize.

Love is the flower of life, and yet some people are so unreasonable as to expect it to outlive the season allotted to blossoms.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and directly related diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest system are led into confidence and strength, by the influence which relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists' this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The average woman has no moral conception of the law. Having made up her mind to tell a lie, she will readily swear to it.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Eickley's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not. For cough, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Jealousy is an excellent fuel to passion's flame; still it is well to remember that too much of any fuel is apt to smother the flame.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup which gave him relief Eickley's Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Arnold Boecklin, the great Swiss painter, died recently at Fiesole at the age of 74 years. He is best known by his romantic, mythological pictures. A few months ago his son was convicted of a murderous assault on a woman and is now in prison.

An End to Bilious Headaches.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing ailment one can have. There are many causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Fumelle's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing so effective in the treatment of bilious headache.

Colchester intends to erect a statue to Dr William Gilbert, who was physician to Queen Elizabeth, and aid the foundation of magnetic Corporation, at de Magna Magnete Tollere, Physiologia Nova.

They are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces ineffectual chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. The Beadingo Saline Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

Benlign, the most famous of the Australian gold fields, is going to celebrate this year the 50th anniversary of the discovery of gold in Australia by holding a mining exhibition. The Beadingo Saline has produced 17,160,000 ounces of gold so far.

Chilian cavalry horses have been put through a remarkable test of endurance. Twenty-one officers mounted on their ordinary chargers rode 250 miles

in three days, covering 81 miles the first day 81 the second and 80 the third. The route was over rough mountain roads, in some places 3,000 feet above the sea level. All the horses were bred in Chile.

Decidedly the Reverse. Uncle Wellington de Bergh, a retired English merchant, who occasionally came to visit his relatives in this country, was an enthusiastic bicyclist, notwithstanding his age, which was over seventy.

His other passion was a fondness for Walker's Dictionary, which, he maintained, was superior to all others, of whatever date, and he seemed to know it by heart.

"Your uncle," said a caller one day, "appears to be a walking cyclopaedia."

"On the contrary," responded one of Uncle Wellington's American nieces, "he's a cycling Walkerpaedia."

Love's Sacrifice. The following which, we are sure, is an exceptional case, is narrated of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Cabiff's education in the art of cookery had been somewhat neglected, but she did her best, and her husband struggled manfully and uncomplacently with the tough streak and sour bread she set before him day after day.

One morning, about three years after their wedding, she said to him, "Oliver, you don't love your wife as you did once?"

"Why do you say that?" he asked in surprise.

"Because you don't eat the things I cook any more."

"Phillida," rejoined Oliver, with all the earnestness he could command, "I love you as fondly as ever, but my digestion is ruined!"

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

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

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

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL, Manufacturers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soaps.



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

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APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Penuryol, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B. C., and Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

NOTICE. Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

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

WANTED SALESMEN to travel with most complete line of Paints, Colors and Varnishes on the market. Jewell Refining Co., Paint Department, Cleveland, Ohio. 5-16-01.

FOR SALE FREEMOLD BUILDING (south side). LOT 42x128 feet on Elliot Row. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jos. Emery, 26 Elliot Row, City. 5-16-01.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 6th & Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,697,480 68; Assets, 304,844,637 62; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,648 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,874,636 86.

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

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

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice. Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOF WINE, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. PISH and GAMB in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

CO. LIMITED. March, 1901. WHITE catalogue. Sent to Any Ad. System of shopping by threshold of our same advantages and old have by going trained and skilled every want, using a interest that assures accurate service, and a we excelled. MAIL. Why not you? economical it is to do. INCED. CO. LIMITED. Street, Montreal. NOTICE. be made to Legislature of an act to incorporate name of THE COTTAGE for the purpose of acquiring Real Estate, and the erection of cottages and with power to lease, mortg and with such other powers to. 14th, 1901. oner's 1900. UDES. E'S "Tommy" and ROOSEVELT'S "serial). ARDING DAVIS'S ial articles. MAN'S The Russia WALTER A. WY. "The Workers". ORIES by on Page, yke, Thompson, n, t, a White. ARTICLES position. LAND'S article a ploration. RD FIFTY O," by Sens. RT FEATURES BELL ILLUSTRATED American ista. AVANDES, LAFARGE, illus. r. rative schemes (in ck and white) by LEYTON CLARK, O, HENRY MOGHT L. ELMEN- r. rated Prosooctus y address. IBNER'S SONS, New York.

NEWS OF THE PASSING WEEK.

[Continued from Page Four.]

who claim to be in the featherweight or lightweight championship classes.

Two ironmongering firms of Sheffield will establish branches in Russia.

British trades union leaders are conferring about a plan for federation.

There is a movement in Portugal to establish a Papal national church there.

Balistite, a new explosive used by the Italian army, is found to be a failure.

Two Chinese participants in the anti-German riots have been beheaded at Hoh Ping.

Victoria's funeral cost £35,000, of which £11,500, was spent in entertaining foreign guests.

The Ambassadors and ministers to Great Britain have presented their credentials to King Edward at Marlborough House.

Sir Edward Saunders, president of the Oeontological society, and dentist to King Edward and Queen Alexandra is dead.

A Berlin despatch reports that the German navy, like the British, has decided to abandon the use of Belleville boilers on warships.

Advices from all points confine the opinion expressed early in the season that the Newfoundland seal fisheries this year will be one of the most successful in years.

The King and Queen of England were expected to be present at the king's birthday celebration at Copenhagen, but have postponed their visit until later in the year.

The election in North Bruce, Ont., to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. McNeil, resulted in the election of the conservative candidate, Haldiday, by fourteen majority.

Last Friday night the Boston Advertiser was burnt out with a loss of \$100,000, no insurance. Three proof readers met their death. The Advertiser has since published from the Boston Globe office.

Six persons were burned to death Saturday night at Little Caspacia, Que., as the result of an explosion of a coal oil heating stove in the house of John Gauthier of Gauthier & Arsenault, merchants.

During the progress of a fire in Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, at the corner of Duquesne and Fort streets, one man lost his life and three others were badly hurt. The property loss will be fully \$250,000, well insured.

Prince Christian Victor, the queen's grandson, who died of enteric fever in Pretoria, left a personality valued at only \$205. He had only \$2,500 allowance outside of his army pay, but by great prudence kept out of debt.

On Saturday last a bill was presented to the N. B. legislature in amendment to the Succession duty act. The chief amendment is that duties shall be payable on all estates which exceed \$30,000 in value instead of \$50,000 as at present.

Premier Tweedie delivered his budget on Monday. The Province had a deficit of over \$85,000. The Premier places it to unincurred expenses arising during the year, the small-pox outbreak being one of the heaviest. By the estimates brought down a surplus of \$150,000 is claimed for next year.

J. Kennedy, a New York banker, has purchased the Dewey arch and will move it from New York to Sound Beach, Conn. It will be used as one of the gateways to the ground and it will be in such a position that it may be plainly seen from vessels passing along the sound. It will be brought to Sound Beach on barges.

Harvard and Yale have challenged Oxford and Cambridge for a regular set of track games, to be held in New York during the early part of next July. The challenge was sent last week and an answer by cable is expected in a few days. Capt. J. W. Hallowell of the Harvard track team, confirmed the fact that the challenge had been sent.

Two Pullman sleeping cars of train No. 32 of the Plant system, Tampa to Jacksonville, were completely burned Sunday morning at Buffalo Bluff, seven miles from Palatka, Fla. The sleepers were filled with tourists and all of them were asleep at the time of the fire. So quickly did the flames spread that there was practically no time for saving clothes or valuables.

A rather serious clash between imperial and Canadian soldiers occurred in the garrison at Halifax, N. S., Sunday. Eighteen Royal artillery got on the ramparts and took possession of one of the principal streets, breaking glass and interfering with pedestrians. A detachment of 50 Canadians was sent out to arrest the gunners, who showed fight, using their belts as weapons. The infantry were ordered to charge with fixed bayonets. One of the mutinous artillerymen was stabbed through the left hand and one of the Canadian

soldiers received a severe cut over the eye. The artillerymen were taken prisoners. The offenders claim to have been celebrating the festival of St. Patrick.

LONGEVITY IN FROZEN FISH.

For Eleven Years This One Was Thawed Out and She Started a Hatchery.

I have read with a great deal of interest an article headed 'Life in Frozen Fish.' While it does not seem creditable that fish can be frozen until they are as hard as a stone and upon being placed in cold water for a few minutes may become as lively as ever it is nevertheless true.

In 1873 I was residing at Junction City, a pretty little city located in a romantic spot on the banks of Mill Creek in central Wisconsin. The country at that time was new and fish and game were plentiful. Mill Creek was at that time famous as a trout stream, it being no trouble at all to catch fifty pounds of speckled trout in a half day's fishing. Feb. 16, 1873—I remember the date because it was my twenty first birthday—I took down my rifle and struck out into the forest for the purpose of killing a deer. I had wondered along the banks of the stream for a distance of perhaps two miles, when I ran onto an old hunter who had cut a hole in the ice, through which he was fishing for trout. He was meeting with great success, for scattered all around him could be seen the speckled beauties, where he had thrown them as he took them off his hook. I was invited to help myself, which invitation I cheerfully accepted and I proceeded to put a number of the fish in my game bag.

It was just 4:47 o'clock when I returned home that afternoon, tired and hungry, and after hanging up my rifle took one of the largest of the trout and placed it out in a large cold storage warehouse that stood near my house intending to present it to "Uncle" Sam Carson for his breakfast the next morning. The fish was forgotten and as a result lay in that warehouse solidly frozen until June 10, 1884. Now, here is the strange part of my story, which I should hesitate to relate had not the article referred to paved the way, as it were.

On the night of the date last mentioned just about eleven years after this fish had been placed in the cold storage, the building was totally destroyed by fire. During the process of the fire, the fire department in the effort to save the property, had thrown sufficient water to fill up the cellar, which by the way, was walled up in rock and cement, and was therefore, water tight.

Three years later it was decided to rebuild the cold storage warehouse upon the site originally occupied, and men were set to work pumping the water out of the cellar which the rains had kept well filled. To our amazement, 447 fair sized speckled trout were taken out, which had evidently fallen into the cellar at the time the warehouse was destroyed, thawed out, and spawned. The original trout was easily identified, one of its eyes having been accidentally knocked out and a part of its tail broken off before it was placed in the warehouse.

Anyone doubting the truthfulness of this story can easily be satisfied by writing to Frank Blood or Arthur Sturtevant of Stevens Point, Wis., or to Eugene Shepard of Rhinelander, Wis.

Peace With Humor.

An old Indian, says Mr. Joaquin Miller in his recent book, 'True Bear Stories,' was terribly frightened by an old monster grizzly and her half grown cub one autumn, while out gathering manzanita berries; but badly as he was frightened, he was not even scratched.

It seems that while he had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over a bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and had fallen asleep in the trail on the wooded hillside. The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which luckily lay at hand.

This was only a temporary refuge; but he soon saw, to his delight, that the log was open at the other end, and corkscrewing his way along towards the farther end, he was about to emerge when he saw the old mother sitting down, quietly waiting for him.

After recovering his breath he elbowed and corkscrewed himself back to the place at which he first entered. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half smiling and willing to receive him.

This, the old Indian said, was repeated time after time till he had no longer strength to struggle. He turned on his face, whereupon the bear thrust her head in, touched the top of his head gently with her nose, and then drew back, took her cub with her and shuffled away.

Mr. Miller went to the spot with the Indian a day or two after, and was convinced that his story was exactly true; and when you understand that the bear could easily have entered the hollow log and

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.

Run Down—"I had severe headaches and my constitution was generally run down. Had read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, tried it, and after using two bottles was entirely cured." Miss Mary Flannigan, Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

killed the Indian at any time, you will see that it must have been a sense of humor which caused her to play the cat and mouse game with him.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Guarini's Retransmitters to be Tried Between Brussels and Paris.

The following is a fuller account of Signor Guarini's experiments in long-distance wireless telegraphy on land, some account of which was cabled to the Sun during the past week. The Italian electrician is going to try and establish communication between Brussels and Paris. The distance, as the crow flies, is 171 miles, and therefore largely exceeds any attempt of a like kind hitherto made on land. The inventor proposes to use his patent retransmitters every seventeen miles, and they will be erected at the following places: Braine-le-Comte, Mons, Berlaumont, Wassigny, Moy, Coucy-le-Chateau, Villers-Cotterets, Baz, M'iry.

In order to telegraph direct from Brussels to Paris the antennae or pole apparatus would have to be placed at an elevation of 1,600 yards, with only three intermediary stations; a message would take an hour to manipulate and seven hours to transmit the first signal through to the terminus station. By using the retransmitter Signor Guarini says that the first signal will be repeated automatically from one station to another and get through the whole distance in a few seconds, and the whole message in little more than the time required for transmitting to the first station.

The experimental Brussels-Paris line will cost about £4,000. The retransmitter has been installed at Malines, and is working satisfactorily.

There is naturally a limit to the distance over which wireless messages can be sent on land, owing to the curvature of the earth. Electrical waves are propagated in straight lines; they cannot be made to follow the curve of the earth.

Again, electric waves, although able to force their way through certain obstacles on the surface of the earth, are, over long distances, abruptly stopped, sooner or later by the crust of the earth itself.

At sea the curve of the earth is less felt, because the electric waves pass through the water, and here the absorption depends upon the quantity of salt in the water. The curvature of the earth only interferes with wireless long distance sea telegraphy when the electric waves come into contact with the bottom of the sea.

On land the absorption caused by intervening buildings is considerable, and a receiving instrument placed underground is not influenced at all. Hence the necessity for elevating the antennae according to the distance to be covered, or else to divide up that distance into sections.

It is here that the usefulness of Signor Guarini's retransmitter becomes apparent, its object being to multiply the distance a

"77"
For all Kinds of
COLDS

Dr. Humphreys' "SEVENTY-SEVEN" cures all kinds of Colds, be it Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head, Back or Chest, Coughs, Sore Throat, Fever and Prevents Pneumonia.

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good many times, almost indeed, to an unlimited extent. It works automatically, and therefore transmits signals from one end to the other in about the same time as would be required for a direct message—were such communication possible.

Cave-Dwellers of France.

Travellers who have 'done' Paris must not pride themselves that they know France. There, as in our own country, the visitor who has gone only to the big cities and followed the ordinary routes of travel, fails to find the bits of characteristic life that give one an idea of what a country really is. A writer in Harper's Bazar goes so far as to doubt whether Paris may fairly be considered France at all, since it is too cosmopolitan to be characteristically French. To see certain phases of French life one must visit the outlying districts, and even there it is necessary to step a little out of the ordinary path.

A Dieppe, for example, a stranger sees a favorite watering place, but let him get up early on a June morning and he will find the scene of a different character. The beach now looks more like the adjunct of some big laundry than the resort of fashionable pleasure seekers.

For half a mile or more the shingle is overlaid with newly washed clothing and house linen. Here and there a woman is sitting on a wheel barrow, knitting and waiting until her share in the big wash is dry enough to need turning. When the garments have dried on both sides to the satisfaction of a watcher, she shakes them free from sand, folds them, and trundles them away on her barrow.

Farther along the rocky shore, near a line of chalk cliffs, men and women with stout baskets on their backs may be seen picking up certain of the rounded, water-worn stones that strew the beach. These people are the cave dwellers, their houses being in the white cliffs behind them. The chalk cliffs are honeycombed with caverns of all sizes. Some of the cave dwellings are very diminutive, being single little rooms with a rude wooden door closing the entrance.

The writer entered one of the larger caves and saw walls fifty feet high, and a cave running under for two or three hundred feet. A dry, chalky odor pervaded the place. On one side of the entrance, a little within the cave, a room had been excavated in the rock, and in its low doorway a bent and withered old woman stood looking curiously at the intruder.

At the back of the cavern were the homes of other cave dwellers, nothing but spaces partitioned off with low stone walls. In them there were, as a rule, only a bed, a table, a few cooking utensils, and some baskets for stone-gathering.

