

WILL GET A FAIR TRIAL.

A CHANGE OF VENUE GRANTED FOR THE WHEELER TRIAL.

Mr. Justice Townshend Scores the Provincial Papers and Detective Power for their Unprofessional Utterances—Says They Prejudiced the Case.

HALIFAX, May 28.—If ever there was an indignant judicial mind it has been that of Mr. Justice Townshend during the past few weeks. His anger has been kindled against the newspapers of this city and province on account of their conduct in the case of Peter Wheeler, accused of the murder of poor Annie Kempton near Digby.

His lordship says the papers have deliberately tried and condemned Wheeler without waiting the ceremony of his arraignment in court. The Halifax papers, on a former occasion, were lashed by the judge, when they were told that it was only because there was no public prosecutor or because Wheeler had no friends nor money, that they had escaped severe punishment.

On Friday his lordship gave judgement on an application for a change of venue for the trial of Wheeler. He granted it, ordering that the trial take place at Kentville, King's county. This decision was given, not on account of the writings in the Halifax papers, but because of even more partizan articles in several papers printed in and about Digby, which were produced in court for his inspection.

The people of King's county are to be sympathized with in this matter, for it means the expenditure by them of about \$1,000 as the costs of the trial, the money to be wrung out of the taxation of the county. Perhaps if the warden of King's county had been as active as Warden J. E. Shatford of Halifax county, King's county would have been spared the expense of this murder trial. When Warden Shatford heard that the application was being made for a change of venue he came up from Hubbard's Cove and engaged in a vigorous campaign against the idea of having the trial in Halifax.

AN HISTORIC PASTURE GROUND.

An Alderman who Pastured his Cows on the Citadel Slope.

HALIFAX, May 28.—For years a grievance to the public has endured has been the letting of the citadel slopes by the war department to alderman William McFatridge to be used by him as pasturage for cows. The alderman had a great snap on this. His rental was about \$80 per year, for which he was able to cut a lot of nice hay and to sub-let the large areas in grass to scores of cattle-owners for a dollar a week per head.

The citadel will be made an attractive place to visitors this summer. The city council has obtained authority from the military to construct a wide road round the most at the summit of the hill. This will cost at least \$6,000, an amount which has already been borrowed for the purpose. Precautions will be taken to prevent danger from falling into the moat, 20 or 30

feet deep that surrounds the ramparts, and an ornamental but serviceable fence will be built to keep visitors from encroaching on the reserve slopes below. No more, therefore, after this is done, need people be afraid of the red-coated military police, roughly hustling the sightseer from his cognate vantage, for there is no point from which to see the beauties of Halifax equal to the top of the citadel. Good-bye, Alderman McFatridge; welcome new order of things!

NOTICED IN THE RESTAURANTS.

American Manners Are Changing—Women New Tip the Waiter.

Another old joke is almost doomed. After a long and useful existence it is about to be laid away to rest. It is the joke about the lightning swiftness with which Americans once despatched their meals.

Ever since Dickens painted the fleeting glories of the American luncheon, the topic has been a favorite one. The railway lunch, the business lunch, the tree lunch, every known variety of lunch, has come in to its share of attention. Not only that, but Americans have been accused of bolting their breakfasts, of gulping their teas, and of actually racing through their dinners.

It was a fertile field for the funny man, and, to do him justice, he really worked well. But there will have to be a rotation of crops pretty soon. Americans are taking their meals more slowly. Every restaurateur of ten years' experience admits this. Where an American formerly spent ten minutes over a quick lunch he will now take half an hour for a comfortable meal; and where he would have begrudged half an hour for a restaurant meal with a friend in days gone by, the two cronies will now sit and gossip for almost that length of time, simply waiting for their order to be served.

"Oh, yes," said a well-known caterer the other day, "there's been a mighty change in the time men give to their meals. You'll take my word for it, though, that there are some hot-lives where you won't hear the same story. The Western man hasn't the same patience; the Eastern man has. Generally he's here on business, and he isn't wasting time on finger bowls. Perhaps he takes more time to it when he's at home, though I must say it has a pretty habitual look."

"How about the man from Philadelphia?"

"Well, now, it's a funny thing about Philadelphia people. Do you know they're as different here in New York from what they are at home as day is from night? Did you ever take a meal in Philadelphia? Well, then you know that if impatience is a vice you don't want to go to the Quaker City for meals. You'll ruin your chances for heaven in about three days. It takes a Philadelphia waiter longer to get you a sandwich than it would take a New York one to serve you with a course dinner. Well, the people over there get used to that sort of thing, and when they come over here and see a real swift waiter, it goes to their heads. You can't serve them quick enough. You'd think they were used to having their meals brought on by chain lightning. Queer, isn't it?"

"How about the Boston man?"

"Oh, he's got time generally unless he has to catch a boat or a train. But did you ever notice the way a Boston man eats? No? Well, you just watch 'em the next time you have a chance. They always make me think of a cow. You know the way a cow sits around—I mean stands around—and chews and chews and chews without saying anything, but you know what I mean. At any rate, that's the way the Boston man eats. He gets a good mouthful and then he sort of ruminates over it. He chews and chews, and all the time he looks as if he might as well be chewing sole leather for all the difference it made to him."

"Doesn't he care much what he has to eat?"

"Indeed he does! That's the funny part of it. There isn't anybody more particular than he is, except the New York man. It's just his looks, you know. Speaking about being particular, there's one man that thinks he is the most particular being in the country, and that's the San Francisco man. You can always tell him by the way he eats. He does things. But if you couldn't tell him that way, you wouldn't have to wait long before he told it himself. He's always talking loud about his town and its restaurants. I never got so mortal tired of anything in my life as I did of their old Poodle Dog. I've had that thing rammed down my throat once, I've had it a hundred times.

"And there are the men from Texas and rougher parts of the West. They are of two kinds. One kind thinks it is smart to swear at the waiter and damn the 'fix'n's.' The other kind wants to pretend that he's never had anything else. We have people like that, though, from all over the country. They're the ones that haven't been used to much style, but who don't want to give it away that it is new to them. They're the worst ones we have. They think that the way to assert their experience is to make a big kick about something. Half the time they do it about something that is quite proper, only they are too ignorant to know it. It was about one of these men that they tell the old story about the

vanilla ice cream. He had it taken away because it had 'black specks all through it.' Didn't know?"

"What does a waiter do in a case like that?"

"Well, his orders are to be polite under any sort of fire. If a man makes a fool of himself the waiter mustn't let on. I think one of the worst cases of that sort that I ever had was a Chicago Alderman. He came in with a party of his friends—a family party, I guess, for they looked to be pretty much of a lot. They sat down and began to act as if they owned the place. We were pretty full just then, and it was a few minutes before a waiter went to take their order. The room was quiet; only a murmur of voices and the subdued noise that you hear in a first-class restaurant. All of a sudden everybody in the room jumped. The Chicago Alderman had broken loose. He talked at the top of his voice, and his language was not choice. Of course the waiters hustled around to get his order, not mind you, because we wanted to please him, but because we wanted to shut him off for the sake of the other people. It is when the greenhorn sees a case like that one that he thinks it is the way to get served well and quickly."

"What is the way?"

"Oh, well, of course everybody ought to be served alike, but I won't pretend that they are. The people who are best served are those who have a quiet, assured way of doing things. It indicates experience. Pretty generally, too, it promises a tip. There's no use denying that the prospect of a good tip is mighty lubricating. It's human nature, and it is so. But the blunter isn't really the best served man, although it may look as if he was. The waiter is round and makes a great show, but secretly he resents it and gets even somehow."

"How about women?"

"Well, now you have struck an interesting topic. I don't think I've noticed any more decided change in this business—that is, in that part of it—than the way women act when they're alone. It used to be the exception that a woman gave a tip. Now it's a cold day when she doesn't. They're not any more generous. They give the smallest tip and the largest bill. Men average just about the same, but women give everywhere from a few cents to a dollar where almost every man would give a quarter. They've learned a lot, too, about what to eat, I mean. Oh, they order salads a good deal, of course, and ice-cream and fruit dishes. But they've changed; oh, yes, they've changed! I know of women who can order just as good a dinner as any man can, and what's more they do it. But take them as a whole and they're not up to the men in the art of dining. I suppose they like good things to eat well enough, but they'll save on a dinner to buy a hat at all that sort of thing. Oh, yes, they will. I've heard them sit at a table and figure what they could buy with the money they saved on their luncheon."

"The money they save!"

"Yes. You see, they come in tired and hungry, and they say, 'Oh, I'm as hungry as a bear! Let's have a good square meal!' and then they begin going over the bill of fare, and as they sit there they get rested, and they drink a lot of ice water, and that takes the edge off their appetite, and they figure up what things are going to cost and buy for them. They'll wear and they end by ordering one chicken salad and a cup of tea. I suppose it may be sensible enough in them to want to have something they can keep instead of, as they say, just eating their money, but if they would dine more sensibly they would find that they would keep their good looks longer, so that the freckles and wrinkles wouldn't be so necessary. Still women have improved a lot. They are among our best patrons now, and there are some women that it's a real pleasure to serve. You can tell them right away. They come in as if they were going to have a good time, and they take off their veils and go over the card in a way that means business. Then, if you bring them anything that's just right, you can see that they know it and appreciate it. Other women come dragging in as if it was an unpleasant duty they had to get through with and they keep their veils on and say, 'What do you want?' 'Oh, I don't care. Order whatever you please!' When it comes they push their veils up to their noses and get them all thick across their eyes so they can't see, and they eat with their gloves on. But, thank heaven women are improving. They're not all like that."—N. Y. Sun.

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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In this department last week reference was made to the organ recital and sacred concert at St. Andrews Church, on the 22nd inst. and a pleasure was anticipated for all who attended it. The programme prepared for the occasion was carried out in its entirety with the exception of the anthem set down for the choir. The choir did not materialize. The organ work of Prof. Athoe was admirable in every sense and demonstrated his familiarity with that noble instrument. This gentleman's beautiful style of accompaniment I have had previous opportunity of commending, so far as the piano was concerned, but either his judgment was not so absolutely correct on the organ or his pride in the instrument or in his own power in respect to it, overcame that judgment somewhat; the fact is that at times he almost shut out the voice of at least one of the singers on the occasion. I make this comment with a full consciousness of how really difficult it is when seated at an organ to determine the exact volume that makes the accompaniment what it should be, viz a support to rather than a controller of the voice. The soloists on the occasion were among the best in the city. I have heard Mr. Ritchie sing his solo "The Coming of the King" several times before, but never in such a happy manner as he did at this concert. He seemed to sing with more confidence in himself and with a much improved interpretation. It is a fine selection and admits of much dramatic rendering. Miss Lugin's solo "My Heart ever Faithful" by Bach, was given in that lady's cultivated manner, while Miss Fowler's solo was noticeable more particularly for the distinct articulation of the singer. The other soloists were Mr. Horace Cole who sang "Ora pro nobis" by Pachelbel and Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes, who gave "Singing in God's acre" by Saita. Mr. Cole's solo was a splendid effort and had encores been permitted he assuredly would have been obliged to sing again. He interpreted his piece admirably and made one of his best musical successes.

Much interest was felt in Miss Forbes' solo as it was what might be called this lady's first public appearance since her return after a period of musical study in the United States. The lady's studies are not yet by any means completed and it is doing her injustice, in a sense, to have her sing now, but she gave abundant indication by her method that she is vastly improved since she was first heard here, a couple of years ago, and her present vocal development gives distinct promise of unusual excellence in the near future under careful tuition to what she evidently has been securing. To criticize closely now would be unjust supposing it is fair to severely criticize amateur work at all. It is like passing a critical opinion upon a half finished picture by some famous artist. One can only get a suggestion of the completed work. Miss Forbes was much handicapped by an altogether too loud organ in parts of her solo.

I have heard that the "Hispania" club of Halifax are about putting on another opera, very soon. This time the effort will be more ambitious than they have yet made, as "Martha" is the work on which they are now engaged. The costumes for the production of this opera will be brought from London. I have no doubt it will be as successful as any of their previous productions.

Tones and Undertones.

It is interesting for music lovers to be told that Richard Harlow who was the great success as "Isabella, Queen of Spain" "the daisy queen" in "1492" has gone to Europe for a summer vacation.

Madame Klafsky will sing in Hamburg, next fall in opera and afterwards return to the United States. At least this is the latest about this clever vocalist.

The Damosch Symphony orchestra is to be conducted on the co-operative plan next season. There will be four rehearsals every week and more concerts than formerly.

Mr. Damosch is now in England making engagements for his next season of German opera.

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau the impresarios, who recently assigned, lost fully \$200,000 in their venture with Lillian Russell.

"Aida" is the opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston this week. As the management had decided on light opera for the warm weather this production of grand opera may be taken as indicating that the weather has been cold this week—it is barometric.

New additions to the Castle Square opera company are Mary Link, prima donna contralto and William Martens, baritone. The latter sings the role of Amansaro the King of Ethiopia in "Aida."

Madame Walborg Andersen a celebrated Danish singer has arrived in the United States. She is handsome and twenty four years of age. Her voice is a rich mezzo soprano of unusual range. She is one of the prima donnas of the Royal opera house at Copenhagen and has a romantic history. She had been a nurse at the

Municipal hospital in Copenhagen when a wealthy patient under her care hearing her sing was impressed with the beauty of her voice. He interested the government in her case and she studied in Paris and Berlin at the expense of the nation. She comes to America at the invitation of Chicago Danes to take part in the musical services for the benefit of the Hans Christian Andersen monument to be erected in that city.

On the 1st prox. a season of grand opera under the direction of W. T. Carleton will be inaugurated at the grand opera house New York. Among the leading members of this Company will be Miss Rena Atkinson a native of Portland, Oregon, where her father is a prominent journalist. She is a pupil of Agramonte and is said to possess a "most charming appearance and a voice of great power and sympathetic quality."

A new music hall, at Cincinnati which was reconstructed at an expense of \$100,000, was dedicated recently with the twelfth May festival. The musical ceremonies last this week, closing tonight. The leading singers who took part are as follows:

Sopranos, Mme. Lillian Nordica, Frau Lose-Klafsky, Mme. Medora-Henson, Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson; contralto, Miss Marie Brema; tenors, Mr. Ben Davis, Mr. George J. Hamlin; basses, Mr. W. A. Kin Mills, Mr. Plunket Grosne, Mr. Frangon Davies; organist, Mr. Arthur Mees.

"El Capitan" is still running smoothly along at the Broadway theatre. It is pre-tentious both historically and musically. The date of the fiftieth performance and first souvenir night will soon be announced.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The theatrical event of the week has been "In Old Kentucky" with its "pikantiny band" and exciting horse race at the Opera House. The response of the public to this effort of Mr. Harkins to please them has been spontaneous to a degree. The house was crowded at both the matinee and evening performance of Monday last, despite the fact of numerous other attractions, and fine weather, with excursions out of town by rail, on river and bay. The play has been well described in the advance notices. It is not a little spectacular while not absolutely a spectacular play. The members of the company appear to be very happy in their roles and the individual work is excellent. This in itself is not so much a matter of surprise when it is considered that with the exception of three or four of the company, the members of the cast have been playing their respective roles all the last season. These exceptions are Miss Whitty (Mrs. Wise) Miss Magill, Malcolm Bradley, and W. S. Harkins. The work of these ladies and gentlemen however, is done with so much ease and smoothness that it is not easy to tell they are new to the piece. There is much brightness in the play, and some pathetic incidents as well—sunshine and shadow, but in its construction—(having direct reference now to the author) it ends in a manner, that compared to the rest of the piece, might well be termed weak, not to say commonplace. A better ending than the one now in use would be the picture presented when Joe Leroy, in self surrender, joins the hands of Maige and her lover and bidding them good-bye asks God to bless them. However the audiences are all well pleased and that is sufficient whether the critic is pleased or not. The critic must have his say nevertheless. The company closes its present engagement with a matinee this afternoon and it will be the last chance to see "In Old Kentucky" and the exciting horse race scene. It is a play that can be witnessed twice in order to get a full and satisfying understanding of it. There is not much doubt the present season will close this afternoon to business quite as large as it opened to. On Monday evening the company open in Halifax, I believe producing "In Old Kentucky" in that city. If the theatrical pleasures of our Halifax friends are received on the same lines as in St. John "Queen Bess" with Madge as the jockey will be a winner there too.

Thy many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Price Webber will be delighted to learn that Mrs. Webber has been almost completely restored to health. So much is this the case that they are making immediate arrangements for opening their season.

The Rose Sybell London Belles have been giving variety performances at the Mechanics' Institute this week with the exception of Thursday evening.

Lady Sholto Douglas has been appearing this week at Pastor's theatre making her New York debut.

Harrison Gray Fiske, editor of the Dramatic Mirror of New York is seriously ill.

Mario Stndholme, the beautiful English actress has returned to her home.

David Belasco wants only \$65,000 for making a star of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Madeline Lucette Ryley, the young playwright, will have three plays in performance next season. They will be done by John Drew, E. H. Sothern and Nat Goodwin.

George Fawcett, favorably remembered here and esteemed perhaps the more that he is the husband of Miss Percy Haswell, has been playing in a recent Boston performance of "Sweet Lavender."

It is said that Olga Netherole will add to her repertoire of next season, a dramatic version of "Toss of the D'Ubervilles."

Alexander Salvini and his wife (Maud Dixon) will sail for Europe on the 6th of June. They will return in two months.

A number of the players are arranging for their holiday season. Managers, actors and actresses are interested in securing recreation and rest. Grace Kimball who is leading lady for E. H. Sothern sails for Europe on the 9th June. Messrs. Evans and Hoey have already sailed and Georgia Cayvan is also on the wing to the old country.

Maggie Cline denies that she is following the all star "Rivals" company to see how Julia Marlowe Tabor plays Lydia Languih. Miss Cline says her impersonation will be original with her.

Miss Minnie Radcliffe who is so well and favorably remembered here as leading lady of the W. S. Harkins' company last season, is with an "All Star" company at present. Joe Jefferson is at the head of

this combination and Crane, Holland, Goodwin, Wilson, etc., are in the cast. Miss Radcliffe is under study for Miss Julia Marlowe Tabor. That she was selected for membership in this company is a tribute to her cleverness and talent and bears out what was said in this department of the lady's work when in this city last year.

Weilton Lackaye has accepted for production in Chicago last fall a new play by Robert Drouet. The work is entitled "Colonel Bob" and it is a modern study of Southern life. Lackaye has another play entitled "Dr. Belgraff" on which he builds high hopes.