All He Was Good For.

"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine," said a father to an old college friend, whom he was visiting, and to whom he felt that he could unburden himself of his troubles.

"He is utterly worthless," the father continued, "and I cannot do a thing with him. He does nothing but hang around livery stables, and you know what the moral influence of a livery stable is."

About ten years later the two met again. "How is your son getting along?" asked the old college friend.

"Did I never tell you?" said the other with evident pride. "That boy, sir, had such a decided genius for horses and I let him take to horses for a living. He is now a veterinary surgeon of the highest skill, makes ten thousand dollars a year in his profession, and will be the prop and support of his father and mother in their declining years. I tell you there is nothing like giving a boy a chance to follow his natural bent."

This seems to show that a boy will turn out well, in spite of a father who does not know how to train him. Perhaps an all-wise Providence looks out for such children.

Marine Plants on the Roof of Asia.

A remarkable discovery by Capt. H. P. Deasy in the Kuenlun Mountains is that of a species of marine plant, called grass wrack, at an elevation of 16,500 feet, more than 10,000 feet higher than the summit of Mt. Washington. The plants were not growing, but were found, with their leaves and fruit, deposited in a bed 10 or 12 feet thick, which was covered and interspersed with strata of blue clay. The explanation offered is that the deposit once formed part of the bottom of a salt lake.

ST. ANDREWS.

Mar. 19.—Capt. Fred Andrews returned to St. John last week for medical treatment.

Mrs. J. Maloney has gone to Canton, Me., to visit her daughter.

Clare Goodell of Hollingdam, was in town last week on business.

The Misses Pauline and Doris Clark of St. Stephen, are visiting their cousin, Miss Jean Campbell at Fredericton.

Henry Franklin of Grand Manan has been appointed a justice of the peace.

Mr. Walter Inches of St. Stephen has been ap-



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M. F. MOONEY.

pointed representative in this province of the Grand Lodge of Denmark, through a communication between Hon. J. G. Forbes, grand master of Free Masons, and the Grand Lodge of Denmark, of which Crown Prince Frederick, who made the appointment, is grand master.

R. B. Hanson of Beauce and Archie Calder of Campbellton, are home from the Halifax Law School. The former has passed through the school; the latter has another year to finish.

Mrs. Levi Handy will join her husband in Vancouver in a few days.

A Terrible Bond

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

STRANGERS AT NEWTOWN STATION.

A more unpleasant night it would be difficult to imagine. Snow was thickly falling, covering the ground like a fleecy mantle, picturesque enough, but desperately disagreeable to those whom necessity forced to be abroad. At the small wind-swept platform at Newtown station, the Dublin train had just come to a standstill, depositing a few passengers.

There were only four in all—three men and a woman, at whom the stolid officials stared as though she had been a ghost. Ladies—for it was evident by her dress and bearing that she was one—were not want to arrive alone by the last train from Dublin.

It must be a visitor to one of the officers up at the camp, they said to each other, but—begorra, it was a funny thing that no one had come or sent to meet her!

Two of the three men who had just alighted from the train strode away chatting to each other, in the direction of the town, the other man and the woman being left sole occupants of the quickly deserted platform.

Presently the lady entered the badly lighted waiting room into which she looked in a strangely nervous, furtive way, which was not lost on the station-master and his subordinates.

Irish wit is proverbially quick, and an aptitude for taking in a situation at a glance a national characteristic. 'Oh, those officers, those officers!' said Nolan the station-master, to himself, as he went forward to proffer his services. 'Badad, but they've a deal to answer for! 'Is there anything I can do for ye, miss?' he inquired, touching his cap, respectfully.

The young lady had by this time advanced to the big seat fire which blazed away cheerily in the open grate. A thick veil obscured her features, but even beneath this disguise the susceptible Larry Nolan could perceive that this interesting passenger was undoubtedly pretty.

He caught a glimpse of brilliant eyes—brilliant with the restlessness of a spirit ill-at-ease.

He noted also that the pale cheek was softly rounded, and when she spoke her red lips disclosed a perfect set of teeth. She was young; she was beautiful.

She appeared in trouble, or, at the least, was in an unpleasant position in a cheerless place, on a night of exceptional inclemency.

This was enough for the gallant Larry. He forgot Mrs. Larry, who was not young or handsome, and was somewhat of a termagant; he forgot everything in his desire to be of assistance to this mysterious beauty, who still stood as though undecided whether to answer him or not, with one slender foot upon the fender.

Diffidence was not one of Larry Nolan's failings.

'May be, miss, you might be expectin' to be met,' he hazarded, 'or where was it ye might be goin'—if you'll excuse the liberty.'

'There will be no one to meet me—at least—as an attention—'I—I don't think so. Can you tell me how far it is to the camp—the Curragh Camp?'

Nolan thought that in all his life he had never heard so sweet a voice.

As he afterwards remarked to his subordinate—

'It was for all the world like a chime of silver bells.'

But that was only the poetry, which is inherent in the Irish race, finding an outlet in metaphor.

In truth, however, he was right.

There was a richness and sweetness about the tones of this woman's voice not easily forgotten.

'She's English, entirely,' decided Larry and again he was right.

'The camp, miss? Why, ye could never get there this blessed night! We haven't had such a fall of snow, not since—let me see—'

He scratched his curly head in a vain endeavor to remember dates.

The young lady became impatient.

She walked swiftly to the door of the waiting room, which opened on the station yard.

Her walk was grace itself, and the movement showed that she was above the average height of woman, and decidedly of slender make, although beautifully proportioned.

'If you won't tell me,' she began.

'By Saint Patrick, miss, I'd tell ye anything, or do anything for ye, for the matter of that; but ye couldn't never get there in this weather,' repeated Larry.

'I must get there,' was the curt reply, 'and tonight. How far is it?'

'Three miles. Irish miles—perhaps you would call it four.'

'And which way should I turn?'

She was standing on the step by this time, looking out into the darkness.

'To the right, miss, and then to the left, and then up the hill. Oh, but it's a mighty climb up to the Curragh Camp. Ye'll never do it.'

And then, in spite of Mrs. Larry, and against his own better judgment, the gallant station-master begged the young lady to stay the night at his house.

But in vain.

'I must go,' she repeated, and, drawing her heavy cloak about her, she glided into the snow and the darkness.

'There's a shorter cut,' Larry murmured, 'but I daren't tell her of it; she'd lose her way. Even as it is—'

He shook his head, as he looked up his office for the night.

He was half an hour late; and now that the beautiful vision had disappeared, another arose of a delayed supper and an irate spouse.

'Whoever the chap is up there, I'd loike to have the bastin' of him!' he said, with a shake of the fist, which showed in which direction Mr. Nolan's thoughts lay.

He was used to the officers and their ways, but this was a little too bad.

'I'd know her ag'in amongst a thousand, he muttered, as he turned into his own door, from which an appetizing smell of Irish stew proceeded. 'I'd know her anywhere. Her walk and her voice, and the bright eyes. I'll look out for all the up-trains. She's bound to go back—they all do.'

Larry Nolan kept his word, but the beautiful stranger did not again use the line, nor did she appear on the platform of Newtown Station.

Whilst Larry Nolan was eating his supper, the woman whom he had directed to the camp was slowly struggling up the hilly road leading to it.

The snow was still falling, although not so heavily; but, in any case, it was a hard enough matter to make headway against the bitter wind which blew cuttingly from the hill top.

Every now and again the tall, slender figure would stop and steady herself against a wall or the trunk of a tree, holding her hand against her heart, as though to still its wild throbbing.

She never once looked backwards, always forward to the goal she hoped to reach in spite of every obstacle.

She had flung back her veil, and thus disclosed the fact that her exquisite features were white and drawn with the unwonted physical exertion which is hardening and the mental anxiety which is harder to bear than mere bodily fatigue.

Had she glanced behind her, she would have discovered that she was not the solitary pedestrian she fancied herself to be.

Her fellow passenger, whom she had not noticed, so wrapped up was she in her own thoughts, was following her in a stealthy fashion that suggested he intended to keep her in view at all hazards.

When she stopped to regain her breath, he slipped into the shadows by the wayside.

When she moved on, he went cautiously forward likewise, yet keeping a certain distance behind her.

It was impossible to obtain a glimpse of the man's countenance, so high was the collar of his coat, and so further disguised was he by a thick, black muffler which was twisted round his neck.

Furthermore, he wore a slouched hat, from beneath which his eyes—the only visible features—looked out with a sinister gleam that boded no good to the woman he continued to follow.

'Ha, my lady!' he muttered, as, catching her foot against the root of a tree, she stumbled and fell, picking herself up directly and leaning pantingly against a broken gate. 'You did not reckon on me. You have set yourself a task tonight far harder than you think. You will not accomplish it, I have you in my power!'

A sardonic light came into the pale eyes. He could hear the heavy breathing of the woman.

In falling she had apparently hurt her foot, for she stooped and rubbed her ankle for some minutes.

The man crouched against the wall, laughed softly.

'Your delicate ladyship is not used to rough walking! Shall I proffer my valuable assistance? How would she look were I suddenly to start forward as if I had sprung from the earth beneath her feet? No—no—best not. I know a more paying game—but I must see him first. There is a short cut herabouts—so they told me in Newtown—and yet I don't like to lose sight of my beauty even for a moment. By George! no woman can struggle on much longer on such a night as this—phew!'

A sudden gust of wind blew the snow in a shower upon him, and a muttered curse escaped his lips.

The woman still leaned against the gate. The man wished she would resume her journey.

He was tired of waiting.

'I believe she has really hurt herself,' he said to himself. 'If I thought so I would—'

The statement of what he would or would not do was suddenly checked by a whistle—a blithe whistle—that seemed to defy the elements to damp the cheeriness of the whistler.

'By Jove!'

A man had leaped over the rickety gate

almost knocking down the woman, who uttered a cry of terror, which quickly changed to one of surprise, not unmixed with relief, and flung herself without another word into his arms.

'Arthur!'

'Enid—you—here!'

CHAPTER II.

A DARK CRIME AND A SILENT WITNESS.

'Help! Help! Oh, what shall I do? I have killed him! He is dead—he is dead!'

A woman's cry rang out shrilly.

The snow was again falling rapidly, lying like a pall upon the still figure at her feet.

The cry had been spontaneous.

Surely there was no one in all this vast solitude to answer or to help.

With a voiceless prayer she looked around, the consequences of her madness forgotten in the desire to save the life which, she felt, was now forever beyond the reach of human aid.

Like a spectre, from the darkness beyond the man who had been the sole witness of this tragedy glided to her side.

So distraught was she, that at the moment she evinced no surprise.

'Help me; oh, help me, whoever you are! Surely he is not dead?'

She caught her breath with a quick sob of agony. 'I never meant it! As heaven is above me I did not! My love! Oh, my love!'

Down upon the cold form she cast herself, kissing the lips and hands fast stiffening in death's icy grip.

The man bent down beside her and placed his hand on the heart which would beat no more.

'Yes, he is dead—stone dead. Neither I nor anyone else can help him now, Lady Fancourt.'

The fact that he called her by name passed her by.

For the time being she was capable of but one hideous thought—the man whom she loved with a reckless, mad love lay dead before her, shot through the heart, and she had done it.

Again she called upon him.

'Arthur—Arthur! My love—my darling! Speak to me one word—only one word. It is I—Enid!'

'Lady Fancourt, cease your raving. This is no time to indulge in hysterics over the corpse of the man you have murdered. I am here, and will help you; only, mind, I shall expect my reward. You know me, do you not? or must I recall myself to your recollection? I should not have thought that it was necessary.'

He laughed coldly.

Enid Fancourt raised her beautiful, haggard eyes to his face, but spoke no word.

Her companion began to fear that the shock had turned her brain.

He shook her roughly, and picked up the revolver.

'Do you see this?' he said. 'It is yours. With this weapon you shot the man you called your lover. I—and I only—am witness of your crime. I will save you from the consequences of my madness. But, I repeat, I intend to have my reward. From this moment you are mine. Long ago I used in vain for your love. You spurned me from you with coldness. But now I can compel you to marry me!'

Still no answer.

Enid Fancourt only stared at him, a frozen horror in her eyes.

'You know me now?' he said.

He had pulled down his collar and removed the muffler from his face.

It was a handsome face, and, just at this moment, was lighted up with a diabolical expression of triumph.

She staggered up from her knees.

'Yes, I know you! I know you!—and I am in your power! Don't look at me!—don't look at me, Randolph Sterne! You are so like—him—'

She pointed to the dead man at her feet, and moved a few paces away, shuddering violently.

The keen wind blew her cloak from her shoulders.

Randolph Sterne went up to her.

He drew the fur-lined mantle round her, and, as he did so, kissed her on the lips.

'Now you are mine forever! I vowed you should be, and with this—and he kissed her again—'I seal my vow.'

With a passion of tears and sobs, she struck him across the face in the least. He only smiled.

The tears will relieve your brain,' he said, and he waited patiently till the hysterical attack had passed away.

Presently Enid spoke.

'I am in your power,' she repeated. 'What am I to do? Will you give me that revolver—to—'

She paused, and her lips trembled like those of a frightened child.

She was young, and life is very sweet to the young—particularly so was it to Enid Fancourt.

'To turn it on yourself? No, Enid, you must live—you shall live—for me. Listen! Sooner or later this—he pointed significantly downwards—must be discovered. There will be enquiries. I saw you conversing with the station-master. You can't possibly leave this place unseen, the net will tighten round you, there will be no escape. Do you realize what this means?'

'But I did not intend to—to—'

'Murder him? Perhaps not, yet you do so nevertheless—'

'There was no witness—'

'Pardon me, I saw and heard all!'

'Friend! And you would give evidence against me?'

'I would do far more than that to gain you, Enid. Come, a truce to all this, no time is to be lost. Just now you remarked on my extraordinary likeness to my unfortunate relative. In ten minutes I will come for you. Here, drink this. No wonder you are pale and shaken.'

He poured a stiff dose of brandy into

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a travelling cup, and placed it to her pale lips.

The potent spirit brought a little color to the exquisite face.

'I do not want to die,' she said piteously.

'Of course you don't, neither shall you. Either by this—holding up the revolver—'

His look was significant.

With a low moan Enid turned away, and suffered him to lead her into the wood some little distance off.

throw up soldiering. By Jove! he is a lucky chap.

Robbins sighed.

There wasn't much likelihood of luck coming to him.

He was only the younger son of a country rector in Kent.

Meanwhile, in Captain Legard's quarters the seniors were talking.

'I, for one, am glad he has sent in his papers. If he hadn't, I'd have been obliged to have taken notice of his conduct. After all these years, who'd have thought it of Vivian—a man so respected in the regiment? Legard, I can't understand it.'

Major Henderson moodily sipped his brandy and soda.

He was a general favourite, and never interferred with his subordinate officers unless positively compelled to do so.

'Nor can I. He knows how strict the rules are. Such a wretched bad example to the youngsters, too! Has she gone yet?'

'Gone! Oh, yes, I believe so! Legard, she was a lady, if ever I saw one.'

'Impossible!'

'So one would think; but it is a fact. There is more underlying this than meets the eye. However, to simplify matters, I have advised him to go on the sick list, and by Jove! he looks changed enough. I wouldn't have known him to be Vivian, had I met him, say, in the streets of Dublin.'

'Is that so?'

'Yes; and Whiteley, who saw him as a matter of form, says he is suffering from a nervous shock of some sort, accelerated by drink.'

'By Jove! You do surprise me! Well one never knows what prosperity will do for a man. It has turned this poor fellow's head to a certainty.'

And that was all Legard could say, to account for the strange change in his brother officer, Captain Vivian.

CHAPTER III.

AT DOVERMORE VICARAGE.

For thirty years there had not been such a fall of snow as that which had now visited the whole of the County Kildare.

On the heights, whereon the Curragh Camp is situated, they felt it most; in fact, they were snowed up.

The officers were in despair, grumbling over the cessation of the hunting.

'It was bad enough before,' said one, 'now it's unbearable. Absolutely nothing to do; one might as well be quartered in the British Islands.'

'Better,' replied a brother officer, 'for there would find originality. I believe the savages are awful fun—'

'Oh! come, it isn't as bad as all that,' a young subaltern put in. 'I'm sure the tobogganing is good enough for anything. Why don't you fellows come down to-night?'

'All right, perhaps we will; but we all know your attraction, Robbins—Old Whiteley's daughter. A pretty little girl in Maizie Whiteley; but what is one amongst so many?'

'There's Mrs. Hardy and her sister,' began Robbins eagerly.

'Can't stand the sister at any price,' yawned Captain Seaton. 'Mrs. Hardy's right enough, but then one has to reckon with Hardy—a petcock Oldman. I remember—'

Captain Seaton's reminiscences were cut short by the entrance of the major of their regiment, who was at the present time in command of the detachment stationed at the Curragh.

'Anything the matter, major?' inquired Captain Legard, who was the major's particular chum.

'Well, yes,' was the reply, gravely spoken. 'Can any of you fellows tell me what is wrong with Vivian? Besides, there's something up at his quarters.'

The younger officers exchanged glances, and Robbins turned away to hide a smile.

'I have thought there was something strange about him the last few days,' said Captain Legard, thoughtfully tugging at his heavy moustache. 'But come to my but, major, if you will. We can talk better there over a brandy and soda.'

Major Henderson agreed, and as the two senior officers walked away the suppressed laugh broke out in good earnest.

'The chief's so deuced particular,' said Robbins. 'Vivian's all right, only he doesn't want anyone poking round his quarters just now, when he's got as pretty a piece—'

'Have you seen her then?' in a chorus; but before Robbins—who was elated by his superior knowledge—could answer, Captain Seaton's voice was raised above the din.

'I advise you chaps to hold your tongues about Vivian and his doings. It's plain to be seen the major's lawfully put out, and there's no denying there's something fishy about Vivian lately. My belief is that he's been drinking hard.'

'I never knew him to do that,' put in a quiet-looking man, 'not all the years I've been in the regiment.'

It was the quartermaster who spoke, and the younger men turned at once to him.

'But you must own that the last few days—'

'Yes; but don't you think his stroke of luck has had something to do with it? One doesn't come in for a large fortune, a magnificent estate, and a title every day of one's life.'

'No. By Jove! you think he's off his head, then?'

'I don't know what to think,' was the grave reply. 'He has changed strangely; so much I'll grant you; but I'll stake my existence it's not drink. By the way, Mr. Robbins, is it true that he has sent in his papers? You ought to know—you know everything.'

Everybody laughed, no one more heartily than the young subaltern himself.

'Well, somehow or other, news does seem to come my way,' he said. 'Yes, I believe it is true. After all, one needn't be surprised. Captain Arthur Vivian's right enough, but Lord Sayce wants to

I can't understand it. I can't make out Arthur's silence; it is so unlike him. The sweet sensitive lips trembled, the dark hazel eyes filled with tears.

'Mother, you don't think anything can have happened to him? Oh! if I thought so—'

The tears fell in earnest now, coursing each other down the cheeks, which paled at the mere idea of peril to her beloved.

Mrs. Collingham looked up, a shadow on her comely face.

'It is unlike him, dear,' she admitted, unwillingly; 'but you must take into consideration the weather we are having. Why, in the North, and at the Curragh Camp, they are snowed up, or next door to it. Be patient, Alice; he'll be here tonight, depend upon it. Occupy your mind, the time will pass all the quicker. How does the anthem for tomorrow go?'

'All right,' was the answer, listlessly given; 'but I'll go down to the church and practice it over again. Mother, do you believe in presentiments—in dreams? I had one last night about Arthur.'

'I hardly know whether I do or not,' was Mrs. Collingham's thoughtful reply. 'Strange—almost unearthly—things have happened, but—seeing a deeper shade of melancholy steal over her daughter's face—'

'Why ask that question now?'

'Because last night I had a dream, in which I saw Arthur alone in a wood. He was lying face upwards in the snow, and from his heart blood was flowing, staining the pure whiteness all around him, I knelt beside him and called his name, but in vain. He was dead. Mother, I saw his eyes! Oh, I shall never forget it—never!'

Alice Collingham shuddered, and, hiding her face in her hands, crept closer to her mother's side.

Mrs. Collingham was now thoroughly alarmed.

Gently she soothed the agitated girl, bidding her 'be sensible'—advice easily given, but hard to follow, when every nerve was on the rack.

'I can't help it. The horror is with me still; and even what I have told you, awful as it is, does not seem to me the worst. As I lifted my head from staring into those awful eyes, I met another pair—so like, yet so unlike. I saw the whole face—it was Arthur's; and yet he was lying dead at my feet.'

'Which proves that he was not dead at all,' said Mrs. Collingham briskly, glad to find a point which she could combat satisfactorily.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

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A Cross Roads

Gambler.

'There was a paragraph in a Little Rock paper the other day,' said a commercial traveller who had just come in from an extended Western trip, 'that recalled to my mind some of the most exciting incidents I have run across in all my travelling for twenty years past. The paragraph was nothing very exciting in itself, but it mentioned the name of a man I had seen in various places and had never seen without wondering how he managed to stay on earth so long.

'It said that a man who was known by the name of George Hobbs was lying in the hospital in Little Rock in imminent danger of death. He had been stabbed five or six times and the doctors declared that there was not one chance in a hundred of his recovery. They had tried to get him to tell how he came by his injuries, but he absolutely refused, though he had been warned that he would probably die. All he would say was that if he got well he would attend to things himself, and it didn't there was no use making a fuss about it. The paper further said that he was believed to be a stranger in Little Rock, but that he had been seen two or three times in some of the less reputable resorts of the city within a few days of the time that he was picked up insensible on the street.

'When I read it I was satisfied that this George Hobbs was in all probability the same George Hobbs that I had known as a travelling gambler for a number of years, and that what I had always expected would happen to him some time had happened at last. He was one of a class of men numerous enough a dozen or fifteen years ago, but not so frequent met recently in the country I travel, which is mainly the Mississippi Valley below St. Louis. At least I don't see so many of them as I used to.

'They have always been called cross roads gamblers since I have known anything about them—I suppose from the fact that they go from one small town to another, with no settled home anywhere, always looking for a game of poker and picking up a more or less precarious living by their dexterity with the cards. The word cross-roads, of course, comes from the implied sarcasm that they will stop anywhere in the country where two roads cross and wait for a game.

'These men don't look alike any more than any other class of men resemble one another physically, but all that I ever saw had the characteristic appearance of all professional gamblers. They are somewhat more particular about their clothes, and about grooming themselves than the average among the men they associate with and they all had that studied repression of expression and constant watchfulness that you see in most gamblers.

Hobbs was a little man, sandy of complexion and sparing of speech. I hardly ever heard him say an unnecessary word, and I used to wonder sometimes how so quiet a man ever found his way into a poker game among strangers, but he was usually playing when I saw him, so perhaps he was more of a talker when he was not at the table.

'The first time I ran across him was on one of the boats running from Memphis down the river. I got on at St. Helena to go to Vicksburg, and as I entered the saloon I saw a game in full progress at one of the tables. It was not a very unusual sight, for this was nearly twenty years ago, and there was considerable gambling on the river boats then, though not nearly as much as in earlier times. Nowadays there is less.

'It was late in the evening and there were only two or three lookers on when I went up and joined the group, not to play but to watch the game. I never lost a chance of doing that, though I seldom play with strangers. This time I speedily found enough to interest me, for before I had looked on more than five minutes, I saw plainly that the little sandy man was cheating. He was not particularly dexterous about it, either, for if he had been, I probably would not have detected it though I have seen enough crooked play to be familiar with the ordinary tricks.

'Hobbs, as I afterward learned his name to be, was marking the cards with his little fingernail as he handed them and was dealing whenever it came his turn to deal, slowly enough to enable him to tell where each marked card went. If he dealt from the bottom or juggled the cards in any other way in the deal I didn't detect it, but I could see the marking done plainly enough after I had noticed that his fingernail was trimmed to a sharp corner.

The wonder to me was that the other players didn't see it as plainly as I did, for they all were men who looked as if they had had experience enough to be on the lookout for such things. I thought at first that he had a confederate, but what happened afterward made this seem improbable, and now I fully believe he was playing alone.

'Perhaps you may think I said something when I saw what was going on. If so, you underestimate my intelligence. It made not a particle of difference to me whether one man or another of the five at the table should win the money, but it would have made a lot of difference to me if I had got mixed up in a fight over a matter that did not concern me. I hadn't the faintest desire to kill anybody and still less inclination to stop another man's bullet or get stabbed as men do sometimes when they interfere with other people's business out west. So I looked on, very much interested and curious to see if any of the other players would see what I saw.

'They were playing a pretty stiff game. I thought at first it might be ten dollar limit, for I didn't see a raise larger than that for the first twenty minutes I looked on, but then Hobbs made a raise of twenty-five after a two card draw and a big man who turned out to be a Texas cattleman went back at him with fifty more. Hobbs studied a while and then put a hundred dollar bill in the pot and the cattleman laid down. Then I thought it might be table stakes, but a dapper little fellow whom I had seen often in Memphis pulled money out of his pocket to make good in a pot that he won with a small flush, so I saw that it was the old fashioned game, with no limit. The ante was a dollar and the usual bet was five or ten, but occasionally as in the hands I mentioned there would be a big bet made. This happened often enough later in the game to make it interesting and I looked on fully two hours before it broke up.

'I was watching Hobbs all the time and saw plainly that he marked each new deck as it came, for they called for several during the game. I watched the other players too, very carefully to see if they suspected anything, and I could see that Hobbs was on the same lookout, but to my continued surprise they made no sign. Hobbs was winning, naturally, but whether it was because of his caution, or whether he only played when he knew the cards were in his favor, he seemed to play a conservative game, and his winnings were not large enough of themselves to arouse suspicion.

'At last the inevitable climax came. They had \$200 or \$300 in chips on the table, but big bills, twenties, fifties and hundreds, had been added to the money in sight till there was, perhaps, a thousand in the game, besides considerable sums that one and another had put away after winning. I noticed that Hobbs had carefully sunk each hundred that came to him in his job pocket till he must have had over a thousand in velvet, besides what was in front of him, when he made his final play.

'It was a bold one. He sat next the dealer, and having two pairs, aces up, he saw that the one card he would get in the draw was also an ace. I say this because his play showed it, not because I could see the mark, for I could not, and would not have recognized it if I had seen it. All I knew was that he had certainly done some marking, and that he was watching so closely that he must have known. At all events, he opened the jack pot for \$10, having the first say. The Memphis man passed and the Texan came in. The next man, who looked like a lawyer, raised it \$20 more and the dealer laid down. Hobbs made it \$20 more and the Texan came back with \$90, making it \$70 more for the lawyer to play. He made good, and Hobbs showed up a hundred.

'The Texan raised it again and the lawyer dropped. He had three queens, for I saw them before he threw them away, but he wisely concluded that even three queens before the draw was not good enough to stay with under a cross fire. Hobbs made good once more, and called for a card, getting of course the ace he knew was coming. The Texan stood pat, having, as I saw later, a ten full, and when Hobbs betted a hundred, he simply called. It was good play against a one card draw, though I was a little surprised at it, for he had been playing a bold game, and a ten full was a temptingly big hand. His call, however, made a show necessary, and of course Hobbs raked the pot.

'As he pulled in the money I saw a queer expression come on the Texan's face. It

was not wholly of chagrin at the loss of his bets, but, as I read it was partly of chagrin and partly of suspicion. Hobbs saw it, too, I presume he had been expecting it and had made up his mind what to do when he came, for as the Texan reached over and picked up a discard pile with the evident intention of examining the cards. Hobbs thrust the money in front of him into his pocket and rising suddenly from his chair, leaped, rather than ran, toward the door of the saloon which was wide open as it was hot weather.

'Quick as he was, the Texan was close behind him and I saw him pull his gun as he rushed after the fleeing gambler. We all followed, of course, and as I got to the saloon door I saw Hobbs leap from the rail of the boat into the water. The Texan fired once as he ran, but if he hit the other there was no sign of it apparent, for Hobbs came to the surface presently fully fifty feet away and swimming like a fish, despite the fact that he was fully dressed.

'There was a lot of excited shouting and talk among those of us who were looking on, but the Texan was apparently the coolest man in the crowd. Squaring himself by his rail he laid his heavy revolver across his left elbow and taking careful aim he fired twice more at the swimmer before the captain of the boat came up and interfered, which he did as soon as he could reach the spot.

'It looked as if his interference came too late, though, for the swimmer, at the second shot threw up his arms and disappeared under the surface of the water. Whether he was hit or not I don't know; but he was certainly not killed or seriously enough hurt to prevent his swimming ashore; but what we all thought then was that he was killed. It was too dark for us to see where he came up or whether he came up at all, though of course he did, and the captain of the boat, after looking intently for a moment or two, shook his head. 'It's no use sending a boat after him,' he said. 'No man on earth can keep a bullet in him.' So we kept on our way, leaving Hobbs to his fate, and if anybody ever made a charge of manslaughter against the Texan I never heard of it. The general verdict was that it served Hobbs right, and the only regret I heard expressed was that so much good money had gone down with him.

'You may imagine that I was rather astonished, some five years afterward to run across Hobbs in a saloon in New Madrid. He was playing poker in a back room and I looked at him for some minutes before I could be certain that it was the same man, but after I had watched him for awhile I knew that I could not be mistaken. More than that, I saw that he knew me, and was evidently considering what to do. He did not meet my eyes squarely for some minutes, but presently he did so, and I saw that he was looking for recognition. Then I saw that he was letting me know that he knew that I knew him. Quite complicated isn't it, but you can say a good deal with your eyes if you know how.

'Pretty soon he cashed in, and strolled out to the barroom, and when I followed he spoke to me. 'I don't know what sort of a man you are,' he said, as coolly as if he were talking about the weather, 'but I reckon you won't have any objections to telling me whether you are going to try to make trouble for me.'

'I assured him that I had no such intention, explaining that my business was selling goods and that I preferred to make friends rather than enemies at every stage of the game. 'More than that,' I said, 'if I had wanted to make trouble for you I would have done it the night I saw you playing on the boat.'

'Yes,' he said, in the most matter of fact way, 'I saw you were on almost as soon as you came on board, and I was rather expecting you would interfere. So knowing that if those chumps ever did take a tumble they would have an outsider to back them up, I decided that the only thing to do was, to make a bolt for it in case they caught on.'

'Were you hit?' I asked him.

'No,' he said with a grin, 'but the bullets were coming uncomfortably close and I made up my mind the safest course was to make everybody think I was killed. The swimming was nothing. I reckon I swam four miles before I got ashore.'

'Naturally I set Mr. Hobbs down as more or less of a coward, or at least as a man who would rather run than fight, and not being anxious for his acquaintance, anyhow, I had little to say to him and was not sorry to hear him say he was leaving town that night. Whether he went away because I was there or not I neither knew nor cared. The next time I saw him, however, I decided that he was ready enough to fight when he saw fit to do so.

'It was in a faro bank in Vicksburg that I ran across him about a year later. I was doing the town with a customer and among other things we decided to buck the

tiger for a small amount. When we got inside we found Hobbs playing, but as nobody seemed to know him, I said nothing. He was in hard luck apparently, for as my friend and I stood looking on for a few moments before buying chips, I saw him lose five stacks one after the other. What I also noticed that a piker, sitting at the other end of the table, was copping his play right along, evidently counting either on Hobbs' bad luck or on some crooked work in the deal. Three times, when Hobbs played a card to win for a stack of reds this piker would play the same card to lose for four or five whites.

'When he tried it for the fourth time Hobbs broke loose. Perhaps his losses had something to do with his loss of temper, but anyway he turned on his piker, who was twice his size, and gave him a tongue lashing for fair. I've heard men use language before, but I never heard anybody dig up such unexpected treasures in the way of odd, forcible cuss words as he did. The piker didn't like it and said so, and that made Hobbs worse. Then the piker jumped for him, and if four or five other men hadn't interfered, I think Hobbs would have cut him into small pieces. He had a knife out in an instant and it was all the crowd could do to hold him till the other man got away.