The American rights for Max O'Rell's new comedy drama "Hearts Ease" have been secured by Rose Coghlan. She will present it in New York next November.

Rose Coghlan will begin her next season in San Francisco towards the end of August with a production of "Madame."

J. M. Barrie has finished a new play which has been purchased by Charles Frohman for production by the Empire stock company. The play has not yet been given a name.

Frohman would like to give Londoners an exhibition of realistic oculizing be-

cause he is trying to arrange with Olga Netherole for a production of "Carmen" in that city.

Jennie Yeamans thinks marriage is a failure so far as relatee to Charles B. Dillingham, her present husband. She thinks he is too bad to live with and will attempt to get a divorce. Miss Yeamans made her first appearance in a continuous performance at Keith's theatre this week.

The story that Maud Jeffries has retired from the stage is denied. She is only to visit her people in Tennessee this summer. In the fall she rejoins Wilson Barrett's Company in London.

A late scenic play is called "The Train Robbers" and in it much attention is paid to the horrible. A band of Apache Indians will burn a white man at the stake, and assurance is given that a fresh individual will be cremated at each performance. There is no doubt about the "fresh." The constructors of this "thrilling drama" are named Davis and Keogh.

Kitty's Confession.

He—"Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?"
She—"Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—for in all my life I never—"
He—"Now, now, Miss Kitty!"
She—"Never ate an egg without salt."



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QUEEN OF THE LILIES.

Words by JESSIE VILLARS.

Music by A. FRENCCELLI.

Come in - to my boat-ie, May, Come, come, come, May, I'll row you down the

stream; Come, come to where the wa - ter - lil - ies grow, And you shall be their queen, May, And I will crown thee there,

May, With garlands fresh and white. Your loy - al sub - ject I will be, Come, come, come, come, Your ev - er faith - ful

knight; Come, come, ah!..... ah!..... ah!..... come, ah!.....

come. We'll let the old boat drift, May, A - mong the wooden piers, We'll glide a - long so peace - ful a -

cross the foam-capp'd well, And watch the wan - ing moon Glean thro' the haw-thorn trees; O love, we will float till morn - ing, Till

dew falls on the leaves. Ah!... ah!... ah!... come, ah!.....

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30. INDEPENDENCE IN THE AIR.

Independence is in the air in St. John city and county. It is met everywhere. It is talked about constantly and is the most popular movement that has started in many years.

The people are weary of machine rule. They have been patient, but their patience is exhausted. They have waited to have a voice in the management of their own affairs, but in vain.

McLAUGHLIN was asked to become a liberal candidate for the city and county but he refused. Mr. PUGSEY was chosen as the conservative candidate for Kings county but he retired.

Both of them have come forward now in the interests of their city and province. We believe they will be elected; but if they are not they will have done their simple duty and taught the machine parties and the government the lesson they deserve—not to trample upon the rights of the people.

ON THE ROCKS. One of the most remarkable accidents that has occurred in this harbor is that of the Anchor Line steamer Belgavia, which is now hard and fast on the rocks of Black Point.

Very little is yet known of the real facts of the case, but for some cause the sailing course of the vessel was almost directly reversed after the pilot left her and the consequence was that a few minutes steaming put her where she lies at present, and where there is a probability her remains will rest a toy for the waves and breakers of the bay.

expected, that all refused to believe the report and it was only after the press had reached the city that any credence was accorded. An investigation is now in order and one will probably take place next week, when the most rigid scrutiny, the greatest care to secure facts must be the aim, so that the truth will be learned, and a complete defeat of the delayers and opponents of St. John accomplished.

COLLEGE TRAINING. This is the period of school and college closing and our students and graduates have many of them completed their special training and are now fairly launched forth on the sea, which all men must venture on, whether willing or not, the sea of self support.

It is often urged that the college bred man, using a homely but expressive phrase, because of his studious life is ill-fitted to rush into the vortex of active life, in the line of business or any of the avocations open to the professional career.

He has been taught along lines that fit him rather for a theoretical than practical life. While he has been drinking from the spring of booklore he has not noticed the pure waters of actual business or professional fact that are absolutely necessary to success in life.

Opponents of the higher education, and they are many, say a business man is only handicapped in the race who has a college education. He has become imbued with ideas too lofty by far for the position he will occupy behind the merchant's desk; his ideas of men and their methods are crude and unformed, he has been trained in a different atmosphere from that breathed by those he must now come in contact with.

And he feels that for some reason or other he is not a success as a business man; and this very feeling, adds to his chances of making shipwreck of the prosperity that would otherwise be his. Men will tell you that the most successful business and professional men have not been "college bred"; they are educated, but it is that education that experience and rough contact with the world alone can give.

These arguments are well enough so far as they go, but they are seen to be very superficial when compared with the fact that the successful men, not college bred, are the few, not the many; and that the mind training a college education bestows most of its immense advantage in all walks of life. It is true a business man may be successful without it—he may in fact far exceed his rival, who has received this special training; but no one will dispute that he would have been a much better man had he got that educational drill and teaching a college life bestows. The world has little if anything to show along the lines of scientific research, it has in fact nothing to offer that has not been unlearned, prepared, or invented by a man drilled in an institution where the higher education was aimed at.

What instances occur, only demonstrate the fact that a special training would have achieved grander and greater results, more beneficial to man and of more intrinsic value to the world in general. The day has gone by when the outcry against secondary education can be effective. The people have become awake to the fact that a farmer is better for it, a lawyer better for it, a merchant better for it, all walks of life better for it; and so we find everywhere a greater readiness of the people to provide the funds necessary to endow colleges, maintain professors and establish an opportunity for the young that will make them better citizens, both business and professional men, than would otherwise prevail.

ALEXANDER the boy king of Serbia wants a wife. He wants one very badly indeed and the only requisite is millions. He also needs ready money and has decided that marriage with an American heiress will solve all the financial troubles of his kingdom. A throne is therefore waiting an American girl with wealth enough to meet the requirements.

This is probably the first time in the history of America that such an opportunity has been offered to her married daughters, and that all efforts to secure an European bride for him have failed before this last idea suggested itself does not in the least detract from the brilliancy of the alliance. Going with the title of queen is a palace, a crown, and a collection of royal jewels of stupendous antiquity and a number of castles, in good repair scattered throughout Serbia.

All the enterprising heiress who decides to make a bid for the title will get quite a good return. The cyclist is having things pretty much his own way these days and his "demands" are very numerous. It would not be surprising to hear of an ordinance compelling pedestrians to wear bells so as to warn wheelmen and wheelwomen of their approach. The reckless way in which pedestrians monopolize the thoroughfares to the great danger of riders of the silent steed is a matter demanding immediate legislation.

The old-fashioned people who walk must not be permitted to get in the way of the car of progress. The present political crisis is productive of at least one thing and that is a crop of anonymous newspaper correspondences condemning in no uncertain voice the methods, policy and morals of one party while it lauds the other far beyond its merits. A man who has not the courage to back up

the sentiments expressed in a letter, with his name, should not be permitted to use the newspaper to express his views. It is to be hoped that the CZAR who crowned himself on Tuesday last will subsequently crown himself with mercy, and justice, befitting his great opportunities for good. The country over which he rules possesses boundless possibilities of development and perhaps no civilized country needs it more, both in a moral and civil sense.

It is related that upon the occasion of a recent late session in the English House of Commons the hungry M. P.'s cracked and ate somewhat in the neighborhood of one thousand eggs. Under similar circumstances certain New Brunswick politicians would have found water good enough.

King square is beginning to assume a very summer-like appearance but the beds of spring flowers are in great danger of destruction from the dogs which daily disport themselves on the grass. Apparently nobody would object if Messrs. HAZEN and CHESLEY want to scold. They don't seem to be creating the usual amount of enthusiasm necessary to secure the expected victory.

The ubiquitous small boy gave ample proof of his loyalty on the Queen's birthday if the number of exploded crackers and torpedos decorating the sidewalks may be accepted as such proof. As for CZAR TUPPER's coronation "that's quite another story."

EVERYBODY RIDES A BIKE. Halifax has the Fever Very Bad and Over 2,000 Bicycles are in Use. HALIFAX, May 28.—The bicycle craze has not yet reached a crisis in Halifax. The fever is still raging. The ladies are outstripping the men in their eagerness to obtain wheels. Ranging in all from fourteen to forty men and women, boys and girls, are getting bicyclers. The number of lady riders in Halifax now number a couple of hundred. Considerably more than 2,000 bicycles are in use in Halifax.

One of the victims of the wheel fever this season is the rector of St. Luke's cathedral and his accomplished wife, who now has a bicycle. They have been learning to balance them for the past few days, and notwithstanding, several falls the Rev. gentleman especially, has now become, comparatively speaking, an expert. He is not yet a scorching though. The youths, who must be earning very small salaries, yet are obtaining very expensive wheels, for they will have but the best, constitute a condition of affairs that is causing some alarm to employers, parents and dealers. Where do they get the money? Do they pay for their wheels? Predictions of disaster to many of the buyers in the autumn, and especially to dealers who trust them on the instalment or other plan, are frequently heard. Dealers may have some big losses to figure up at the end of the season. Caution is a good watchword, if it is not too late to utter it.

Election Nets are Unsnare. HALIFAX, May 28.—There are rumors of election bets in this city. The Recorder the other day incidentally mentioned that a shipping man and another citizen had wagered \$100 on the result of the voting on June 23rd. It may be a rather dangerous business, the betting on the election, and doing it so openly that the papers get hold of the news, for a bet on the result makes the vote of the wagers illegal. Possibly some zealous representative of the candidates, at the polling place on election day may be object to one of the votes, and thus a ballot will be lost to one or other of the standard bearers. Yes, the safest way to do, in case there should be betting, is to keep it quiet, at least so far as to keep the fact out of the papers.

An "Adam Tree" in the Sky. In parts of Germany, when the evening clouds mount high and become narrow and many branched, so as to bear some resemblance to a gigantic tree, the peasants speak of the phenomenon as being an "Adam tree" or an "Abraham tree." How or where the curious superstitions about these fiery aerial trees originated no one knows, but the stories which are told regarding them are many and varied in character. The "bloody Adam tree" is supposed to appear before any great national disaster, just as the "white lady" makes her appearance prior to a death in the royal family. Before the great famine of 1193 the "Adam tree" appeared "in all its parts like a gigantic tree, but with withered leaves and dead and decayed fruits seemingly hanging from its branches." In 1348, when the plague was raging throughout Europe, "Adam trees" were seen from Italy to France, and in all cases grinning skeletons, and friends appeared hanging or sporting in the branches.

In modern times the "Adam tree" regulates nothing but the weather. When the German, Russian or Italian peasant sees what we call "mackerel sky," he says: "We shall have wind. Adam's tree is putting forth leaves." If the "leaves" appear white and are seen in the morning, rain may be looked for. If the branching and leading cut takes place in the afternoon, it is a sign of fine weather.—St. Louis Republic.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Handmaidens. My love's handmaid comes to me— Her hair, I know full well, By leaves of the blue sky I see And birch buds is the dril. I hear her footsteps on the hills, Beneath the white robed moon; I hear her singing by the rills, My love's handmaid—Jenny.

Forget me not she brings me true, Dark velvet padding wine, In thoughts I read as lovers do My love's dark thoughtful eyes. The lily of the valley fair, Her happiness returns; A red moss rose bud in her hair Her love's condition years—] Sweet lilacs white to my love's face, Her hair's condition years—] Of love's condition years—] My love's dear salty face I draw, In dreams so close to mine; We have without flick or blow, Ye both have grace divine.

Handmaiden of my love be thou, Gay June like these thy flowers; Wreathe a crown of roses for her brow Through all thy golden hours. They grace her head, her cheeks, her lips, And thrill our spirits through; Our love shall be the best of us, Their fragrance in their dew. Bring sweetest balsam, her true worth, No beauty can outvie; The truest she of all earth, The truth can never die. The heliotrope bring her this, Devotion is her breath; It is her heart's parting kiss, Is faithfulness till death. O mistle-bird what budding charm, Your meadow margins deck; White orchid blooms are her fair arms, Thrown fondly round my neck. Where golden cowbirds o'erflow, And sweet ferns wave their heads; Handmaiden bring me flowers you know, It sweetest in all lands. CYRUS GOLDB.

East Hill Woods. A Prize Poem. O, the frozen valley and frozen hills make a cold wide and deep, And the dead river lies, its laughter stilled, within it, fast asleep. The trees that have played with the merry thing and freighted his breast with leaves Give never a murmur or sigh of woe; they are dead—so dead they grieve. No carol of love from a song bird's throat; the world lies naked and still, For all the tender and all things sweet have been touched by the growning chill. Not a flower, a blue forget-me-not, a wild rose or jessamine soft. To kiss his lips on the dead river's lips that have never kissed them all so oft. But, look, a ladder is spanning the space, 'twixt earth and the sky beyond— A ladder of gold for the Maid of Grace—the strong, the subtle, the fond. Spring, with warmth in her footsteps light, and the breeze, and the fragrant breath, It comes to press her radiant face to that which is cold in death.

Spring, with a mantle made of the gold held close in a woman's hair. Thrown over her shoulders, bonnie and bare—see the rap in the great tree start. Where the hem of his flowing garment trails, see the glow, the color bright; A stirring and spreading of something fair—the dawn is chasing the night. Spring, with all love and all dear delights pulsing in every vein. The old earth knows her and thrills to her touch as she claims her own again. Spring, with the hyacinths filling her cap and the violet seeds in her hair, With the crocus hiding its satin head in her bosom warm and fair. Spring, with the daffodils at her feet, and pansies bloom in her eyes; Spring, with the sun of the God in herself to make the dead to arise.

For, see, as she bends o'er the coffin deep—the frozen valley and hill— The dead river stirs. Ah! that ling'ring kiss is making his heart to thrill. And then, as she closes and closes leans, it slips from its snowy shroud, Frightened a moment, then, rushing away, calling and laughing above the ground. The hill where she rested is all bloom—The wood is green as of old. And wakened birds are striving to sing their songs to the Gates of God. —Mrs. Jean Bl. White.

A Mother. Could I but have my baby back again From the dim vastness of the great unknown, How would I care my poor heart's silent pain? As I sit in a shadow and alone! That heaven is vast but makes me more afraid, Who shall its heaving footsteps guide? Far earlier the next my love had made, Or to my heart's feelings, since my baby died. Cold was the night I left my bosom warm— A night of wintry tempest harsh and wild Into that world of darkness and of storm Went forth alone my little toddling child. I saw alone, for who hears angels' feet? Pause at the threshold, though we dream they come? We hear not even death, the Robber fine! We only know a void in our hearts.

Mother! the very name is sorrow's own, A synonym for heartache and for trial; 'Tis she must tread the wine press all alone, And when the stars would start must wear a smile. What is the faith of priest, of Christian brother, Of matted bishop, though they kiss the roof? Weak as we trust their worship when a trusting mother Yields up her pretty, smiling babe to God. At Eventide. Away Down Low The winter sun is sinking, And leaving me as lonely as a fellow well can be; All my blessings quite forgetting I am fretting for you. Such as in those happy evenings you bestowed on me; There's winking the eye is blinking, when your lover gets to thinking, Of a darling little sweetheart who is many miles away; And he misses most the blisses of your honeyed, loving kisses. When the radiant queen of evening greets the crowsy king of day, When the spirit breeze sees soft heart strings as it pleases, And the sweet love-melody of long ago— Oh! I'm weary, life is dreary, and I long so for you, dearie, And when the winter sun is sinking Away Down Low —William Henry Taylor Shad.

Love is a star. Love is a star that lights the night, Of life, and makes its lances bright; As days of June with June's perfume; A star that makes the clinging room And makes the heart's dark chamber light. To any depth, from any height To the least deep; the least of doom Could not its silver trace consume; Love is a star. Its shining undimmed a beacon white To the sailor's wavering timid sight. And life's and love's is God's room With love-strung threads of pure delight. Love is a star. —Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



MUSIC AT MOUNT ALLISON.

An Interesting Account of the Closing Musical Exercises. SACKVILLE, May 27.—A few words on the musical features of the closing exercises at the Mount Allison ladies' college will perhaps not be devoid of interest to the readers of the musical columns of PROGRESS. The closing exercises are yearly attracting more and more the attention of the public. This year, the crush in Lingley hall has been so great that it has been found necessary to take steps for the enlargement of the building, and the sum of \$1200 was raised for that purpose last night.

Most of the visitors of course have relatives attending the various institutions or are drawn thither by the recollection of old associations. Others, however, come simply to hear the music and see the crowds, and the musical features are so varied and so excellent that these closing exercises may be regarded as to some extent filling the plan held by the May festivals which are an annual occurrence in so many New England towns.

The concerted work by chorus and orchestra with piano and organ did not assume the prominence it has had on some former occasions. The orchestra which has for some years taken so important a part in the Sunday evening service was this time conspicuous by its absence. The conservatory choir on this occasion rendered a chorus from the Hymn of Praise which was somewhat beyond their powers, and "I waited for the Lord" with Miss Hamilton and Miss Black as soloists.

The latter work was again given on Monday evening, this time with the orchestra in addition to the organ and piano, and went very well indeed. The Director's predilection for Mendelssohn was very apparent in all the performances. As Mr. Wootton is an Englishman and received his musical training in Leipzig, his preference is easily accounted for. Mr. Wootton had two graduates on the pipe organ, Mr. Frank Harrison of Sheffield and Miss May Howie of Maryville.

Mr. Harrison took a prominent part both in the church and in Lingley Hall, and he displayed a mastery of his instrument, and a skill in the training and direction of the University Glee Club which will doubtless make him a success in the church which is fortunate enough to secure him.

The piano department is of course the most important and under an excellent showing. Miss Malina Boli, daughter of the postmaster of Sussex, gave her graduation recital some weeks ago, and was heard in one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies on Monday evening. She also played a number of the accomplishments, and in this respect as well as a soloist is one of the most capable students the school has ever sent out. She intends, proceeding still further in her musical studies. There were too many Liszt numbers on the programmes. Liszt's Rhapsodies and Rigoletto's Fantasia could he left to concert artists and are too much to expect of conservatory students. The interpretation and rendering of Liszt's Eight Rhapsodies, however, by Miss Laura Newman of Moncton, shows that she is something more than an ordinary student and processes real genius. She was also heard in a Moscheles Concerto accompanied on second piano by the director, and made a profound impression on the audience.

Among the other girls who showed good execution on the piano were Miss Burbank, Miss Polly Dickie of Shediac, and Miss Sadie Borden of Moncton.

The most noticeable progress during the year has been in the violin department, under Prof. Chit'om. The ensemble work was excellent, and the playing of several of the soloists most admirable. A St. John audience had the pleasure not long ago of hearing two of the Misses Webb, and Miss Bruce, and Miss Bruce also played in Fredericton. All of these rendered solos during the various exercises of the past few days, and the audience Monday morning had the pleasure of hearing the Webb string quartette four sisters, all of whom have equally distinguished themselves in their literary work as well as their music. The violist player, Mrs. Florence Webb, also played the piano accompaniment for her sisters, and though only a child is a marvel in the art of accompanying. The quartette, in end giving a series of concerts at various towns in the province, and will doubtless meet with the recognition their talents and industry deserve.

Miss Bruce received a most enthusiastic encore for her rendering of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, arranged by Mr. Chit'holm. Miss Hertz, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hertz, the only graduate in the department this year, gave the audience great pleasure at her several appearances.

Miss Fanning, the vocal teacher, was the only number of the staff whose name appeared on the programmes.

She sang Liszt's wonderful "Lorelei," a song which admirably displayed her dramatic force, as well as her beautiful voice and artistic temperament. The difficult accompaniment showed Mr. Wootton to be a masterly pianist. Among Miss Fanning's pupils, Miss Jennie Hamilton of Pictou has perhaps the best voice. Both she and Miss Black of Richibucto did splendidly in "I waited for the Lord." Miss Tremaine of Cape Breton and Miss Nan Thompson of Fredericton also deserve a special mention. All the exercises, though lengthy and in crowded halls, were much enjoyed by the audiences, and the whole occasion has been a rich musical treat to those who love that divine art.

TWO HARD-LOOK STORIES.

Checked Experiences with Twenty-one Meals Tickets. "Yes," said the reformed miner, "I'm back from Cripple Creek and that is the best of my luck. I got away. Here is a sample of the ill-fate I had to contend with: I struck the camp without a cent, for I hadn't done anything but lose all along the line. I hunted up Johnny Costello, and the best I could do was to get me a meal ticket at the Blue Bell—of those twenty-one meals for \$1 affairs—and every time you eat they punch a figure. I won't long using it, and stepped out on the sidewalk containing the first remembrance to a square feed I had held for some days. A gust of wind came down from between underfoot and Mineral Hill, where all the puffs originate, and blew the meal ticket out of my hands. It landed face upon the sidewalk, ten feet or so away, and before I could recover it a big 200-pound Cornish miner stepped on it. He wore heavy boots, with hobnails in 'em, and as sure as I'm a living man the nails in his boot punched out the remaining twenty squares."

A similar melodrama, whose plot swung and rattled about a restaurant ticket, had the scene in Chicago. It was before the days when gold cars offered temporary relief to those addicted to the rummy. One young man, naturally of a thrifty habit, reached a point in his life when he learned that it became thirsty he became very much so. In quelling this thirst he was apt to equate all the money he had saved since the last time. So it came that, being philosophical, he rose superior to his propensity for spirits and disposed of his salary as fast as he earned it. Thereby he got due and proper action for his money, and also appreciably shortened the length of his drinks. Having no reserve fund, he could not conduct his liquor-consuming career for long. One Monday he detoured his steady approach of the thirst. He had become so wise that he could tell it eighteen hours away. It was his salary day, and knowing full well his weakness, the first investment he made was in a meal ticket.

On the Thursday following he next saw the sun. The interval was a blank and perfect confusion of red lights, cabs and scooters. He had not a cent in his clothes, and was as hungry as a shipwrecked sailor. He dug up his meal ticket and went around to Colburn place—the restaurant was situated therein—but Colburn place was blocked up. He took a half way up the alley playing their nose on the smouldering ruins of the restaurant—City Time—Herald.

THE LAMP AND ITS SHADE. An Effective Ornament That Has Become Indispensable. Lamps grow more artistic every day, and in most homes a standard lamp for the floor seems almost a necessity. The lamp itself is nothing, but it is the shade which gives it beauty. Quite new ones are those made of plain muslin, one of pale yellow looking exactly like a huge yellow poppy. Plain silk shades, having wreaths of flowers as a border, with a soft frayed out trim beneath, are very dainty. A pale green one shows up most flowers well, and may be bordered by a fringe of buttercups, clover or roses. Pink silk shades look best with a border of violets, pinies or clematis. Shades of silk gauze in stripes of various colors like green and yellow, green and pink, or a mixture of all the three, should have various colored silk pompons sewed round the edge.

Many lamps that are made to fasten to the wall are in lantern form, with frames of rolled ironwork hanging from an arm of the same. With amber or pink colored hammered glass globes they are effective additions to a dining room or a hall. A most artistic shade is made of white satin cut to plainly fit the frame and then painted with scenes or flowers in transparent colors.

With the electric light most beautiful effects can be obtained, but it should be kept in mind that pink is the only shade that is becoming to the complexion, when used over such a brilliant light. Lovely shades made of the petals of pink roses are most dainty for these lights, and shades of pink silk covered with grasses are pretty and fresh-looking. Whole flowers are made of silk and tinted to look exactly like a huge rose, and fit over the light so that none of the glass is seen. The prettiest shades for candlesticks are large-petaled flowers, like pink poppies or huge pansies made of soft silk, and fastened to the candle by means of a clip.

The Conductor of The Philharmonic Society Prof. G. Couture, Conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and of the Symphony Orchestra, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

RAILWAY NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboy and at the following news stands and centres.

BRUNSWICK STREET: C. S. DE FREITAS, News Stand; 111 Hollis street: CHERRY & CO., News Stand; GEORGE STREET: CONNOLLY'S BOOK STORE, News Stand; RAILWAY DEPOT: CANADA NEWS CO., News Stand; DARTMOUTH N. S.: J. W. ALLEN, News Stand.

Mr. B. A. Weston and three daughters are staying at Truro for a few days. Mr. H. A. Payant of Dartmouth left for Newfoundland last evening, to enter the office of a M. D.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Price, Pictou, are visiting friends in Halifax. Miss Almon, Boston street, and a party leave for England the middle of June on the steamer Ulanda.

Mr. Edward Johnson of Marlboro, Mass., is visiting his mother Mrs. George Johnson, North street. Mr. Ralph Chisholm and Miss Katie Archibald are to be married July 15th by the Rev. Mr. LeMoine.

Miss Jessie Rodgers is visiting Mrs. Alex. Stewart, West River. Mr. John R. Hammond and wife of Boston are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Nicholson who have spent the past few years in Colorado and California is returning to Nova Scotia and expects to attend the approaching session of the Nova Scotia conference.

Mr. Samuel Wallace who left Halifax thirteen years ago for British Columbia is visiting his people here. Mr. Wallace is a brother to Leander Wallace, bookkeeper for W. B. Arthur & Co.

Mr. William Twining leaves for Liverpool, S. B. next week. Mr. F. B. Wade, wife and daughter leave for Liverpool, S. B. next week.

The Bishop of Newfoundland and family left Halifax for St. John's N. I., last evening. In military circles the queen's birthday was kept on Wednesday. The only display was in the city and at the Citadel and the fort-de-jeu.

Amongst the officers in the Intrepid is Mr. Sholto Douglas, who has been on this station in many ships, and who last winter was married in Newfoundland. I hear that Mrs. Douglas will spend the summer in Halifax.

Nearly all the Americans who stayed here during last summer are to return and spend the cool season in Halifax. One of the large houses on the Arm has, I believe, been taken by an American family who have not visited Halifax for many years.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell leaves this week for England to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. O'Brien. Miss Daly and Miss Daly left England on Thursday for home. They were away barely two months.

Mr. Kenney returns in July accompanied by his daughter Mrs. George Will and family. Mrs. Clarkson left on the Halifax City to spend the summer with her daughter Mrs. Hill. Col. Hill has recently been appointed to a very important office at the War Office.

His honor the Lieut. Governor gives an official dinner on Monday evening to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday. A very enjoyable dance was given on Tuesday at a house on South Park street. About fifty couples were present.

Mrs. M. R. Morrow returned last week from Bermuda looking all the better for her winter's outing. Miss Ethel Stairs accompanied Mrs. Morrow, both ladies being artists. Capt. Napier returned also by the same boat. Mrs. and Miss Nagle have crossed to their country house across the Arm, where it is to be hoped Miss Nagle will pick up strength after the severe illness that has prostrated her for so long.

Surgeon Major and Mrs. Do-man are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Major Lees Hall, who has been so successful in ambulance work here, will remain a year longer, his relief being unexpectedly sent to Egypt. Major Hall will reside at Jubilee for the summer. Colonel and Mrs. O'Dwyer have taken a pretty country house at the head of the Arm.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. "Strongest and Best." - Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

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Spring Painting. That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Callagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable. CORNELIUS GALLAGHER, 99 St. Patrick St.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF, Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Fowls. Ham, Bacon, Lard and Dean's Sausages, Radish, Lettuce, Kidney and Snowflake Potatoes. THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Millinery, Dress Making. Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B. It will be found the latest Parisian styles and newest models. Dress making - one in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

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WINDSOR. [PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and at F. W. Dakin.] MAY 27 - On Tuesday evening Mrs. Wiggins entertained a large number of young people at a dance in honor of her guest Miss Christie. Among those present were: Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Bind, Miss Bowman, Miss Paulin, Miss Jean Smith, Miss Morris, Miss Blanchard, Miss Lizzie Smith, Miss Lawrence, Miss Wilson, Misses McCollum, Misses Black, Miss Dimock, Miss Haley, Miss Bossance, Miss Shain, Miss George Guseley and Messrs. de Hill, Leslie, Cox, Bowman, Young, Smith, Barahli, Archibald, Lynde, Mr. Archibald, Gurney, N. O'Brien, P. L. Dimock, J. G. Dimock, Tremaine, Leckie, Z. Wicker O'Brien, Rosler, Cochrane, A. Lawson, A. Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and Miss Rose Smith of Amherst are spending a few days with their friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Parsons of Springfield and their children who came down for the holiday returned home this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Price are back from a visit in New Brunswick. Dr. Ross went to Digby on Saturday and returned with his wife and child today. Miss Ella Corbett went to Bridgewater last week. Mrs. Edgar Corbett who has been visiting Mrs. McDougall left for her home in Yarmouth last Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Hay | Woodstock lately paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod. Miss McLachy who has been visiting Mrs. F. R. Eaton has returned home to Cornwallis. Mr. J. B. North of Hantsport spent Sunday with his daughter Mrs. F. R. Eaton. Mr. Medley Mrs. F. R. Eaton, Mr. Halford Tucker are at home on Acadiaville school. Mr. McFetridge closed his stinging class with a rehearsal in St. George's hall on last Tuesday evening his pupils acquiring themselves very creditably indeed showing much improvement.

Mr. H. McKenna returned today from Halifax. Mr. S. Gibbons is attending the deacony meeting at New Glasgow. [PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by H. V. T.] MAY 27 - Considerable speculation has been going on for some time past regarding the movements of the band whether they were to favor the public as heretofore with their ever welcome series of concerts on the square. It has at last been announced as a settled fact that they will begin their concerts at a very early date, which means good music and a pleasant promenade for everyone in general. On Friday evening they will give one of their ever popular concerts in the Opera house and are to be assisted by the Webb quartette of Seville.

Mr. John Keith was in Halifax for a day or two last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawson who were in town last week have gone to Hazel Hill. The Aronian athletic club went to Kentville on their wheels to attend the sports there on the 25th. Miss Christie of St. John is visiting her friend Mrs. Wiggins. Miss Kate Geldert is in Truro the guest of Mrs. Armstrong. Mr. R. Lawson of the bank of Nova Scotia Halifax spent Sunday at his home in Windsor. Miss Macdonald of Charlottetown P. E. I. spent Sunday and Monday with her friend Miss Lizzie Smith. Mr. Harry King of Halifax spent the holiday in town. Mr. Matthew Allison returned from St. John on Saturday. Miss Janie Curry is visiting in Halifax. Messrs. S. and D. Porter of Halifax were in town for the 25th.

Mr. Weldon and family are here from New York for the summer and will be guests of Mrs. Thorne. Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones of Weymouth have been the guests of Mrs. Jas. Wade. Mr. Dwight Jones of Weymouth and Miss Nellie Jones spent Sunday here with friends. Miss Nora Leary of Weymouth was a guest at the Waverly for a few days last week. M. PARRBORO. [PROGRESS is for sale at Parrboro Book Store.] Quite a large number took advantage of the excursion to Kentville yesterday to enjoy a pleasant trip across the bay and witness the races. The literary club went by train to Lawrence's Crossing for a fishing and picnic. Another fishing party drove to Westport. In this party were Mr. and Mrs. Gullod, Miss Gullod, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alkman, Mr. and Mrs. Erville, Mr. E. Gillespie, Miss Magie Gillespie, Capt. and Mrs. Norbury. People were coming in from the country all day and crowds attended the horse races at the driving park in the afternoon.

The members of St. George's guild served oyster stew and ice in the hall on Saturday evening and were very well patronized. Mrs. D. Gillespie entertained a large party of five people on Friday evening in honor of her daughter Winifred's birthday. There was an immense amount of enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and Miss Rose Smith of Amherst are spending a few days with their friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Parsons of Springfield and their children who came down for the holiday returned home this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Price are back from a visit in New Brunswick. Dr. Ross went to Digby on Saturday and returned with his wife and child today. Miss Ella Corbett went to Bridgewater last week. Mrs. Edgar Corbett who has been visiting Mrs. McDougall left for her home in Yarmouth last Tuesday.

Mr. M. T. Smith the mayor lost a large amount of property by fire early on Saturday morning. Four buildings were destroyed including Mr. Smith's fine residence and Smith's hall. The upper part of the latter building in which the fire originated was occupied by F. A. A. Furniture was mostly saved and the band instruments which were in the club rooms. Mrs. Stanley Smith had gone to Seville to attend the commencement at Mt. Allison but returned at once on receipt of the news of the fire. Mr. Fred Hay | Woodstock lately paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod. Miss McLachy who has been visiting Mrs. F. R. Eaton has returned home to Cornwallis. Mr. J. B. North of Hantsport spent Sunday with his daughter Mrs. F. R. Eaton. Mr. Medley Mrs. F. R. Eaton, Mr. Halford Tucker are at home on Acadiaville school. Mr. McFetridge closed his stinging class with a rehearsal in St. George's hall on last Tuesday evening his pupils acquiring themselves very creditably indeed showing much improvement.

Mr. H. McKenna returned today from Halifax. Mr. S. Gibbons is attending the deacony meeting at New Glasgow. [PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton & D. H. Smith & Co.] MAY 27 - Miss Jean Sutherland leaves on the eighth of June for Victoria, B. C. for a long visit with relatives in that city. Miss Frances Somerville was home from college in Halifax from last Saturday until Tuesday of this week. Mr. J. E. Dimock, Miss Dimock, Halifax, and Mr. Frank Dimock, Hamilton, Ont., were guests of Mrs. Geo. Hyde on Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Geo. Hyde's maternal grandfather, and Mrs. J. E. Dimock the maternal grandmother. The babies baptized in St. John's church last Sunday afternoon the arch-leacon officiating. The sponsors were Mr. J. E. Dimock the paternal grandfather, and Mrs. Geo. Hyde the maternal grandmother. The babies behaved beautifully receiving with becoming dignity the names of James Edward and George Francis.

Mrs. W. S. Casson, Moncton, is in town a guest of her relatives at the "Laurium." Messrs. M. Dickie, J. J. Snook, A. H. Learmonth, F. S. Yoston, F. Frisco, and Mr. R. Dickie go into retirement at Economy lake this week. Mr. K. Dickie, Canard, Kings Co., is visiting friends in town. Miss Sadie Logan entertained a party of young people last Thursday evening at her home. Those present were, Misses McKinnon, Crowe, McCreight, M. Snook, I. Snook, C. Longhead, M. E. Chisney, Hemeon, J. Graham, E. Thomas, M. McLeod, A. McWilliam, H. Linton, B. Crowe, F. W. G. Longhead, L. Murray, P. Tursey, G. Haslerbert, C. Wyman. The young people enjoyed a most pleasant evening. APOHAQUI. MAY 27 - Miss Lena Fenwick is spending this week in St. John. Mr. Frank Parlee, Sussex, spent Wednesday with friends here. Miss Bertie Simons returned on Friday from visiting at "Bella Vista" Lower Jamaica. Mrs. Montgomery-Campbell spent Saturday in St. John. Mr. E. E. Wilson, Lowell, Mass., is visiting her uncle Mr. A. B. Sprout. Mrs. F. L. Gross spent Sunday in Penobscot.

About Duck Suits. For the warm summer days DUCK SUITS are almost a necessity, and there's nothing so cool and comfortable when the very hot days arrive. The prices of our DUCK SUITS are the same as you pay your dressmaker for the work alone, that means when you buy from us the goods practically cost you nothing. The style and finish of our \$22.25 suits is better than you could expect to get for twice that amount. The other kinds are \$2.50 \$2.80 \$3.15 & \$3.50. We have lovely effects in Linen and Crab Suits, the very newest things, ready to wear. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT. For the year ending December 31, 1895. Assets: \$21,913,721.88; Liabilities: \$19,567,187.68. Surplus: \$2,346,534.20. Total income: \$48,497,486.81. Total paid policy-holders in 1895: \$20,126,728.48. Net gain in 1895: \$61,647,648.28. Mr. J. A. Johnson, General Agent, Halifax, N. S.

POTTNER'S EMULSION. WILL RESTORE Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN. As a Flesh Restorer, Pottner's Emulsion has no Equal, giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles. All Druggists keep it. Price 50¢ per bottle. Very Satisfactory Seeds. Is the report I have received from CUSTOMERS who purchased their GARDEN, FIELD and FLOWER SEEDS from me in 1894. This year I am thoroughly equipped to supply my customers demands with the freshest of Seeds. Catalogues on application. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

There's Nothing Nicer for stylish gowns than Fibre Chamois. It is always the same, and can be counted on to give a graceful stiffness and support which will last till the garment is worn out. Use light weight, No. 10, the Rigby Waterproof line, 80c per yard - for all skirts. Save yourself from worthless imitations by finding the RED STAR LABEL on EACH YARD. W.C. Rudman & Allan, Druggist and Seedman, 85 King St. The Best of Everything is what we want. This is why we discarded two other systems of shorthand for the Isaac Pitman System. This is the system which won for its author the honor of the Gold Medal from Queen Victoria. The only system thought worthy of notice in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. It is the fastest and best in evidence, and is probably used by more people than all other systems combined. Used by students, clerks, reporters, editors, clergyman and all classes of intelligent men and women. Students can enter at any time. W.C. RUDMAN & ALLAN, St. John's Business College, Odd Fellows' Hall, St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Rev. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen spent a day or two here lately. Mr. A. H. J. Webster and James E. White of Shelburne were among the city's recent visitors.