'Of course I don't know what happened to Hobbs in Little Rock. It may be that he is dead, or will die before he gets over his wounds. He must be mortal, like other people, and he will doubtless die some time, but it wouldn't surprise me to run across him again almost anywhere up and down the river, and if I do see him, the chances are that he will be playing cards. I have seen him, perhaps a dozen times in all, and that is what he has been doing each time. But somehow, I wouldn't care to be the man that stabbed him if he ever does get out of the hospital.'

SOURCES OF SILK.

Pogacity of the Spiders and Voracity of the Worms That Spin It.

Almost every worm of aerial habits is more or less a silk worm. The caterpillars' nests so frequent in orchards and shrubberies are no more than big, unkempt and composite cocoons. Solitary creepers have the same power of silk production. In fact many of them emulate those gentlewomen, the spiders in letting themselves up or down, or roundabout with threads of their own spinning. These aerial roadways, indeed, fairly criss cross the summer air. They are invisible save when a glancing sunray strikes across them, notwithstanding their use is often made only too palpable by a big, hairy, wriggling something which slips down or along them to deposit itself upon an unsuspecting head or arm.

After the caterpillars come the genuine silk spinning spiders. These are distinguished from the common web spinners by the nature of their product. It is a true silk, strong, elastic, beautifully lustrous. It is produced, too, more abundantly in proportion to food than the regular worm filament. Stockings and mittens have been knitted of the spider silk. The only bar to its production in commercial quantities is the war like habits of the insects. Wherever three meet there is a battle royal which ends only with the death or disabling of all the fighters.

Down in Paraguay there is a spider which spins a brilliant yellow silk in such profusion the natives and the Spaniards collect it, and manufacture it, on rude native looms into shawls, ribbons, and short lengths for jackets. The color deepens and brightens with use, and is said to be imitable—a glowing golden hue no dyer can produce.

The silk worm proper is an embodied appetite. He eats, eats, never fasting, never resting. He has been commercialized to such a degree that it is possible to estimate beforehand just how much silk he will turn out from a given weight of fresh mulberry leaves—to be exact, *Morus multicaulis*.

Italy and China furnish the best silk, hence the best silk worm eggs, though Japan is coming to be reckoned with in the matter of silk supply. This is due mainly to the fact that the special pains taken labor required in silk raising is cheaper in China than anywhere else. Chinese working women get daily wages of three cents. Everywhere it is women who do most of the work in rearing the worms. Men bring in the fresh leaves, and cultivate the trees which supply them but in the skinner's woman watch over the worms, from the egg to the cocoon.

To keep the eggs dormant requires a temperature just above freezing. They must not be laid in the hatching trays without regard to the season. If it is cold and backward the hatch must be postponed to wait the growth of the leaves.

When first the worms hatch they are fed on leaves finely shredded, in bits suited to their tender jaws. After the first

moult the leaves are only torn. Thenceforward they are used whole, but must not be allowed to get hard and woody. They are stripped from the young shoots just before they reach full size. A tree that has given all its early leaves to the silk worm brood is so weakened that it may die. Consequently, trees are not fully stripped unless under great stress.

After the fifth moult the worms, fat, green, sluggish rolls, refuse to eat and begin moving their heads rapidly from side to side. This is the sign of cocoon spinning so the women supply the trays with bundles of clean, short twigs. Upon these the worms crawl, attach themselves and begin spinning. The cocoon is finished in twelve to twenty four hours. The goodness or badness of it is judged less by the size than the weight and symmetry.

A percentage of the finest cocoons are set apart to hatch out and produce next year's eggs. The rest are baked at a steady heat that destroys the chrysalis without injuring the silk, then boiled, doubled, reeled, scoured and sent to market.

There are tricks in the trade of silk spinning and that of silk dyeing. Thread can be loaded with metallic or earthy salts to weigh half as much again as the pure raw silk. But dealers are alert for such frauds and have tricks of their own to offset them.

A curious industry is the manufacture of silk worm gut for fishing tackle. The best of it comes from the Spanish silk fields. A silk worm ready to spin its cocoon has within a long, much convoluted intestine filled with pure fluid silk. The gut makers take such worms, snip off both ends, then deftly draw out the full intestine, straighten it, pass it through sundry chemical solutions to cleanse and strengthen it, and at last dry it and tie it in bunches.

The result is a filament several yards long, strong, fine, elastic and in water nearly invisible. This is the gut leader attached to the end of a braided line, to hold the hook.

Silk worm gut is also useful in surgery. It has possibly the greatest textile strength proportioned to size of any known ligature.

Chemistry has found out a way to do in tanks what the worm does in its stomach, that is, how to dissolve woody fibre into a clear, rosy liquid. This is spun by forcing it through innumerable tiny holes in a brass cylinder. The threads are chemically treated, washed, dried, hot pressed and variously tortured. The result is thread that looks and feels like raw silk but lacks the strength of true silk. It is used for wool, in many mills with real silk warp.

MILITARY ALIMONY.

The amount disbursed for alimony in New York state is estimated at \$1,000,000 a month. There is no payment made by a payee which involves upon him so much personal pain as the disbursement of alimony. Various attempts have been made by the alimony payers to obtain relief from their burden, but the legislators and courts offer them very little hope.

There has been some talk recently of forming an organization of divorced husbands with a view to creating a lobby in Albany that will do something to mitigate alimony obligations. The husbands take the ground that the women who get alimony should be stimulated or encouraged by the state to learn some useful employment so that they may become self supporting instead of charges upon the income of unwilling ex-husbands.

'But the alimony-payers have thus far been thwarted,' says Lawyer E. M. Friend, who was invited to address a group of disgruntled ex-husbands recently. 'The legislature, perhaps, has not been properly approached. The grievance of the alimony-payers is in many cases well founded. They pay money to women who are very well provided for otherwise.'

The largest alimony on record, as awarded in a New York court, is \$2000 a month. The lowest is \$12 a month. In fixing the alimony the court is guided as much by the habits of life of the victim, as by his wealth. A man with \$100,000 a year who has been in the habit of spending it all would have to pay more to an ex wife than a man with the same income who had been in the habit of saving \$90,000 of it.

The only means by which the grand army of alimony payers can escape the payment of their million dollars a month appears to lie in a general escape from the state of New York. They might found a colony in some other commonwealth. Just as soon as a man gets over the border line into Jersey, Connecticut or some other friendly place, alimony cannot be recovered from him. The pursuing sheriff cannot cross the frontier under any circumstances. There is no process by which New York alimony can be collected outside this jurisdiction.

'While there is alimony there's hope, for good lawyers and wives,' says Lawyer Friend. 'It does not seem as if the New York legislature is likely to receive favorably any proposition to abolish the alimony principle.'

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The materials for

Chat of the Boudoir.

One of the most novel vagaries of fashion is the use of three shades of the same material in one gown. The wide circular flounce is in three horizontal sections six inches in width, and three half inch tucks with a space between, are around each one. Each section is in a different shade, the darkest one at the feet and the lowest tuck in each one above overlaps the seams. The main portion of the gown is in the lightest shade, and the combination is used again in the finish of the bodice and sleeves. Shades of beige are really very effective made in this way if the fabric is a sheer nun's veiling.

The corselet skirt with a full blouse, instead of a bolero, above, is set forth as one of the popular styles, and the shoulder strap is seen again in some of the models as it was in the autumn. One idea which is very pretty for muslin gowns is the combination of plain with figured muslin. For example a dark blue muslin spotted with white may have flounces of pale blue, headed with white lace insertion. One deep flounce accordion plaited is a very stylish finish for the muslin gown, and is variously trimmed with lace insertion in straight lines, squares, or scallops before it is plaited.

The bodice model, which seems to be the greatest favorite among the Swiss gowns, is the full blouse waist with a guimpe yoke, either made into the bodice or separate with sleeves which form an under sleeve from the elbow. This makes a décollete gown for evening by leaving off the guimpe; the bodice is finished around the shoulders with a bertha collar of the muslin cut circular enough to fit in without any gathers at the top, and still flare sufficiently in the lower edge, where it is trimmed with a narrow lace insertion and edge. It is shaped, too, in scallops or points, not more than four inches and a half wide at the widest point, and falls over the top of the sleeve enough to give the long shoulder effect.

Some of the muslins with a lingerie chemisette and collar of finest white lawn show a band of moderately heavy lace below this, which extends it into a round yoke pointing down in front and finished with a frill of the muslin. There are quaint little cap sort of sleeves in some of the muslin gowns which end a little above the elbow over a white undersleeve and flare out from the shoulder enough to give them a little of the bell shape. Bands of lace insertion or rows of narrow velvet ribbon are a good finish.

The linen gowns and pique skirts to wear with dainty shirtwaists are also very attractive this season. One of the former in rose color or blue stitched with white silk has a skirt laid in plaits which have the effect but not the fullness of a box plait, widening a little toward the hem. There is quite a space between these so that five plaits with one in the centre of the front, extend well around the sides and are stitched down a little way from each edge the entire length of the skirt.

The idea of stimulating box plaits by stitching in a tuck to fall each way is very prettily carried out in some of the silk blouses, which show this sort of tucking all around. Joining stripes of silk with the popular little cross stitch after stitching this sort of plait in the centre is another pretty way of making a blouse, and if the plait is wide enough an irregular edged lace insertion may be applique up the centre of this plait and the silk cut out underneath.

This plan is very prettily illustrated in a pale blue silk blouse striped all around in this way, below a round yoke of white silk interwoven with a design in gold thread and embroidered with French knots. Three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon ending at either side of the front of the collar with a small gold button give the touch of black at the neck which has come to be regarded as a necessity.

The extreme daintiness of the summer blouse is shown most conclusively in the pretty white organdie lace-trimmed models which are displayed in one of the Broadway shops where waists have the precedence. It is the hand-made variety which is most attractive, of course, but there are charming substitutes for these finely tucked on the machine, with all the seams finished in lingerie style with tiny beading. Narrow valenciennes insertion is set into the tucks in various designs of diamonds, squares, encircling and straight lines, which make these blouses very dressy and in every way desirable for summer wear.

The little bishop sleeve prevails, puffing slightly at the wrist over a band; the special feature is that the blouse fastens up the back with small buttons on a fly underneath.

The materials for waists are more beautiful and varied than ever before, both in weave and mixtures as well as coloring. One of the leaders is the Rumbunda silk, which comes in large handkerchief designs and most gorgeous Persian colors and patterns. The borders in plain colors serve as a very pretty contrast for a plait down the back and front and the finish for the sleeve. The pattern is manipulated so cleverly in the making that the bolero effect is simulated very nice.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Very Few Marriages of This Kind Turn Out Happily.

Only very exceptional circumstances can justify the runaway match. In England, Gretta Green was for centuries famous as the Mecca of eloping couples, forced to fly from the restraining hands of angry fathers that they might be wedded just across the border. A good deal of romantic literature is based on the troubles of young people in love, their union opposed by their parents and guardians for prudential or mercenary reason. 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' and 'Youn; Lochinvar' are memorable among spirited ballads with this motive. In 'The Little Minister,' one of the prettiest episodes in the beautiful story is the marriage of Gavin Dishart, over the tongs in the gypsy camp, to the lovely Bab, escaping from the clutches of her elderly admirer, Lord Rintoul. We find no fault with romance when it depicts such scenes, and enjoy them much more than we do realistic descriptions of situations in which nothing happens the very least removed from the commonplace. But, believe me, dear young folk, that in most cases, in plain everyday living, the runaway match is the greatest of foolish mistakes. It is usually for both parties to the contract, marrying in haste to repent at leisure. If a bride is worth wooing she is worth waiting for until her father's consent to her marriage can be gained. If a man is worth a woman's faith and love, she may well be patient until she can be married to him, from her own home, with the approval of her own people, thus setting out on her new life under the fairest auspices.

Love is the staple from which happy matrimony is woven. But people cannot live on love alone. There must be an income. Therefore, before a man marries, he should have a trade, a profession, an art or a clerkship, something that will give him assured wages or salary, unless he has large means, and is independent of the necessity of work. Fortunately this latter state belongs to few men in our country. The rich idler is with us in the minority. Even men of great wealth, if they amount to much, educate their sons to work and work themselves. Millionaires are discovered at their desks in railroad offices, faithfully performing their tasks, and they set a good example in this, to poorer men. A man should not do the girl he loves the injustice of making her wait for him too long. Begin with a little. Do not fancy that wealth makes contentment. Any certain income which people can live upon without exceeding it, and running into debt, means peace of mind and comfort. Be contented with a very modest home at first. Few young women complain of this necessity. Those who have had elegant homes are often the readiest to accept poverty, if it implies no humiliation.

Once in a great while, there comes to pass a condition of things in which an elopement is justifiable, as with Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Miss Barrett's father was resentful at the thought of any of his children leaving the home roof for marriage, sons or daughters equally. His gifted daughter Elizabeth, was the pride of his life, and being an invalid, in need of constant care, it had not seemed to him possible that any suitor would offer for her hand. A poet, she was won by a poet, and few wedded lives were more ideally happy than her's and Robert Browning's. Yet they had to steal away, softly and silently, from the Barrett home, and then the bride returned and remained at home for a week, before she left with her husband for Italy. During this week they did not meet. The father's wrath was never appeased, and he died unreconciled to his daughter. His was an implacable nature.

The Brownings were of mature age. Elizabeth, seven years her husband's senior, and past thirty when her marriage took place. As a rule, runaway matches are made by boys and girls, who can well afford to wait, having the bright years lying all before them.—Margaret E. Sangster in The Christian Herald.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

Farm Life or City Life for Women, Which is the Easier.

Among the readers of The Christian Herald, there are hundreds of women with very decided views on the question, whether farm life or city life is the easier for the mistress of the house. Until re-

cently, the writer supposed that there was only one answer, that town life, with the modern conveniences, the greater feasibility of procuring hired help and the greater variety of interests, was much the more desirable. Women in cities take more out door exercise than their sisters in the country. They have multiplied opportunities for entertainment, lectures, concerts, panoramas, and the like. Meeting many people, they have the advantage of intellectual friction and mental stimulus, as those have not whose horizon is bounded by the same interests, and whose routine from day to day is unvaried.

But my country friend dissents. She says that at certain periods in the year farm work may be pressing and domestic help hard to obtain, but that the daughters willingly aid the mother then, and learn valuable practical lessons, surpassing those of any cooking-school or laundry-school in town.

In the autumn, winter and early spring the farmer's wife has time for reading, and her mind is alert and eagerly receptive. The farmhouse library has a dictionary and an encyclopedia, and periodicals arrive regularly by mail. The back bone of our woman's missionary societies is in the country farmhouse, where woman takes time to read missionary intelligence and to store their minds with the facts which precede self denial and systematic giving.

But this is a question with two sides. Which of them do you take? Why does the woman in the country grow old sooner than her city cousin? Which has the firmer health? Which better brings up her children? Our readers may freely express themselves, and perhaps they can help one another. They may consider, as bearing on the theme, which has the more sympathetic and helpful husband, she of the city, or she of the town?—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in Christian Herald.

FALLS OF FASHION.

One report from Paris assures us that there is a touch of red on all gowns and everything else in dress which will admit of it.

Tantivy Crot is the name of one of the new neckties made of mercerized chevrot to wear with the outing shirt waists.

Black velvet belts and stocks to match are worn with the colored silk shirt waists, and for summer use there are the prettiest little stitched white pique belts made with silver eyelets and plain buckle to fasten like a leather strap.

Bodices with the rounded, not the pointed, belt are the prevailing style in Paris. At least that is the rumor wafted over the sea. The extremely exaggerated long waist line in front was never generally favored by Parisian women, as they manage to find the happy medium in all matters of fashion. It is well to remember that long limbs are considered graceful and if the length of the bodice takes away too much from that effect a woman loses by it.