Shrinking.....

Wood shrinking has ruined many a piano. Some shrinking is unavoidable, but special construction enables us to overcome the evil effects of it.

Platte Piano Co.

1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Allan Dibble, Mrs. Allison Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Seely, Mr. G. Hugh Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson Fisher, Mrs. Kilburne spent the 24th and 25th at St. John's Lake, and were quite successful in catching fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams of Moncton Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Millican, Miss Millican, and Master Frank Millican of St. John were among the visitors in town on the Queen's birthday.

SUSSEX.

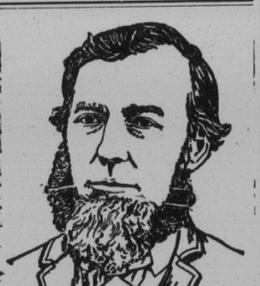
Preparations for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co. Mr. J. M. Patton of St. John is visiting Mr. Sanderson.

HARCOURT.

Mr. G. H. Perry returned from St. John on Saturday evening. Mr. J. F. B. ack of Richibucto was visiting his daughter, Mrs. Keith, on Sunday.

WOODSTOCK.

Preparations for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. L. Jones & Co. May 27.—The Queen's birthday was observed as a general public holiday on Monday, all the stores being closed and a large number of people going on various outings.



In Advanced Years

The strength and pure blood necessary to resist the effects of cold seasons are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE CAN BE CURED

Bright's Disease is but advanced Kidney trouble. It is better to cure the kidney trouble in its incipient stage, but if you have neglected it, you can no longer cure yourself at once.

WITH SAFE CURE.

WARNER'S CURE.

A Process that Should Be Done with Due Foresight and Discretion. Dr. Joseph Palmer of the National Museum performed a rare and dangerous scientific operation yesterday four times over with remarkable and highly gratifying success.

ANAGANOS.

MAY 29.—Miss Ella Montague of Bermuda arrived in town on the 18th inst, and the next of her friends Mr. George Davidson.

OTTAGE FURNISHINGS.

Tasteful Covers Made from Awning Material—Some Time Points. Awning cloth, that stanch, sturdy stuff which we have been wont to regard only as a protection from the sun's too fierce rays, is capable of many things, and, once rescued, has a future of decorative worth.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leuchatsky Method" also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. W. HILLOCK.

The Patent Whatisit!

It looks like sarsaparilla, smells like sarsaparilla, tastes like sarsaparilla, it is sarsaparilla. Stop! What is the name on the bottle? Is it Ayer? Then it is sarsaparilla; the best that is made.

Send for the "Curebook." 100 pages, 16 half-tones, bound in Royal Holland. Free! Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BLOWING OSTRICH EGGS.

A Process that Should Be Done with Due Foresight and Discretion. The furniture makers are showing a beautiful article of mahogany and glass, which reminds one of the cabinets for bric-a-brac, but it is more substantial and its legs are shorter.

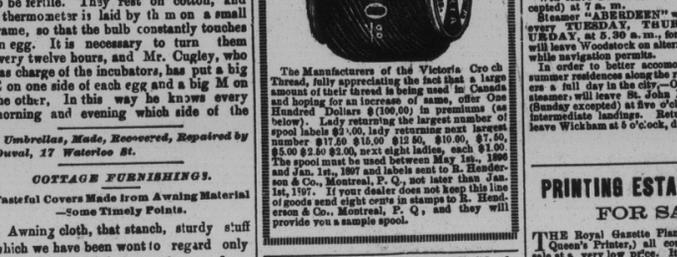
STAR LINE STEAMERS

Fredericton and Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. MAIL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "OLIVETTE" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer) all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part containing Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as used up to the last of the Gazette.

Umbrellas, Made, Repaired, by Duval, 17 Waterloo St.



THE PATENT WHATISIT!

It looks like sarsaparilla, smells like sarsaparilla, tastes like sarsaparilla, it is sarsaparilla. Stop! What is the name on the bottle? Is it Ayer? Then it is sarsaparilla; the best that is made.

It isn't HIRE'S Rootbeer



Her Expression Alone Tells That.....

A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRE'S. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

Dollars and Sense

The sense that carries OBELISK Flour makes dollars for the store-keeper—there isn't a better flour—there can't be—it's the flour of double profit—profit to the retailer, and profitable to the user.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1896.

NOTICED BY SOCIETY.

A NEW ACTORS WHO ARE IN SWELL NEW YORK SOCIETY.

More Drawing Rooms Open to Them now Than Formerly—Preference for English Players, Very few Actresses are Taken up by Society—Duse was entertained.

"How does it happen that Bertie doesn't go out more? He's been here ten years, he's English and good style and all that sort of thing. It's funny."

"Yes, but he had rather a hard time here at first. He came over with good letters to first rate people, and after he'd been here a little while he started to go around with them. But that was some time ago, and society here was different from what it is now. People weren't so anxious to have actors come to their houses, and Bertie wasn't taken up in just the way he thought he ought to have been. So he gave up society, and nobody has been able to coax him into a drawing room since."

This explained Bertie's case to the satisfaction of the two young actors who were discussing the subject of the union between the drawing room and the stage, as it is at present beginning to be manifested in New York. It is a question which agitates some of the actors mightily and its ripples have agitated somewhat less actively the society itself. "It's a good thing," one of the young men went on, "and getting to be just like London. People think nowadays that it's rather the smart thing to have us about, and I don't see why we oughtn't to be willing to give 'em the glad hand and meet 'em half way. I'm glad enough to go, but I make this one condition: It's got to be a bang-up swell house. None of your half-way business—the genuine article or nothing."

The speaker didn't add that he was not only willing to meet society half way, but would also scramble along on all fours if society only beckoned to him from a distance. His well-known tendencies in this direction long ago attracted the unfavorable consideration of the Lambs' Club.

"The women and the tea and the drawing rooms are all right," answered his companion, "but I think there's a better way than that. It's best to try to break in through the men. That's what Johnnie Drew did, and look at him now. He began in rather an unpretentious athletic club, got to know some good men, and now he's the one actor in this country who's regularly asked about to smart houses. That's the best way. You can get along all right with the women after you've made acquaintances among the men. But get them first."

This will be rather a surprise to the people who have heard John Drew's success as a social lion attributed to the fact that he had the largest capacity for tea of any actor on the American stage. Surprising reports of the number of cups of tea that he drinks during a season between New York and Chicago travel around among actors from time to time, but probably they are exaggerated. The two speakers who were sitting in the cafe of the Waldorf's, glanced interestedly over at a table which was surrounded by a number of young—very young—men about town. But there was no acquaintance of either in the group, and they returned to the discussion of ways and means.

"You see, there are lots of them still that are proud not to be asked anywhere, and glory in the fact that they don't know anybody in society and never expect to. There's Henry Miller, who will never go anywhere, and I don't believe Wilton Lakin would if anybody ever asked him. Probably they haven't yet, anyhow. Nobody ever heard of Maurice Barrymore's going anywhere except to the Lambs' Club, and Aubrey Boucault doesn't even go there. It's so different in London. Actors there are asked about everywhere and some of the actresses, too, and they seem to like it. But here we're only getting in gradually."

"And the majority of 'em," answered the other, "make fun of us when we do begin to be taken up. It's a shame."

Just at this point a young man scarcely out of his teens entered the cafe and sat at the table near the door, around which the group was seated. He was the son of a well-known New York family, and although hardly more than a boy, he showed the effects of habitual attendance at the sessions that take place around the large table in the cafe every afternoon. He bowed cordially to one of the two actors. Promptly the man arose, spoke to the boy at the table, and accepted an invitation to sit down. He was introduced after a while to several of the men at the table. His friend, sitting alone at the other side of the room, eyed him enviously for a while, then paid his check, and started to leave the room. As he passed the table near the door he stopped and spoke to the actor with whom he had been sitting. His former companion answered him pleasantly, but allowed him to go on his way without an invitation to sit down.

"Might have asked me to have a drink," the man muttered as he left the hotel, "and introduced me to a few of those fellows. But I guess he didn't feel sure enough himself. That's always the way with 'em. So long as they are with anybody they want to be seen with they'll throw down their own gang."

The actor who had been lucky enough to find an acquaintance in the cafe sat revolving in the society of men who belonged to good families and good clubs. After a while he left the group, but it was not until the necessity of getting to the theatre on time compelled him to give up the supreme satisfaction of being seen in such company. He departed reluctantly, but there was an expression of contentment on his face which showed that he thought the afternoon profitably spent.

This little incident in the cafe was indicative of one of the changes that has lately come over New York society, one of the results, maybe of the gradual widening which observers have noticed within the past two years. The situation is supposed to have arisen chiefly from the visits of English actors to this country, and the frequency with which English companies have been visiting here of late has made the change more conspicuous, and created in the hearts of native actors a craving for some of the social distinction which is being freely accorded to foreigners.

"I can't remember," said a man who knows New York very thoroughly, "that ten or twelve years ago actors were ever seen in drawing rooms to the same extent that they are to day. I can recall one man who went around some but he was an actor as well as an actor, and I think he got in rather in the first capacity than in the second. But now it happens often that even at dinner, in addition to informal afternoons, one is likely to meet an actor at houses that are regarded as very exclusive. Usually they are Englishmen, but now and again one finds an American, usually not of any particular importance in his profession. The thing commenced here with the Englishmen, Beerbohm Tree, for instance, lives in London in unpretentious but very comfortable style, and it happened that many Americans who went to London met him about in society and went to his house. When he came over here, he and his wife were either entertained by these people or brought letters from English people. So in this way he had the entrée to very good houses. George Alexander has his own house in London, and knows the social people there. In fact, it is said that he is never satisfied at the end of a London season unless he is able to say that he has been in every smart drawing room in town."

Society has confined itself almost exclusively to the foreigners when it has come to inviting the women of the stage. Eleonora Duse was a guest at several houses last winter, and she could, doubtless, have gone to as many more as she wanted. Olga Nethersole was entertained considerably for an actress so little known here, and she managed to make a good impression in spite of an extremely affected and theatrical manner which developed only after her success here. When she came first to the United States she was a simple, unaffected girl. But she is not that now. Mrs. James Brown Potter, who was once a leader in the smartest set in New York, now rarely leaves her hotel except to go to the theatre. Elsie De Wolfe is the one actress in the United States who may really be said to be "in society." Maud Adams last winter began to be asked to a number of houses, and was frequently seen about with well-known people. Maurice Barrymore's daughter, Ethel, who is only 17 years old, was also taken up by a certain wing of the smart literary-artistic set, principally through the influence of her uncle, John Drew, who is perhaps the solitary actor in the United States who may be said to have made a position for himself among people socially prominent.

But he labored faithfully for a long time after he went to London and first got the bee in his bonnet. Presently, when society decided that it would like to have an actor about, Drew was let in. He is still industriously working to stay there. Ada Rehan, who lives in the theatre practically, has never been known to go out in New York. Neither has Fanny Davenport, Georgia Cayvan, Viola Allen, nor, in fact, any of the well-known native actresses. Sarah Bernhardt is one foreigner who has had the same experience as Adeline Patti, and has never been taken up by society. Sarah is so much greater than society, however, that she probably doesn't care. No actress was ever as much sought after here as Mrs. Kendal on her first visit.

With the example of John Drew and the success of some of the Englishmen who have lately been over here, the younger American actors have begun to pine for the tea tables and the dinner cards. They are making progress. Society always wants novelty. Nothing entertains it more. Presentable actors are likely to be welcomed if they once get a start. But they say that is the hardest part of the business.

—N. Y. Sun.

WHAT THEY WILL WEAR.

THE SUMMER GIRL IS NOW BUSY WITH BATHING CLOTHES.

Satins and Silks Figure Conspicuously Among the new Materials for Bathing Suits—Corsets Improve the Appearance—The Footwear for Fair Bathers.

New York, May 24.—Just at this moment the summer girl is busy with her bathing clothes. It is the early bird every time, she knows, that catches the worm; and never since she took her maiden dip was there such a distracting variety of water materials and styles to choose from. The time has long gone by when a bathing suit may be made up of any old articles of apparel gathered at random about the



PLAIN AND STRIPED MOHAIR.

house. The costume for the water must be made for this purpose alone, and the ethics of fashion demand that it must be as perfect in all its details as any other in the wardrobe. The people who frequent the seaside resorts will have more reason than ever this summer to open their eyes over some of the bathing suits though it will be chiefly in astonishment at their extreme elegance.

Black satin and rich wash silks figure conspicuously among the new bathing materials and there are novelty mohairs that seem elegant enough for the smartest street get-up.

Then, of course, there are the usual blue and black flannels and serges with white braid trimmings that are always worn. Among the inexpensive ready-made suits, the serges and flannels, there is one model which seems to have a widespread popularity. This is composed of a short skirt and high gathered bodice, all in one, with full under trousers in a separate piece. Sometimes there will be wool tights instead of the trousers, the tights



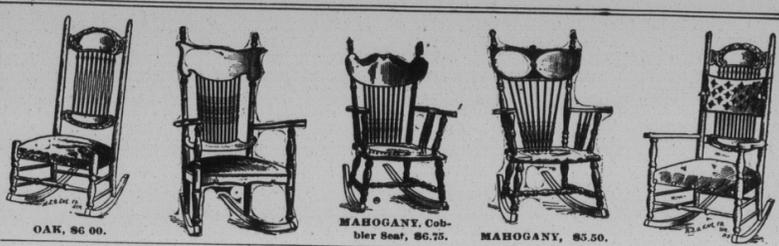
BLACK SAATIN.

being preferred by many as allowing more freedom in movement. The sleeves of these suits are usually in short puffs and the neck of the bodice is commonly finished with a broad sailor collar.

The more inexpensive the suit the more it runs to white braid, zig-zag and plain, and the bigger its collar.

Among the choice ready-made bathing suits, those of satin, silk and mohair, there is one model where the waist and trousers are in one piece and the skirt in another.

With these, too, the skirts are a shade wider than those of the cheaper suits and the ubiquitous sailor collar scarcer. One



In Oak, Solid Mahogany, Curly Birch Mahogany, Curly Birch Natural Finish, Birds Eye Maple. In Upholstered Seat, Cobble Seat, Polished Wood Seat, Embossed Leather Seat and Backs.

ROCKERS

We have a great Variety of Rockers from \$3.50 up to \$30.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

dashing little suit of black satin had the neck cut quite low and finished with a ruffled collar of the same. The sleeves were in



SPOTTED MOHAIR.

short 'embo puffs and three Norfolk plaits, back and front of the bodice, was another novelty. Another bathing dress of uncommon attractiveness and elegance was an impor-

With the smartest mohair suits there is a tendency to contrasts in color, which will be found very decorative on the right girl. The suit will be in one tint and the trimming in another, in bands for the skirt and with perhaps a jacket effect for the bodice, and in a narrow belt or pointed girdle to hold the waist in trimly.

The plain waist models are made with a pointed yoke back and front with a plaited or gathered lower portion.

A small sailor collar and bands on the skirt in another tint will be the trimming of this, or perhaps white, black or red braid will be used, and if the bodice is in the shape of a blouse the sailor collar will often open low over a highly ornamental shield front.

Mohair makes, perhaps, the most sensible bathing suit of any material used. It is light in weight and when soaked does not cling to the body as do the serges and flannels.

Then there are some stunning effects that can be had with the novelty weaves and in these there are several varieties which are warranted to stand the salt water quite as well as some of the plain ones.

Yellow is an excellent sea water color in the plain mohair, and if a good quality can be had, a narrow black and white stripe may be selected from the novelties. One in blue or red, with white spots, would combine dashing with the plain colors or white.

A ready-made bathing suit in twilled

getup. The trim adjusted look of many of the bodices depends on a support underneath, though of course many very slight figures may not require one.

If the bathing girl is very thin, however, a corset will build her out to more agreeable limits and helps to keep her clothes in neat bounds; and in her case—as well as for very stout figures—a genuine corset will be found more satisfactory than the less defined boned bodice.

In the matter of stockings, if colored ones are to be worn, care should be taken to select those that will not increase the size of the feet and ankles. A size smaller than is generally worn will keep the feet from spreading too much, and for slender extremities there are some gay colored stockings with black sock effects that are very stunning. The black and dark blue ribbed and open work toes are also effective, but thick ankles and clumsy understandings will find their defects emphasized by any but the plainest black stockings.

For tender feet there are bathing shoes of black jersey cloth with cork soles, and the usual clumsy long stockings arranged in the same way.

These, however, are all in very bad odor with pretty bathers, and at Newport and Narragansett last summer it was observed that many small feet were protected by little sandals of black or colored satin with cork soles. These were strapped daintily around the foot and ankle with narrow satin ribbons crossed over the instep. With a shapely foot the effect was charming.

For women who have pretty wavy hair, hair that the salt water only turns into love locks and graceful tresses, it has now come to be quite the thing to wear nothing on the head while bathing. Those who have straight hair, wear an Oskan cap over which a bright silk handkerchief is tied in front in a coquettish bow. For the sun there is a bathing hat of oil-skin with a puff crown and the brim shirred on wires like a child's lawn hat. This over a pretty face, and tied coquettishly under the chin is very fetching.

For the modest bather, who dislikes going from the bath house to the water uncovered, there are some wonderful cloaks which abound the figure completely. A light French water-proof silk was the material of one seen, and which, with big puff sleeves and a wide hood, seemed almost as elegant as an opera wrap. The others were of white Turkish towelling and navy blue flannel and were in the shape of a huge circular cape.

NINA FITCH.

You Cant Lose

You can't make money more rapidly and safely than by patronizing UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works.

Write [to] us today if you have any cleaning or dyeing to be done. You will be interested in the facts that we will prove to you. Old garments made as good as new by

UNGAR, 28 to 34 Waterloo St.



BLUE AND WHITE SERGE AND YELLOW CHINESE SILK.

tation in yellow china silk. The bodice of this lapped surplice fashion in front, and was ornamented across the bust with clusters of wide tucks. The skirt and short puff sleeves were also tucked and the bottoms of the under trousers gathered over an elastic band into a tiny frill just below the knee.

flannel or serge with braid trimmings can be had as low as \$4. Those in mohair are more expensive, and if made of silk or satin the price may range anywhere from \$18 to \$40.