Pompadour effects are very evident among the new evening gowns, which show festoons of flowers hand painted or embroidered on silk lace, or mousseline, with gold or silver ribbon twined in and out. Painted medallions of mousseline scattered through a deep lace flounce pointing up into the skirt at intervals all around are the features of one white liberty satin gown. Applique flounces and leaves of velvet are also intertwined with gold or satin ribbon, and in many other modes of decoration there is a suggestion of the Louis Quinze days.

French and English chevrots are very popular for spring tailor-made gowns.

Maltese and cluny laces are still popular for dress trimming, and then there are all the other well known kinds which have lost some of their prestige. Laces of the applique order show a filling-in of gold thread between the flowers.

So much of the becomingness of any garment depends on the neck finish that it is well for a woman to give some thought to this special feature. Anything which makes the neck look large is strikingly unbecoming to the woman with a round, rather large face, and the stout woman should never try to make her neck look smaller by wearing her collar band too high or too tight. A little care will soon show you the things to avoid, and it is best to appreciate that what will suit one woman to perfection will make the next one appear at her very worst.

Very elegant new travelling coats are made of light cloth in the Empire shape, with wide bands of stitched cloth around the body just under the arms and fastened over on one side with large buttons. Some

new dust cloaks of mohair in circular form are also very attractive for their stylish appearance as well as usefulness.

Variety distinguishes the assortment of flowers which appears on the new hats, but size and quality are the main features, after all. Whether the flower you choose is an azalea or a cabbage rose it must be huge and exquisite in texture and color. A wreath of roses without leaves around the edge of a hat brim is very becoming to young girls.

The craze for gold in varied effects has not abated very much and bids fair to prosper throughout the summer. But it will be noticed that the gold is more delicately distributed than it was in the winter. The gold laces are very pretty and the new ribbons interwoven with gold, or embroidered with it, are charming.

A boa of some kind is an item of dress which nearly every woman possesses, and there is a wide choice this season. There are short feather boas with lace ends and long feather boas with three ostrich tips at each end, besides no end of pretty soft things made of white, gray and black chiffon, finished on the edges with little bunches of chenille, loops of chenille, lace or velvet ribbon sewn flat on the edge.

WHEN LUCK LEAVES A MAN.

One Instance in Which Industry and a Light Heart Paid to Conquer Fate.

'There's no use saying that industry and a light heart will beat a conspiracy of the fates, that there's no such thing as luck,' said a man from the canal banks. 'That's all bosh. Take the case of old Bill Lisicum.'

Lisicum used to live in New York and had a fine house on Madison avenue. Then something went wrong in business and the family gave up New York and retired to their country place on one of the lakes, while Bill, then past middle age, set out to recoup by taking anything in his business at all which gave him any chance to turn a dollar.

'He knew a good deal about canals, canal traffic and freights, and some of the family's money had been made in commodities that have formed a large proportion of the canal's carrying trade. He was making a very scant living, but always kept cheerful, especially when he went home, and one day he thought he saw a chance to turn a deal by canal shipment at a favorable state of the market. He set to work immediately, worked vigorously and completed his deal with the proviso that delivery must be made within a certain time.

'It was Saturday, and he went home. Many Saturdays had been dreary ones, in spite of his cheerfulness. This day he said: 'Well, at last, I've got something. I've sold two boatloads of (call it grain), and if the world don't come to an end I've made \$200.'

'The weather was good, the canals were open: by Tuesday his transaction would have been completed. Sunday night a break in the canal tied up the boats and his pocket was empty again. 'Licum, saddened but still cheery, set to work on another deal, and for some reason it seemed beat to him—perhaps it was a necessity of his emergency—to instruct some money which he had obtained by putting himself in the last straits to a tugboat man whom he had trusted in many things in the days of prosperity. The deal involved some carriage on the lakes and both a payment and a new purchase were to be accomplished through the tugboat man. Having had experience as the under dog with successful men, and having been served faithfully always by the boatman, Lisicum confided certain plans to his employe, from one of which the boatman got an idea which accident enabled him to use to his employer's undoing.

'The tug set off with a tow. One of the big storms of the great lakes came up, the tow had to be cast adrift, and eventually the tug was abandoned. She was wrecked, and among the passengers who reached shore Lisicum's faithful man was not reported. He had had charge of the money. Lisicum was broke. He was resigned. But he was not cast down. It was impossible now for him to raise any more money in any way, and he went to work as an ordinary employe of one of his former business associates.

'One day, less than a year afterward, he received a letter from his boatman, who told him where and under what name he had been living since his supposed drowning. The man confessed that when the tug was abandoned and a last effort made

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Schob. Schob's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 790 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

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

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

to reach shore, the temptation came to him to make off with the money, which he had taken with him on the tug, and to try to turn a trick with it on a part of the information which had been imparted to him by Lisicum.

'A little later Lisicum fell heir through a reversionary bequest, to some lands, under water, subject to taxation, unrenumerative, unmarketable. He smiled at the irony. He was drawing an old man's salary now and he couldn't get ahead enough to launch out again for himself. He struggled as long as he saw a chance ahead, did Lisicum, but I tell you luck was down on him.'—New York Sun.

Catarth for twenty years and cured in a few days.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: 'I have been a martyr to Catarth for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarth Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—1

Son of a Mismatched Parent.—Pa, have you ever been to sea?

Parent—I have, my son.

Son—Is there much difference between life on sea and life on land?

Parent—Oh, yes, my boy; they do occasionally strike a calm at sea.

Two Years Aged.—'For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was.'—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

'Mamma, I wish you'd let cook put up my lunch instead of doing it yourself.'

'It's no trouble, my dear.'

'I know.'

'Then why—'

'Cause she's got a better appetite than you.'

'Thought it meant death sure.'—Mrs. James McKim, of Danville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: 'Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic.'—3

'I wouldn't care what those spiteful old cats said about my acting, if I were you,' spoke her intimate friend, sympathizingly. 'They're nothing but a lot of has-beens.'

'I—I think,' sobbed the young Boston actress, 'the correct form is 'have-beens.'

A modern weapon in the battle for health.—If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nervine is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold at the point of the bayonet, trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—4

Towne—Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks?

Subbubs (in amazement)—Make her pay? I should say not. Why every month besides paying her salary, we reward her liberally for what she didn't break!

Pill Sense.—It stands to reason that Dr. Agnew's Little Liver Pills will crowd out of the market many of the nauseous old-timers. A better medicine at less than half the price is all the argument needed to keep the demand what it has been—phenomenal—40 doses 10 cents. They cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, and allay all stomach irritations.—5

Visitor—Why, that's the fourth time you've sharpened that scythe this morning! Amstear Farmer—Well, you see, this is a borrowed grindstone, and it goes away today and I must fix the scythe so it will stay sharp all summer!

Faulty Kidneys.—Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you falling vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these signs prove kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails.—6

'I suppose when you proposed she said: 'This is so sudden!'

'Nothing of the kind. She has a phobograph to wall forth: 'I've Waited, Honey Waited Long for You!'

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling.—Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blisters, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during teething time. 35 cents a box.—7

Hawitt—If you want to succeed you must have confidence in yourself.

Jewett—But how can a man have confidence in himself if he gets only \$8 a week?

A Remarkable Hanging.

Thirty-eight men standing on the drop at one time and on one gallows, thirty-eight white caps in a row, thirty-eight ropes around as many necks and thirty-eight souls going to eternity together. That was the greatest legal hanging that occurred to the United States, and was the conviction of murder of 303 persons, all of whom were reprieved except the thirty-eight. This great execution occurred on Friday, Feb. 26, 1863, in the town of Mankato, Minn., thirty-eight years ago, and the reason it is so completely forgotten is because it occurred at a time when the North and South were engaged in a deadly conflict of arms; at a time when thirty-eight was but a drop compared with the thousands who were daily losing their lives on the field of battle.

The origin of the trouble which culminated in these executions was in 1862. Every officer of the government at Washington had his hands full at the time. On the border, particularly in Minnesota, the same obtained. The Sioux declared war against the Chippewas, but they were not allowed to carry out plans which appeared to be tyrannical. At this time several large bodies of land were purchased by the Indians. The agents and traders took advantage of this, and large quantities of goods were sold at enormous prices to the Indians. At one time over \$400,000 due to the Sioux was paid by some traders on old indebtedness, bolstered up claims and bills for goods which were doubled for the occasion.

A famous old chief, Red Iron, said: "Council, we will receive our next annuity, but we will sign no papers for anything else. The snow is on the ground, and we have been waiting a long time to get our money. We are poor; white Father has plenty. His fires are warm; his tepees keep out the cold. We have nothing to eat. We have been waiting a long time for our money. Our hunting season is past. A great many of our people are sick for being hungry. We may die because you will not pay us. We may die but if we do will leave our bones on the ground where our great father may see where his Dakota children died. We are very poor. We have sold our hunting grounds and the graves of our fathers. We have sold our own graves. We have no place to bury our dead, and you will not pay us the money for our lands."

For making this brave, eloquent and pathetic speech old Red Iron was locked up in the guardhouse for twenty-four hours. The Indians led by Iron Bear, departed sullenly from the council. Lion Bear was a large, sinewy, resolute man and of great influence with his people. When Red Iron was imprisoned for telling the truth Lion Bear made the following speech:

"Dakotas, the big men are here; they have got Red Iron in a pen like a wolf. They mean to kill him for saying the big men cheat us out of our hands and the money the great Father has sent us. Dakotas must we starve like buffaloes in the snow? Shall we let our blood freeze like the little stream? Or shall we make the snow red with the blood of the white braves? Dakotas, the blood of your fathers talks to you from the graves where we stand. Their spirits come up into your arms and makes them strong. Tonight the blood of the white man shall run like water in the rain, and Red Iron shall be with his people. Dakotas when the moon goes down behind the hills be ready, and I will lead you against the long knives and the big men who have come to cheat us and take away our lands and put us in a pen for not helping to rob over our women and children."

But Red Iron was released, and the outbreak for a time was prevented. The robbery of the Indians continued, however, and their sufferings during the winter and spring were intense. Some 1,500 of the old men, women and children died of exposure, and those who survived were obliged to eat their horses and dogs. The dissatisfaction thus engendered was fearfully augmented by the failure of the government to make the annual payment which had before taken place in June, and by the traders refusing any more credit. The Indians were also informed by the traders that in consequence of the war in the south it was doubtful if they received more than half pay, and that in all probability that would be the last.

In the South the Northern army had met with great reverses and rumors of disastrous battles reached the Indians. Their faith in the great father was shaken. Exaggerated stories were told by the half-

breeds and others interested in stirring up strife. The negro was an important factor in all these stories. The basis of all the stories was to the effect that the great father loved the black man more than he did the red, and as he was about whipped anyway he was going to forsake the latter and devote all his attention to the former. The enlistment of all the young men on the frontier, of all the government employees not absolutely necessary and of halfbreeds, strengthened the Indians' belief that the great father was in desperate straits.

The head chief of the Sioux was at this time Little Crow. He had been in Washington, was an Indian of unusual intelligence and highly skilled in the art of war as conducted by the savage. His counsel was against war, but he burned to avenge the wrongs of his race. For months he argued with his people and successfully held in check, against fearful odds, the almost daily councils of the young bucks, who could see nothing but honor and glory of battle.

The outbreak came on Aug. 15, when some young braves were hunting. They quarrelled with some white men, shot them murdered their families, plundered their homes and fled. The whites pursued. The next day the Indians armed themselves and swarmed about Little Crow's wigwam. The exigency of the decision demanded of him was startling, and he was fully alive to the perils to which a decision either way would expose him. The hope of success and love for his people decided his action. Turning his face to the rising sun he said: "Trouble with the whites must come; it is here. It may as well make place now as later. I am with you. Let us go to the agency kill the traders and take their goods."

And they went. Blood flowed freely on the Northwestern frontier, and on every hand could be seen by day the smoke from the settlers' cabins, and at night the flames lit up the horizon. Over 700 persons, mostly women and children, fell under the deadly tomahawk. For three months this continued, when finally the Indians were dispersed and 303 of them convicted by frontier court martial and sentenced to death. President Lincoln gave considerable attention to the papers, and would only sign the death warrants of thirty-eight. The date set for the execution was Friday, Feb. 26, 1863.

On the Monday previous to this date the death warrants were read, and those whose names were called were separated from their companions. The reading of this important document did not produce the result the officers anticipated, as it was only greeted with grunts. Some of the condemned smoked their pipes calmly, and the information that they were to be hanged did not seem to have depressing effect.

The few days were spent in singing death songs and parting with relatives. On Wednesday each of the condemned was permitted to send for two or three relatives or friends. The Indians were fastened in pairs and chained to the floor. Their ages ranged from 16 to 70 years, although the majority were young men. All but three halfbreeds were dressed in breech-cloth, leggings and blankets. A Catholic priest spent the night before the execution with them. Several were baptized during the night, and many more professed the belief that they would be saved.

Early on Friday morning the irons were knocked off the condemned and their arms tied behind with cords, at the elbows and at the wrists. After all had been pinioned, about 9 o'clock, they stood in a row and chanted a death song. Chains and cords had not moved them, but when the rolled up white caps, made of goods that had formed a portion of their plunder from the settlers' cabins, were placed on their heads they were free in their expressions of disapproval.

At 10 o'clock began the march to the scaffold. The Indians are described as having gone eagerly and cheerfully, even crowding and jostling each other to get ahead. As they ascended the steps the death song was started, and when they got upon the platform the noise of their deep, swelling voices was truly hideous.

The ropes were adjusted about their necks, the white caps pulled down, and a signal followed three slow but distinct taps on a drum. The rope holding the scaffold was cut by a man named Duffy, whose family had been murdered. Thirty eight bodies dropped. The rope around the neck of Rattling Runner broke, and he

tell to the ground. In a moment a new rope was about his neck, and he dangled with his companions.

The lifeless bodies were cut down, placed in four army waggons and taken to a trench prepared for their reception. They were all deposited in one grave, thirty feet in length by twelve in width, four feet deep. They were laid in the bottom in two rows, with their heads together and their heads to the outside. They were simply covered with blankets and the earth thrown over them. There they lie to this day.

The others of the condemned, but not executed, were taken down the Mississippi to an island near Davenport, Ia., where they were closely confined for a year. They were taken then to a reservation, and it is probable that not one of them lives to day.

JOSLIN'S TAKE MOOSE.

The Animal a Source of Frost Till He Fell in Love.

Everybody who has hunted in northern Somerset county, Maine, in the last six years has become more or less acquainted with Baring, the tame bull moose that has lived at Dave Joslin's camp. Since the passage of the new code of game laws it has required a good deal of diplomacy for a Maine man to keep a moose in captivity without coming into conflict with the wardens. Under the revised regulations no cow moose may be killed at any time, no bull may be slain except for two months in the fall, and no moose of any kind may be held in restraint under penalty of \$100 fine and two months in jail for every offence.

Joslin found his moose when it was a calf. The moose was stuck in a bog and would have perished in a few days if he had not been rescued. He grew up among the cattle on the farm, going and coming as he pleased. Joslin was arrested three times for having a moose in his possession contrary to law.

"I jess wish you'd send a Sheriff up and drive Baring off ter th' woods," he told the Judge. "He's expensive to keep, an' I'm too poor to hev him losin' 'round doin' nothin' but eat up good hay. I'd a shot him long ago if it hadn't been ter th' law, which will fine me for it."

The sheriff and a posse of men went to Joslin's place three times in two years to take the moose out of captivity. They led the animal over hills and across rivers, taking him fifty miles or more from his old haunts before turning him loose. In spite of their labors Baring turned up safe and sound in Joslin's barnyard the next morning; so when the wardens found they could not dog the moose away they let Joslin alone.

The turning point in Baring's career came when he was two years of age. He would go to the pasture with the cattle every morning, but soon after reaching the enclosure he would jump out and go to the fields where there was better feed. If the moose had made his calls on the fields in the neighborhood, and kept out of Joslin's garden, there would have been no trouble; but when Baring began to crop the string beans that were growing for the purpose of feeding boarders at Joslin's camp, it was a serious matter.

In the middle of September Baring found himself tied by a long line to a crow bar in the middle of a clover field on a back lot near the woods. This was a state of affairs for which Baring had not bargained. He pulled at his tether until he was weary, and then he lifted his voice and sent it ringing through the woods.

Before he had called a dozen times a wild moose made answer, giving an angry challenge to all comers. Baring returned the compliment with vigor, and as he could not get to the wild moose the wild moose came out and gave battle.

When Joslin reached the field he found two moose tangled up in thirty feet of line and fighting so earnestly that neither paid any attention to his approach. He liberated the wild animal and led Baring home for needed repairs.

While his tame beast was terribly gored and nearly dead from loss of blood Joslin did not mind the misfortune. By the time open season for moose was on Baring was fully recovered, and Joslin went about among his guests telling them he had discovered a way by which all of them could secure a moose without much effort.

For four seasons Baring was tied on barren spots among the woods, where he moaned in his most lovesick tones for something to eat, making sounds to which the wild moose interpreted to mean a defiance to combat. How many big moose were shot by the means of Baring's alluring voice Joslin will not tell. His camp was filled with satisfied moose hunters for four seasons, and last year he built a tenement house in the city of Auburn, paying for it from the earnings of his tame moose.

It sometimes happened that no hunter was near when a moose came forth to fight in which case Baring was obliged to settle

the battle without help, which he did by winding the line around the antlers of his adversary and throwing him to the ground where Baring could gore and trample upon him at leisure.

Last season ended with twenty seven bull moose to Baring's credit, every one of which was as good as \$50 clear to Joslin. As soon as the snow fell and the cattle were housed for the winter Baring was set free to go to the woods and get fat on mosses and white maple bark, two kinds of food of which moose are very fond.

For three or four weeks the moose came to his pen at night and was shut up and got his accustomed rations of hay and raw potatoes. One night after the big snow in January Baring did not come home. Joslin waited two weeks hoping that he would turn up. Then he hunted a few days on snowshoes without result.

Along in the middle of February he collected a crew of men and went on a determined search. The second day from home the men found a large moose yard, holding one male and eight females. On the approach of the party the cows fled in terror but the bull stood his ground, coming up and playfully greeting the men with awkward flourishes of head and heels. Joslin at once recognized the head of the harem as Baring.

On investigation he found the body of a large bull that had been slain in battle. Joslin concluded that Baring had killed the head of the moose family in a fair fight, and then, seeing the mischief he had wrought, had chivalrously remained to protect the helpless females.

Baring, who was now too valuable an animal to lose, was taken back to camp and locked inside his old quarters, but he broke down the log walls and escaped on the second night of his captivity, and is now deep in the forest caring for the widows of the enemy he had slain.

When Joslin started to get up a new hunting party the game wardens informed him that he would be arrested and fined if he undertook the quest. Not wishing to lie in jail for two months when maple sap was flowing at its best he has reluctantly consented to stay at home, though he still has hopes that Baring will come back as soon as the cows are able to care for themselves. Otherwise Joslin will have to cancel a score or more of profitable orders from sportsmen who are coming for moose next fall.

Nothing Hunts Out Corns

Lake tight boots. Nothing removes corns with such certainty as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of poisonous substitutes. Ask for and get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor at druggists. For if you get it—you've got a dead sure thing. All druggists sell it, or by mail post paid on receipt of twenty five cents. N. C. Folsen & Co., Kingston, Ont.

New Ideas.

The Kaffirs have had an opportunity to learn something of the art of surgery since the soldiers and military doctors have overrun Africa. Possibly advanced methods will not altogether supersede primitive surgery among these people, however, for they are not fond of change.

Time was when a Kaffir with a broken leg submitted to peculiar treatment. It was customary to place the limb in a hole dug in the earth, and keep it there till the bones were knit together again.

The Leisure Hour tells of a case in which the bones of a Kaffir lad, having been set by European aid, the Kaffir father dissected from the method employed. He had the splints removed, carried the boy home on horseback, and then took the usual course of setting the limb in the earth. The consequence was that it took six months to effect a cure.

Kaffir doctors are hereditary, the cleverest son in the doctor's family being usually chosen to succeed his father.

There are other modern things that a Kaffir has to learn besides the newest methods in surgery. In his language there is no such term as "Thank you." He is beginning to learn it, however, although he does not think it becoming to show any emotion—whether of gratitude or anything else.

When two Kaffirs meet, one says, "I see you," which is answered by "Yes." More poetical is his parting word, "May peace go with you," to which comes the response, "May peace stay with you."

Madagascar Hedgehogs.

At the Regents Park menagerie in London several living specimens of the "tenrec" hedgehog of Madagascar, were recently received. It is said that stuffed specimens in museums give no adequate idea of the form of these strange animals. Their resemblance to hedgehogs rests only upon their possession of a spiny covering. The shape of their bodies resembles that of inflated globefish. They are insectivorous, and are said to be restricted to the island of Madagascar. The specimens in London, at any rate, are remarkable for their habit of yawning.

OLYMPIAN WOMEN DETECTIVES.

They are Employed in the Shops and Hotels and as Customs Inspectors.

There has been a recent discussion as to the employment of women as detectives in hotels, in shops and in police cases.

Women have been employed as private detectives for years by the various agencies in cases requiring specially fine work. For procuring evidence in divorce cases they are often employed, and their aptness has been proved. There is one licensed woman detective in New York, a young mulatto woman, who has many customers among the men and women that make the gay life of uptown New York. She travels everywhere at all hours unattended, and her services are frequently employed in cases concerning crimes committed by people of her own race.

The woman detective can change her identity with her costume far more easily than a man. If she is tactful she can win confidence and will arouse no suspicion. These advantages fit her peculiarly for the work.

Women have in recent years made records in the big department stores, where they detect shoplifter and pickpockets. These women dress as though on a shopping tour and are known to the sales women. They pass about from counter to counter examining goods, but manage to keep an eye on people they suspect and follow them about until they see them actually taking goods from the tables.

In the customs service about a dozen women are employed as customs inspectors. They look out for women smugglers and have been very successful in detecting these fair swindlers of the Government.

It is not the amateur smuggler or the immigrant that these women look after, but the women who of late years have made a profession of smuggling, acting in collusion with men and apparently making the trade pay well. They are always good looking, well dressed and liberally supplied with money, which they dispense in generous tips to the stewardess and boys.

Women take naturally to smuggling; so the professionals are adepts at the game. Even the average woman likes the idea of getting in lace or jewels or clothes in this way and proudly displays her smuggled goods and tells the story of her feat when ever an occasion offers.

It was not until women began to make a business of smuggling that it was thought necessary to employ detectives of their own sex to apprehend them. Evidence is usually obtained against them by one of the women inspectors who travels from the other side as a passenger and observes or makes the acquaintance of the suspected person on the trip across.

If evidence has been secured the word is quietly passed to the inspector on the pier, and when the smuggler prepares to go ashore she is asked to submit to a search. Every know device is resorted to by the women inspectors in their efforts to conceal gems and lace. Frequently the contraband articles are securely sewn between the lining and the material of a gown. Diamonds are hidden in the hair and in pads and bustles, and some women have been found with yards of costly lace rolled about their bodies.

The women detectives in the employ of the Custom House pass through a civil service examination and receive \$3 a day. The work, while exacting, is not heavy, the working day usually ending at noon. Sometimes an immigrant woman is discovered in an attempt to smuggle, but the effort is always a clumsy one, easily detected.

But the professional smuggler is always cool, collected, plausible, with plenty of nerve and many excuses when detected. She always affects to make light of the matter. Even when subjected to a most humiliating search by the women detectives, she never gets angry or loses her smooth, easy manner.

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

Rob—The girl I'm engaged to says I'm a brick.
Ray—H'm. Probably that's because you threw yourself at her feet.

20 YEARS OF VILE CATARRH.

Wonderful Testimony to the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders.

Chas. O. Brown, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over twenty years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within fifteen minutes, after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." 50 cents.

(Continued)

"Come, Alice, has ceased now when he comes when you return there will be a suppose I may, open it?" and archly.

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Her love i and true. "U this up between wall, no thou come to her. She was, position. T

DETECTIVES.

The Shops and Hotels Inspectors.

...discussion as to men as detectives in police cases.

employed as private the various agencies specially fine work.

divorce cases they and their aptness has is one licensed wo-

York, a young mul- many customers women that make the

York. She travels unattended, and frequently employed in cases committed by

ive can change her me far more easily tical she can win arouse no suspicion- er peculiarly for the

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om the tables. The Rev. Joseph Collingham made up his mind to go to London, and there solve the mystery to the best of his ability.

...I shall at any rate find out something about his movements at his club," he said to his wife. "I shall discover whether he is on leave, or whether he has been detained on duty at the Curragh. That, to my mind, is the most reasonable solution of the matter."

...But," replied his wife, "there was nothing to prevent his writing and saying so. Common courtesy to us—to say nothing of what is due to Alice—demands an explanation. You must see that for yourself."

...The reverend gentleman did, and said so. He had his own ideas on the subject, but preferred to keep them to himself till after his return from town.

...When Alice was told of her father's mission, she was at first greatly against it. "If he is dead, in time I shall hear of it. If he is alive, well, let him go."

...Which was all very well, but the quivering mouth and the tearful eye told their own tale.

...There will be no lowering of your pride, dearest," Mrs. Collingham assured. "Let your father make inquiries. Remember, you were to be near Arthur's wife in a month's time."

...This reminder had the desired effect. Alice broke completely down, and gave her sanction at last.

...And so, on the following morning, Mr. Collingham took the train to town.

...Anxious and desirous though the girl felt herself to be, she yet made a gallant effort to keep up appearances.

...During her father's absence she frequently drove about the country in the little low pony chaise, which was the sole conveyance the vicarage boasted of, and in her drives she was continually meeting her friend, and would-be sweetheart, Sir Herbert Thornton.

...It had been a terrible blow to the young baronet when the engagement had been formally announced, in the late autumn, of beautiful Alice Collingham to the handsome and gallant young officer, Captain Vivian, whom she had so recently met whilst on a visit to a friend in London.

...How he cursed himself for his fatal procrastination!

...He had made so sure of her—too sure as it turned out, to his bitter disappointment and utter discomfiture.

...He had called her, "his little wife" from the time when he was a lad at Eton, and she the sweetest little maiden in all the world, with her fair golden hair hanging like a golden glory round her shoulders.

...And to think that, after all this an outsider would step in and carry off the prize!

...It was too bad; yet, after all he had no one but himself to blame, and he told himself this over and over again in language far from parliamentary.

...But now, in her trouble, his heart bled for the girl, and he even made excuses for his rival, which, to Bert Thornton, was the hardest thing of all—and suggestions as to Arthur's mysterious silence came from him which had not previously occurred to Alice and her mother.

...In his own mind, however, the young man had little doubt how matters were; but, with rare discretion, he kept his suspicions to himself.

...The cad had tired of her," he told himself, with disdain and contempt, mingled with honest wonder that such a thing could be possible. "If he has thrown her over"—his lip curled at the mere idea—"I may yet have a chance. I know she liked me before she met him. I will bide my time; who knows what may happen?"

...And so, in cheering the girl he loved so deeply, he cheered himself, and Alice began to find that alleviation of her sorrow was possible.

...Not that she was in any danger of easily transferring her affections from her recreant lover to her old playmate.

...Alice Collingham was not that sort of woman.

...Her love for Arthur Vivian was strong and true.

...Until this mystery of silence had sprung up between them, like an impenetrable wall, no thought of doubt or parting had come to her.

...She was, indeed, placed in a pitiable position. Torn by conflicting emotions

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"Come, Alice, put on your hat; see, it has ceased snowing. What will Arthur say when he comes to night? Depend upon it, when you return from your organ practice there will be a telegram awaiting you. I suppose I may, under the circumstances, open it?" and Mrs. Collingham smiled archly.

"Oh, yes, do; and—and you might send it down to me."

But no telegram came to Dovemore Vicarage that day, nor did Alice Collingham's lover—Arthur Vivian—appear during the evening, neither did a letter arrive explaining his silence.

The girl he had loved so truly kept her misery to herself with an inborn pride which resented sympathy.

"He is dead," she would say with conviction, and Mrs. Collingwood would answer—

"If he were, we should have heard of it. Remember, dearest, he is an officer in Her Majesty's service. Some mention would have been made of his death in the papers. No, Alice, I do not think Arthur is dead."

"Then he has forgotten me. I am deserted."

And this Mrs. Collingham thought more than probable—only, knowing Arthur Vivian, and believing in the passionate love he had professed for her child, she opined that some strange mystery underlay his seeming neglect and continued silence.

Alice had changed terribly. Both her father and mother were deeply anxious about her health.

The suspense and uncertainty so prayed on the girl's spirits that her parents determined on a course of action which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been most repugnant to them.

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and speculations, vague and wild, she knew not what to think.

She could scarce bring herself to believe that her honest-faced, straight-spoken lover was one of those whom all true-hearted men and women condemn and shun—a man who would deliberately gain a young girl's love, only to throw it from him when tired of it; and yet, what other conclusions could she come to?

The only alternative was that to which her strange dream had pointed—danger, if not death.

During the long, weary nights she would think, and think, until the brain was capable of no more, and she would then sink into a troubled slumber, broken by dreams of Arthur—always Arthur.

At last a telegram came from Mr. Collingham—who had been nearly a week in town—announcing the fact that he would return to Dovemore Vicarage that evening.

How anxiously his arrival was awaited by his wife and daughter can well be imagined; at last they would know whether to mourn the young soldier as dead, or cast him from their hearts as one whom it was a misfortune ever to have known.

CHAPTER IV.

FALSE!

'Well?' It was all Mrs. Collingham was capable of saying, as she drew the vicar into her own private sanctum on the night of his return.

Alice was not in the house. Unable to bear at home the suspense of the long hours of waiting, she had driven to a neighboring village to spend the afternoon and evening with some friends.

Later on they would send her home in their carriage.

Her mother was anxious to meet her husband alone, and, if he brought bad news, to have at least time in to prepare herself to break it to her idolized child.

And bad news it was—as bad as bad could be.

Nothing more nor less than the story of a man's fickleness and base, unaccountable conduct.

At least this was how the vicar regarded it; but then, he did not know the truth—second sight is given to but few.

An all merciful Providence veils much from our eyes.

Knowledge is power, and power is not always the best gift that can be bestowed upon us poor mortals.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Courage Brother and Sister!

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

IS ABLE TO RESCUE AND SAVE THOUGH DISEASE AND SUFFERING MAY BE DRAGGING YOU DOWN TO THE GRAVE.

While Paine's Celery Compound with promptness and certainty cures the ordinary ills of life that people suffer from in spring time, its medicinal virtues and powers are far reaching enough to banish disease and suffering even after the sufferer has been pronounced incurable by his or her physician.

Paine's Celery Compound has, according to the honest testimony given by hundreds of well known Canadian people, dragged them from certain death at the eleventh hour, and blessed them with a new lease of life.

Mrs. Louisa Warner, of Montgomery, N. W. T., writes thus:

"For some years past my nerves and system were almost wrecked by narcotics, used to alleviate pain. The doctors could not help me, and I thought I would forever have to remain a slave to deadly drugs. I often longed for death as a release from my sufferings. After enduring agonies that were terrible, I determined to try Paine's Celery Compound, without any fail.

When I had hope that it would cure me. When I used a part of the second bottle, I thought it was doing me good; I could sleep well, and did not faint so often, and I decided to continue the use of the medicine. After the use of fifteen bottles, I am completely cured. I feel so strong and well now, and have such perfect health, that I sometimes think it is too good to be true. For the benefit of thousands of poor sufferers from disease and the deadly effects of narcotics, I give my statement—an assurance that Paine's Celery Compound will cure them."

Five Hundred Dollars for a Hat.