In the way of adjuncts it seems generally admitted that any easy corset or some sort of a boned body, is the proper bathing

HER PROMISE TRUE

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I. ... Hugh Gilbert and Belle Wayland are bidding each other good-bye...

CHAPTER II. ... Belle begins a diary to send to her absent lover...

CHAPTER III. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER IV. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER V. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER VI. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER VII. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER VIII. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER IX. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER X. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XI. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XII. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XIII. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XIV. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XV. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XVI. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XVII. ... Belle's diary continues...

CHAPTER XVIII. ... Belle's diary continues...

blinding sleet and snow, but after looking in every direction he at last caught sight of Belle's figure...

There is a lady on the ice, gasped Stanmore. 'She'll be drowned—the ice can't bear her—get a rope and come with me.'

The man instantly obeyed him. He ran back to the outhouse, got a rope, and then hurried after his master as fast as his feet could carry him.

Stanmore had been a self-indulgent man all his life, but he did not hesitate now. He pulled off his coat, and as the garliener came panting up he bade him fasten the rope to his arm.

He plunged at once into the lake, the ice instantly giving way beneath his feet.

'Hold the rope firmly,' was all he said. 'It is his only chance of saving her. Luckily I can swim.'

But the heavy ice impeded him greatly, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he swam on.

But this was beyond his power. He looked round, and saw the immense relief that another man was now by the gardener's side, who was still standing at the edge of the lake holding the rope bound to Stanmore's arm.

'The boat! Put off the boat!' he shouted with his utmost might. He knew it would kill Belle to drag her through the frozen water by her arm, even if he were able to do it.

'Do not speak of it,' he said; 'any man would have done what I did.'

'There I do not agree with you,' replied Belle, smiling; 'only a brave man would have done it, and I am not a man.'

'At all events I am grateful to you,' said Belle, smiling; 'I fancy if Jack asked Belle now, she would not say no, but it must be kept a secret.'

And a few days after Belle had appeared downstairs, and had been seen by her brother-in-law, Lady Stanmore gave her brother-in-law this hint: 'I am sure Belle is exceedingly grateful to you, and I fancy you have won your way to her heart by your bravery. Women like courageous men.'

A flash rose to Stanmore's face. 'Do you think then—' he began, and then paused.

'I think that if you are still of the same mind as you once were when you spoke to me about it, and I advised you not to be in a hurry, that you might very safely now wait no longer.'

'I am in the same mind, Lucy. I like the girl more than any girl I ever saw, and though, of course, I know I am too old for her, yet if I thought she would have me I would throw all other considerations, of course.'

Stanmore frowned. 'I suppose you'll have to face a stormy scene or two' went on Lady Stanmore. 'Well, take my advice again; if Belle accepts you face the scenes after your marriage and not before.'

Again Stanmore made no answer. 'And now good-night,' Lady Stanmore, rising and holding out her hand. 'But I'll say one word more, Jack—don't let any folly, any old entanglement, stand in the way of your happiness—if you like Belle. And the next moment Lady Stanmore had left the room.'

Stanmore sat up late that night, and his reflections were not altogether pleasant ones. He knew very well to what his sister-in-law had alluded, and his knowledge that he married Belle Wayland he was breaking vows he should never have made.

It was the old story—his heart had changed and grown cold to a woman he once loved, and who yet held him bound to her; held him all the faster since he had borne his new name.

And Stanmore knew this. The very fact that Belle Wayland had seemed indifferent to his position had strengthened the admiration he felt for her.

He was the same man as the Jack Dudley of old, but he was not, treated in the same manner. Had he remained Jack Dudley, by this time, he thought, with a curling lip, his friend Mrs. Symour would probably have tired of him.

'Lucy is right,' he decided, after considerable reflection. 'But I have the scenes after that before; she must not know until it is too late. But I am not by any means sure that Belle will take me. Certainly, as Lucy said, my having saved her life gives me some claim; at all events I will try.'

Thus he made up his mind how he would act, and then went to bed. And he was not a man who, when he had decided on any subject, was likely to draw back from it.

It was mid-winter now, and the next morning was bright, clear, and frosty, and after breakfast was over Stanmore asked Belle if she would like to go for a walk in the park.

'Unless it is too cold for you?' he said. 'It looks very fine, answered Belle. 'Yes, I will go.'

'Mind you wrap up well, my dear,' said Lady Stanmore; 'but I expect the air will do you good.'

'I like the day to be a little older before I go out,' she said. 'But a brisk walk with Jack is just the thing for you.'

And ten minutes later Belle and Stanmore were walking together on one of the smooth hard paths in the park, beneath a steel blue sky.

Lady Stanmore watched them from one of the windows till they disappeared, and as she did so she smiled a little triumphantly.

'I think I'll pay off my old grudge to the Seymour now,' she thought. 'I see Jack means business.'

'Would you like to have a look at the scene of your adventure?' Stanmore was saying to Belle at this moment.

'No,' answered Belle, quickly. 'It would turn me cold,' and she slightly shivered as she spoke.

'It wasn't a very warm experience certainly, but you've got over it,' she said.

'Yes, quite.' 'Then there was a few moments' silence between them, which presently Stanmore broke in a changed voice.

'Miss Wayland—Belle,' he said, rather nervously; 'I've got something to say to you.'

'Yes,' answered Belle, looking up inquiringly. 'It is—' 'I have always admired you very much, and I am sure you will do me a good deal of good. I have learnt to have another and a stronger feeling towards you. In fact, Belle,' he said, 'you've very nearly, and I want you to be my wife.'

Belle's clear complexion did not change colour. 'I know I am older than you are,' went on Stanmore; 'but that, to my mind, does not matter much, and I don't feel very old. I will try to make you very happy.'

'It is very good of you to ask me, Lord Stanmore,' said Belle, slowly and slightly tremulously.

'There is no goodness about it, but it will be very good of you if you will take me.'

'Will you let me think it over?' answered Belle, still slowly, and as if she were absolutely thinking. 'It is all so unexpected to me.'

'I have thought of it a long time now,' said Stanmore, 'and I thought I would ask you to-day. But, of course, I think I overdid it, and you had better talk to your Aunt Lucy about it, I think.'

'Very well,' and Belle smiled faintly. 'I will tell Aunt Lucy when I go in—that is if you are quite sure that you mean it, Lord Stanmore.'

'I am quite sure,' replied Stanmore, energetically. 'I will speak to Aunt Lucy,' said Belle, quietly. 'And now, let us talk of something else.'

It must be admitted that Stanmore felt rather nonplussed at these words. He was a man accustomed to be smiled on by women even in his poor days, yet here was a girl who had received his proposal of marriage in his rich ones almost with indifference.

'But it is better than over-egerness,' he consoled himself by thinking, as he walked by his fair young companion's side through the frosty winter air.

'And he talked composedly of the last new novel he had read.

'It is very realistic,' she said. 'And do you like realism or romance?' asked Belle.

'What, not at your age?' 'No, not at my age.'

'Are you such a hard-hearted young woman?' 'I am afraid I am a very prosaic one.'

'Now I know you are chaffing; you prosaic, with a face like a flower!' 'And now I know you are paying compliments, Lord Stanmore!'

'No, Belle, really not; yours is a charming face!'

Belle gave a coquetish little bow. 'I am very pleased to hear it,' she said. 'But you must know it. Many must know it. Many must have told you.'

A change passed over the 'face like a flower,' as Stanmore said these words. A painful memory darted through his mind. But in another moment she had recovered herself. 'All girls get silly compliments paid

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

them,' she answered; 'but it's best not to believe them, I think.'

'Well, I have just paid you what they say is the best compliment a man can pay a woman, Belle,' said Stanmore, more seriously.

Belle made some jesting reply, and Stanmore felt slightly injured. A subtle change had, indeed, come over her manner since her illness that he could not understand.

But still Stanmore felt very much in love with her, and when they returned to the house from their walk, he bent his head down, and said, in a low tone, as he parted with her in the hall:

'Don't keep me long in suspense, Belle.' 'Very well,' she answered, and ran lightly upstairs. She went straight to Lady Stanmore's room, who called to her to come in.

The moment Lady Stanmore saw her face she knew what had happened. 'I have something to tell you, Aunt Lucy,' Belle began.

'When we were out walking, Lord Stanmore asked me to marry him,' replied Belle, also calmly.

'And what did you answer?' 'I gave no definite answer. I said I would consult you.'

Lady Stanmore rose and took Belle's hand. 'Thank you, my dear, for saying that,' she said; 'and now do you know the advice I will give you? I think no girl in her senses would refuse such an offer.'

Belle did not speak, and her eyes fell. 'Jack has everything in the world that a reasonable woman could wish,' continued Lady Stanmore. 'He is rich, has an old title, and is a remarkably good-looking, agreeable man.'

'And I am quite indifferent to him,' said Belle in a low tone.

Lady Stanmore lightly shrugged her shoulders. 'Make haste to fall violently in love with him, Belle,' she said; 'for you will never have such another chance.'

'It is doing him a great wrong, I suppose.' 'My dear child, do not be so ridiculous! Doing him a great wrong indeed! You are his choice, and a man does not think it a wrong to get what he fancies.'

'Still—' 'Surely no sentimental folly about that other man—'

Belle raised her head, and her eyes were flashing dangerously. 'Did I not tell you never to name his name?' she said. 'No,' and she laughed bitterly, 'he has taught me a lesson, and I think I can't do better than follow his example—only poor Stanmore will be the victim.'

'Poor Stanmore, as you call him, can take very good care of himself. He is not a sentimental boy, and I do not suppose expects that you are desperately in love with him. But he will expect that you make him a good wife, and that I am sure you will do this, Belle.'

'I am not so sure,' answered Belle, gloomily. 'I am, then; you have been a good daughter.'

'Never!' interrupted Belle. 'I never loved mother, I never shall. I never knew what love was till—'

And Belle turned her head away with inexplicable bitterness in her heart.

'My dear, do not talk in that foolish way. Jack has done you a great honor. There is not a handsome girl in London who would not have been proud to accept him; and you see he has chosen you, and you will learn to love him very dearly.'

'I shall never love anyone dearly any more,' said Belle. 'That's all past and gone, as another.'

smoking as Belle went in, and he turned quickly round when he heard her footsteps, and threw his cigar under the grate in passing it.

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Sunday Reading.

RAMABAL.

The Story of One Indian Widow.

India is a land where one meets with terrible penalties for following convictions, provided those convictions are contrary or hostile to custom.

Such a man was the father of the subject of our sketch, Ananta Shastra. His manner of life from youth was 'after the strictest sect of his religion, a Brahman.'

Ananta used to accompany him to the place, and there got his first views of female education, as he heard the Shastris' fair pupil reciting Sanskrit poems.

Ananta was a very religious young man, and soon after this, no one of his pilgrimages, he attracted the notice of a fellow-pilgrim one morning when bathing in a sacred river.

He left the fertile valley of his ancestral home, and took his little wife to a large plateau on the western Ghats, practically in the jungle.

At the age of sixteen, from long continued hospitality, Ananta Shastra was involved in such debt that he was obliged to sell his ancestral property.

When she was tiny baby she was very ill at the point of death. The parents vowed that if she were spared, she should be kept for the service of God.

After the age of sixteen, from long continued hospitality, Ananta Shastra was involved in such debt that he was obliged to sell his ancestral property.

Ramabal and her brother were desolate indeed. For a time they were broken with grief, and wished they could follow their dear ones.

We love to visit her school. Many of the girls are very beautiful and bright. Viewed with Western thought it seemed impossible that the most of them are widows!

In this state of mind they reached Calcutta. Here Ramabal, by her learning and advanced views, attracted great attention, and was given the title of Saraswati.

She replied in great simplicity that woman were not allowed to read them. He did not argue with her, but smiled and presented her with a copy.

Shortly after this her brother died, and she was left alone. She married a Bengalee gentleman, who was a vakeel and a graduate of the Calcutta University.

Some months before her husband's death, she had told us that she had begun to feel restless and longed for work to do.

She came to Poona and Western India and lectured here and there. It was at this time that we first heard of her.

She was received by the sisters at St. Mary's Home, at Wantage. Here she attended the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, where she both studied and occupied a place as Professor of Sanskrit.

The pastor who would succeed should make himself solid with his people by entering into all their joys as well as their sorrows. He should be bright, cheerful, sympathetic and responsive.

Without God heaven would be no heaven. With Him, heaven is not first a locality, but wherever one is in His presence there is the heavenly life.

After this, through reading Amanda Smith's life, she was led to see there was a fulness that she did not possess.

He followed the passengers on the Atlantic the passengers on a steamer had a vivid illustration of the endurance of the stormy petrel.

Behind all character there are enduring principles, and it is by these principles handed on from sire to son, but developed for the first time sometimes by him in whom they are illustrated, that greatness is nurtured and the truest kingship achieved.

There is a certain goddess that she would not only grant his requests, but would appear to him, as she was a living goddess.

her. We believe her to be a chosen vessel by God for this land. Pray for her and her school.—Christian Alliance.

Guests and Family Worship.

There is probably no mistress of a household who has not felt an uncertain hospitality about asking her guests to join in her family worship.

This latter dilemma is one that even good and great men have not always met bravely, for when Dr. Fuller once had some guests of great quality and fashion—God-fearing as he was—he omitted his family worship on his account.

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ering a thousand miles, perhaps, but ending just where they began. Rather, our daily walk should be like one whose path goes about a mountain, but climbs a little higher with each circuit, until at last he gains the clear summit and looks into the face of God.

A Look or a Word. A look or a word can help or can harm our fellows. It is for us to give cheer or gloom as we pass on our way in life; and we are responsible for the results of our influence accordingly.

Somebody has said that "chronic carping ought to be a fatal disease, but it rarely is." Nevertheless it is infectious, and when it attacks church members it is worse than death.

DURABILITY OF THE CYPRESS.

The cypress is a notoriously slow growing tree, and its wood is not as notoriously durable. It is capable of just as notoriously resisting the action of the weather in a manner totally different to all other woods, but is wholly unimpaired by immersion in water over a long period of years.

Instances are known where the wood of the cypress has endured for more than 1,000 years, leaving it still in a solid condition subject only to the attrition of the elements, such as the gradual wearing away one sees in exposed rocks.

By a series of experiments extending over many years it has been found that the cypress wood endures the varying conditions of greenhouses better than any other wood. Greenhouses exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat, moisture and changes of temperature, show the cypress timber used in their construction to be practically unchanged after more than 50 years of use; and, being sufficiently tough for the purpose, it is probable it will come more generally into use for building where a wood of great resistance is required.

A DISHEARTENED CLERGYMAN. Conversation with a New Brunswick Preacher Who Suffered Great Pain From Kidney Trouble.

"Yes, I had suffered for a long time from kidney disease," said the Rev. Jas. Murdock, of St. John, N. B., "and the trouble grew on me to such an extent that I had to stop my ministerial work."

"But you do not use medical skill to fight the disease?" "I left no stone unturned," said Mr. Murdock, "in this direction, but no good came either of the skill of the doctors or the medicines I used."

"No," said Mr. Murdock, with joy in the emphasis, "South American Kidney Cure came under my notice when I had become completely disheartened; but I tried it, and after taking four bottles my system was cleared of the disease, and I have not known what it is to be indisposed on this account from that day to the present."

THE STORMY PETREL. He Follows Vessels Across the Ocean as a Means of Livelihood.

During a recent trip across the Atlantic the passengers on a steamer had a vivid illustration of the endurance of the stormy petrel. Shortly after the ship left the Irish coast two or three of these birds were sighted at the stern of the ship.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM YOU WANT RELIEF TO-DAY. You Can Secure Relief in Six Hours and a Cure in 1 to 3 Days at a Cost of 75 Cents.

The present reason will see the passing of bloomer costume for women who ride a wheel. Leading dressmakers have set the seal of their disapproval on the bloomer costume, and therefore its days are numbered.

THE FIRST CUSTOMER OF NOTE TO STOP MAKING BLOOMERS WAS MANNY OF PARIS. He had taken a firm stand, absolutely refusing to make a bloomer costume for any

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

THIEVES FEAR THE MOON.

Tallmans Are Common With Professional Lawbreakers.

Burglars are firm believers in talismans and luck-bringers and nearly every professional burglar has a small article with which he rarely sets upon a "cracking" job.

The moon plays a highly important part in criminal superstitions. Not one burglar in fifty will venture out on a house breaking expedition on the night of a new moon; while the halo around a full moon, which is popularly but erroneously supposed to foretell rain is a sight which gladdens the hearts of Mr. Bill Sikes.

On the other hand, if a burglar falls into the hands of a policeman, but manages to escape, the number of that policeman is always a favorite with him, and he will feel easy in his mind when breaking into premises bearing it. Even the most experienced burglar will turn away from the house where he finds a black cat sitting upon the doortop; even if he has great days in learning particulars about the house and its inmates. To break into premises under the nose of a black cat would be running deliberately into the arms of the law.

Pickpockets are even more superstitious than burglars. It is one of the elementary rules of the "light-fingered fraternity" never to pick the pocket of a cross-eyed or a club-footed person. Finding a twisted coin in a purse will frequently induce a pickpocket to throw away the purse and contents, for such a thing, if kept, is considered to assure nine men's bad luck or the thief's early arrest.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

DEATHS EARLY AVERTED. Victims of Heart Disease Find a Sure and Safe Remedy.

With men and women dropping dead at one's side every day, it is worth recording that the 19th century has discovered a medicine which positively cures heart disease. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has proven to be a remedy that acts as it needs to act in such cases, with lightning effect.

IN THE TOWN OF WINDHAM, near the Raymond line, lives William Garland, a veteran of the war, who cannot be outdone in patriotism by any man in the United States. For years he has kept three flags constantly flying, one from a flagstaff in the front yard, one from his house, and a third from his hen house.

ANOTHER TWO FROM QUEBEC. Pierre Leclair, M. P. and Jos. H. Legris, M. P. Tell Their Story and Act on One.

Public men will differ on public questions, and Canada has witnessed some bitter experiences in this direction. But let disease afflict the system of such, and a common ground is found. With all the dissension among members in the House of Commons it has been learned that over fifty have united in contributing the one favourable testimony to the effectiveness of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Bloomers Must Go. The present reason will see the passing of bloomer costume for women who ride a wheel. Leading dressmakers have set the seal of their disapproval on the bloomer costume, and therefore its days are numbered.