The pride of the Mexican is his hat, or his sombrero, as he calls it. No matter how poor the rest of his attire may be, he spares no expense for his head covering, and will toil day and night until he has saved money enough to purchase an appalling sugar-loaf, wide brim, heavily corded hat. A shabbily dressed Mexican wearing a hat that cost not less than fifty dollars is not an uncommon sight.

According to a hat seller just returned from Mexico, the main reason why the Mexican devotes so much attention and money to his hat is because it has become the symbol of his standing in the community. The grandees of Spain had the privilege of standing in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on, and naturally they vied with one another in the size and gorgeousness of their hats. The populace followed this example as best it could, and so the hat became as distinctive on the

heads of the men as the mantilla over the heads of the women.

At one time the Mexican placed his hat and his horse above all other worldly possessions, spending five hundred dollars for a hat, gold trimmed and embroidered, and as much more for his silver trimmed saddle and bridle. Mexican's of the higher class have abandoned the conical shaped hat for city wear, as they have accepted our style of clothing; but every Mexican gentleman still has his native costume of spangles and glitter, with hat to match, which he wears as he may think occasion demands.

Climbing a Mountain in India.

'In April,' said Sir Martin Conway, who has spent many years in climbing unexplored mountains, 'yes, it was in April that I started in the Himalayas to climb the biggest mountain in the world. Not the biggest mountain, mind you, but the biggest group.' Then he went on to tell the New York Commercial Advertiser all about it.

Each coolie bearer could carry eighty pounds of food. He ate two pounds a day, when we came to the ice I sent half of my fifty coolies back, and they left their extra food in a pile on the glacier in the way of a secondary base. It was thereafter their duty to keep the secondary base supplied from the main base.

At the end of a week I sent half the remaining coolies back, and continuing this process, I soon had a line of bases for food all the way down the mountain.

Gradually we worked our way up the glacier. We never knew what we were coming to next. No one had ever been there before. Always there rose the heights above us; there was always something higher up. This continued week after week. You felt as if you just had to get to the top and over.

Finally we came to the summit after long days of steady toil, and we could gaze straight before us over the great reach of mountain ranges. Everything was perfectly still—motionless. It was about sunset. The day was clear. Here there was nothing that moved. So vast was the extent of the ranges that anything that could be moved was lost. And it was all unknown; had never been seen before.

The mountains bore no names; they stood for nothing that could be put into words. But they rose up in grand spectacle, silent, unknown, line after line, great jagged mountain peaks standing in clear outline against the evening sky. It was all so still. We had teiled for weeks on weeks to get there, and we had done it.

And then? We were satisfied.

Using Dogs As Turnspits.

The turnspit dogs, writes Alice Morse Earle in 'Stage Coach and Tavern Days,' were little patient creatures, whose lives were spent in the exquisite tantalization of helping to cook meat, the appetizing odors of which they sniffed for hours without so much as a taste to reward them at the end of their labors.

The summary and inhuman mode of teaching these turnspits their humble duties is described in a book of anecdotes published at Newcastle on Tyne in 1809. The dog was put into the wheel. A burning coal was placed with him. If he stopped his legs were burned. That was all. He soon learned his lesson.

It was hard work, for often the great piece of beef was twice the weight of the dog, and took at least three hours' roasting. I am glad to know that these hard-working turn broaches usually grew shrewd with age, and learned to vanish at the approach of the cook or the appearance of the wheel.

At one old-time tavern in New York little brown Jessie listened daily at the kitchen door-step while the orders were detailed to the kitchen maids, and he could never be found till nightfall on roast-meat days.

The Power of Brer Scott.

Down in the south of Georgia is a remarkable negro preacher familiarly known as Brer Hamp Scott. His power over his congregation is almost irresistible, and he seems to possess a sort of hypnotic influence which does not detract from his effectiveness. A gentleman who lives in that part of the state tells the Washington Star his experience one evening in the little church in the woods.

The services, which consisted of short talks and prayers, seemed to be about the same as those of any other negro congregation, and I was preparing to make my escape when an old cotton-headed darky started a camp-meeting hymn. He sang in a wailing minor key that went straight to the nerves, and before he got through the first stanza I felt the tension in the atmosphere.

When he ceased, Scott himself jumped up and began to intone another hymn—a

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

typical negro composition, with the refrain, 'An' de sinner is a burnin' in de pit!' When he came to the climax he suddenly straightened up and rolled out the refrain like a clap of thunder. The effect was electrical, and in five minutes half the congregation was on the verge of hysterics. As the hymn died down Scott took up a sort of chant. All the negroes joined in, and whether it was some monotonous and peculiar quality in the voice of the leaders or the weird surroundings, I can't say, but the chant soon had everybody under its spell. Some of the darkies fell back, staring and rigid, like cataleptics, and others writhed on the floor, foaming at the mouth and tearing their clothes. Still others wept and shouted, and all the while the chant continued, rising and falling like the wind in the chimney. It was really an appalling spectacle. I have witnessed some wild scenes at negro camp meetings, but this transcended anything in my experience. I came away while it was at its height, and it was some time before I could shake off its eery influence.

Diamond Dyes

Clothe Age and Unsightliness With Life and Beauty

Do you ever try to dye your faded and unsightly garments? Tens of thousands in Canada do this work successfully and well. To those who have not tried this work of true economy, we would say, 'There is money in it when you do the work with Diamond Dyes.' Old dresses, suits, skirts, capes jackets, blouses, silks, ribbons, etc., can easily be renewed and made to look as well as new goods at small cost. Ten cents for a package of small cost. Ten cents for a package of small cost.

Simple Ways by Which the Giant was Provided With Bathing Facilities.

'About his baths' said the old circus man. 'Oh, dear me; that was as simple and easy as could be.'

'In the house that I told you about, that the old man had built especially for the giant at our winter quarters, we had a bathtub built in the basement. This tub being in shape and proportions not unlike a long section of very large sluice box, but of course very much larger. This bathtub was supplied with water from a beautiful clear stream of considerable size that ran close by one corner of the house. The only trouble about the bathtub at all was to put it at the right level, and of course that was the work of a civil engineer. We sent to the town and got out an engineer and he ran the levels for the bath tub, and then we went ahead and built it.

'We connected it with the stream outside by a pipe of suitable dimensions with a cut off gate at the intake, this gate being adequately weighted to carry it down into place again after it had been raised. It was lifted by means of a rope running up over shieve wheels to a point inside the house by the bathtub. When the giant wanted to take a bath he simply pulled the rope and lifted the water gate, with the result practically of diverting the stream from its natural bed to a course through the giant's bathtub. But it was quite a stream and the water supply was almost always ample.

'When the giant had finished his bath he would open a gate at the foot of the tub, which was built as any tub would be, with a slight incline, and the water ran out into a ditch that we had dug for it outside and by this back into the channel of the stream below.

'On the road it was almost as easy. If the show was near a canal, the giant would go, before the people were up in the morning, and take a bath in the lock.

We used to arrange with the lock keeper to fill the lock same as he would to let a boat through, and the giant would take his bath and then they'd just open the lower gate in the usual way and so empty the big bathtub.

'Sometimes we found suitable rivers, or streams large enough for him to bathe in and if everything else failed the giant could always get a shower bath, anyway. 'He and the baloo ascension man were great friends and the balloon man was always ready to oblige the giant in this way. He'd get feed buckets of water in the car and then his helpers would let the balloon up high enough above the ground for that, and then the giant would come under, and so fast as he was ready for them the balloon man would pour down those buckets of water on him.

'Oh, my; if we never had any more trouble about anything else than we did about his bath we'd have got along easy enough.'

Knew Him By His Ducks.

The custom of knowing a man by his fruits is exemplified in the case of an artist of considerable reputation, who has been in the habit of spending his summers in cultivating a farm in New England. As there is a large pond on the place, he has found it amusing and profitable to fill it with as many ducks as it would float.

One day a New York friend went into the country to visit the artist—whom we shall call Smith. He met a countryman, and a conversation along these lines followed:

'I want to go to the farm of Mr. Smith, the artist.'

'Don't know him.'

'Why you must know him. He's a man with a national reputation. Comes from New York.'

The countryman pondered a minute.

'You say his name Smith?'

'That's what I said.'

'Not A. B. Smith?'

'The same.'

'Why in thunder didn't you say so? He ain't no artist! He raises ducks!'

Catarrhose a Miracle Worker.

Catarrhose cures Catarrh. " " Asthma. " " LaGrippe. " " Hay Fever. " " Bronchitis. " " Cold in the head.

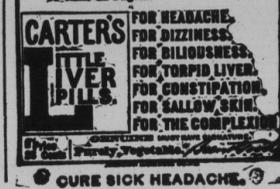
Thousands of testimonials at our office to prove this. You can try it for 25c. All druggists have it or can get it for you.

Bacon—What's the matter with our naval people, anyway? Egbert—Why so? 'Why, Dewey gave his house away and now Sampson's given himself away.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Miss Desire Prim's Will.

'The old has many a whimsy without knowing it, and view as entirely reasonable what younger people find verging upon the absurd.' Miss Gertrude Firestone, aged forty, closed her lips firmly and looked severely at her niece, Nannie Harrod. Nannie returned no answer, and Miss Firestone continued vigorously: 'It is nothing but a foolish whim on Miss Desire Prim's part. Why, the little that she has is of no earthly account, and from what I can hear, her will is an elaborate as if she had millions to leave.' Then, with an expression of contempt for Miss Desire Prim on her face, she left the room. 'I have remembered her in my will,' timorously confided the old woman to a neighbor, 'but I assure you I was almost afraid to do so. I really was.' Now the neighbor did not mean to betray Miss Desire's confidence, but she, unfortunately, had a husband who loved a joke; and when he heard from his wife that the poorest woman in the village had remembered the richest in her will, he had to share his news with an equally-minded friend, and after that confidence the news had plain sailing. Nannie sighed. 'I wish ruzt had a whimsy,' she thought. 'She is so uncomfortable to live with.' Now there was no reason why Miss Firestone should declaim and pour out vials of wrath because Miss Desire Prim saw fit to make a will; but having begun at an early age to face the world with a frown, she had kept on, till now the least thing that displeased her roused her temper. Poor little Miss Desire Prim was actually afraid of her. However, it reached the one most interested long after it had been discussed by everybody else. It was just three months from the date of Miss Firestone's expression of disgust over Miss Desire's folly in making a will when she learned that she was one of the poor old woman's legatees. As it happened, Miss Firestone heard the news from Nannie with a stare of astonishment, but she uttered no word. She really had a heart, and it was touched. In fancy she saw the timid old woman, who always colored at meeting her and visibly trembled in embarrassment. She had seen the interior of Miss Desire's small and forlorn house, and now it rose before her. There was not a thing in it that was not worn to shabbiness and beyond; and one of those things, or perhaps some article of Miss Firestone's share. She found herself idly wondering what it would be, but never a word came to her mind about the whimsies of age. Miss Firestone had had a hard life. Her struggles to keep what was rightfully her from tricky men who, because she was a woman, thought she might easily be cheated, her untiring and successful toil to up her fortunes by economy and thrift had made her apparently unfeeling. Nannie watched her uneasily. 'Don't you think it was lovely in her, aunt?' she finally ventured. 'Who? Who?' responded Miss Firestone, rousing herself. Then, comprehending, she answered, 'Oh, yes, yes, lovely enough!' and left the room. Her niece looked after her doubtfully. 'Well, I'm glad I told her, anyway,' she said. 'I don't believe she will do anything to hurt Miss Desire's feelings, after all.' The next day Miss Prim and Miss Firestone met in the street. Miss Firestone saw the frail old figure a block away, coming slowly, and her eyes softened. Nearer the two drew together, and as they passed each other Miss Firestone said good morning so pleasantly that Miss Desire forgot to blush and tremble, and went her way in a flutter of pleased excitement. 'She little thinks,' said Miss Desire to herself, 'that I have remembered her in my will. I'm glad I did. She isn't so cross, after all.' The man who delivered a load of wood that afternoon at Miss Firestone's might not have agreed with Miss Prim in regard to Miss Firestone's crossness, for he had brought scant measure and poor wood, and he was compelled to take a lower price than he had asked. Miss Firestone had once talked over with a friend this disposition on the part of men who had wood to sell. 'Oh, yes,' laughed the friend, 'they all cheat. They cheat me, for I don't like to make a fuss with them.' 'They will not cheat me!' Miss Firestone had responded grimly, and this afternoon Mr. Reuben Guyles was finding out that Miss Firestone was a truthful person. 'The idea of his bringing elm when he promised to bring hickory!' said Miss Firestone, as she went victoriously into the house. This battle with Mr. Reuben Guyles was only one of a series which were continually waged by Miss Firestone. There was but one person in the world whom she loved, and that was her niece, Nannie Harrod; and even her she berated soundly whenever the girl displeased her. Miss Firestone was a shrewd woman, and she knew that outside of her own home she had few friends. She did not realize that this very knowledge was embittering her against all the world; and as the days went by she found in the fact that Miss Prim had remembered her in her will a sweetness which she would hardly acknowledge to herself. The thought of the foolish old woman's legacy was often in her mind. She ceased to wonder what it would be, but she often smiled to think it would be something. Why, she must care for me! she told herself one day. A year went by, and Miss Desire Prim was visibly more frail and old. Still she insisted on living alone in her tiny house, and doing all but the heaviest of her work.

One day Miss Firestone remonstrated with her. 'You're wearing yourself out, Miss Prim,' she said. 'You ought not to do it.' And on that speech Miss Prim was happy a week. 'The plain,' she said to herself, 'that she's never yet got an inkling that I've remembered her in my will. I've read that those that are remembered in wills are not so overcautious about those that remember 'em. I'm sure she's a great deal better woman than most folks give her credit for.' It was a week later that Nannie chanced to be making candy. 'Did you know that some old people are as fond of sweets as children, aunt?' she asked. 'No,' responded Miss Firestone, with a look of interest, seeing which Nannie went on: 'Miss Desire said to me not long ago, 'I'd be a dreadfully extravagant woman if I could afford it.' 'Would you?' I said. 'Yes,' she answered, 'I would. If I could afford it I would actually buy a box of candy.' Then she laughed and asked, 'Do you think that's dreadfully foolish of me, Nannie? I've always had such a dread of getting foolish. Some old people do, you know,' and she looked at me wistfully. 'No, I answered, 'I like candy myself. I often make it.' 'Do you?' she cried. 'Then that relieves my mind. For nobody would call you foolish, Nannie, and you certainly are grown up.' The girl hesitated, and then said, half timidly, 'Would you object, auntie, to my taking a box of this to Miss Desire?' Miss Firestone looked thoughtful. 'I do not object,' she answered, smiling. 'You may take it to her, certainly, if you wish.' 'O auntie, if you could only have seen her!' exclaimed Nannie, when she returned after leaving the box. 'No little child could have been more delighted. She asked me if you ever ate candy, and when I told her you did, such a look of satisfaction came over her face! 'I can eat it now with a clear conscience,' she said, 'and not be afraid my mind's telling me. I guess nobody in this village would think your aunt's mind was failing.' Miss Firestone smiled, but said nothing. She was a notable cook, and suddenly a strong temptation came to her to make one of her famous cream pies for Miss Desire; but she did not immediately yield to it. 'It is I who am growing foolish,' she told herself. 'Why, I never did such a thing in my life as to make a pie or anything else and take it to some one.' Nevertheless, she could not help dwelling upon what her niece had told her about Miss Desire's delight over the candy. At last the temptation triumphed, and such a pie as even Miss Firestone had never made before was sent to Miss Prim by Nannie. 'For me?' exclaimed Miss Desire in trembling tones, as she removed the snowy napkin that covered it. 'For me! I've thought for some time, my dear, that your aunt was one of the good women of this village, and now I know she's the best.' The pie had long been eaten, although the memory of it still dwelt in the hearts of giver and recipient. Miss Desire had grown still more feeble. She even noticed it herself. 'It won't be long now till she comes into what I've left her,' whispered the old woman. 'I most wish I'd left it all to her instead of just my mother's picture; but then may be it wouldn't have been fair to the rest of the legatees. One hadn't ought to show partiality, especially in a will, when a body's getting ready to leave this world; but there's ne'er a one of the other legatees been so good to me as she has. Time and again she has warned me against doing too much work. And then that splendid pie! And yet I know she hasn't an inkling that I've remembered her in my will.' It was fall of the year now, and chilly. Miss Desire's chimney was old and unsafe. She made up a good fire in her stove and sat down to doze away the evening beside it, and an hour later the house with all its little furniture was gone. A neighbor had taken Miss Desire in for the night, and the poor old woman lay softly weeping in her bed and saying to herself, 'everything's gone! And she'll never know how much I thought of her nor how I'd remembered her in my will, for I can't tell her now; and there's that splendid pie!' Miss Firestone happened to be out of town and did not return for a week, and the first thing she heard was that Miss Prim had lost everything and was going to the poorhouse. 'Indeed, she's not!' declared Miss Firestone with decision. 'She's coming home with me.' 'I suppose you expect the town to pay for her board?' said the rudest woman of the village. 'I do not,' returned Miss Firestone, calmly. And now the failure of Miss Prim's physical powers seemed arrested. For Miss Firestone never did anything by halves, and the poor old woman was beautifully dressed and well taken care of. Five years she lived, and every year Miss Firestone's disposition to battle lessened, and she looked out upon the world with more lenient eyes. 'My mother's picture was the best thing I had to leave in these days when I had property,' Miss Prim would sometimes remark, 'and that was what I had willed Miss Firestone. It was burned up and she never got it but it was just the same to her as if she had. Seems like she can't do enough for me. I sometimes think she spoils me humoring me with so much cream pie, but she says she don't; and I suppose she knows, for there's nothing weak-minded about her, if she is kind-hearted. I told her once when I'd been here a year I was glad I'd remembered her in my will; and what do you think she said, when she didn't get anything, either, mind you, for that picture was really burned up. She said, I am glad, too, Miss Prim. More glad than you will ever know.'