THE FIRST CUSTOMER OF NOTE TO STOP MAKING BLOOMERS WAS MANNY OF PARIS. He had taken a firm stand, absolutely refusing to make a bloomer costume for any

customer, and has arguments when asked for reasons why he condemns the voluminous bags take this shape: "The quality of cloth used makes them unbearable in hot weather, and it is impossible to keep them clean. The dirt and dust come in between the plaits and folds, necessitating incessant brushing, and they never look really clean, especially when made in dark colors." On the wheel they neither improve a bad figure nor show a good one. The rider with small limbs and hips looks ridiculous in them, while the rider with large hips who takes to the bicycle to reduce her weight, dressed in bloomers, is a bad advertisement for her tailor or dressmaker, and the laughing stock of people of good taste. No woman with a good figure should hide it in bloomers, and there is hardly a first-class tailor who would willingly undertake to make them for figures good or bad."

NOT EVEN IF IT COST TWENTY SHILLINGS.

A notable percentage—about one-third, I think—of the power of a steam engine is used up in overcoming the friction of its own parts. Hence inventors are constantly testing devices to reduce friction. Yet they can never overcome it; and the resistance created by it represents power (and hence expense also) absolutely lost.

You have noticed great differences in your own vigour. Some days you work easily, and on others with difficulty. This is so whether you are a child, a manual worker or a brain-worker; or mixture of both—as most people are. Occasionally you are able to do more work in a day than at other times you can do in three. It is the odds between walking on smooth, hard level ground and dragging yourself uphill through wet clay. What wouldn't lawyers, authors, clergymen, and all other brain-workers give for something having the power to keep their minds clear and strong? Or body-workers for something that would prevent aching, waxes, and fatigue? Do I know what will do it? No, I don't. If I did I could retail the secret for more money than is stowed away in the Bank of England. But I do know one thing, and will tell it you in a minute—or two, for nothing.

First, however, we will talk of Mr. J. B. Goss and the friction he tried so long to overcome. Mr. Goss is a large farmer living at Stratford, near Downham Market, Norfolk, and is well known in his district. When the farmers meet on market days he often speaks of his experience and how he came out of it.

In order to cover it all he has to go back fifteen years—to about 1878. At that time he began to feel the signs of some disease which he could neither account for nor understand. At first he merely realised that he was out of condition. His work became less and less a pleasure and more and more a task. From his business his thoughts turned upon himself, and no man can work well in that form. Then he said his vitality began to disengage, which is a state of things to make a man ask what can the reason be?

He had a well-provided table, of course; yet he often sat down to his meals and couldn't touch a morsel. Mr. Goss knew that this would never do. If a man expects to live, he must eat. There are no two ways about that. So he ate more or less—although not much—without the stimulus of an appetite; he forced it down as you may say. But this wouldn't do either. When the stomach goes on strike it can't be whipped into working before the question at issue is properly settled.

Thus it ended in his having great pain and tightness at his sides and chest? "I was constantly belching up a sour fluid," he says, "which ran out of my mouth like vinegar. I had a horrible sensation at the stomach for which I was not able to find any relief. For nights together I could not get to sleep; and in this general condition I continued for five years no medicine or medical treatment doing more than to abate some of the worst symptoms for the time being.

In the early part of 1883 I heard of a medicine which was said to do good in cases like mine. Whether it would help me or not I had no idea. After so many things have failed, one naturally has no faith in a new one. Yet I got a supply and began with it. In a short time it was plain that I had come up on the real remedy at last. My food agreed with me, and soon all pain and distress gradually left me. Since then (now ten years ago) I have kept in the best of health. If I, or any of my family all anything, a dose of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—the medicine that cured me—soon sets us right. We have no need of a doctor. (Signed) J. B. Goss, March 24th, 1893."

Mr. Goss once said that if Seigel's Syrup cost 20s. a bottle he would not be without it in his house. We can easily believe him. Considering what it did for him—and does for others—it would be cheap at any price. Yet, like plenty of things of the highest practical value, it costs but little. The reader can imagine under what difficulty and friction Mr. Goss must have done what work he did during those five years' suffering with indigestion and dyspepsia.

This then, we know; that life's friction and loss of power comes chiefly from that single disease, and that case arises from the use of Mother Seigel's great discovery.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

FAIRFAX TALKS ABOUT WELL KNOWN LITERARY PEOPLE.

A Portion of a Poem by Burns Said to Have Been Given Mediamistically—Prof. Robert's New Book "Earth's Enigmas"—Zitella Cooke's Verses of Southern Life.

"All About Burns," is the slightly ambiguous title of Dr. John D. Ross volume of collected papers on a subject with which the public seems never to weary. This book, which is published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., is in evidence of the zeal and industry of its editor, who has done so much to popularize the literature of his native land. It is well and abundantly illustrated,—having for frontispiece, a plate of Naemyth's portrait,—is neatly printed, and sold at a price that makes it easily accessible to the general public, who buy cheap books, and read them as they run, or ride. A sketch of the great poet's life, written by the editor's brother, prefaces this volume. Mr. Peter Ross secures our interest by the clear, succinct, direct, unambitious style in which his thoughts are clothed, and by the independence of his thinking. He aims to put the character of Burns in a more favorable light than some of his biographers have done, and rejects some derogatory matters accepted hitherto as facts, as apocryphal, or at least not supported by sufficient evidence. Mr. Ross has with conspicuous distinctness set forth the poet's extraordinary career, relating whatever will assist in a better conception of the man, and the development of his genius. He has dealt with the successive epochs—Alloway, Mount Oliphant, Lochlea Mosgell, Edinburgh, Ellisland, Dumfries—in so distinctive, yet comprehensive a manner, as to leave little confusion in the mind of the reader who is intelligent and careful as to which an incident or poem belongs. The total effect is to heighten the respect of the admirers of his genius, who might yet have been too much given to deploring his vicissitudes, for one who was, after all, as noble-spirited as illustrious. To Mr. Ross, Jean, the poet's wife—whether she be "bonnie" or no—is a worthy heroine than "Highland Mary." He believes in constancy, and a good homely virtue, of everyday wear, which Jean was known to possess. She was the sober and blessed reality, of an unquestionable authenticity; while the Mary we know, or think we do, may be related to the domain of poetic shadows. Well, there is here a certain mythical region wherein we tread reverently and softly, and where is reason for difference of opinion. However, for ourselves, while we cleave to Jean, we cannot reject Mary: she, too, is a dear reality, and not merely a "dappled shade." To all who wish to be strengthened in this feeling the article by Dr. Theodor Wolf will be grateful, as bringing abundant confirmation. There are several poems in this volume, of varying degrees of merit; and one, "attributed to Burns," which is only a clever imitation, in our judgment. It runs as follows:

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther cry— I have the truth—and I—and I; Four sinners if ye gang a-gley The dell will have ye; And then the Lord will stand abiecht, An' winn' aye ye. But, hoody, hoody! no' aye fast; When Gabriel shall blow the blast, And heaven an' earth awa' has passed, The lang syne saints Shall God bath dell and hell at last Mere pious feints. The upright, honest-hearted man, Who strives to do the best he can, Need neither fear the church's ban Nor heed the demagogue; For God will need no special plan For his salvation. The one who feels our deepest needs, Rocks little too man counts his beads; For righteousness knows nought of creeds, Or sinner's faces; But rather lies in kindly deeds And childlike graces. Teen never fear—wi' purpose lead, A head to think, a heart to feel; For human weal and human weal, Nae preschlin' loon, Your sacred birthright'er can steal To heaven aboon. Tak' tent o' Truth, an' heed th' well— The man who sins mak' his own hell; He'll find nae worse dell than himself; But God is stronger; And when pair human hearts rebel He haws it out longest.

It is now some thirty years since Lizzie Doten, the poetic spiritualist and medium, published her volume of alleged communications, from Shakespeare, Poe, Burns, and others of the immortals, who, one and all, confirmed the doctrines of Spiritualism in the heretofore most unequivocal manner. The above lines form a portion of a poem by Burns, which we are to understand was mediumistically given; and any defect in the same or abatement of poetic virility must be attributed to the medium and not to the poet,—unless poet and medium should chance to be the same person, which we deem not unlikely. By one who accredits Lizzie this may be received as an original poem by the great Scotchman, who did as well as he could under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Poems there are here, and genuine ones, as well as authentic,—such as that of Wallace Bruce,—"Will You Go To The Indies, My Mary,"—which was read by the author at the unveiling of the Fourth Panel of the Ayr Burns statue, on the 21st. of August, 1895; such, also, as "The Tomb of Burns," by William Watson, the English poet. The reader will not find here of the

usual agreeable variety which Dr. Ross has hitherto presented in the successive volumes of "Burnsiana," and in the "Burns Scrap Book." For the one who may delight in criticism, there are the estimates of Dr. Walter Smith, of Edinburgh, John G. Whittier, Dr. James Adams of Glasgow, and others; and the taste of the lovers of anecdote and reminiscence has been carefully consulted; and for the multitude who delight in the fervid adulation of the annual orator, there is an abundant provision. Among the best may be named Dr. Walter Smith's address, or the abstract, of it, and that of Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, reprinted in Progress not many weeks ago. The volume closes with select quotations from a number of poets, great and small, who have sung in praise of the universal favorite.

We take up "Earth's Enigmas," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts with peculiar avidity and expectancy, and we are more than gratified, not on the mere ground of partiality toward one who has so patent a claim on our admiration and esteem. It is not a book of philosophical speculation the reader has before him, but of tall, imaginative and descriptive, of a high order of merit, which soon justify their somewhat peculiar title. These stories will be found of absorbing interest, but there is an abiding charm conferred beyond that of striking incident and brisk narrative in the poetic glamor with which he invests scenes no other hand has so well described as his own. The touches of local color, that distinguish his sonnets and several of his well-known poems, are here found, with such felicity of diction as only possible to a master of style. Prof. Roberts brings us into the most tender and sympathetic relations with our fellowmen, and even "The Young Raven" that call upon him, and the beasts of the wilderness who "Do Seek Their Meat from God," are not denied a tear of pity. Among the most notable of these pieces are those entitled, "Within Sound of the Saws," "The Butt of the Camp," and "At the Rough and Tumble Landrig." Having ourself become somewhat familiar with life in lumbering communities, and having frequented the mills, we are the better prepared to testify to the minute fidelity of our author's description. The accuracy of his familiar eye is not less apparent than the literary skill with which he puts before us the matters of his observation. No one who had not lived in the open air, among the hills and beside the streams, could paint nature as Professor Roberts does. That country which is dearer to us than all others, and which is one of the most beautiful on earth, that country which has become a favorite ground of poet and romances, has found in him, and will find for years to come, its ablest painter and historian. We welcome this volume to that corner of our library reserved for Canadian authors.

"A Doric Reed" is the title of the second volume in Copeland and Day's "Oaten Stop Series," and, by its neat, unpretentious garb of grey,—Priscilla-like in modesty and plainness,—it predisposes to friendly consideration more than a more showy dress might do. The lovers of verse simple, sincere, artistic and spontaneous, will be gratified with these selected songs of Zitella Cooke, whose name has become familiar to all readers of contemporary periodical literature. This writer has little to do with the extravagant or extraordinary, she strains for no effect, deals with no subtlety, and attempts nothing she does not with some degree of merit and success, accomplish. She is evidently genuinely moved in the expression of her sentiments, and shows that the familiar, yet harmonious and beautiful forms of art and nature have made their impressions on her sentiments, and that renders them again with individual power. "Sunrise in An Alabama Caneybrake," with which the volume opens, is rich in living form and color, is the finest description of that peculiar Southern scenery known to us, since Lanier's "Hymns of The Marshes," to which Miss Cooke is not in the least indebted, since at time of writing she had not read Lanier. Certainly there can be found no traces of imitation:

"The lordly sun, rising from underworld, Shoos yellow beams afloat the tangled brake; Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled, Hath caught the glancing radiance that make Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom— A pale madonna, 'neath her hood of green, With unapproached cheek and brow serene; The pines upon the uplands merge from gloom Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow Their serrated lances bright and brighter grow The coquering light ever ascending higher Fills Alabama's stream with motes of fire; A myriad rays pierce down the wooded slopes 'Til forest vistas form kaleidoscopes! The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of gold, Quick flows the ambe, of the tall sweet gum, And swifter still the shifting colors come To tulip-tree and luscious scented plum, And osage, with her budding manifold! The sky above and blooming earth beneath Seem to exhale a long delicious breath! But hark! I woodpecker beats his dull tattoo, The bluebird screams, lo! means the shy cuckoo, Loud chirps blackbird, gently whoos the dove, The chains of melody link grove to grove; The red-bird shows his scarlet coat and crest And sends his bugle call, while from his nest In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones, With heavenly wail his morning orisons; Kingfisher like a spirit of the air His swift flight wheels circling with rainbow hue The water edge."

And here strikes in that multi-singer—the maudlin-admirer of the Southern forest;

"Set! a hawthorne fair Grows tremulous, for on her tender spray His nature's poet, a romantic gay, Sweet mocking bits, singing, as he were fain To greet the sun with all that bird could say, Or think or dream within his tiny brain; Anon his throat o'erflows with tuneful might, And straight upon a poplar's topmost height He flies, and his full diapason sounds. From stop to stop, and now from side to side, He flings his clear toned dithyrambic rounds, Then, masterly, he runs the gamut wide Of his rare instrumental, all joy and hope In epic majesty, now soft, now strong, And lo! the air is throbbing with his song! The climax reached, from bough to bough he drops With trailing cadences; then in a copse Below—low, liquid warbles uttering— He falls with palpitating breast and wing!"

There is nothing in the volume so luxuriantly descriptive. A writer in "The Boston Courier," who knows the locality, testifies to the fidelity of the delineation. Farther on we come upon a lively lyric on this songster, in which his peculiarities are aptly told in short luring lines; while "The Jay Bird," and "The Hermit Thrush," have their measure of pleasant attention. We like these lines:

"Far in remotest depths of forest Dwells a poet— His house in very heart of nature— And I know it— By shing streamlets and the wildwood That lead to it! 'A term it be, from the world hiding; Like a chimney, In solitude of the The bald;— With morning light Intones his matins and his vespers. At fall of night!"

We have graceful variety—domestic and love-lyrics, dainty and delicate, like "My Marguerite," "New Love," "For Love's Sake," "The Idle Boy," "Dethroned," "When Polly Takes the Air"; lyrics of nature, brief and spirited, like "Wood Violet," "Pomegranate," "The Solace of Nature," "A Rainy Day," "The Threshing Floor," "The Babbling Brook"; lyrics, with a Herrick-like brightness and cheerfulness, like, "Tis Time We Two Were Maying," "Love-Making in Hay-Making," "Tine And We"; bits of classic beauty, like "The Greek Mother's Lullaby," "Gods of Hellas"; Pathetic touches, like "Two Maidens," "Homesickness," "A Ministering Spirit," "The Blue and the Gray," "The Dead Mother," "The Dying Never Weeps"; historical allusions, such as, "My Great-Great Uncle's Wife," "Miss Nancy's Crown," "On An Old Cabinet." We have read the following over and over:

For Me. I would not say her form or face Possesses a surpassing grace; And daintier hands than hers I trow Have soothed the weary, aching brow; And fairer cheeks and brighter eyes Have walked enraptured lover sighs;— Yet in those eyes one charm I see,— It is a lock of love for me. Her voice has not the wondrous power To lure, like perfume in the flower Nor word of hers e'er stirred the sense By its relentless eloquence; Her smile only reveals the good, True heart of noble womanhood:— Yet charms in voice and smile I see, For both speak wealth of love for me.

But nothing in the book, however, pleases better than some of the sonnets, inspired by her admiration of several of the great masters of tone and rhyme—Chopin, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wordsworth—which in form are perfect as perfectly as anything she has written. In his sonnet on the sonnet Wordsworth has never yet been surpassed, though Gilder and others have followed in creditable emulation. That Miss Cooke is worthy, by comparison, our readers may judge:

What is a sonnet?—Ay, a jewel rare Within a crystal casket delftly caught,— A magic flite, whose fourteen steps are fraught With one divine and soul-entrancing air,— A wreathed shell, whose convolutions fair Are to such's flawless symmetry enwrought I ever murmurs music it hath brought From depths which many a wondrous secret bear,— A perfect form and spirit, as the rose, Who sits not from the confines of her thorns, Yet fills the spaces of the garden close With luscious scent and beauty all her own,— A captive nightingale in golden bars, Singing a song of rapture to the stars.

Miss Cooke is a lady from the South—that land becoming so fertile in literary and artistic people—and her present residence is at Boston. "The book is dedicated to a deeply loved and lamented brother, the late John Binion Cooke, who fell a victim to political and racial prejudice; "whose nobility of soul," his sister declares "endeared him to honorable men and true women." Captain Cooke, whose knightly virtue led him into the paths where deeds of violence are secretly done, has a fitting memorial at the hand of one who may yet rank first among the woman-singers of America. The father of the poetess, as we are informed, is a descendant of the Capt. Cooke mentioned in Peppy's Diary. Her mother's family (Binion) is of Huguenot descent. The present Lawrence Binion, (English poet), is of the same stock.

In Pickards' Biography of Whittier occurs the following reference to one whom Canada names with pride among her daughters: "Among the telegrams received on his last birthday was one from the Indian postess of Ontario, E. Pauline Johnson, who said,—'Your young Mohawk friend asks for you today the Great Spirit's blessing.' Another dispatch was received from an Indian girl whom Whittier had befriended. Seven hundred students of Vassar college united in sending a telegram,

and pupils of the Gloucester high school sent congratulations to our loved singer, the wood thrush of Essex."

We have from a friend in Toronto a copy of "Saturday Night," for Feb. 28th, 1896 which contains the last poem of Alexander McLachlan, entitled,—"Address to My Dog Yarrow." It is a touching memorial, and derives a pathetic interest from the fact that it is gifted and worthy author has passed within the veil. Here are a few of the stanzas:

Our race poor Yarrow's nearly run, To stirple out beneath the sun We've bathed enough to day, For we have bathed grown weak and auld, Tho' soopie were we balth an' yauld In life's young jester may. And mony a stroll we twa have had, Whose v'y memory makes me glad. When woods were hanging green By mony a locely, little creek, Nature's out o' her haunts to seek, Where man had seldom been. And well ye loved w' me to stray Through the red, forest's pathless way, When in the opening spring The birds from south in climes arrive, And a' the wild woods are alive W' mony a happy thine. Tho' wild geese sought O' auld's lake, The blue bird chatter'd in the brake, The quire on the bough; Oh, then your heart was full o' glee, Happy as but a dog can be, How unlike what thou'rt now. But, my auld fite; it gives me pain To be tauld we'll ne'er meet again; Nor ken ocht o' each other; I'd no gife up the hope that we In some shape may each other see, My dear damb, faithful brother!