FOOLED THE HENS ALL RIGHT.

Silas Wass's Scheme for Doubling the Production of Eggs.

Until three weeks ago Silas Wass of Beddington, Maine, believed he had made the greatest discovery of the age. Mr Wass draws a pension. As his quarterly allowance does not supply all his needs he tries to make a little money by raising eggs for the Boston market. His expenses are so great that he finds little profit in the eggs. He calculated that if every one of his hens laid 100 eggs a year he would come out even, and that every egg more than 100 was clear profit. He had read a great deal about the 200-egg producing hen in the poultry papers that he took and had spent more money than he could afford to get the right breed, but the best hen he had been able to procure would not yield more than 125 eggs a year. But his studies and experiments had not been in vain. He observed, among other things, that the really good hens always went to their nests to lay as soon as they hopped from the roosts in the morning when the days were twenty-four hours long, she would no doubt keep up the practice if she lived on a planet where the days were one-half so long. Therefore he went to work to change the length of the day. A hen is a stupid creature that mistakes any kind of darkness for night. A flick has been known to go to roost at midday during a total eclipse of the sun. Hence, he reasoned that if he could have a short night made to order along about noon the hens would take it for the real thing and would conduct business to conform to the new conditions. The next time Wass went to Bangor to ship his eggs he brought home a great roll of curtain stuff, which was made up into heavy shades and hung on patient rollers in front of the windows in the roosting pens of his fowls. After the hens had had their breakfast one morning and most of the active ones had laid their eggs Wass began to pull down the shades, letting them drop by degrees. In fifteen minutes the hens were crooning to themselves and going to roost. As soon as all were quiet Wass drew the curtains to the floor and let them remain for half an hour. Then he walked along the pens and let in a ray of light that set the roosters to crowing. As the curtains went up by degrees and the bright light filled the pens the hens flew down and ran to their feeding troughs for breakfast. When they had been led and watered most of them mounted aloft to the nest boxes and squatted down to lay. 'I was making money hand over fist,' said Wass, 'and was getting ready to sell county and State rights for the use of my great discovery when my hens began to shed their feathers and stopped laying. It was cold weather, and a lot of them died before new feathers could grow, because hens do not shed their feathers in the winter when left in a state of nature. The ones that lived grew stiff and dumpy, so they could hardly move about. They seemed to have caught the rheumatism. 'When I killed one to cook for the minister the meat was so tough that nobody could eat it. Then I woks up to the fact that my hens were dying from old age. They had been living two days to my one, and were worn out and old by the time they had ceased to be pullets. I was sorry things turned out that way, because I had made the greatest discovery the world has ever seen. It fooled the hens, sure enough but when I tried to honyefogle old nature I met my match and had to give in.' Patriotism Versus Pounds. Uncle Silas Penniwise had never seen Boston harbor before. 'This is the place, I suppose,' he said, gazing out over its blue waters, crowded with shipping, 'where our Revolutionary forefathers threw that tea overboard.' 'Yes,' responded his city nephew, his eye kindling. 'I don't wonder it stirs you to the depths to look at the scene of that historic event. It marked an epoch in the world's history which no patriotic American can recall without a thrill of pride.' 'Ye-es,' replied Uncle Silas, musingly. 'I-I wonder how much the fellers lost who owned that tea.' The Land of Chestnuts. The home of chestnuts is in France, where an enthusiastic admirer declares that they are 'as common as beans in Boston.' On such an extensive scale are they cultivated that one factory in Lyons handles over twenty-five million pounds every year. The 'marron' are of course the great luxury, but among the poorer classes the smaller chestnuts, or 'chataignes' are eaten. The United States consul at Lyons, John C. Covert, visited a large chestnut factory which employs two hundred and fifty women and girls. The chestnuts are peeled and boiled and placed for three days in

a vanilla syrup; then they are drained, coated thickly with vanilla, and prepared for shipment. Mr. Covert is anxious that America should go extensively into chestnut-growing, and believes that as sugar is fifty per cent cheaper here than in France, the candied product would soon undersell the French article. However, as marron trees do not yield profitably till they are ten years old, Mr. Covert admits that there is no immediate prospect of a reduction in the price of the candied nuts.

Speeches.

The girl at the stationery counter was talking to the girl from the necktie counter. 'I told him, I says, 'Now look here,' I says, 'what's the use,' I says, 'of talking unless you've got something to say?' I says, 'I don't like to hear a man shootin' off his mouth,' I says, 'just to hear himself talk,' I says, 'Some people, I says, are built that way,' I says, 'and they'll stand and gab at you,' I says, 'till they talk the arm of you,' I says, 'and after they got through, I says, 'you don't know what they've been gabbin' about,' I says, 'I ain't got any use,' I says, 'for those kind of people,' I says, 'And what's more,' I says, 'I ain't afraid to tell 'em so,' I says. 'He didn't say anything—the slob! I didn't give him a chance.'

To Break up a Cold

All you require is a little sugar, a glass of hot water, thirty drops of Nerviline. Take it hot. In the morning you will wake up without a cold. Nerviline is good for other things—such as toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For pains inside and pains outside Nerviline is simply marvellous. Druggists sell it.

The Awful English Language.

The personality of Sammy Snags is vouched for by the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. Sammy has a thirst for information which sometimes worries his father, as the conversation quoted will show. 'Papa.' 'Can't answer any questions now, Sammy. I'm busy.' 'Only one, papa.' 'Well, go ahead.' 'What is a bakery?' 'A place where baking is done. You ought to know that.'

'Then is a place where voting is done a votary?' 'Eat what you like.—Gwe the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—8

BORN.

- Parrboro, March 1, to the wife of B. Dyas a son. Hants, March 6, to the wife of W. Burgess, a son. Annapolis, Feb. 27, to the wife of H. H. H. a son. Farmington, March 5, to the wife of A. Parker, a son. Halifax, March 8, to the wife of J. Whitman, a son. Yarmouth, March 8, to the wife of R. McDonald, a son. Shubenacadie, March 4, to the wife of W. Neil, a son. Kentville, March 3, to the wife of W. Graham, a son. Colechester, March 3, to the wife of J. Sutherland, a son. Lunenburg, March 9, to the wife of A. Cross, a son. Lunenburg, March 4, to the wife of T. Ernst, a son. Kings, March 9, to the wife of John Ray, a daughter. Berwick, March 8, to the wife of J. Woodworth, a son. Kings, March 3, to the wife of Wm. Lockhart, a son. Yarmouth, March 6, to the wife of G. Burton, a daughter. Pleasantville, March 11, to the wife of A. Haughan, a son. Colechester, March 3, to the wife of Silas Gillard, a son. Point du Chene, March 12, to the wife of J. Gillard, a son. Campbellton, March 12, to the wife of C. Miller, a daughter. Pictou, March 7, to the wife of W. Bickers, a daughter. Parrboro, March 8, to the wife of B. Tucker, a daughter. Lewiston, March 3, to the wife of L. Moore, a daughter. Halifax, Feb. 18, to the wife of Geo. Penney, a daughter. Halifax, March 3, to the wife of John O'Leary, a daughter. Halifax, March 7, to the wife of H. Hartling, a daughter. Shubenacadie, March 13, to the wife of D. Suido, a daughter. Colechester, March 4, to the wife of W. Matheson, a daughter. Colechester, March 5, to the wife of H. McCully, a daughter. Lunenburg, March 11, to the wife of J. Crouse, a daughter. Westfield, March 5, to the wife of J. Burras, a daughter. New Glasgow, March 5, to the wife of Y. Campbell, a daughter. Shubenacadie, March 7, to the wife of Geo. Miller, a daughter. Shubenacadie, March 7, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a daughter. Parrboro, March 8, to the wife of Capt. Newcomb a daughter. Lunenburg, March 10, to the wife of E. Daugherty, a daughter. Salt Springs, March 3, to the wife of Rev. A. De-nou, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Mahone, Mar. 6, Ruben Deal to Alice M. Bangil. Truro, Mar. 13, David Lawson to Lillie Murray. Chatham, Mar. 14, John White to Nettie Ferguson. Queens, Co., Mar. 2, Morton Wile to Maud Smith. Boston, Jan. 30, Daniel D. Sinclair to Katherine F. Ross.

- Havana, Cuba, Jan. 31, Lily K. McCurdy to Chas. Carr. Sydney, Feb. 21, Samuel E. Brockman to Sarah Duns. Sydney, Mar. 2, William Grant to Teresa McLean. Cumberland, Co., Mar. 4, Bertha Vickery to Albert York. Sydney, Mar. 2, John M. Langley to Hatlie Richardson. Stellarton, Feb. 22, James M. Wright to Jennie Vidlor. Boston, Jan. 30, Wm. R. McGray to Josephine M. Vidlor. Lunenburg, Mar. 6, James Heiser to Blanche Waynot. Woodstock, Mar. 10, James McElinon to Minnie M. Inzer. Parrboro, Feb. 7, Walter Howard to Gertrude Harrison. Digby, Mar. 2, Steadman S. Walters to Laura Eisenbauer. Chatham, Mar. 12, Thos. F. Fugaley to Mary H. Waynot. Lunenburg, Mar. 6, Eldridge Spindler to Annie Eisenbauer. Long River, Mar. 5, John A. Campbell to Barbara Bernard. Liverpool, N. S., Mar. 12, Frank R. Josiah to Laura Winters. Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 20, Robert B. Dowling to Mary Brown. Stellarton, Mar. 5, Thomas A. McDonald to Lettie M. Sutherland. Burdette, Colechester, Mar. 7, James Graham to Christy Graham. Everett, Mass., Feb. 27, Minnie McFadden to Duncen Mckerzie.

DIED.

- Truro, Mar. 15, Robert Bell, 16. Boston, Mar. 7, John S. Macleod. Mahone, Mar. 9, Alfred Lanel. Truro, Mar. 15, Louise Carter, 79. Halifax, Mar. 13, Frank Sever, 10. Norwalk, Mar. 13, Elizabeth Troup. Halifax, Mar. 13, Archibald Fraser, 1. Low-Il Mass., Mar. 3, J. J. Dickie, 70. Halifax, Mar. 15, Catherine M. Mather. Black Rock, Mar. 8, Mrs. Cateb White. Morcton, Feb. 21, Joseph A. Killam, 51. Spinnehill, Feb. 14, Isabella Fraser, 83. Yarmouth, Mar. 9, Abram Colwell, 83. Halifax, Mar. 14, Charlotte Kidston, 92. Annapolis, Mar. 15, William O'Leary, 92. Chatham, Mar. 15, William McLean, 84. Acadia Mines, Mar. 10, Mrs. A. J. Gough. Grand Bank, Mar. 6, Henry Williams, 23. Halifax, Mar. 16, Martha McPartridge, 68. Summerside, Mar. 14, John Cudmore, 66. Merigonis, Mar. 1, Mrs. John Forbes 70. Saultport, Mar. 9, Capt. John A. Iward, 73. Campbellton, Mar. 7, Mrs. Peter Keece, 57. Charlottetown, Mar. 14, Maria O'Shea, 73. Pictou, Mar. 17, George P. Coipuz, 74. Philadelphia, Mar. 9, Isabelle Bates, 3 mos. Halifax, Mar. 14, William B. Blackadar, 33. Amherst Point, Mar. 19, Gordon Forrest, 84. Linkletter Road, Mar. 8, Mrs. Isaac Jeffrey. India Road, Mar. 4, John M. Macdonald, 51. Pictou, Mar. 15, William O'Leary, 91. Grand Digue, Mar. 4, Mrs. Pelagio Fobier, 81. Crapaud, Mar. 8, Isabella wife of W. Irman, 81. Charlottetown, Mar. 11, Mrs. R. S. Sumble, 51. Moncton, Mar. 17, Margaret McDonald, 91 mos. Halifax, Mar. 8, Marv. wife of C. F. Gester, 72. New Glasgow, Mar. 6, Capt. Robert McIntosh, 67. Rosinda, Marv. wife of John Lovell, 59. Yarmouth, Mar. 11, Ann wife of John Lovell, 80. Campbellton, Mar. 9, Jane wife of Charles Murray. Yarmouth, Mar. 13, Fannie wife of Wm. Chase, 51. Hants Co., Mar. 8, Maggie wife of Archibald White. South Maitland, Mar. 11, Ermina wife of C. I. White, 83. Hillaton, Mar. 6, Rebecca widow of the late Charles Osborne. Sprigon, Mar. 4, Flora widow of the late Ronald Macleod. North Tryon, Mar. 9, Elizabeth widow of the late James Muirhead, 65. St. Margaret's Bay, Eng. Feb. 23, Susan wife of Rev. I. G. Stevens, 84.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LOW RATE.... Settlers' Excursion BRITISH COLUMBIA AND PACIFIC COAST POINTS. One way second class tickets good to start on Tuesdays March 23rd, 19th, 26th, April 2d, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, 1901. RATE FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. To Nelson, Trail, Rossland, Greenwood, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Wash., \$53

Intercolonial Railway On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:--

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax, Express for Halifax and Pictou, Express for Sussex, Express for Quebec and Montreal, Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sussex, Express from Quebec and Montreal, Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene, Express from Halifax and Campbellton, Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL. X Many The chief to many people is Sweeney. The in St. John the people of lief. He was always had a and possessed being faces years, owing dropped out generation, a ligious belief, ship as a man upright citizen charitable and John. While Pro funeral of the attended by preparations I certainly very of Roman Cat the province I. All who kn in high esteem regret that fo who came to tribute of resp this. On Monday and then the ready for the good order? Let not the leg too vexed tion is put "nor the poor failed to bles comes out "the bachelor when his ask "why he is b and "if his fa red before his questions, it and embarrass make the best land and th is not respon upon to do, o in the census out his quest meeting with there is the aged fem grandmother beautiful mai Lily Langtry bachelor with of single bi has a far hap worker, and much of the day, but i looks. The kinds of wish just so. Mr. McK vote whether is dead, or a thought that some of the Keown's was kind to phys ing a plebis likely to hap time the nex matter muc what happen to vote, just is pay you Liquors w judging fr in for Liquo ardent is no at least man ing to take near at hand have to thro then there? This week the Comm tear and all a rule the b good order