THEY GOT THE LION.

Excellent Adventure of Two Colorado Miners in Their Camp. "The mountain lion," remarked an old miner some time ago, "is becoming rare in the mountains of the west. When I first went seeking after the gold and silver of Colorado those animals were rather plentiful. They met in pairs, and were common enough to make it hazardous for a man to walk in the valleys alone and unprotected, particularly after dark. I remember on one occasion having a slight adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a pal I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray. Winter came on, and one day, before the very cold weather set in, we went to the town to get supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain alone. It came on to snow soon after we got to Ouray, and we did not get a chance to go to the claim for fully a week. As we slowly climbed the hills I noticed the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin, and when we reached the house found we had forgotten to close a window in the side. We had lost sight of the tracks, and the sight of the open window caused me to forget all about the animal and its presence. I started for the window, and was about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl, and the next instant a great yellow body darted through the opening right over my back, its claws catching my buckskin and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My pal whipped out his gun, and the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could shoot, the beast was upon him, and seizing him as if he had been a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. He dropped, and my pal drew his breath freely once more. Neither of us was hurt, but the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug by my cot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Majesty Against Wheelwomans.

Queen Victoria witholds the light of her countenance from the female bicyclist. When the wheelwomans pass the royal carriage on the road the Queen turns her head and pays no attention to her salute.

OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1892 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsok me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B.B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8.30 a.m. for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p.m.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Every Mother should have it in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Do not forget the very important and useful fact that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES COLDS, COUGHS, COLIC, CRAMPS.

For Internal as well as External Use. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Originated in 1870 by an old Family Physician, Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generations after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age. All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power and are loud in its praise ever after. For Internal as well as External Use. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Originated in 1870 by an old Family Physician, Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

"SPLENDID" Oil Cooking Stove



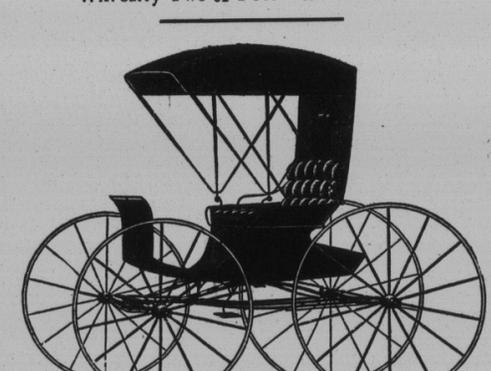
Embodies the experience and improvements of the past twenty-five years. Powerful 8-inch circular burners. Wicks easily cleaned, removed or replaced. Brass reservoir located so that it is impossible to become heated. No odor. Steel top and frames. All operations so simple that a child can operate. Made with one, two or three burners. Roasting, Baking and Broiling can be done to perfection. The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

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Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made. For further Particulars and Prices inquire of

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STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8.30 a.m. for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p.m.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND EDUCATION

156 Prince William Street. Full term opened Sept. 6th 1896. Branches taught: Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The ladies' waiting room of the I. C. R. station at St. John presents at the first glance an appearance of almost Oriental luxury! Well staffed settees covered with claret colored leather, invite the weary traveller to repose, while the seductive comfort of the large arm chairs would almost charm the most prosaic mind into composing a poem on the pleasures of idleness; and an unspoken prayer arises in the full heart of the "travelling public" that the beneficent beings who rule the people's highway may live long and prosper, and that their profits may never grow less.

But if the grateful voyager should want to wash her hands or lave her travel stained face in the pellucid stream which flows through the richly nickelled faucets into the parian marble basins in the toilet room beyond, the blessings will die a natural death, and the pious prayers will follow suit, because as far as conveniences go, that toilet room is a howling desert of Sahara. True there are basins and water; but not a scrap of soap, and not a vestige of a towel! Stranger still no sign of an attendant from whom one might procure these simple luxuries. Cleanliness is both praiseworthy, and a very great comfort to those who indulge in it, but I don't know of anything which will tamper one's satisfaction in their ablutions, so quickly and so effectually as having to dry oneself on twelve inches of lawn pocket-handkerchief and then carry the improvised towel around in a small damp lump all day, dispensing with its legitimate services, on account of the impossibility of drying it! Now I don't suppose that the government can be reasonably expected to provide clean towels and combed soap, free of charge, for the travelling public; but neither can the female travelling public who run down to St. John for a day's shopping, encumbered only with a purse and an umbrella, be expected to carry around their own soap and towels, and I do not know of anyone who would not be willing to pay a small sum for the comfort of a clean towel and a decent cake of soap to help them remove the dust and grim which will settle upon face and hands during a three or four hours journey in a railway car. And I must say, one would expect to find such necessities in the railway station of so important a city as St. John.

If the basins are not to be used, what are they there for? And if they were intended for use why are they surrounded by conditions which render them perfectly impracticable? The majority of ladies from Hampton, Moncton, and even Dorchester, who think nothing of a run down to St. John for a day's shopping usually catch the early morning train, spend a day, which they find all too short for their purposes, amongst the always attractive shops of the city by the sea; and returning by the Quebec express in the afternoon they save time by smothering a hot dinner at some ladies' restaurant, instead of going to a hotel. Consequently, when they discover that they have just fifteen minutes left to catch the train, they are obliged to depend on the toilet room at the station to settle their ruffled plumes before starting on their return journey. If the inconvenience is great for people who are going but a short distance, how much worse it is for those who come through from Fredericton to Sussex, Moncton, or Amherst! They have half an hour to wait at the station, their luggage is in the baggage car, and perhaps they are not even carrying a hand satchel; their lunch basket and novel, being all the impediments they care to be burdened with. But on account of either bad management, or lack of enterprise, they are denied the comfort of refreshing themselves at St. John, just for want of a towel and a small piece of soap.

Would it not be worthy of consideration to have an attendant at the waiting room, on the arrival and departure of the principal trains, who would furnish ladies with a clean towel, and a cake of soap, for a small consideration in coin of the realm—say three cents—said attendant to furnish the towels and soap, and retain the fee in payment for her trouble? Surely the caretaker of the station would be willing to try the experiment, as the wear on the towels would not be heavy, and one cake of soap would last a long time, with care.

The fashionable skirt is so much shorter this season that it has had an appreciable effect upon the footwear. When the feet were almost entirely hidden by the long full skirts, neatness was all that was required in boots and shoes, but now that the foot can be seen once more the shoe has become as important a part of the toilet as the bonnet itself. Perhaps few people ever stopped to think how ruinous the long skirts were to every kind of footwear, but it is a fact that really dainty shoes were almost an impossibility as long as they were continually brushed by heavy flapping skirts which were sure to become either damp, or dusty, or damp and dusty both fatal to fine leather. The shoes and slippers are really works of art, this spring, and there is such a craze for having

them harmonize with the rest of the costume that some of the most fashionable women are having all their footwear made to order, and actually bringing pieces of their gowns to the bootmaker in order to have them match properly.

Others prefer a pretty shade of tan or brown, which can be worn with any dress. The heels of boots are worn a little higher than they were last year, but still they are not uncomfortably high, one and three-eighths inches being considered the proper elevation, and the absurdly pointed toe has been greatly moderated. The tips of the swell boot is always straight, and the soles are finished quite close to the uppers, instead of protruding, as they did last year. Nearly all the boots in light tan leather are laced, while those of darker leather, or of the still more fashionable cloth top, are buttoned. Low shoes are of course, the choice for warm weather, and they are shown in Russian leather, patent leather, calfskins, plain black tied, and the favorite faking of leather, with cloth tops to match the costume.

It is surprising how much the skilled bootmaker can do for his customers, in fact he has almost as much power in his hands as the dressmaker herself, and can change the clumsiest foot into a fairly graceful one by the exercises of his art. The foot is built up the least bit here, the instep padded a little there, in order to give it the arch required for beauty, and if the foot itself is hopelessly flat, a skillfully shaped cork cushion is placed in the foot, so contrived as to be perfectly comfortable, and yet raise wearer nearly half an inch, give her a springy elastic gait and prevent that peculiarly ungraceful walk which a flat foot gives.

A very favorite shoe this year, is called the Billee Taylor tie. It is made in all the different colored kids, tan, russet, blue, and white, and it has the extreme Louis Quinze heel, and Castilian arched shank which give a beautiful shape to any foot that is at all slender. It has a large ribbon bow, and a rhinestone buckle, and is of course only available for indoors, veranda, or lawn wear.

For evening wear the slippers are gorgeous beyond description; the material is usually satin and the color depends largely on the dress with which they are worn. Black satin slippers are embroidered on the toe with red iridescent beads, cardinal satin with gold or pearl, and the toes of many yellow satin slippers show embroidery in seed pearls and gold beads in open-work pattern to show the stockings, and are finished with large full rosettes of chiffon. Oxford tie shoes with gold bead embroidery are much worn by elderly women, in the evening.

The new tweeds for mountain and seaside wear during the cool days and evenings of early summer, are rather bright in coloring, and show a mixture of white in the greens blues and browns of the ground-work, which is very pretty. One of the most popular colors for such gowns, is brown in both light and dark shades, mixed with black, green or pink. A very pretty gown of this kind is made with a tight fitting bodice, which has a short full basque and a collar and cuffs of plain pink cloth braided with gold and brown. The touch of color is very stylish, and is really the making of the dress. Light cloths in cream, biscuit, white or in fact any light shade, are a decided favorite in the trimming of the newest tailor made gowns, and they appear in vest, cuffs turn-over collar, and revers, which are usually rendered still more attractive by braiding in the darker color of the dress mixed with gold. Two light tints of cloth such as ecru and peach color, are sometimes combined with excellent effect in one vest.

White silk vests braided in black and white are very pretty for tan or gray cloth gowns, and the needed touch of color is given by a velvet collar, cuffs and belt of any tint desired. White cloth and silk are also much used for the vests of brown or gray mohair gowns, and they are sometimes made with a small box plait in the centre, and tiny tucks on each side, the edge of the bodice being cut out in three square tabs which meet over the vest and fasten with gold buttons at the pointed ends. Plain mohair gowns for travelling, and rough sea-side wear, are made with Norfolk jacket waists, and the plaits are bands stit'ed on flat. Other coat-bodices have a wide double box plait down the middle of the back to the narrow belt; but this is becoming to very few, as it gives rather a clumsy round shouldered look even to the best figure.

A very smart costume for early summer wear is of mignonette green cloth with a Louis size coat bodice pelerine shaped revers, and cuffs of biscuit colored cloth embroidered in brown and gold. The bolero fronts cross over a little on one side, fastening with two handsome buttons over a vest of cream satin thickly braided with gold. Accordion plaited cream chiffon forms a jabot and trims the cuffs and collar. Another coat of a blue faced cloth dress was a white cloth vest braided with blue, with three straps of blue cloth below the bust, and drooping shoulder pieces over the sleeves.

Cost basques are not by any means the only style in tailor made costumes, for the pointed bodice fastened on one side is shown in some of the new summer models. It opens in front on a full white silk vest, and turns back in large revers. White satin ribbon makes the stock collar and bow.

ASTRA.
TO PREVENT MAL DE MER.

A Fortune awaiting the Individual Who Discovers a Cure.
There is a fortune and a heroic marble statue, with grateful and laudatory sentiments carved all over the pedestal still awaiting the individual who finds a sure cure for sea sickness. Every spring somebody makes an effort to secure these riches and honors by fooling a hopeful and cord-finding public with a remedy guaranteed to bring relief, and every year it proved with disastrous regularity that the antidote for mal de mer is yet to be discovered.

This is what, with many little sighs and shivers, a group of women, all bound out in the next few weeks for Europe, were discussing over their tea cups the other afternoon. They were exchanging advice as to how one can with the least despair endure a five day voyage, and listening with respect to the girl in the gray traveling gown, who had crossed the ocean sixteen times and knew a lot about it. She first curdled their blood by explaining that women are and always will be special victims of the bilious frolicsome ways.

"That is because of their more delicate nervous organization," she said, "and because ninety-nine women out of a hundred who go to sea elaborately prepare them-



WHEN THE FIRST OCEAN WAVE STRIKES THE SHIP'S PROW.

selves for the worst possible consequences of a rough voyage. Very few of them know that it is not the stomach but the head that is so acutely sensitive to a swinging motion, and that stern doing beforehand of one's unoffending liver and stomach not only does no good but a world of harm. Then, too, a woman always rushes about at the last minute before sailing, hurries on board with an empty stomach, invites all her friends to the dock that she may take a fearful adieu. Over-excited and exhausted she naturally comes down with a fearful ailment, and the worst symptoms immediately the first ocean swell strikes the ship's prow.

Those who do take precautions ordinarily fill a medicine chest with an array



THE FIRST PHASE WAS A LIVELY APPETITE.

of drugs, carry on board champagne and a lot of lemons and are all the more miserable for the sight, and thought of their preparations. Still there are several excellent systems that can be put in train and if their working will not quite cure the illness, the suffering can be admirably mitigated.

Numbers of rich women [one meets on board the big liners either take special traveling maids with them, whose chief recommendation is their capacity for nursing cases of sea sickness, or, like the brides who have set off this spring for the European honeymoon, engage the services

LADIES' FINE
DONGOLA
OXFORD SHOES

ONE DOLLAR SAVED.

Ladies' Fine
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In Medium and Common Sense
Toes. Sizes 2 1/2, 3, and 3 1/2
only. Regular Price \$2.50.

We offer all these sizes
at **\$1.50** per pair.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

of trained nurses. There is nothing these women think more discouraging and cooling to the ardor of a young husband than to have a sea sick wife on his hands, and a woman who becomes so ill, that a few spoonful of arrow root every few hours is all the food she can take, pays a nurse to see her through the dangers of the deep and sends the ministering angel back on the return voyage. However, we all can't afford to enjoy the benefits of trained nursing and in a great degree the intensity of one's mal de mer depends on the cleverness, good nature and unflinching attentions of the stewardess. If you know you are going to go down during the voyage, set aside your biggest tip for the stewardess and divide it into three parts. Give her one third on sailing, a third the second day out and then the balance on landing. Ships with the cleverest stewardesses are favorites among women and there are positively princely tips awaiting the stewardess who will take a few courses at trained nursing and exercise her knowledge on her patronesses.

Now there never was a greater error innocently believed in than that one is better off for seasickness. Just so long as one can stave it off the better one will be, and if you have never been at sea the symptoms of its approach can soon be recognized. Usually the first phase is a lively appetite which passes off, likely enough before the first meal is half over, and then one rapidly disappears into the dim gloom of the state room where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, not to

and I know girls who can sail in any weather but curl right up on a steamer. It's the pounding of the machinery some complain of and the odor of the engines others cannot endure.

"Then they ought to carry about bottles of the strongest smelling salts they can find with plenty of ammonia in them," perscribed the traveler in the grey dress, "have a bottle of salts open in the state room, and when an attack comes on forbear to take any of opiates. They quiet the pain for a time but extort terrible revenge later on. Persons who suffer particularly from headache ought to have their physicians prepare for the them doses of citrate of caffeine and I know most reliable cases where the mal de mer has been held aloof by a faithful use of bromide. If it is taken by a doctor's prescription for at least three days before sailing, and then the first two days out, it is apt to carry the weakest vessel through unscathed. I say "apt" for really nothing is a sure preventive and when everything one eats refuses to stop in the right place get the stewardess to prepare a little bowl of arrow root. It has wonderful staying qualities even in a storm; cracked ice sipped chip by chip is next best, when all else fails.

"But do you remember to keep always experimentally eating. To refuse all food will only give the sea sickness the upper hand and when a turn for the better comes ask for a cup of hot coffee without sugar. Good, clear strong coffee is the very salvation of those who are only moderately ill and many women, who doubt the ship's supply, wisely carry along their own spirit lamps and pots and have a cupful before breakfast. These are the sensible women who know the value of eating something on waking, who don't walk the deck before breakfast and who prepare for the voyage beforehand.

A clever traveller finishes her packing farewells and last directions twenty hours

HUMPHREYS

AND

HOMEOPATHY

Are synonymous in the minds of the people. The immortal Hahnemann discovered—Dr. Humphreys popularized Homeopathy, brought it within the reach of the people by his system of Specifics.

Brain Fog; General Debility; all forms of Physical and Nervous Weakness, arising from Mental Strain, Business Anxiety, Care, or Worry, Overwork, or Emotional Excitement; or from loss of blood, or of sleep, are cured by No. 24. It is a truly Homeopathic Tonic.

Dyspepsia; Indigestion; Weak stomach cured by No. 10. It gives that feeling of buoyancy unknown to the dyspeptic. Used with No. 24 will build up the most depleted system.

Rheumatism; Stiffness; and Lumbago cured by No. 15.

Fever; Congestion, Inflammation, Heat Pain and restlessness cured by No. 1.

If Chilled or Cold, Lame or Sore, always take No. 1.

"77 FOR COLDS"
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HUMPHREYS'
WITCH HAZEL OIL
"THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Itching or Bleeding; Hemorrhoids; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain. PRICE, 50 CENTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 W. 11th St., NEW YORK.

before she sails. A few hours before leaving she takes a hearty meal at home, drives down to the dock, goes at once to her state room and puts everything in order, just as though she planned cold bloodedly to be desperately ill. Then when the going is rigging she gets into bed and spends the first day there. She takes her meals if possible without lifting her head and is likely enough on the second day to be on deck and among the strongest.

Fanny Eiders.

ENAMEL STARCH

Goes Farthest
Can be mixed with hot or cold water

GIVES AN IDEAL FINISH

Smooth and lasting

TO SHIRT FRONTS COLLARS & CUFFS

Laundered like it
It works so easily

The Edwardsburgh Starch Co. Mfg's. WORKS, CARDINAL, ONT. OFFICES, MONTREAL, P.Q.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

MILES' CANADIAN VEGETABLE COMPOUND

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

her (should have it in the house) ailments which will keep as life has woe. Young children love it. Important and useful body Liniment cures (tion, Internal or External) by the investigations the real danger from inflammation; cure the conquer the disease.

ANODYNE LINIMENT

Existed for over eighty years that it does possess very many family ills in use today which has able to so great an extent. Anodyne. It has stood merit, while generation used it with entire satisfaction to their children as a Universal Household remedy to good old age.

"Diamond" Mailed Free. Directions on every bottle. Watson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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dies the experi- and improve- of the past twenty- years. 8-inch cir- burners. eadily cleaned, ed or replaced. as reservoir loca- that it is impos- become heated. odor. Top and frames. etc.



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ELUCATION

9th 18th, Branches taught: Music and Pianoforte. Free Practical Culture and Singing.

TEA AS A BEVERAGE.

It Originated Through the Gift of an Intoxicated Lover.

The antiquity of tea as a beverage is a favorite subject of discussion by confirmed tea drinkers.

Of course there are various stories connected with it, among which, perhaps, the following is quite as interesting and believable as any.

One day the princess met her admirer in the grounds of the palace, and as the attention of her attendants was attracted in another direction the young man tried to put a few flowers in her hand.

This she treasured and when she reached her apartments she placed the twig in a goblet of water, here to remain for some hours, the object of her tenderest care.

The ladies of the court observed her, and were moved to try it themselves, and did with much pleasing results that the practice spread throughout the kingdom.

It is claimed that the date of the ceremonial origin of tea drinking was nearly 3000 years before Christ.

The Earth Pyramids of Tyrol. One of the most curious effects of the erosive power of water is witnessed in the so-called earth pyramids near Bazzan and Meran, in Tyrol.

The Barber's Excuse. Barber—Hair's getting a little thin, sir. Shall I—

Johnny—You're the meekest hateful-est, spitefullest thing I know! Tommy—

Capacity. Jenks—If America had the Mayflower, now, we could sweep England off the seas.

The English Way. Little Lilly—Pa, Clarence Callipers is going over to the dentist's this morning to get his teeth pulled.

A Skin Game. Donahoe—Whin yez informed yer wite about yer determination to resist the encroachments av ther new woman, Casey, did she come to the scratch?

Not Giving Himself Away. "Is it true that the New Woman will not take hands with a man?"

For your throat, when hoarse and husky, use Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

There is no mystery about

Sunlight Soap

It is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use, made by the most approved processes, and being the best, it has the largest sale in the world.



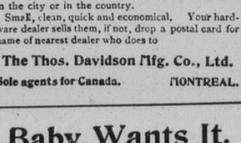
Use will reveal The Twin Benefits: Less Labor. Greater Comfort.

Books for Wrappers. For every 12 Wrappers sent to Lewis Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

TURKISH DYES

They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FAJE THEM.

GERMAN OIL STOVES.



Wick 2 1/2 in. wide. Glass Removable. Fonts enabling user to see easily when oil supply is exhausted.

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Baby Wants It.

Martin's Cardinal Food

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The most palatable food prepared, and is unequalled by any other preparation of its kind.

Webster's International Dictionary

The One Great Standard Authority. 80 writes from 11, J. Brewer, Successor of Pages, etc.

A Four-Legged Bird.

The created hoazin of British Guiana, the only survivor of a race of birds which are known as fossils, is described in The Popular Science News.

The chief peculiarity of the hoazin consists in the fact that when it is hatched it possesses four well developed legs.

Professor F. A. Lucas says of the hoazin "The adult birds not only have no claws upon their wings, but their thumbs even are so poorly developed that one would hardly suspect that in the nestlings we have the nearest approach to a quadruped found among existing birds."

Like Mistress, Like Maid. One Instance Where Imitation is Not Considered Complimentary.

Wit and Humor. "Lent. Peri—I am afraid you couldn't stand the rigor of an Arctic expedition.

True Happiness. What brings you joy in a chattering bird that is lively, happy little Canary?

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

BICYCLES

KENWOOD, RAMBLER, CRESCENT CRAWFORD and SPECIALS NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with the best of care.

Weak children will have continuous colds in winter, poor digestion in summer.

SEXUAL

decline may be arrested before decay strength may be restored; powers when impoverished by youth's reckless overdrifts may be reinvigorated by our home treatment.

CONFIDENCE RESTORED

to vigorous vitality you might be successful in business, fervent in spirit. Our curative methods are unfailing.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT.

Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, & C.

MENTAL FATIGUE

relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

True Happiness.

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A FORTY-NINE'S STORY.

Early Days of Gold Mining in the California Strains. The most interesting characters around the great Cripple Creek mining camp are the old-time gold miners.

"I was out in California in the old days," he replied to a question, and then added with a pleasant smile.

"It was a little nugget Marshall picked up, worth \$3 or \$4. Each one of the gang looked at it, bit it, tasted it, rubbed it, smelted it, but none of them had a clear idea what it was.

"In the fall of 1849, picks, shovels, iron pans, and sheet iron for rocker screens had been shipped in from the outside.

"A bumper cost \$200, a wheelbarrow two ounces, and a China pump, \$25. That made a bumper mining outfit.

BIRDS OF KEEN SIGHT. Vultures, Eagles and Hawks Have Marvelous Vision.

It is impossible to say with absolute certainty, but all the evidence points strongly to the conclusion that birds, and especially birds of prey, have eight much superior to that of any other animal.

Why does Bates insist on calling that white horse of his cream-colored? "Because he has to be a milkman and still cling to the tricks of his trade."

Sewing for the Poor

is a double pleasure when you use thread that does not snarl nor break, and is perfectly even, such as

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A quarter spent in HIRES Rootbeer does you dollars' worth of good.

AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKLER.

Pigs Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongue

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THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. A much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtless and indifferently clothed.

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BELMONT HOTEL.

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CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

A Winning Hazard,

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "Her Dearest foe," "The Wooing O''," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XV.—VAIN DISQUIET.

Travers had some difficulty in making up his mind after conversation. Apart from his dread of leaving Carey to drift about the great London ocean, without a pilot, his inclination was to go to Africa. He had strong belief in the future of the Dark Continent. Moreover, he knew his chances there would be excellent. Still, his hesitations to Kate, made him deep.

"I could believe that Carey's position in Wincles' office was safe, even for a couple of years, he would have ventured. In this uncertainty, accident, as it sometimes seems to do, settled the question for him. Two or three days after the garden party, Lord Balmuir asked Travers to run down to Torquay with him for a week, as he wished to see his sister, who was in delicate health, and also to get a rest, for the season, now drawing to a close, had been a trying one.

Travers therefore wrote to decline his invitation, he had received from Sir Edward Vance, the presiding genius of the expedition so often referred to, and accompanied his patron. The day following, he met Sir Edward face to face, as he was strolling along the sea-front. They joined forces and initiated rather confidential talk, remarking on the curious accident of their meeting, and the fact that it was Travers' refusal of his invitation which set Sir Edward free to visit his favorite haunt.

"It looks like fate, eh?" he said. "Don't you like to reason? I am going to meet C. and on or two other men connected with our scheme at Southampton, the week after next, come along and bear all we have to say. Why should you waste your life in the stagnation of a private secretaryship. Hey? You can only scrape along. You will never have a chance of making a pile. Of course, you have opportunities for picking up an heir, but that's a beggary style of thing after all. Throw in your lot with us, and you'll have first pick in a grand new country, and be governor of it, perhaps, one of these days."

Travers confessed it was a tempting scheme—and finally agreed to meet Sir Edward as suggested, by the keen old financier. Then he talked to Lord Balmuir, who confessed himself incapable of offering a sound opinion, as he was most reluctant to part with his secretary. "You must not mind me, however," he added. "I am prejudiced, you must be guided by what you think will be best for yourself."

So Travers found himself contemplating as a possibility what ten days ago seemed out of the question. Among the letters which awaited his return to town was a brief note from Tulloch. "D. at Travers—If you can spare a couple of hours from your grandee friends, come and dine with me at my diggings on Tuesday at seven-thirty. I want your help and advice. Try and come." This was dated the previous Saturday. Travers looked through a crowd of cards, which were all for evening parties, and then telegraphed his acceptance.

Tulloch was located in one of the smaller streets near Westbourne Terrace, in an expensive and comfortable lodging. He received Travers with effusion, pressing him to eat and drink with hearty hospitality, talking rather noisily of politics and city matters, while the servant was coming in and out, but evidently weighted with some personal difficulty to be discussed in private over the "wine and walnuts."

"Why, Travers, you neither eat nor drink! He exclaimed, as they were alone. "Try the port. It's rather a choice wine, I differ myself." "Thank you, I rarely touch port. Your claret is excellent. I don't often drink anything else."

"Well, I'll take my own prescription," returned Tulloch, especially as he wanted something to fortify me," he added, with an uneasy laugh. "No, no. Thank God I never was in a scrape yet; only in a little difficulty, more a matter of feeling, you know, that really, of course it is my own fault. I am too impulsive. In short—"

"Well?" said Travers, setting down his glass. "The fact is I was a little overcome by my feelings, and—and this first-rate style of everything at the Ball—and—you'll grant it was a great temptation, for she's a d-d handsome girl and dressed—by Jove, her turn-out was splendid! So I just let her to marry me, and, rather to my surprise, she said yes! There was excitement in Tulloch's tone as he said this, and he hastily swallowed a glass of port and began with renewed vigor.

"Of course I am greatly gratified, for I could not do better, and her money will smooth my road pretty considerably; but, you see, I am not quite comfortable about—about Kate—Kate's career. The murder was out, and a look of relief stole over Jamie's features. "Indeed!" returned Travers, with much gravity. "Have you been so imprudent as to give her encouragement?"

"Yes, there will be a delightful unanimity of feeling on that point. But, let us be going." "I am afraid it is rather late. We have our supper about seven, you know, and—"

"Oh! nonsense; we have three hours, and we haven't had an 'outing' for ages. Not since the moonlight garden party. Oh, that was delightful!" The color came slowly to Kate's face; and she looked away to the window. "I was going to say, when you interrupted me so rudely, that I could not go out. I promised Madame la Rose to wait here, in case a French gentleman should call. She is in hopes of an engagement. I am afraid that Kate has grown fond of me, and rather expected I would propose for her. Woman are so unreasonable, so averse, to take a common sense view of things."

"Ha! This is a complication," ejaculated Travers solemnly. "You, isn't it?" cried Tulloch. "But you, who have so often seen us together must have observed the favour the poor girl all ways showed me. Goodness knows I could have loved her well, if it hadn't been for that insane imprudence about that old French woman! Here he filled another consolatory bumper. "But it stands to reason, a girl who could act in that way is quite unfit to be the wife of a steady, hard-working, business man. All the same, I can't bear the idea of wounding her; in fact, I feel too much for other people, and you would do me the greatest favour if you would mind breaking the news to her. I don't think old Carey will give me any trouble. He is too careless and harem-scuram to—"

"But Tulloch you ought not to make ducks and drakes of my feelings either. Fancy the trial it will be to witness her despair!" "I know, I know, and I don't like to think of it, but—by George! Travers, I believe you are laughing. I am afraid you are rather a barbaress fellow; you are a regular wounding. I cannot be so callous. Still you might do this for me. I am sure Kate has a sisterly regard for you, and a confidence in you which would make the job easier to you than to anyone else, and you might do so much for me."

"I am not going to refuse, Tulloch, and I'll do it all the more readily because I don't think Kate will thank her heart about you." "Oh! you don't, don't you? Well, I am sure I hope she won't. I trust in heaven she don't care a straw about me! But—she shook his head tragically. "Ah! if I didn't have a sense of what is due to myself—in, conscience, I never could have let her do it. What eyes she has! What a velvet soft white skin!" And Tulloch went on to enumerate the charms he had the resolution to renounce in favour of Mammon till Travers longed to throw a decanter at his head.

"That will do," he exclaimed, somewhat savagely. "You have put your hand to the plough. There is no use in looking back. However, I am going out to Notting Hill in a day or two, and I shall track this terrible intelligence as tenderly as I can. Meaning I have one or two places to go to, and I must wish you good night."

"What! going already? Why, this is treating a fellow shabbily. When can you dine with me? I promised 'Pen' to take you up one evening and present you." "Who is 'Pen'?" "Miss Golding." "No, Tulloch, not yet! That would be too much for my feelings—to see poor, dear, deserted Kate's successful rival!" "I'm all denoed unpleasant," said Tulloch, seriously.

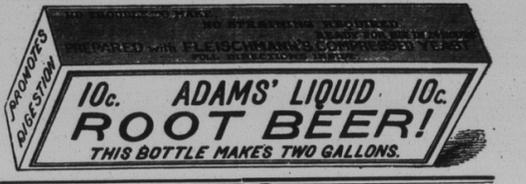
"You see the result of too strong a power of fascination." "A fellow can never be sure if you are chaffing or not," exclaimed Tulloch. Travers laughed, lit a fresh cigar, and departed. The rest of the week was rather crowded with work and engagements, which included the wedding of Mrs. Hume, at which Travers and the lady's sister and brother-in-law were the only guests. It was not till the following Sunday, in the afternoon, that Travers was able to present himself at Oakley Villa.

Alicia had her bonnet on, and was just about to start for her Sunday school. Kate was reading, and Mr. Carey had a Sunday paper in his hand. "Well, Mr. Travers!" he exclaimed good humouredly. "You are quite a stranger. What has become of you?" Travers explained, and cordial greetings were exchanged, while he noticed that dusky shadows below her eyes gave a fresh pensive charm to her face, though her eyes lit up as he turned from her father to his self.

"It's a delightful day after the damp and drizzle of last week," exclaimed Travers, when Alicia had departed, "Suppose, Mr. Carey, we chattered a ha' hour—we are all three slim,—and drive down to Kew Gardens. It is lovely and shady there." "No! I've come to that period of life where the greatest pleasure in life is rest and peace. I'm going to read myself to sleep with this paper, please God. Kate, my heart, if you'd like to go, go, and I'll have supper all ready for you when you come back."

"Yes, do come, Kate. I have a tremendous piece of news to tell you. No, it doesn't concern you or me," seeing a look of expectancy steal into her eyes. "Then I am sure I know your news already," she cried, clapping her hands sootily together. "It is that Jamie Tulloch is going to marry Miss Golding!" "How do you know?" asked Travers in great surprise. "Because the bride-elect was here yesterday, and told the whole tale with many particulars. Really, Jamie is in great luck for Miss Golding is a nice kind-hearted girl, and if she does believe in the power of wealth, why, she will be all the more in sympathy with her future husband."

"I must be worldly-wise. So depend upon it, Dick, only a citizen of 'credit' shall have the honour of an alliance with this broken-down family. Do not trouble about us. I fancy we shall float, and if you care to hear I shall keep you informed of our upward and onward progress. Believe me—"



It was supposed he had come down to fetch a book in the night, for the first volume of Mayne's [work on 'Village Communities,' and his candlestick lay a few steps below, and the candle at the foot of the stairs. He was in his dressing-gown and slippers. His health was weak, and his heart all wrong; there will be a coroner's inquest, of course. My precious Kate is in the greatest grief; I fear it's a bad business for me. When do you come back to town—Yours ever, Robert Carey."

"What must they think of my leaving such a letter unanswered," exclaimed Travers, in his keen distress, as he tore open the second. It bore the date of five days back, and was still shorter. "Dear Travers—Our poor friend was buried yesterday. This morning Boucher sent for me. He came up to town immediately, and informed me that on the 25th he had no longer any need for my services. This is indeed a blow. Greatly puzzled at not hearing from you, Yours in great trouble, Robert Carey."

"And I have just committed myself to this internal expedition!" ejaculated Travers, thrusting the letters into his pocket and hurrying down stairs to seek his host, who was in the library. "I must leave you immediately and try to catch the London train at Edinburgh to-night," cried Travers, excitedly. "But you can't, my dear fellow. It's impossible. Take the first train tomorrow to Glasgow. You'll be in time at seven p. m. No bad news. I hope?" "Well, yes, rather. Let me see Bradshaw."

After a sleepless night Travers started early on his journey. Glendaroch was not any of the leading lines which converge in London, and was rather difficult to escape from—a journey to or from Edinburgh or Glasgow was inevitable, whatever your destination. Lord Balmuir parted from his secretary with sincere regret, and assured him that he would back him in the future with all the Parliamentary interests he could command.

Travers, however, was far too absorbed in his own troubles and the renewal of his indecision to have much thought left for anything else; still he was momentarily gratified by this mark of regard, and a hearty hand-shake between the two men parted. How irremissible the journey appeared. At the date of this true tale the distance between London and Edinburgh was effectively greater than at present, and when at last Travers reached his lodgings it was too late to visit Carey and his daughter.

"Mr. Carey is in the afternoon, sir," said Travers' ex-valet and present landlord, when he had admitted his tenant, whose arrival took him by surprise. "He was here the day before yesterday also, and rather troubled at not hearing from you. He wanted your address, sir, so I said only that he had written to you there till he was tired, and could get no answer. I made bold to ask for the young ladies, sir, and he said they were as well as they could be."

"How did he seem himself?" asked Travers, who was longing to know all Carey's latest charges, as he considered the family. "Well, sir, I never saw him look better." "How unobservant these kind of people are," thought Travers. "I shall find Carey woefully down on his luck, poor fellow. This has been an awful blow to him."

Before touching the dinner, or rather supper, hastily provided for him, Travers wrote a brief note to Carey explaining his silence, and saying he would call early on the following morning. This dispatched to the post, he tried to eat and then to sleep, with no success. It was impossible that he could put half the Southern Hemisphere between these helpless ones and himself, now in their time of trouble! Yet he was pledged to him, and he had promised to join, and even if he could honorably break with them, he would be admitting himself a deserter. Lord Balmuir to send away the secretary he had just engaged merely to suit his own convenience.

Amid these troubled reflections a note of joy would make itself heard as the hills flushed through the gloom of his thoughts, like lightning across a bank of dark clouds. Whatever happens I shall see Kate tomorrow!" The morrow came with wild gusts of wind and driving showers. It was an angry depressing day, and Travers thought the weather fitted the fortunes of his kind-folk.

At last it was time to start. "There is little or no chance of finding Kate alone, he mused, as he looked out for a hansom. "Poor Carey does not leave early for the office nowadays! Even if I did, the detour I must take would have his battering prepared to keep him at bay. But I must prepare to meet him on an understanding if I am to help them effectually; and they want help."

He was interrupted by a voice he knew coming to "Why, Travers, I was just explaining to your place," and he turned to find himself face to face with Tulloch. "What! have you become so indolent in this London Capua, that you are not in the city at this hour?" "Well, you see, there is not much doing now, and I have rather important business, as fast as I can. I want the hansom I can settle regularly to business by winter," said Tulloch, with a grin. "Glad to see you back in town, Travers; poor old Carey has been worrying to see you. The death of Wincles has been a bad business for him. He came round to me with the news at once, and you never saw a fellow so broken down. I went to see them a day or two after and found him cheered up a bit. He had got a scheme for starting a great High Law Agency in London, and wanted me to advance the funds. I soon quashed that. The daughters have twice his sense. I must say Kate is a first rate girl, but between you and me, I don't think she has much heart. She didn't seem to mind my engagement in the least, and I don't think her indifference was put on."

